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CAP'N GOLDSACK

*There Cap'n Goldsack goes, creeping, creeping, creeping,
Looking for his treasure down below!*

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Elizabethan Dedications of Books

BY EDMUND GOSSE

THERE can be no doubt that to compose a dedication is one of the primitive instincts of scribbling man. The most retiring of authors hopes that he may have one reader, and it is strange if he does not determine in his own mind who that reader is to be. If the exiled Adam completed his memoirs — "Eden: a Reminiscence" — depend upon it he dedicated them "To One who shared my raptures and my regrets." Without the anticipation of Eve's sympathy, literature would have been to our first father a wilderness of monkeys. The sympathizer must have preceded the patron, who is really the growth of an elaborate civilization. I take, therefore, a view of the origin of dedications diametrically opposed to that of the usual cynic, who believes that no one dedicated a book to any one else until it had occurred to him that he might put something into his pocket by doing so. Let us rather believe that it was the amiable and absorbing desire which every author feels to be read by some particular person, as soon as possible after he has completed the exercise of writing, which led to this pleasant and almost universal practice.

To write on the history of the literary dedication is to thread a trackless forest. At all events, I am not aware, and am not able to discover, that it has yet attracted a chronicler. The fact is that it is a subject extremely difficult to treat in a consecutive manner, for it shows very little development or progress. It

is not a growth; it is merely a collection of hundreds of thousands of instances. The modes in which a dedicatee can be approached are not numerous, and the changes were exhausted at an early period of literary history. That they were largely instinctive is proved by the fact that they occur in all the known literatures, in more or less identical form. The earliest written book which has come down to us in any Turanian tongue, the *Kojiki*, which was completed in the year 712, is dedicated to the reigning Empress of Japan: "Altogether I have written three volumes, which I reverently and respectfully present. I, Yasumaro, with true trembling and true fear, bow my head, bow my head." I shall not attempt, however, in these brief pages, to cover more than one small section of the immense field which might be cultivated by a historian of the Literary Dedication. I shall endeavor to resume a few personal observations on the practice as it was employed in the Elizabethan age in England.

At no time, and in no community, has the dedication of books been carried to a greater extravagance than it was at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century in England. This was a natural symptom of the extraordinary impetus given to literary art, to intellectual movement of every description, towards the middle of the reign of Elizabeth. So universal did the practice become that it grew to be rather disreputable not to provide a dedication

to a book, or even to a pamphlet. Such an omission looked as though the author dared not draw attention to what he had written, or else was in so abandoned a social state that he could think of no one whom he might venture to address. This last difficulty, however, was not insuperable. We find that the names of great people were sometimes attached to books first, and their leaves asked afterwards. But this was not considered gentlemanlike; it is frowned upon as a piece of bad manners by the satirists.

The usual mode was to find some man of high social position—if possible a lord—who would accept the dedication as a gift. It has been too much taken for granted that the patron was expected, if he accepted the book, to make an immediate present of money to the author. I have come to the conclusion that, although no doubt this was sometimes done, it was not the custom in the Elizabethan age, as it became later, in that of Anne. The dedication was, I believe, more often offered as a form of thanks for services rendered, as Giles Fletcher the elder, in presenting his "*Licia*" in 1593 to Lady Molyneux, distinctly says it is in return for favors showered upon him by her husband, Sir Richard. Certain great lords were specially popular as dedicatees, and in particular Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, that Absalom of his age, posed as the protector of poets, and, in return for a variety of services which we can now with difficulty define, accepted their grateful dedications. Scholars, we are told, flocked under the boughs of Essex, whom a poet of 1595, in a glowing dedication, calls "England's cedar, sprung up to preserve the humblest in all professions with your shadow." Pembroke held a similar position. It was to him, of course, that, as some suppose, Shakspeare's *Sonnets* were mysteriously dedicated, and he shares with his brother Montgomery the glory of "protecting" the First Folio of 1623. Ben Jonson said in praise of Pembroke that he had "led forth so many good and great names to their remembrance and posterity." Another great favorite of dedicators was Esmé Stuart, Lord Aubigné.

In all such cases the desire of the dedicating poet was for protection, not for money. This is put very clearly by Ray-

nolds, when, in dedicating his "*Dolarny's Primrose*" in 1606 to Lord Aubigné, he says: "I seek not Ascanius' rich cloak for bravery, but covet to be sheltered from the vulture's tyranny." In days when the courts were liable at any moment to swoop down upon an author, to have secured a powerful patron was of the highest importance. It might, however, become embarrassing after the fall of that patron, and so we find Robert Pricket, in 1604, desiring to publish a poem about "the late Honourable and still Honoured Earl of Essex," afraid to do so until he has secured the "love's protection" of the Earls of Southampton and Devonshire and of Lord de Gray. If direct evidence is needed, it is to be found in Henry Crosse's dedication of his *Virtue's Commonwealth*, in 1603, to the Lord Mayor of London, in which he says, "the custom of this age is that such as write books do use to dedicate them to some worthy person or other, under whose protection they might pass with more safety from the biting of their enemies." No doubt in all oligarchical communities, such as England was at the close of the sixteenth century, such protection was necessary to literature. My learned friend Mr. W. G. Aston tells me that in the Yeddo Period in Japanese history the Mæcenas was prominent, and that numbers of books were dedicated to the Shoguns or Daimios who patronized literatures, exactly as to private noblemen in England under Elizabeth and James.

But it was not humble and timid authors only who dedicated. People of importance were apt to display false humility in a sort of obsequiously familiar address to royalty. The extravagance of language in these courtly effusions often approached, or even crossed, the limits of the grotesque. That fine Scottish gentleman, the Laird of Rosecraig, saw fit to dedicate his *Amorous Songs, Sonnets, and Elegies* to Queen Anne of Denmark, in 1606, in such terms as these: "Happy beyond the measure of my merit shall I be if I can purchase this portion of your princely approbation as to accept and entertain these trivial toys, where your Grace shall smell flowers to refresh, herbs to cure, and weeds to be avoided, in the lowest degree of least favour. But,



SONNET.

*S*ince ye immortall sisters nine hes left
 All other countries lying farre or neere,
 To follow him who from them all you rest,
 And now hes cause your residence be heere;
 Who though a stranger yet he lov'd so deere
 This Realme and me, so as he spoild his arme,
 And all the brookes and banks, and fountains cleere
 That be therein, of you, as he hath shavne
 In this his work; then let your breath be blavne
 In recompence of this his willing minde;
 On me; that sine may with my pen be drawne
 His praise. For though himselfe be not inclin'd
 Nor preaceth but to touch the Laurell tree:
 Yet well he merits crown'd therewith to be.

FINIS.

SON.

DEDICATION OF T. HUDSON'S "HISTORY OF JUDITH" (1611) TO KING JAMES I.

howsoever, wishing your Highness as many happy years as there be words in my verses" (this would be to doom the Queen to live at least 20,000 years) "and verses in my worthless volume, I am Your Majesty's most obsequious orator, Alexander Craig."

It was very often to a great lady that the dedication was addressed. Nicholas Breton, who throws an unusual amount of light on the dedication by the immense number of his publications, and by the ingenuity with which he varies his

compliments, dedicates his books over and over again to Sir Philip Sidney's famous sister, the Countess of Pembroke. It is evident that she had taken him into her service at a moment when his fortunes were in very low water, for he says, in the words he prefixes to his "Pilgrimage to Paradise" in 1592, "your poor unworthy poet had utterly perished had not the hand of your Honour revived the heart of humility." Later on it is possible to trace in Breton's dedications a record of having, by his own fault, for-

INTO
 THE MOST SACRED
TREASURY
 OF THE
PRAISE and GLORY
 OF
INCARNATE GOD,
The World's most Merciful
REDEEMER;
The Unworthiest of His Majesties Creatures,
In all possible Prostrate VENERATION,
Begs Leave to Cast This His
DEDICATED MITE.

DEDICATION OF THE "PSYCHE" OF DR. JOSEPH BEAUMONT

feited, and by her grace regained, his patroness's favor. All through, it must be confessed, the attitude of this worthy poet to his protectors is that of a timid dependent. As a rule, however, the early dedications addressed to ladies form pleasanter reading than those to lords, the tributes seeming less obsequious. When Robert Toft, in 1598, dedicates his poem of "Alba" to Sir Calisthenes Brooke, and compliments that worthy soldier on his "lovely face," we blush for him. A year earlier the same poet, in presenting his "Laura" to Lucy, Countess of Northumberland, had applauded her "most resolute staidness and the resolved courage of a true Percy." The lady is praised for her "heroical and undaunted courage," and the gentleman for his "lovely face." This was very Elizabethan, and Robert Toft a true son of his age.

It was rarely that a poet presented his

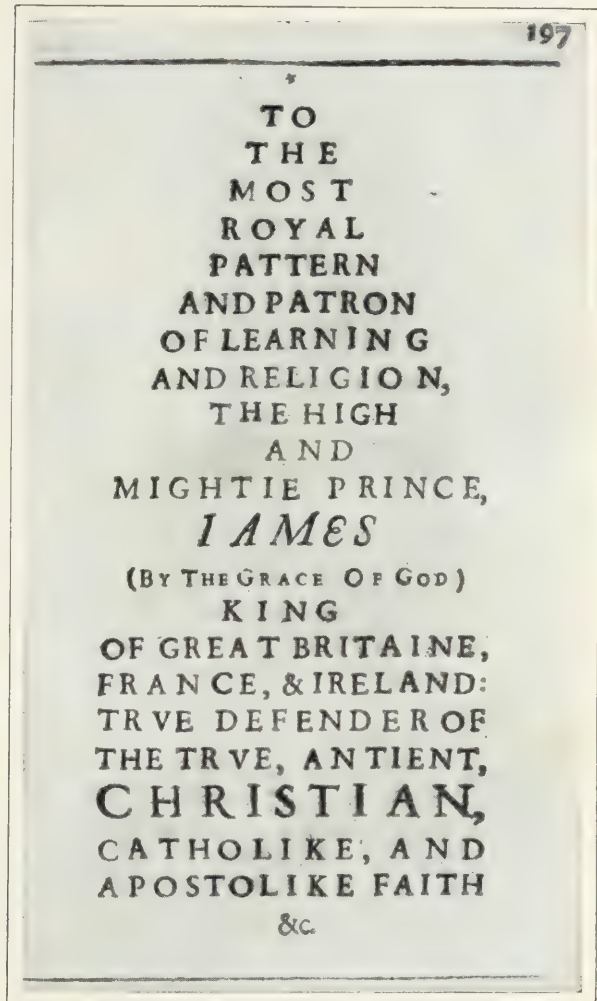
work to a great man of letters. The only exception I remember is that of William Smith, who, in 1596, dedicated his "Chloris" to Edmund Spenser in a brace of generous sonnets. It is true that Dickens addressed his "Arisbas" in 1594 to Sir Edward Dyer, and Daniel his "Muspophilus" in 1602 to Sir Fulke Greville, but in each case it was rather to the nobleman than to the poet. Men of quality, such as William Percy and Richard Carew, did not dedicate at all; this was the little polite distinction of their birth. Ben Jonson was almost alone in the dignity of his dedications. He presented his *Every Man in his Humour* to a friend and colleague, the antiquary Camden. He disdained the patron, and many of his books are not dedicated to particular persons at all. Plays, indeed, it was not the fashion to dedicate; to do so seems to have been thought a little pretentious, although of course there are numerous ex-

ceptions to the rule. There are interesting examples of books addressed to the public at large, in defiance of the patron. For this there was generally a reason to be found: the author was dangerous, or the book liable to scandal. A curious instance of this is to be found in the case of Peter Woodhouse, who dedicated his poem of "The Elephant and the Flea," in 1605, "to the giddy Multitude." Woodhouse, not having been able to find any one who will accept his satire, and admitting that "in these our days every pamphlet must have his patron, or the fat is in the fire," presents it cynically to that "many-headed beast," the general public. In 1594 a much humbler rhymester, in similar case, dedicated his volume "to all the constant Ladies and Gentlemen that fear God."

It became very difficult, when nothing must be said that was particular or private, to say anything fresh at all; and the Elizabethan dedication is apt to be both stale and preposterous. There is, therefore, a refreshing note in the poems of Matthew Grove (1587), when, in a dedication to Lord Compton,—including a direct appeal for money for himself,—the publisher, Richard Smith, confesses that he stole the MS. some four years previously from "some pail in scullery or kitchen," into which it had accidentally fallen. But dedications were rarely so frank as this. Preceding the "Diaphantus" of Anthony Scoloker, in 1604, there is a burlesque dedication "to the mighty, learned, and ancient potentate, Quisquis," showing that this author at least was not blind to the absurdity of the universal convention. In this parody, by-the-way, is to be found a very early mention of "friendly Shakespeare's tragedies." The actor Robert Armin boldly began by dedicating his curious volume of doggerel verse, called *The Italian Tailor and his Boy*, in 1609, "to the Reader here and there," applauding

"so Noble a Patron," but then lost heart, and called in the Viscount and Viscountess Haddington to his protection in the usual way. The close of his dedication to the Lady is perfectly typical of the age:

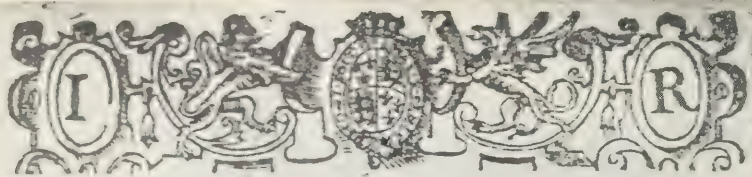
"And so wishing as much joy to your



DEDICATION OF "THE SECOND WEEK OF DU BARTAS" (1598), BY JOSHUA SYLVESTER, TO KING JAMES I

right well affected Viscount and you, from the King of Heaven, as I know you are possessed of from the King of Earth (*i. e.*, James I.), I leave your honours both to Him that is, and ever shall be, yours and our Redeemer. Your Honours' in all humbleness, Robert Armin."

In his wild tract called *Lanthorn and Candlelight*, published in 1609, Dekker gives an extraordinary account of a fraudulent trade in dedications, which he says had at that time become general. The person who practised it was called a "falconer," and his assistant was known as the "mongrel." The trick is to



TO THE RIGHT HO-
NORABLE, THE LORD CHARLES
HOWARD, EARLE OF NOTINGHAM, BA-
ron of Effingham, Knight of the noble Order of the Gar-
ter, Lord high Admirall of England, Ireland and Wales, &c.
*one of his Majesties most Honorable privie
Councell.*



Since that Doue (true honors aged Lord)
Houering with wearied wings about your Arke,
When Cadiz towers did fal beneath your sword,
To rest her selfe did single out that barke:

So my meeke Muse, from all that conquering rout,
Conducted through the seas wilde wildernes

By your great selfe, to graue their names about
Th'Iberian pillars of *Joues Hercules*;

Most humblie craues your lordly Lions aid
Gainst monster Enuie, while she tels her storie
Of Britaine Princes, and that royall Maid,
In whose chaste hymne her *Clio* sings your glorie.

Which if (great Lord) you grant, my Muse shall frame
Mirrours more worthie your renowned name.

*Your Honors euer most hum-
blie deuored,*

RICHARD NICOLS

DEDICATION TO ADMIRAL THE EARL OF NOTTINGHAM, OF NICOLS'S "A
WINTER NIGHT'S VISION" (1610)

travel round the country with samples of a forth-coming book, to which an epistle dedicatory is prefixed, but with no name, the dedication being printed on a separate and loose sheet, of which the falconer carries a large store of copies; on arriving at the mansion of some local

magnate, the mongrel, who carries a hand-press, fills in the name of the particular nobleman, and the book is presented to him as dedicated to him alone. Having got all they can out of this "knight or gentleman of worth," they proceed to another district and begin

again. Dekker is very angry, in verse as well as in prose, with these scoundrels, "who," he declares, "travel up and down most shires in England, and live by this hawking."

Ordinary authors were satisfied with one patron to each book. But there are several prominent examples of a multiplicity of patronage. The first edition of Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*," 1590, was presented to Queen Elizabeth in what is perhaps the most superb dedication existing. But the poem is also protected by an epistle in prose to Sir Walter Raleigh, and some copies contain, in addition, as many as seventeen sonnets of dedication to people like the Lord Chancellor, the Lord High Chamberlain, the Great Master of the Horse, the Lord High Admiral, and other personages of influence and renown at the court of Elizabeth. Sylvester's translation of the sacred poems of Du Bartas, which was one of the most popular books of the age, was also most profusely and redundantly dedicated. Chapman convened, like Spenser, seventeen noble lords and ladies to gather round the publication of his completed translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in 1616, and he showed a marvellous ingenuity in altering his form of address each time. What patroness could resist a suppliant poet who offered her his book as "To the Happy Star discovered in our Sydreian Asterism, Comfort of Learning, Sphere of all the Virtues, the Lady Wrothe"?

Dedications to the sovereign were frequent under the reigns of Elizabeth and James, but these offer few points of interest. In the case of an ordinary patron, it is evident that some reciprocity was expected—a place in the household, a purse of gold, or at least a continuation of personal protection. But from the King no such private favors could reasonably be expected, unless the poet had already secured a post of some kind at court. Hence even when he dares, in language more obsequious and more conventional than usual, to lay his poor book at the feet of Majesty, he adds a dedication to some lord or gentleman of less august pre-eminence, from whom he may reasonably expect a return of practical recognition. Thus Samuel Daniel, the Laureate, dedicated his *History of Eng-*

land, as in duty bound, to the Queen, but in a separate and more moving address to Lord Rochester.

There was yet another form of dedication, which would to-day be thought highly improper, and which even in the seventeenth century was regarded as a little hazardous. This was nothing less than the presentation of a book to the Deity Himself. I have not been able to trace an example of this in English earlier than 1612, when King James I., in his plunge into the Arminian Controversy, dedicated his *Declaration against Vorstius* "To the Honor of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Eternal Son of the Eternal Father." The whole notion of a dedication in those days was a presentment of the book to one in a more exalted position than the writer, and doubtless, in his pride as Christian King and Defender of the Faith, James I. considered that he must mount to heaven itself to discover a possible patron. But he had set the fashion in what soon became a seventeenth-century trick, by no means confined to princes. It will be remembered that in 1683 the spurious *Second Part of the Pilgrim's Progress* was inscribed "to Him that is Higher than the Highest." And William Streat, in 1654, had dedicated his *The Dividing of the Hoof*, with uncompromising brevity, "To God." The eccentric Robert Fludd addressed a volume both to the Creator and to James I., which led, through a slip in Fludd's Latin, to his being accused of having attributed deity to the earthly monarch. These were dangerous forms of address, and by no means to be recommended to the unwary. Of the most curious and interesting of these, the dedication of his fine poem of "*Psyche*" by Dr. Joseph Beaumont, we give a reproduction in refined fac-simile.

The peculiar conventionalities of address of which we have been speaking were modified by the Civil Wars, but more, one cannot doubt, by the increased facilities of the printing-press. When it was no longer necessary to creep into publicity under the protecting shadow of some nobleman, dedications grew to be less universal, and more familiar and sincere. They became matters in which personal temperament dictated. Thus

TO THE MOST MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT EMPRESSE ELIZABETH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD QUEENE OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND IRELAND DEFENDER OF THE FAITH &c.

Her most humble

Servant:

Ed. Spenser.

DEDICATION OF SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE," 1590

Cowley, although sprung from the lower middle class, dedicates his successive volumes to his friends or to Trinity College, Cambridge, never to a patron; except that his precocious school-boy verses, the *Poetical Blossoms*, of 1633, are presented, very properly, to the Headmaster of Westminster School. The old Elizabethan, whose dedications tell his noble patron that he asks nothing, but "leaves to your honourable discretion the liking of my soul's labour, and commandment of my heart's love," gave way to a more independent English citizen. Henry More, in 1642, "a novice in the affairs of the world," broke new ground by presenting his "Platonic Song of the Soul" to his own father; in this dedication, a charming outburst of cordial affection, he attributes his love of poetry to his father's "having from my childhood turned

mine ears to Spenser's rhymes, entertaining us on winter nights with that incomparable piece of his, 'The Faery Queen,' a Poem as richly fraught with divine morality as fancy."

Even when the formal address to a person of fashion was retained, it was apt to take a shape more graceful and less obsequious than in the previous generation. Thus Waller, dedicating his *Poems* of 1645 to Lady Sophia Bertie, says that if he paid her the usual extravagant compliments, people would "believe that I endeavored the character of a perfect nymph, worshipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of your Ladyship's most humble servant, E. W." Still, if you desired to be preposterous, there was no one in 1640 to reprove you, and the dedications of Francis Quarles, prefixed to his various poetical collections, beggar belief by their groveling servility.

The light thrown by the old dedications upon the struggles, the terrors, and the consolations of men of letters in England is very important and interesting, and it is surprising that the historians of our literatures have so generally neglected it. During the last fifteen years of Elizabeth's reign poetry and drama flourished like tropical vegetation in a hot-house, but always in conditions which proved these arts to be exotic, and not based on the convictions and experiences of the English people at large. There was a growing feeling in favor of toleration, moral, social, and religious, but it was timid still, and effectual only within the sphere of influence of certain broad-minded and genial noble houses, who kept up a semblance of feudal state. It was under the shelter of the little Italianated courts of the Essexes and the Pembrokes, the Aubignés and the Montgomeries, that poetry flourished, in antagonism to the ruling and growing Puritan prejudice of the English middle classes. This is an aspect of the literary history of the period which we are too apt to overlook, and it is one which the study of Elizabethan and Jacobean dedications brings closely home to us.



The Warrior's Mother

BY MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON

I
A CLUSTER of red houses of medium size lay in the valley, and one only stood apart, white and ivied on the hill. She who lived in it—a widow—was the oldest resident, erstwhile an owner of much land, which necessity had compelled her to sell grudgingly and in little pieces for the sake of an only son's education at a time of financial depression. But the hill remained hers intact, with its woods and alleys and walks between river and highroad. The dwindling of the estate had been hard enough to bear, and the resultant cramped feeling was insupportable; but when the little red houses, the building of which she was powerless to forbid, sprang up about her feet, and the place was no longer a great house with its satellite hamlet, but a colony with winter and summer season, with its Sunday parade on the Lock island—a kind of Bedford Park with the disadvantages of a village—then the oldest resident found in her hill

a fortress against intrusion. Nevermore did she wish to pass beyond its gates.

Her soldier son, a boy in the lancers, gay, and loving holiday, broke through her terror of the red houses a little when he went home for his first leave. There were young people in the red houses, boys and girls who played on the river in canoes and punts, who held their amateur regattas, and fell together in groups of four and three and two—more often two. He made friends with all of them quickly, and for his sake she organized wonderful water parties, taking the burden of arrangements that he might be free to play host—host and lord in the eyes of these little people in the little houses. He had the grand air which was her ideal, the soldier's confident manner, which, in a gentleman, stops well short of swagger. He was very like her, graceful and tall, with the same blue eyes. But the people in the colony worshipped him and disliked her. He saw it, and it grieved him.

"None of them are like you; none of

them come up to you, and I know it better every day. But you must be nicer to them. They're simple. They need to be understood. They're at your elbow. Be a little kind to them; they really are human, dearest," was his refrain whenever she made merry at the expense of the colony as they sat together in the evenings. But she would never go to the many little entertainments organized in the colony by way of respectful return for her invitations.

"I never could stand that running in and out of little houses," she said; "there is at least more than one who enjoys it. You must represent me, Hal."

So Hal gave up persuading her to accompany him, and gradually, so debonair and gregarious and amusing was he, the colony practically engulfed his leisure, and when he stepped out of his mother's grounds into the road of villas, he entered a world of interests and tastes and amusements, a labyrinth of little jokes and little sallies, which to her were Greek.

Nevertheless she was not jealous. He set her above them all. She would no more ask a sacrifice of these gay hours with the colony than she would have expected him as a lusty toddling child, to sit strapped into a chair all day.

The jokes and sallies, the picnics and parties, were in full tilt when the war summons came to the boy. He was the first man of the colony to go. In him it lost its star, its preux chevalier, its one real soldier. Others there were entitled to uniforms; they, however, were militiamen, and were merely drafted off one by one to various depots to fill up gaps. Their going excited no dreadful thrill in the bosom of the community. But Hal Boldre went straight as an arrow to the field of war.

His preparations were rapid; one last water party, and then forty-eight hours of racing business. He and Lady Boldre spent one weary day in London, and came back for the last night under the white roof. The colony stood delicately aloof during those last hours. Mother and son sat together and walked in the dear garden under the stars, talking of common things, as if the old ordinary life would dawn for them on the morrow.

On the splendid October morrow they

started, driving six miles to the train which should catch an express at a junction for the port where his troop-ship waited. Then the colony gave signs of its devotion to the young warrior. At the turn of the valley road, just outside the gates, they waited—his friends—and the cheers rang out as the carriage from the White House came in sight.

They came in cars, on ponies, on bicycles. They laughed and sang and cheered through the six miles to the station. Some of the ponies had bells. The jingling, dusty way was one long epic of sympathy and hot pride. The men were not more ashamed than the girls when the tears of all showed at the last, as the boy flung his arms out to them at the open window in a gesture of dumb gratitude.

From that moment to the weighing of the anchor the hours belonged to the boy's mother. She had no time to grudge the colony that devotion.

For days she carried behind burning eyeballs the picture of that blurred brown ship, with its human bank of scarlet and gold. A slight smear of tar on the gloves she had worn that day transported her to the water-side, to the pitiless bustle, the unforgettable details of the final hours.

II

Six months later the withering shaft came. The life before it, with its daily hopes, alarms, reliefs, now seemed a dim period of ideal existence. The tragedy of the boy's little band, which never thought of surrender when surrender might well have been pardonable, the insult, the torture, the young commander's lingering death—all of it was told in England, and the story reached even to the uttermost hamlet.

All through the fire of grief, the undying horror of battle, the stricken woman in the White House was faintly conscious of a human environment, a something which stood apart, yet watched and warded her through that terrible spring. Footsteps passed and repassed her windows, men and women of all ages and grades knocked softly at her door with whispered inquiries. More than once it seemed to her, as she stole out at dusk along her avenues, that people held their breath, hiding not a yard from her. She

almost heard the quick flutter of raiment, the brush of steps; yet she knew she was alone.

When three months had gone she was haunted by the boy's old refrain: "Remember, the people about you are human, after all;" and a sudden contrition for her ingratitude, her dread of their ministration, overwhelmed her. They had all been his friends, the people in the valley. They lay under the deathly shadow even as she did; in a hundred ways she knew it from the chatter of her household. All the gayeties were sternly repressed by those who were the leaders of the valley routs; there were no longer laughter and song on the water or in the parlors.

One night in May she stepped bravely out into the road and walked towards the red villas. People came to the doors as if by chance and ran to greet her; the most fearless among them, a garrulous, hospitable creature, drew Lady Boldre into her house. Others drifted in to pay their respects. Not one, but half a dozen, young and old, conducted her home, carrying flowers. The garrulous lady, Mrs. Spinner—she had a bright complexion and a partiality for scarlet in her dress, which, with her love of disseminating small news, had earned her the name of the Red Spinner—insisted on arranging the blossoms then and there in Lady Boldre's vases.

So it came that Grief and not Joy, or mere convention, or neighborliness, unlocked the doors of the White House to the people of the valley.

III

The seasons drifted; yet to one woman all months were alike, and neither cold nor heat, rain nor drought, attained even to the dignity of incidents in the steady march of the days. At last she yielded to persuasion and went away to escape the sad winter, but only with the anticipation of the delight of returning home to the place where her dearest thoughts were enshrined. It was early March before she returned, pale and restless; but in twenty-four hours the light was back in her eyes, her cheek fuller, her step lighter.

"So thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on,"

she whispered often to herself as she lit the lamps in the dear rooms the boy had loved, and dusted his treasures, all thrust away for safety during her absence, with her own hands. Here in these three rooms she had a whole week's work in the furbishing, the brightening. The fires were lit, the draperies renewed; flowers from the south of France made the whole place into a bower. Here she would rest and think of him; but not rest only. For there was work to do, work for the men who had fought under him, for the survivors of the tragedy, for their wives, their children. And for the wounded of his troop she had a grand hospital scheme. She was consecrated to the service of those who gave not only blood and limbs and breath, but all their dearest hopes for England. She was desperately eager to begin her service, and after the long days of toil with eye and finger and brain she would rest in the consciousness of the nearness of her son's spirit. At every turn of the house and avenues, at every moment, both in leisure and in the full swing of her loving enterprise, she was aware of him. He was hers—more hers than before, it seemed. The innumerable pictures of him followed her with their eyes. "I am always with you," they said. "There is no one like you. You have been and are everything to me. Our life is one. Every heartache that you feel I know. I will heal it. Keep me near you. The bitterness of parting is *not*. I am near; I will come nearer still!"

There were times when she was sorry for the colony in the valley because they knew not the divinity of that consolation. They expressed some surprise that she had raised no monument in the valley church to his memory, and they set on foot a kindly subscription for a window. She thanked them, and turned to the boy's Thucydides, which lay open at the resonant passage beginning, "For of great men the whole earth is the sepulchre."

How could she concentrate her living thought of him in one spot in cold glass or marble? Was he not her comrade through the noontide and eventide and in the dark watches?

The Red Spinner was one of the first visitors at the White House, her curiosity

being roused to boiling-point by the adaptation of certain cottages on the hill for wounded soldiers. Hal's mother showed her all her scheme, happy as a girl in the details. Then she stood at the gates awhile, exchanging news. The Spinner rioted in her own tattle.

"And old Mr. Johnson has married his fourth wife, a girl of twenty—isn't it shocking? And they say Mrs. Green has to have four operations; they really don't know which to take first; so trying. Oh, by-the-bye, the man who bought the old Elizabethan farm-house at the end of your private water and was going to throw it into a 'Hydro' has committed suicide! So *that's* all right, and now you won't lose the picturesque end to your water-lily pool. Nearly every one is here again. The Benby family is back. I think poor Dolly is looking better. Her mother says she is slowly getting back her nerves."

"Really? I am sorry she has been ill."

"Well—of course, you know, we couldn't help seeing how terribly she felt it."

"Felt it?"

The Red Spinner patted her hostess very gently on the hand. "Of course no one talks about it, you know. If I heard a word, I should be the first to give the lie. *Pious frauds*, you know, ...and that... And I am sure dear Mr. Harold would wish the dear girl not to be gossiped about."

"My son—?"

The Red Spinner looked embarrassed for the first time in her existence.

"Well, of course, they were very deeply attached."

"Really?"

The Red Spinner flung herself at it desperately:

"You know, of course, that there was complete understanding between them before he sailed?"

Hal's mother drew herself up with a start. "Yes?"

"Didn't you know?" persisted the Red Spinner.

Pride, astonishment, bitter resentment, made armor necessary. Lady Boldre told herself she prevaricated for the honor of her boy. She launched a frigid counter-question at her informant.

"May I ask how far my son's peculiar-

ly private affairs, sacred to him and to me, are discussed down there?" She pointed with a scornful finger to the red colony.

"Oh, I assure you, no one mentions it—openly, at any rate. But of course one gleans things. And the girl went into mourning, you know—crape even, *I'm told*. And she has his photographs—snap-shots taken at picnics, as well as portraits in hunting dress and uniform—in her room, hanging all round her bed."

The other woman made an effort to be generous. "I am sure she is the last girl in the world to do such things by way of display," she retorted, indignantly.

The Red Spinner laid a cunning snare. "Well, my dear Lady Boldre, of course, as *you* understand, and Dolly must share with you a common grief, it is natural that she should put on mourning, ... and that—"

"Every one has been in mourning lately."

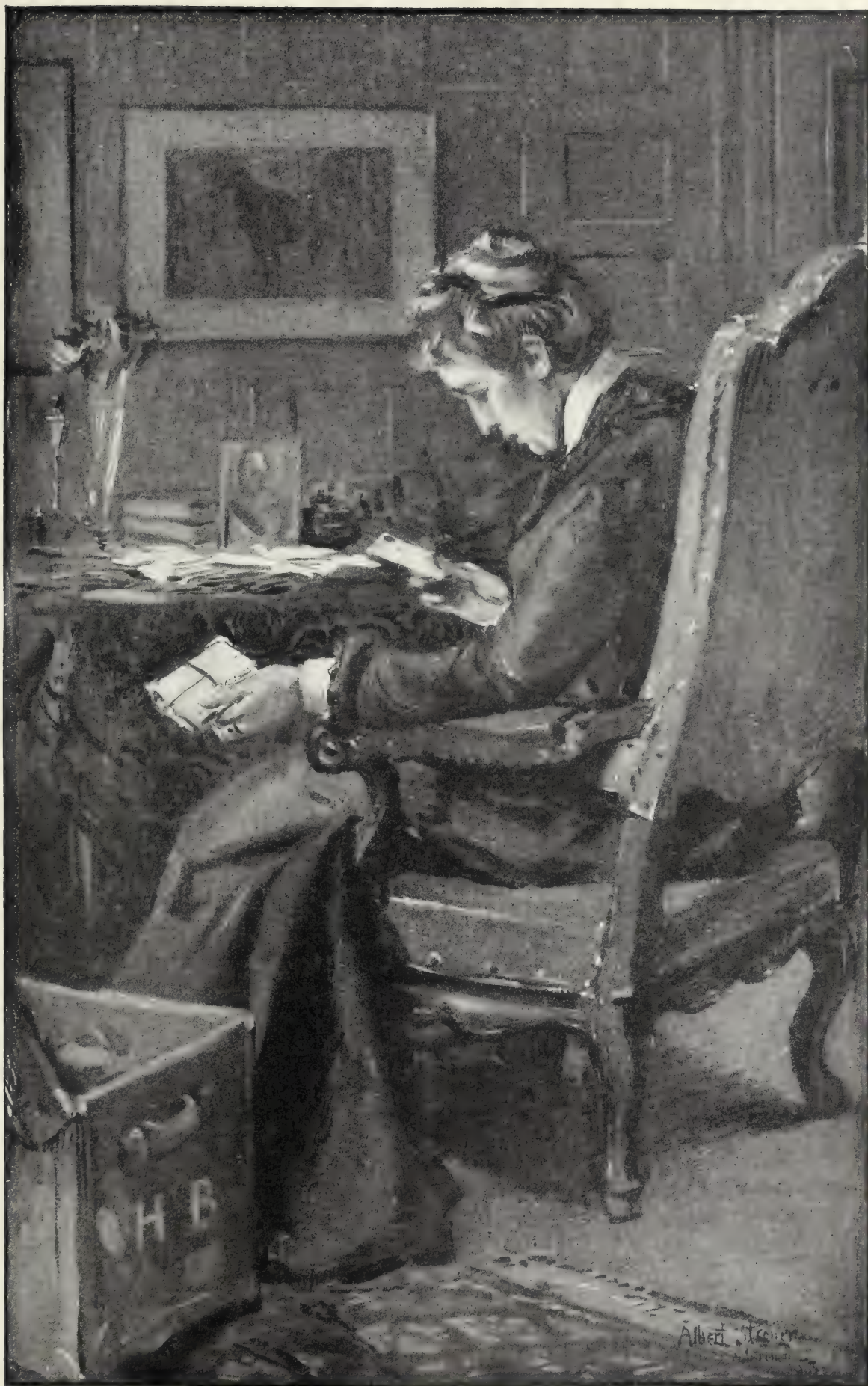
"Well, of course, it is so, but still she kept it on longer, and used black-edged note. And after all she must have his portrait near her. There isn't much publicity in that, and I am sure you would not wish her to forget that she had been loved by such a hero."

"Has she spoken to you?"

"N-not exactly. But when her friend Miss Slacke talked about it with her, she said of course that it had been so much more terrible for her than for others who were merely his friends, while *she* had no *open* right of course to sympathy; but that— Well, you see, it was plain what was meant. I hope you are not angry?"

"Not in the least. But I must ask you never to reopen the subject again. My son would be grieved if—if this in any way exposed the girl to... You can imagine he would wish her shielded," she added, boldly.

"Rely on me," said the Red Spinner, warmly, and tripped back to the colony. She had won satisfaction on two points. Hal had loved the girl; his mother did not know of the understanding. What would be her attitude to the Benbys? In the parlor of the doctor's wife she unfolded the matter with relish, and the doctor's wife at a working party next



THE SIGNATURE—"EVER YOURS, DOLLY"

day reserved the information as a tit-bit till the lamps and tea came in.

IV

Hal's mother moved through her work in a dream. Her heart was a treasure-chamber of which the lock had been rudely forced; part of the treasure was stolen, and the rest lay there on the threshold, unguarded, it seemed. Bruised and bewildered at first by the thought that her son should have kept a secret such as this from her on the eve of the great farewell, she was roused at intervals into cruel anger against the girl who had undermined her treasure. She had grown to contemplate the boy's marriage as an inevitable thing, but one for which years should prepare him and herself, an event crowning the middle epoch of a career of distinction, when he would know who was worthiest to share his daily life and bear him children. And now this baby-faced girl had stolen a march in the dark! It was undignified, cruel. It was impossible that he could have cared!....

Through the trees one morning she saw Dolly Benby pass; watched narrowly the slender figure, the pretty carriage, the childish head set on a slim neck, the wistful doelike eyes, the cheek sweetly dimpling, the drooping curves of the perfect mouth. It was the sort of face strong men could worship, she reflected. And yet it lacked the responsive graces needful to Hal, the quick fantasy which in his mother he admired, the fuller dignity; in a word, all the larger qualities. She heard the girl's voice chatting to a friend. The tone of it was thin, the phrases commonplace. Lady Boldre went back to the White House cursing in her heart the Red Spinner.

For a long fortnight this torment of spirit was upon her. The splendid sense of touch with the boy was gone. The consciousness of him was blurred. She had but snatches of it now and then when her love for him whispered that to sacrifice herself utterly only meant to love him better, to draw him nearer. She could not bear to sit in the rooms. He, the very heart of gayety, the very soul of honor, was no more hers, her joy and pride. He was flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, brought forth in sorrow in her early

widowhood, and she was to share even his memory with the pink and white girl who had never suffered for him or lived for him!

The terrible loneliness of the days turned her to stone. She drugged herself that she might forget at night the torturing doubts of the day. The misery culminated in a dream so vivid that it could be nothing but a direct sign. With dawn she rose and made her great resolution. She looked out the boxes of his things. She sorted some of the letters she had not yet dared to sort—the boy's own correspondence, which, according to the will in his pocket-book, was to be returned to those who wrote the letters. She dug fiercely into the chest. Her fingers encountered a packet of letters in a girlish hand. She looked at the signature of the one at the top—"Ever yours, Dolly,"—and the deep stab of jealousy made her thrust it away and walk to the window to gain breath. She went back to the box and counted the letters again. A dozen in the packet—perhaps there were others. At any rate, here were three months' letters, if Dolly wrote to him by every mail. "Ever yours"—that was at the beginning; perhaps the other endings were more intimate. She undid the ribbon that tied them and fingered the letters one by one. It was simple enough to read them and lay bare the whole story. She raised her head at the moment, and saw the last picture of him, taken during a halt on the long, starved South-African marches; the face thin and long with the breathless chase after men, and the longer for its unaccustomed beard. The eyes looked at her with a solemn command. She began to fumble at one of the envelopes. Anything was better than this agony of doubt. But the eyes shone out, sternly forbidding. She tied the packet up and addressed it to Dolly Benby. Her spirit grew lighter. The resolution of the night triumphed. She could scarcely wait for the hour when she could go down into the valley with the burden.

A silence fell upon the Benbys' room as she entered. She saw the quick looks which flashed between the mother and a chance caller, and between the elder daughter and the mother, when she asked specially for Dolly. Dolly came in,

shy, ethereal, with a nervous little laugh; she was in gray; the corners of her mouth drooped. With the eyes of the family upon the visitor, the delivery of the letters would be a sacrilege. Lady Boldre rose to say good-by, and in the hall with Dolly to usher her out, her opportunity came. They went up to Dolly's little room, white and innocent. The pictures of Hal were there, even as the Red Spinner had said. Lady Boldre put the letters into the girl's hands gently, and Dolly blushed painfully; the tears rushed to her eyes.

"You cared?" said Hal's mother, pathetically—"you really cared? No, don't tell me. I—I—understand. I might have helped you if I had known sooner. He never said anything. Here are the letters; I haven't looked at them. Don't be ashamed, my dear. Only love him. And—and he is all I have too."

It was Dolly who sobbed so terribly and had no words. It was Dolly who was comforted and tenderly petted by her family when the red rims disfigured her eyes the next day.

And Hal's mother went back to her lonely house. She had done her duty. Yet presently it seemed as if she had but scarcely begun to do it. A fierce desire seized her to make more than ordinary recompense to this girl, this child who would surely have been Hal's wife in fulness of time. She asked Dolly to stay at the White House while her family were absent in the summer; she tried to picture her as a daughter; she taught herself to admire the pretty grace of Dolly's movements. The gentle air of Dolly's proprietorship over all Hal's belongings, from which Lady Boldre winced at first, became at last the right thing. The very servants comprehended it. The boy's pets, his sporting dogs, his pony, his charger, followed Dolly like lambs. And in Dolly Hal's mother beheld at last the vestal who kept the fire burning in the temple of their love for Hal. Perhaps it was not strange that in the extreme of the mother's self-abnegation the girl became more of a reality to her than Hal himself.

"I am sure *he* is with us on the river," she said often, and so brightly that the mother rejoiced; the girl seemed to have that living consciousness of Hal more than any one else.

As this went on, the White House opened its doors a little wider. Friends of Hal, safely returned from the fight, came to see his mother. Bitter-sweet were those meetings, notable for the little stories of the boy's camp comrades, the jealously gleaned reminiscences of the last days of his soldiering. But Lady Boldre felt sometimes that Dolly shrank from them; and she sighed, and again forgave the girl because of her sensitiveness to pain, her obviously acute power of suffering.

Young voices resounded in the gardens as the years passed, and Dolly did the honors of tennis-court and bowling-green and croquet-lawn as Hal had always done. She also arranged the little gatherings, ordered the house; and to her fell the lighter portion of the entertainment of his friends. Young Frank Shaw, Hal's boon companion, was constantly at the house. It gladdened Lady Boldre to see how he and Dolly shared the ritual of the boy's memory.

"He understands," Dolly would say to Hal's mother, when they spoke of Frank.

"*She* is the one we must think of now," said Hal's mother to Frank, when Dolly, who had lately grown quiet, and flushed and paled more than before, pleaded fatigue, and left the care of Hal's pets to Hal's friends.

V

After all, looking back on it a year later, Lady Boldre could not understand why she had been so blind. For the very story of the circumstances was written on the girl's face.

She made her discovery—it might have been made almost any day for the past two years—on one of her lonely walks, while Dolly, she guessed, was resting.

The beech leaves of the woods were soft under her feet. Her face was peaceful, calm, her figure erect. She paused, hearing voices, and afraid lest some unknown picnic group should stray into her path. Between the rich clumps of yew and beech on the bank below her she saw two figures, graceful, lovely in youth and idyl. The slim neck of Dolly bent as a reed bends under the kiss which Hal's friend laid there, and Dolly's pale gold hair burned brightly against the setting sun, and her ear and cheek were the tint of deep roses.



SHE TRIED TO PICTURE DOLLY AS A DAUGHTER

Hal's mother walked away and stood long on the grass terrace that lay open to Hal's favorite sailing reach of the river.

At night she called Dolly to her.

"Frank has asked me for you. Was that your suggestion? You know you are free."

"I said I thought it would please you if he asked," faltered the girl.

"Was that *all*?"

Dolly did not answer. Lady Boldre put her hands on the young shoulders and raised Dolly's head.

"Tell me the truth. Did Hal ever say he loved you better than any one else in the world?"

Dolly burst into tears.

"Did you *pretend* he cared—or was it that you cared?"

"I am positive he liked me better than the others," Dolly answered, pitifully.

Hal's mother dried the child's tears, and kissed her in pity. "Be happy," she said, gently; "it is only natural you should care for Frank. He is what you need. I *feel* that Hal is—is glad. I think it must be a kind of relief to him." Then she could not resist the one touch of playful cynicism: "*He* must have been so puzzled, poor darling, and have wondered again and again *why* you troubled." Then she broke off, coloring with embarrassment. The pained vanity, the resentment, the little cheap sentimentality of the girl, of her love of sensation, were no longer disguised. Dolly drew herself up, her delicate face pink with anger.

"I did it to spare *you*," she said, slowly and with defiance.

For a minute the cold gray young eyes and the deep blue eyes of the older woman gazed. Then the pale eyelids fell over the gray ones. Dolly's foolish lie could not stand the simple pity of those dim blue depths.

VI

Like a voyager long delayed, the perfect consciousness of her son came back to the widow in the White House, and even as the one who returns after long weary absence seems to radiate greater vitality than before, seems, indeed, to add a delicious strangeness and new virtues to the old graces, so did the spirit of the son

return more fully than before to the heart of the mother.

The Red Spinner, two days after Dolly's wedding in the valley, pushed her way into the White House. Lady Boldre was prepared. Pity and sacrifice had taught her how to shield Dolly.

"And so you see, my dear," said the Red Spinner afterwards to the valley people, "it was her wish that Dolly should marry Hal's great friend, and the delay was simply Dolly's own dear doing. She was too honorable to say 'yes' till she was sure the old love was buried out of sight."

Lady Boldre shut the door on her guest with a smile. She was almost grateful to the Red Spinner, for only through the long tissue of error and deception had she won back this old sense of the spiritual presence of her boy.

Calmer, wiser, more widely charitable, richer in sympathy, she moved at last among the people of the valley. Beautiful and stately she moved, living her life in the steady faith of that joyous meeting when this life should have asked its full of her endurance and hope and charity.

There were books of his to which she turned often when bodily fatigue made her impatient of the long waiting. Some of the pages were worn with loving use. Certain passages from *Aes Triplex* sounded triumphantly in her ears: "Does not life go down with a better grace foaming in full body over a precipice than insensately struggling to an end in sandy deltas? For surely at whatever age death overtakes the man, this is to die young. . . . In the hot fit of life, a-tip-toe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound to the other side."

She rejoiced in the thought that that fate was Hal's—that he had lost no illusion, broken no vow, never felt the burden of the after-years, nor suffered the agony of a loss of love. His glory surrounded her as the sun, bathing her spirit, piercing it to quicken and sustain. Of him it was indeed true that "the trumpets are hardly done blowing when . . . this happy-starred . . . spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

And now the valley worshipped her also.

A Gulf of Fire

BY JAMES CHAMPLIN FERNALD

IT is night on the primeval earth. No moon now brings back the light of the vanished sun. Field, forest, and stream lie deep in shadow. On all the earth there is not a light to answer the gleam of the faint, far-off stars. Crouching in a cave or cowering in a tree-top, primeval man abides the interminable hours. For his wild enemies, gifted with eyes that can see in the dark, and with fangs and claws against which his feeble teeth and nails are useless, that is the very hour of triumph. The matchless Hebrew lyric, written when man was nearer to those days than now, tells the story:

Thou makest darkness, and it is night:
Wherein all the beasts of the forest do
creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.

Our carefully nurtured children in city mansions of brick and stone still see fiery eyes in the darkness, and *know* there are bears under the bed, and wolves in the attic—causeless impressions that are survivals of the nightly experiences of prehistoric ancestors, when walls of impenetrable blackness fenced them round. How much of their year was made up of those dreadful nights! The ancient Sanscrit poems tell of the exuberant joy of deliverance that came with each new dawn, when the vanished sun, returning, shed his light and heat over all the earth again.

There comes a day when earth's hidden fires burst forth, and man, like all the other animals, must flee from the threatened ruin. But, unlike all the other animals, the man returns. Something in his organism bids him study this strange thing. As he draws nearer and nearer the receding flame, the stick which serves him at once as club and staff takes fire in a crack of the hot lava. Guides on the slope of Vesuvius repeat to-day the ancient experiment. But for primitive man

it is no idle pastime. Here are light and heat that can be transported and indefinitely renewed! He will carry the burning brand to his habitation in hut or cave.

Now let the night come! Man makes around himself a little circle of day. So far, at least, he can see, and distinguish friend and foe. He soon discovers that the radiance which is cheer to him is terror to every other creature. That circle of light is like the invisible protecting screen that the deities of old were wont to throw around their favorite herces. Ever and anon

a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one who nods and winks beside a
slowly dying fire.

But while the fire lives, the lion only creeps, and does not spring. Let the man be aroused by the snapping of a twig and throw a handful of light brush upon the fire, and as the flame and sparks leap heavenward, the wild beast retreats into the deepest shade.

The firebrand draws an impassable line between man and all the brute creation. No existing race of men, however ignorant or debased, is known to be destitute of fire. Nor can history or archæology find such a race in all the past. In the Danish shell mounds are hearths blackened by prehistoric fires. The piles of the Swiss lake dwellings, buried for ages under earth and water, still bear marks of the fire that helped the rude wood-cutters to fell the trees, and point the ends for driving into the ground. The cave-men, in the days when an arctic climate prevailed in "sunny France," had heating-stones for cooking their reindeer meat. Separated by millenniums of time and by utmost range of space, by mountains, deserts, and oceans, by color, language, and occupation, by customs and religion, yet in this all men agree—all make fire a servant and a friend.

And on the other side all the brutes agree. Genius and learning have labored to close the gap between man and the inferior animals. By comparative anatomy we seem to approach a unity. But a bushel of dry leaves and a spark of fire blazon the discrepancy. Ages of domestication have not changed the impulse. Your favorite dog and cat bask in the gleam of your library fire; but drop near them a live coal or a blazing match, and all the wild-beast nature awakes. They have only the ancestral remedy of flight. Man stands on one side of the bonfire; the whole brute world cowers on the other.

But the most carefully tended fire will sometimes go out. When that happened in the ancient days, darkness was doubly dreadful, and the man could not always reach a volcano in full eruption. Then the mind that sees unities caught the spark struck off from his tool of flint on the finest and driest tinder, and nursed it till it burst into flame. The workman noted how the wood became heated in the grooving and boring of his rude implements. He would drive the grooving or boring tool faster yet, till the dry dust took fire, as many a savage kindles his fire to-day. That ancient friction match was more wonderful than the modern, for the primitive inventor had to depend on the friction without the phosphorus. He could and did originate the living fire from the dead and inert materials that nature had strewn all around him. Now, indeed, the words of the seer could come true. The being who once seemed so weak and defenceless could go forth to "replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." Man became an angel of light to creatures that nestled under his protection, or an avenging angel with flaming sword to beings that dared defy him. He had entered an upward path where he had only to go on. Henceforth the universe was his. Along that path no brute would ever follow.

By the cooking of his food he enlarged his base of support. There was more sustenance on the earth. Hot stones in a hole in the ground formed his simple oven. That earth oven, the *imu*, is still cherished by our island cit-

izens of Hawaii, and travellers from the lands of cooking-stoves partake with delighted surprise of the viands that nourished primeval man.

Next the hot stones were put with the food into the baskets that deft hands had learned to make. If the basket could only be put over the fire! The inventor plasters it thick with clay, and though the heat even then destroys the basket, the same heat hardens the casing and makes it imperishable. Happy thought! He will make baskets of clay! And still we find the ancient pottery woven of ropelike strips of clay, and bearing within the marks of the basket mould around which it was built up. Man had created receptacles equally adapted to the incongruous elements of fire and water. All the wondrous creations of Dresden, Limoges, and Sèvres began in the baked mud that cooked the dinner of a savage, because that savage was human.

Fire at once enlarged the area of the habitable earth. Henceforth man's range was not fixed by sun and wind, but extended at his own good pleasure. In the colder north or the colder south, on the mountain height or the bleak sea-shore, he could make a climate to suit his needs. He alone of all living beings could step over the isothermal lines and take the whole earth for his inheritance.

Fire made home. Most of all in the northern lands, where woman and child must keep near the blaze, and even the strongest man be driven at times to its restful and reviving glow, the sweet charities of family life slowly and timidly blossomed beside the household fire. Tender memories and hopes clung evermore about the fire-side, the ingle-side, the hearth-stone.

Fire lengthened life by putting more hours into the sum of existence. Man could utilize part of the period of darkness. As he sat mending or sharpening tools and weapons, inventiveness would be stimulated in the quiet time while under no immediate pressure of hunt or fight. When once the arts of reading and writing were developed, the still evening became the time of times for their exercise, as the warrior king Alfred is said to have wrought out his studies and his laws, measuring the time by candles, each of which would burn an hour.

Festivity flourished, too, in the same night hours. The hunter, the fisher, the farmer, the warrior, and the men of all crafts, as they developed, could meet most freely, restfully, and cheerily, their day's work done, beside the hospitable evening fire, by the light of torches, and later of softly gleaming candles and pendent lamps. The people of the most advanced civilization still find no other time so fitting, and modern social life depends for its existence on the possession of fire and light.

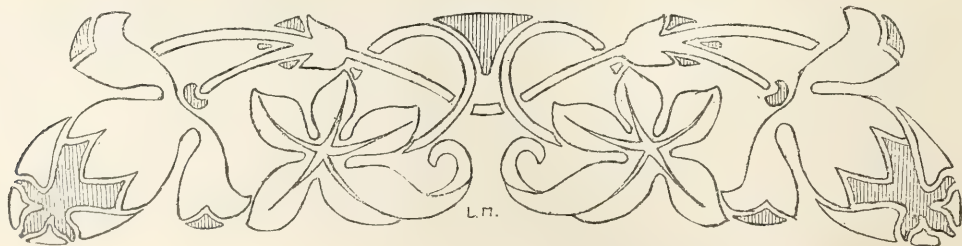
Fire gave man metals. The first copper discovered was treated as stone. The first copper implements were beaten out in imitation of the tools and weapons of stone. Somehow it was learned that copper could be softened by heat till it would run like water, when it could be poured into earthen moulds, the shape of which it would keep after it had cooled. If one kind of rock would fuse, why not another? The experimenting went on, until after a few centuries the founder was able to smelt iron, as is still done in Africa, in a specially constructed hole in the ground. Then he had only to make some improvements in his application of fire in order to reach Bessemer steel. That would not require much more than three thousand years.

From early days man longed to get fire to work for him, but the fierce servant was always ready to devour the machine. The stubborn passion of mastery was not, however, to be thus defeated. As in the old Oriental legend the discoverer who had thoughtlessly liberated the mighty spirit from his prison coaxed him back within its walls, henceforth to be released only on pledge of service, so the inventor compelled the destroying fire to transmit its heat through water, allowing him to use the incombustible steam. Then he had enslaved a spirit mighty beyond the wildest dreams of the earlier races of man.

Flashing in the heaven he sees the swift flames that his far-off sires had termed the arrows of Jehovah or the thunderbolts of Zeus. Still reaching for dominion, he brings down the lightning on his kite-string, and reproduces it on earth. He stands by Niagara and forbids the torrent to thunder uselessly down, and lo! the cataract takes fire and lights distant cities, turns the wheels of factories, or speeds the swift car along its way.

Ages have been traversed by the inventive mind in its ceaseless march. Now, out into the wilderness of Africa steps a man, no taller, no stronger than his sires of long ago. He has crossed the ocean in a ship of fire-tempered steel, moved against wind and tide by steam generated by fierce fires below the water-line, guided on its pathless way by the needle of magnetic steel, and by observation of sun and stars taken through fire-molten glass. In his hand he holds a steel repeating-rifle ready to sweep his path with death at his touch. Down from a tree leaps the giant ape, ferocious and mighty, able to rend the man limb from limb. Beating his breast like a war-drum, he comes on to try his gleaming fangs and horrible claws against the silent steel tube with its hidden fire.

The gorilla rushing with bare hands upon the Winchester measures the breadth of the chasm that yawns between man and the manlike ape. Taking Huxley's summary statement, that "it may be doubted whether a healthy human adult brain ever weighed less than thirty-one or -two ounces, or that the heaviest gorilla brain ever exceeded twenty ounces," we find that somewhere in that added mass of brain, and in its more intricate convolutions, lies the power that has enabled man to cross the gulf of fire to the paradise of invention and achievement that lies beyond, and of which none can see the farther bound.



The Toy Grenadier

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

IT was a misnomer. He was not a Captain at all, nor was he of the Horse Marines. He was a mere private in the Grenadier Guards, with his musket at a carry and his heels together and his little fingers touching the seams of his pantaloons. Still, Captain Jinks was the name he went by when he first came to Our House, years ago, and Captain Jinks he will be always in your memory—the only original Captain Jinks, the ballad to the contrary notwithstanding.

It was Christmas eve when you first saw him. He was stationed on sentry duty beneath a fir-tree, guarding a pile of commissary stores. He looked neither to the left nor to the right, but straight before him, and not a tremor or blink or sigh disturbed his military bearing. His bearskin was glossy as a pussy-cat's fur; his scarlet coat, with the cross of honor on his heart, fitted him like a glove, and every gilt button of it shone in the candle-light; and oh, the loveliness, the spotless loveliness, of his sky-blue pantaloons!

"My boy," said Father, "allow me to present Captain Jinks. Captain Jinks, my son."

"Oh!" you cried, the moment you clapped eyes on him. "Oh, Father! What a beautiful soldier!"

And at your praise the Captain's cheeks were scarlet. He would have saluted, no doubt, had you been a military man, but you were only a civilian then, and in kilts at that.

"Take him," said Father, "and give him some rations. He's about starved, I guess, guarding those chocolates."

So you relieved the Captain of his stern vigil—or, rather, the Captain and his gun, for he refused to lay down his arms even for mess call, without orders from the officer of the guard, though he did desert his post, which was inconsistent from a military point of view, and deserved court martial. And

while he was gone the commissary stores were plundered by ruthless, sticky hands.

Lizbeth brought a new Wax Doll to mess with the Captain. A beautiful blonde, she was, and the Captain was gallantry itself, but she was a little stiff with him, in her silks and laces, preferring, no doubt, a messmate with epaulets and sword. So the chat lagged till the Rag Doll came—an unassuming brunette creature—and the Captain got on very well with her. Indeed, when the Wax Doll flounced away, the Captain leaned and whispered in the Rag Doll's ear. What he said you did not hear, but the Rag Doll drew away, shyly—

"Very sudden," she seemed to say. But the Captain leaned nearer, at an angle perilous to both, and—kissed her! The Rag Doll fainted to the floor. The Captain was at his wits' end. Without orders he could not lay aside his gun, for he was a sentry, albeit off his post. Yet here was a lady in distress. The gun or the lady? The lady or the gun? The Captain struggled betwixt his honor and his love. In the very stress of his contending emotions he tottered, and would have fallen to the Rag Doll's side, but you caught him just in time. Lizbeth applied the smelling-bottle to the Rag Doll's nose, and she revived. Pale, but every inch a rag lady, she rose, leaning on Lizbeth. She gave the Captain a withering glance, and swept toward the open door. The Captain did not flinch. Proudly he drew himself to his full height; his heels clicked together; his gun fell smartly to his side; and as the lady passed he looked her squarely in her scornful eyes, and bore their *congé* like a soldier.

Next morning—Christmas morning—in the trenches before the Coal Scuttle, the Captain fought with reckless bravery. The earth-works of building-blocks reached barely to his cartridge-belt, yet he stood erect in a hail of marble balls.

"Jinks, you're clean daft," cried Grandfather. "Lie down, man!"

But the Captain would not budge. Commies and glassies crashed around him. They ploughed up the earth-works before him; they did great execution on the legs of chairs and tables and other non-combatants behind. Yet there he stood, unmoved in the midst of the carnage, his heels together, his little fingers just touching the seams of his pantaloons. It was for all the world as though he were on dress parade. Perhaps he was—for while he stood there, valorous in that Christmas fight, his eyes were on the heights of the Rocking Chair beyond, where, safe from the marble hail, sat the Rag Doll with Lizbeth and the waxen blonde.

There was a rumble—a crash through the torn earth-works—a shock—a scream from the distant heights—and the Captain fell. A monstrous glassy had struck him fairly in the legs, and owing to his military habit of standing with them close together— Well, it was all too sad, too harrowing, to relate. An ambulance corps of Grandfather and Uncle Ned carried the crippled soldier to the Tool Chest Hospital. He was just conscious, that was all. The operation he bore with great fortitude, refusing to take chloroform, and insisting on dying with his musket beside him, if die he must. What seemed to give him greatest anguish was his heels, for, separated at last, they would not click together now; and his little fingers groped nervously for the misplaced seams of his pantaloons.

Long afterward, when the Captain had left his cot for active duty again, it was recalled that the very moment when he fell so gallantly in the trenches that day, a lady was found unconscious, flat on her face, at the foot of the Rocking Chair Hill.

Captain Jinks was never the same after that. Still holding his gun as smartly as before, there was, on the other hand, a certain carelessness of attire, a certain dulness of gilt buttons, a smudginess of scarlet coat, as though it were thumb-marked; and dark clouds were beginning to lower in the clear azure of his pantaloons. There was, withal, a certain rakishness of bearing not provided for in the regulations; a little uncertainty as

to legs; a tilt and limp, as it were, in sharp contrast to the trim soldier who had guarded the commissary chocolates under the Christmas fir. Moreover—though his comrades at arms forbore to mention it, loving him for his gallant service—he was found one night, flat on his face, under the dinner table. Now the Captain had always been abstemious before. Liquor of any kind he had shunned as poison, holding that it spotted his uniform; and once when forced to drink from Lizbeth's silver cup, at the end of a dusty march, his lips paled at the contaminating touch, his red cheeks blanched, and his black mustache, in a single drink, turned gray. But here he lay beneath the festive board, bedraggled, his nose buried in the soft rug, hopelessly inarticulate—though the last symptom was least to be wondered at, since he had always been a silent man.

You shook him where he lay. There was no response. You dragged him forth in his shame and set him on his feet again, but he staggered and fell. Yet as he lay there in his cups—oh, mystery of discipline!—his heels were close together, his toes turned out, his musket was at a carry, and his little fingers were just touching the seams of his pantaloons.

For the good of the service Mother offered to retire the Captain on half pay, and give him free lodging on the garret stair, but he scorned the proposal, and you backed him in his stand. All his life he had been a soldier. Now, with war and rumors of war rife in the land, should he, Captain Jinks, a private in the Grenadier Guards, lay down his arms for the piping peace of a garret stair? No, by gad, sir! No! And he stayed; and, strangest thing of all, he was yet to fight and stand guard and suffer as he had never done before.

But while the Captain thus sadly went down hill, the Rag Doll retired to a modest villa in the closet country upstairs. It was quiet there, and she could rest her shattered nerves. Whether she blamed herself for her rejected lover's downfall, or whether it was mere petulance at the social triumphs of the waxen blonde, is a question open to debate. Sentimentalists will find the former theory more to their fancy, but the blonde

and her friends told a different tale. Be that as it may, the Rag Doll went away.

January passed in barracks; then February and March, with only an occasional scouting after cattle-thieves and brigand bands. The Captain chafed at such inactivity.

"War! You call this war!" his very bristling manner seemed to say. "By gad! sir, when I was in the trenches before"

It was fine then to see the Captain and Grandfather—both grizzled veterans with tales to tell—side by side before the library fire. When Grandfather told the story of Johnny Reb in the tall grass, the Captain was visibly moved.

"Jinks," Grandfather would say—"Jinks, you know how it is yourself—when the bacon's wormy and the coffee's thin, and there's a man with a gun before you and a girl with a tear behind."

And at the mention of the girl and the tear the Captain would turn away.

Spring came, and with it the marching orders for which you and the Captain had yearned so long. There was a stir in the barracks that morning. The Captain was drunk again, it is true, but drunk this time with joy. He could not march in the ranks—he was too far gone for that—so you stationed him on a wagon to guard the commissary stores.

A blast from the bugle—Assembly—and you fell into line.

"Forward—*March!*"

And you marched away, your drum beating a double-quick, the Captain swaying ignominiously on the wagon and hugging his old brown gun. As the Guards swung by the reviewing-stand, their arms flashing in the sun, the Captain did not raise his eyes. So he never knew that looking down upon his shame that April day sat his Rag Lady, with Lizbeth and the waxen blonde. Her cheeks were pale, but her eyes were tearless. She did not utter a sound as her tottering lover passed. She just leaned far out over the flag-hung balcony and watched him as he rode away. It was a hard campaign. Clover Plain, Woodpile Mountain, and the Raspberry Wilderness are names to conjure with. From the back fence to the front gate, from the beehives to the red geraniums, the whole land ran with blood. Brevetted for per-

sonal gallantry on the Woodpile Heights, you laid aside your drum for epaulets and sword. The Guards and the Captain drifted from your ken. When you last saw him he was valiantly defending a tulip pass, and defying a regiment of the Black Ant Brigade to come and take him—by gad! sirs—if they dared.

"Where is the Captain?" Lizbeth asked you, one day on furlough when you lounged at home.

"I don't know," you said; and as you spoke there was the sound of a fall and a slight commotion at the edge of the crowd. A lady had fainted, some one said. The war went on. Days grew into weeks, weeks into months, and the summer passed. Search in camps and battlefields revealed no trace of Captain Jinks. Sitting by the camp fire on blustering nights, your thoughts went back to the old comrade of the winter days.

"Poor Captain Jinks!" you sighed.

"Jinks?" asked Grandfather, laying down his book.

"Yes. He's lost. Don't you know?"

"Jinks among the missing!" Grandfather cried. Then he gazed silently into the fire.

"Poor old Jinks!" he mused. "He was a brave soldier, Jinks was—a brave soldier, sir." He puffed reflectively on his corn-cob pipe. Presently he spoke again, more sadly than before:

"But he had one fault, Jinks had—just one, sir. He was a leetle too fond o' his bottle on blowy nights."

November came. The year and the war were drawing to a close. Before Grape Vine Ridge the enemy lay intrenched for a final desperate stand. To your council of war in the fallen leaves came Grandfather, a scarf around his throat, its loose ends flapping in the gale. He leaned on his cane; you, on your sword.

"Bring up your guns, boy," he cried. "Bring up your heavy guns. Fling your cavalry to the left, your infantry to the right. 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' Cold steel, my boy—as Jinks used to say."

Grandfathers for counsel; little boys for war. At five that night the enemy surrendered—horse, foot, and a hundred guns. Declining the General's proffered sword, you rode back across the battlefield to your camp in the fallen leaves. The afternoon was waning. In the gath-

ering twilight your horse stumbled on a prostrate form. You dismounted, knelt, brushed back the leaves, peered into the dimmed eyes and ashen face.

"Captain!" you cried. "Captain Jinks!" And at your call came Lizbeth, running, dragging the Rag Doll by her hand. Breathless they kneeled beside him where he lay.

"Oh, it's Captain Jinks," said Lizbeth, but softly, when she saw. Prone on the battle-field lay the wounded Grenadier, his uniform gray with service in the wind and rain.

"Captain!" you cried again, but he

did not hear you. Then the Rag Doll bent her face to his, in the twilight, though she could not speak. A glimmer of recognition blazed for a moment, but faded in the Captain's eyes.

"He's tired marching, I guess," said Lizbeth.

"'Sh!" you said. "He's dying."

You bent lower to feel his fluttering pulse. You placed your ear to the cross of honor, rusted, on his breast. His heart was silent. And so he died—on the battle-field, his musket at his side, his heels together, his little fingers just touching the seams of his pantaloons.

The Old Home

BY CHARLES FRANCIS SAUNDERS

TO one forespent with stress of trade
And schemes of gain in city marts,
There comes a breath of country hay
Wafted from passing carts.

Fades the long line of brick and stone,
The street's rude tumult dies away,
From money-getting for a space
His soul cries holiday.

By that enchantment rapt from town,
He runs, his hand in Memory's,
Up the dear lane to the old home
Beside the tranquil trees.

The garden's myriad cups of bloom
His withered heart with fragrance flood;
Barn pigeons, cooing, lull to rest
The unrest of his blood.

A harp, untouched these many years,
His soul once more to music wakes,
Swept by the wind that bends the grass
And stirs the meadow brakes.

And with him down the orchard path,
Past spring-house and the pasture wall.
Her spirit walks who taught her child
Of the Love that is o'er all.

The vision vanishes, and straight
The street's rude tumult in his ears;
But in his heart a heavenly strain,
And in his eyes, sweet tears.

Summer Life in Andalusia

BY BENJAMIN H. RIDGELY



THE tourist comes to Andalusia in the late autumn, or the winter, or the early spring. But he does not see the real Andalusia then, for Andalusia lives and has her real being only in the long, dry summer. In the other seasons she stays behind closed doors, shrinking from the fall rains and the wild spring winds, and pining for the summer that is sure

to come again with the first days of May.

Andalusia, the especially favored land, *la Tierra de Maria Santisima*, counts within its limits the eight Spanish provinces of Seville, Malaga, Granada, Cadiz, Cordova, Jaen, Almeria, and Huelva, with a population of about three and a quarter million. The whole eight constitute a "capitania general," of which the centre is Seville. Destiny made me a temporary resident of a large city in this picturesque land a year ago—a gay, noisy, shabby-genteel city, beautiful in some spots, picturesquely dirty and Oriental in others, but distinctly Andalusian throughout, and containing within its walls a people as friendly and kind and responsive as any on the earth. This applies to all classes. Even the beggars are not loath to respond generously to a soft word in Malaga:

"*Anda*, little brother; there is no money in my purse to-day."

"Go you with God, *amigo*," answers the little wretch, softly, and disappears without further insistence. Had I kicked him or sworn at him, he would not have vanished so readily. It is the soft

word in Andalusia, the soft word and the gay one, that oils the hinges of life—and the word is spoken.

One is apt to think of Spain as the very incarnation of royal rule, but, as a matter of fact, nowhere on this earth is there such complete democracy in the daily walk of civilized man as in sunny Andalusia. One sees the King's servants and the King's soldiers at every turn, but, except for the indirect taxes, the hand of government rests lightly on the populace. The people do literally as they please. Poverty in the foulest rags sleeps on the very door-steps of Cræsus, and as Cræsus comes out of his palace in his fine raiment he gravely begs the beggar reposing at his threshold to give him, the master, room that he may pass. I have seen this incident fifty times myself. As a matter of fact, even now as I write two poor creatures are sleeping at the door of my own house. I am not a Cræsus, be it understood, but I live in a *casa* with three *pisos*, and that is something in Spain. I must not disturb my sleeping visitors. I need not give them alms, but should I deny them the refuge of my doorway, I would be *persona non grata* in Malaga. Democracy? *Yo lo creo*. I have seen nursery-maids, while lounging along *la Calle del Marques*, stop by the open window of the finest and grandest of the private clubs, and perch their infantile charges in the very windows themselves—the windows of the grand *salons*—while they chatted with the well-groomed waiters within.

There is no privacy. The humblest individual does not hesitate to stand at the club windows and blow his smoke in the faces of those who sit within. If they may look out, he argues, why may not he look in? I have seen maids enter the cafés with their masters and mistresses, and sit down with the rest of the family, eating and chatting in the most familiar and friendly way with

all the family. The waiter smokes a cigarette constantly, and in the very faces of the people he serves. Occasionally he puts his hand intimately on the shoulder of a client, and enters with spirit into the conversation. I have often seen him sit down and drink with the people he was serving. He does not mean to be disrespectful. An Andalusian, however poor he may be, simply cannot be servile or obsequious. He thinks himself as good as any man, and bows and scrapes to none. The gilded panorama of plutocracy does not impress him. He has no respect for rank or title. A street-car conductor who works sixteen hours a day for thirty-five cents does not take off his hat when the Governor-General passes. I sometimes wonder if he would condescend to do so in the presence of the King himself. I am sure, in any event, if the King were by some chance to enter his tram-car, he would promptly and in a very amiable and hospitable way put his hand on his Majesty's shoulder and offer him a cigarette, and a very bad one at that. Verily, absolute independence of personal action, complete democracy in the daily walk, exist only in Andalusia.

It must not be understood by this that there are no social barriers. On the other hand, society in the fashionable sense is much the same here as elsewhere, with the inevitable "smart set" at the head of everything, only here it does not pull its skirts as much aside when the rabble passes. The democracy of the land lies in the completeness of individual freedom. Everybody does as he pleases, and nobody questions his right to do so.

Summer begins with the coming of May. Then it is that Andalusia begins to live its happy out-door life. The sun is already genial and glorious. There is to be no more rain until the 1st of October—not a drop. The thermometer already marks 75° Fahr. in the shade, and there it will remain until the middle of July, when it may go as high as 80° for the remainder of the dry season. There is nearly always a sea-breeze, and little change of temperature between night and day. These are almost perfect conditions for out-of-door life. Andalusians have their breakfast, which is a substantial one, at ten o'clock. At mid-

day follows the inevitable *siesta*, which lasts until well into the afternoon. At five they dine, and about six begin to appear in the streets, alamedas, and parks, where they remain until after midnight—some of them, indeed, until the small hours of the morning. Coffee, chocolate, and ices are taken in the various cafés. A military or municipal band plays every night of summer in one of the plazas.

There are two features of life which will at once impress the summer sojourner in Andalusia. The first of these is the inherent desire of the Andalusian to see and be seen. He is a born exhibitionist. The second is his feverish desire to be amused.

The first is illustrated by the public promenade, or *paseo*. In Malaga there is a little oblong driveway in a little *parque* by the sea. It is certainly not as great in circumference as the ring in Barnum's hippodrome. It is barely wide enough for two rows of carriages to pass each other. In the early summer evenings, as soon as the sun goes down behind the mountains, the little driveway fills up with gay Andalusians. Those who have private equipages—and there are many—appear in them; those who have none of their own hire the little open victoria-looking *carruages* off the cab-stands and join the procession. There are many fine turnouts, and some of the smartest are drawn by mules. There is one particularly fine equipage—a yellow-wheeled landau drawn by four sorrel mules; there is a brake drawn by four bay ponies, driven in dashing style by a young marques; there are several equestrians on really superb-looking Andalusian stallions; there is a young duke from Madrid driving two horses abreast to an ugly two-wheeled cart. There are perhaps, all told, in this Sunday-afternoon parade, two hundred equipages of every conceivable character. Now the surprising fact about it is not that there should be so many turnouts in Malaga, but that they should all get together in this one little ring in the *parque*, and drive round and round and round for hours on a stretch, so close together that they can reach out and shake hands in passing, going nowhere, never stopping, only driving round and round, smiling,



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

GATE OF JUNTA ALHAMBRA

gesticulating, signalling in the friendliest and kindest way, and greeting each other at each passing as affectionately and profusely as if they had not met before for years. They might drive out in the country and take the air, but then they would not see each other, and that would make life a starless blank. They prefer the merry little whirligig in the crowded little park.

Incidentally it might be stated that the most of them see each other only in this public way: the Andalusian home, as a rule, is a sealed book to those who do not live within it. Home life, as it is understood in the United States and England, is limited to a very small circle. There are some beautiful and luxurious homes, it is true, but their owners, although Spaniards for a generation or two, are, as a rule, of foreign extraction.

The Andalusian weakness for being amused, although feverish, is satisfied with very simple things. The people of all classes merely require something to see and do and talk about. Religious *fêtes*, processions, *ferias*, and bull-fights constitute their principal amusements, but some of these things must be going on all the time. In a year there are forty-six *fête*-days, and thirty days which are classified as national holidays. Besides, there are extra provincial holidays in every province, so, as a matter of fact, nobody works very steadily for a very long time. The *ferias* and the bull-fights are what the people love most. The *ferias* (or fairs) begin in May, the bull-fights in June. Andalusians laugh at the tourists who think they see real bull-fights in any other season than the midsummer or early autumn.

"What!" says Pascual Garcia, of Ruiz, my amiable Spanish secretary, "do they think a bull will fight before the 1st of June? *Anda, hombre!* A bull fights only when the weather is hot; the sun and the flies and the red gnats make a man of him. A bull is but a chicken after the first frost falls in Castilla; nor will he fight again until Corpus Christi day. These tourists who think they see bull-fights—*que gracioso!* They make me laugh. Let them come to Malaga or Granada in July, when Doña Concha Sierra's little black bulls have begun to feel the sting of the midsummer

flies—then they will see something! Bull-fights in Madrid in December! February bull-fights in Barcelona! Go along, *hombre, quitate!*"

The first *ferias* are the little ones of the little people, to which the great folks do not go. They begin about the middle of May. The nights are already warm and balmy, and one who has seen Malaga only in the winter and spring realizes for the first time that the city has a population of 135,000. The *feria de los Molinillos* is a very simple thing. It takes place in a humble quarter of the town, approached only by narrow and crooked streets. There is in the centre a small plaza. About the fronts of the houses that stand on the plaza little *corrals* are fenced off with fancy wooden fences two feet high. Poles are run up, to which lights are strung. Chairs and tables are placed within the enclosure, and, lo! an open-air café is born. The owner supplies the interior of his home with unlimited *aguardiente*, *cerveza*, *manzanilla*, *aguas gaseosas*, and ices. When the clients come, he knows how to charge them. All the houses on the plaza are thus converted. The result is a hundred open-air cafés, and a brilliantly illuminated quarter. An amusing, almost pathetic, feature is the attempt of the people in the neighborhood to do justice to the occasion by decorating the fronts of their homes. This effort is confined to hanging various things out of the windows. Out of one window floats a red cotton blanket; out of another, a gay bedspread. Colored table-cloths, cheap rugs, flowered bits of oil-cloth—anything that has color in it is displayed. The effect is gay, though somewhat grotesque. The *alcalde* sends the municipal band to play every night at the fair, while the military governor sends a company of troops to march through the illuminated plaza, and to give an occasional imitation of scaling a battlement or storming a fort, with much bugle-blowing and a little real gun-fire.

People of the humbler classes literally swarm to the fair. Then is repeated the comedy of the *paseo* in the *parque*, only it is done here on foot, and the participants are the domestics of the town instead of their masters and mistresses. It might, indeed, be de-

scribed as a holiday parade of cooks and maids and sewing-girls. There are thousands of them in the *paseo*, each with a brilliant flower in her hair—a pink, a rose, or a geranium—and a gaudy shawl draped lightly over shoulders and bosom. These are the prettiest and most graceful women of their class in the world—delicate, refined features, brilliant eyes, dazzling complexions, fine coloring. One sees a thousand Carmens float past. We also see our own gay little cook, Concepcion Mercedes Natividad Gonzales y Garcia, in the parade, on the arm of her mother; her name is Concepcion Mercedes Natividad Gonzales y Garcia y Morales. Think of a cook with such a name! They all have them.

Two cavaliers stroll jauntily in front of our two ladies, and chat gayly with them over their shoulders. Goodness knows why these two gay cavaliers, both of whom have unmistakable bull-fight heads, do not walk side by side with the ladies instead of talking back at them. Incidentally it may be said that the bull-fight head is as carefully developed and as distinctly marked here as the chrysanthemum-looking football head of the American college-boy.

The amazing part of all this parade is that the people begin it about ten o'clock at night, and keep it up until the May moon goes down the western sky. They never stop. It is one endless *paseo*—an illuminated voluntary tread-mill. Meanwhile the tables and chairs of the improvised cafés are occupied by visitors who have come to watch the parade. The patience of the promenaders is only equalled by that of the lookers-on. They sit all night and watch the endless human chain winding its way around the plaza—the endless chain of cooks and coachmen, maids and valets, and others of a degree a little higher, or mayhap a little lower, in the social scale, for after midnight troops of lively youngsters appear upon the scene, and almost simultaneously giddy ladies of coquettish mien, wearing much paint and powder, also join the throng. Toward morning there are gay doings in



A WOMAN OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

the open air. Nobody seems to care much what one does there under the moonlit sky. We know that Concepcion Mercedes Natividad Gonzales y Garcia reached home at break of day, with her rose still in her hair, as fresh as a peony, in spite

of the fact that she must have walked fully thirty miles during the night, and gave us the usual well-cooked breakfast at ten o'clock. I repeat that nowhere in the world is there such exquisite native grace, nowhere such dainty beauty, among women of the servant class as in Andalusia. Our little cook, with her little hands and feet, her delicate, perfect features, her brilliant eyes, would be a great swell on the Boulevard du Champs Elysées were she modishly dressed. The coquettish pose of the little graceful head, the gliding walk, the inevitable flower in the hair, belong only to the women of Andalusia, and it is at Malaga, not at Seville, that one sees the perfect type. What boots it if Concepcion Mercedes Natividad Gonzales y Garcia carries home each night a few lumps of sugar concealed in her shawl? What matters it if Don Emilio of the bull-fight head finds himself occasionally treated in a stealthy way to one of my best cigars? Poor little Concepcion Mercedes Natividad, thou art not the only one! There are Anglo-Saxon cooks who sometimes annex the silver spoons, are there not? And thou, little ill-paid Andalusian cook! Sugar? Yes. Spoons? Nay.

The *feria de los molinillos* is kept up for two weeks, and every night the same scenes are repeated. It is quickly followed by the *Feria de la Trinidad*, the *Feria del Carmen*, and a dozen other *ferias* in various quarters of the city, until the great provincial *feria* of Malaga in August. But the talk of the town after the 31st of May is solely of the great procession and bull-fights of Corpus Christi day on the 6th of June. It is the one day on which all the fashionable people are sure to go to the bull-fight. The morning is given up to the great procession, the only one of the year in which the Bishop himself appears. We see him in his flowing purple robes—a tall, dark, sad-faced man—at the head of the procession. The Church and the state, army, navy, province, and municipality, are all brilliantly represented in the parade. There is in the very atmosphere a feeling of devotion. When the splendid silver *custodia* is borne past, the people bare their heads and fall upon their knees in the streets. It is an imposing spectacle, but it is soon over, and

at four o'clock we are all at the bull-fight. The bulls are from the famous *ganaderia* of Don José de la Camara. Already we have seen them eloquently described in the daily press. There are two dead blacks, two duns, a black and yellow, and a black and white—not a blessed one cost less than a thousand pesetas. People stand about the streets eagerly discussing the possibilities of the fight. An intelligent coachman in the Alameda reads from *La Union* to a group of carters, coachmen, raisin-pickers, boot-blacks, and *chulos*. The black and white is described as a perfect specimen of the fighting bull; his horns are thirty inches long. He cost seven hundred *duros*. The *chulos* who listen to the literary coachman wonder to which of the two star *espadas* will fall the honor and glory of killing this great bull. Will it be to the young and brilliant *diestro* of Seville, Antonio Fuentes, the new matador *à la mode*, whose courage and grace are turning the heads of the ladies of Spain; or will it be Don Luis Mazantini, the older hero of the plaza, just back from Mexico with fresh laurels and a fortune? Both of these great men, each with his picked *cuadrilla* of banderilleros and picadores, have been engaged at fabulous prices, and are even now reposing at the *fonda de la Victoria*, while the picadores are at the plaza trying and buying the poor horses that will be used not long afterward in the *corrida*.

I have no intention of describing a bull-fight. People nowadays know well enough what the Iberian sport is like. The Corpus Christi *corrida*, however, is a society event in Andalusia, and this one witnessed a brilliant gathering of the beauty and gallantry as well as of the *hoi polloi* of the province. It is the one day on which the ladies of Andalusia are still sure to wear their mantillas to the *corrida*, for be it known that the fashions of the northern boulevards have come to Spain, and the graceful mantilla is rapidly disappearing from the daily toilet. All the *loges* are crowded with smart people. Many pretty señoritas, irresistible in priceless white mantillas, have come to see their very first *corrida*. The *loges* are brilliantly decorated with flowers, *mantones de Manila*—those beautiful gay shawls that cost fabulous sums—and oth-



OUR GAY LITTLE ANDALUSIAN COOK



Loays Hatchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

AN ANDALUSIAN COURTSHIP

er brilliant draperies. Between fights waiters from the clubs in their pretty white and gold club livery appear in the *loges*, bearing champagne ices and sweets. There are also cigarettes, but not for the ladies. The popular idea that Spanish ladies smoke is entirely erroneous. They smoke neither in public nor in private. I was curious to see what effect the sight of blood would have upon the pretty Andalusian débutantes, and I watched them with interest. They were apparently not affected; there was no shrieking, no fainting. The rabble applauded wildly, the ladies and gentlemen in the *loges* cried, "*Que toro mas valiente*," while the débutantes tried to appear hardened and *blasé*.

The gay summer season in which fashionable Andalusian society actively participates begins with the *festejos de Agosto*—the fêtes of August—in other words, the great provincial fair of Malaga. It is the event of the year to all Andalusians. The fair of Seville in April, which is the Mecca of tourists in southern Spain, has become more or less a professional thing. At the midsummer *feria* at Malaga one sees the real *couleur locale* of Andalusia.

There are 20,000 visitors from the interior quartered in Malaga by the 1st of August, and the gay Malagueñans must see that they are amused. No expense is spared in that direction. There are illuminations, fireworks, horse-races, pigeon-shoots, bull-fights, regattas, flower battles, Venetian fêtes, balloon ascensions, military and civic parades, open-air dances, club balls, a brilliant society kirmess for charity's sake, and, to crown all, a big agricultural and industrial provincial exposition. The bull-fights are the very best that money can produce. Not only are the choicest

bulls secured from the *ganaderias* of Seville and Cordova, but the three great *maestros del arte del toro*, Mazantini, Machaquito, and Bombito Chico, with their respective *cuadrillas*, are engaged at fabulous prices to appear and fight at the same *corridos* in a tournament of friendly rivalry. This is a great event to Andalusians, and the merchants and municipality of Malaga spends large sums to produce it.

Some of the prettiest and most luxurious of the *casetas* are the private constructions of wealthy citizens, who furnish them with home taste, producing the effect of great stage-set drawing-rooms. Here they sit in the evening receiving their friends and dispensing their hospitality in the most cordial way. Humble visitors are content to stroll up and down the Alameda, looking in at the great folks in their private *casetas* and at the dancers in the club *pabellones*; they are all welcome at the big *caseta* of the municipality.

The *chic monde* will be found every evening at the *caseta* of the Circulo Malagueño. The people constituting this little world are described in Malaga as the *manteca*. *Manteca*, literally translated, means butter. In France one says

la crème de la crème. So why not *la manteca*? The members of the Malagueño, with their smartly dressed ladies, are sure to be on hand for their chocolate and *buñelos* at midnight. They never miss this nightly rendezvous. *Buñelos*, by-the-way, are fritters made of a sort of flour, and served piping hot. The chocolate is as thick as honey, and flavored with cinnamon. This repast of fashion is very rarely ended before two o'clock in the morning, and the *tertulia* which accompanies it is gay and sparkling, for Spaniards are the masters of small-talk!

Hard by these brilliant scenes, in the *barrios*, there is a naked poverty so indescribably wretched, so crushing in its hopeless misery, that it seems to reach out its ghastly hand and take one, shrieking, by the throat.

There is the usual idle talk of revolution; there are strikes, mutterings, discontent. But the gay Andalusians go on dancing. If a house is mortgaged, a coach is bought, and one may still appear at the *paseo* in the park to see and be seen. They are the kindly, generous, happy-go-lucky people of Spain—the light-hearted Hibernians of the Iberian Peninsula. To know them is to love them.

The Two Rooms

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

“GOOD-BY, little room,” she murmured
 When she went, this many a year;
 “O white little room, forgive me,
 For my heart was breaking here!”

But still with a poignant sadness
 The scent of the lilac bloom
 Blows in at the open window
 And fills her lonely room.

And still she can half remember
 The bare little walls of white,
 And the hours of her lonely sorrow,
 And the tears she wept by night.

And she through the years remembers
 How the lilacs filled the dusk,
 Though her chamber is hung with scarlet
 And her pillow is sweet with musk.

For now she is done with heartaches,
 And her midnights find her glad:
 But the earlier tear-wet pillow
 Is the one that was least sad!

Lady Rose's Daughter

PART III

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER V

ON leaving the Montresors, Sir Wilfrid, seeing that it was a fine night with mild breezes abroad, refused a hansom, and set out to walk home to his rooms in Duke Street, St. James's. He was so much in love with the mere streets, the mere clatter of the omnibuses and shimmer of the lamps, after his long absence, that every step was pleasure. At the top of Grosvenor Place he stood still a while, only to snuff up the soft rainy air, or to delight his eye, now with the shining pools which some showers of the afternoon had left behind them on the pavement, and now with the light veil of fog which closed in the distance of Piccadilly.

"And there are silly persons who grumble about the fogs!" he thought, contemptuously, while he was thus yielding himself heart and sense to his beloved London.

As for him, dried and wilted by long years of cloudless heat, he drank up the moisture and the mist with a kind of physical passion—the noises and the lights no less. And when he had resumed his walk along the crowded street, the question buzzed within him whether he must indeed go back to his exile—either at Teheran, or nearer home, in some more exalted post? "I've got plenty of money—why the deuce don't I give it up, and come home and enjoy myself? Only a few more years, after all—why not spend them here, in one's own world, among one's own kind!"

It was the weariness of the governing Englishman, and it was answered immediately by that other instinct, partly physical, partly moral, which keeps the elderly man of affairs to his task. Idleness?—no!—that way lies the end. To slacken the rush of life, for men of his sort, is to call on death—death, the secret

pursuer, who is not far from each one of us. No, no!—fight on! It was only the long drudgery behind, under alien suns, together with the iron certainty of fresh drudgery ahead, that gave value, after all, to this rainy, this enchanting Piccadilly,—that kept the string of feeling taut, and all its notes clear.

"Going to bed, Sir Wilfrid?" said a voice behind him, as he turned down St. James's Street.

"Delafield!" The old man faced round with alacrity. "Where have you sprung from?"

Delafield explained that he had been dining with the Crowboroughs, and was now going to his club to look for news of a friend's success or failure in a north-country election.

"Oh, that 'll keep!" said Sir Wilfrid. "Turn in with me for half an hour. I'm at my old rooms, you know—in Duke Street."

"All right," said the young man, after what seemed to Sir Wilfrid a moment of hesitation.

"Are you often up in town this way?" asked Sir Wilfrid, as they walked on. "Land agency seems to be a profession with mitigations!"

"There is some London business thrown in. We have some large milk depôts in town that I look after."

There was just a trace of hurry in the young man's voice, and his companion surveyed him with a smile.

"No other attractions, eh?"

"Not that I know of. By-the-way, Sir Wilfrid, I never asked you how Dick Mason was getting on?"

"Dick Mason? Is he a friend of yours?"

"Well—we were at Eton and Oxford together."

"Were you? I never heard him mention your name."

The young man laughed.

"I don't mean to suggest he couldn't live without me.—You've left him in charge, haven't you, at Teheran?"

"Yes, I have—worse luck. So you're deeply interested in Dick Mason?"

"Oh, come,—I liked him pretty well."

"Hm—I don't much care about him. And I don't somehow believe you do!"

And Sir Wilfrid, with a smile, slipped a friendly hand within the arm of his companion.

Delafield reddened.

"It's decent, I suppose, to inquire after an old school-fellow?"

"Exemplary. But—there are things more amusing to talk about!"

Delafield was silent. Sir Wilfrid's fair mustaches approached his ear.

"I had my interview with Mademoiselle Julie."

"So I suppose. I hope you did some good."

"I doubt it. Jacob!—between ourselves, the little Duchess hasn't been a miracle of wisdom."

"No—perhaps not," said the other, unwillingly.

"She realizes, I suppose, that they are connected?"

"Of course. It isn't very close. Lady Rose's brother married Evelyn's aunt—her mother's sister."

"Yes—that's it. She and Mademoiselle Julie *ought* to have called the same person uncle. But for lack of certain ceremonies, they don't. By-the-way, what became of Lady Rose's younger sister?"

"Lady Blanche? Oh—she married Sir John Moffatt, and has been a widow for years. He left her a place in Westmoreland, and she lives there generally with her girl."

"Has Mademoiselle Julie ever come across them?"

"No."

"She speaks of them?"

"Yes. We can't tell her much about them,—except that the girl was presented last year, and went to a few balls in town. But neither she nor her mother cares for London."

"Lady Blanche Moffatt—Lady Blanche Moffatt?" said Sir Wilfrid, pausing. "Wasn't she in India this winter?"

"Yes. I believe they went out in November, and are to be home by April."

"Somebody told me they had met her and the girl at Peshawar, and then at Simla," said Sir Wilfrid, ruminating. "Now I remember! She's a great heiress, isn't she, and pretty to boot. I know!—somebody told me that fellow Warkworth had been making up to her."

"Warkworth?" Jacob Delafield stood still a moment, and Sir Wilfrid caught a sudden contraction of the brow. "That, of course, was just a bit of Indian gossip."

"I don't think so," said Sir Wilfrid, dryly. "My informants were two frontier officers—I came from Egypt with them—who had recently been at Peshawar; good fellows, both of them, not at all given to take young ladies' names in vain."

Jacob made no reply. They had let themselves into the Duke Street house, and were groping their way up the dim staircase to Sir Wilfrid's rooms.

There, all was light and comfort. Sir Wilfrid's valet, much the same age as himself, hovered round his master, brought him his smoking-coat, offered Delafield cigars, and provided Sir Wilfrid—strange to say—with a large cup of tea.

"I follow Mr. Gladstone," said Sir Wilfrid, with a sigh of luxury, as he sank into an easy-chair, and extended a very neatly made pair of legs and feet to the blaze. "He seems to have slept the sleep of the just, on a cup of tea at midnight, through the rise and fall of cabinets. So I'm trying the receipt."

"Does that mean that you are hankering after politics?"

"Heavens! When you come to doddering, Jacob, it's better to dodder in the paths you know. I salute Mr. G.'s physique—that's all.—Well, now, Jacob—do you know anything about this Warkworth?"

"Warkworth?" Delafield withdrew his cigar, and seemed to choose his words. "Well—I know what all the world knows."

"Hm—you seemed very sure just now that he wasn't going to marry Miss Moffatt."

"Sure?—I'm not sure of anything," said the young man, slowly.

"Well, what I should like to know," said Sir Wilfrid, cradling his teacup in both hands, "is—what particular interest has Mademoiselle Julie in that young soldier?"

Delafield looked into the fire. "Has she any?"

"She seems to be moving heaven and earth to get him what he wants.—By-the-way, what does he want?"

"He wants the special mission to Mokenbe—as I understand," said Delafield, after a moment. "But several other people want it too."

"Indeed!" Sir Wilfrid nodded reflectively. "So there is to be one. Well, it's about time. The travellers of the other European firms have been going it lately in that quarter.—Jacob!—your Mademoiselle also is a bit of an intriguer!"

Delafield made a restless movement. "Why do you say that?"

"Well—to say the least of it, frankness is not one of her characteristics. I tried to question her about this man. I had seen them together in the Park—talking as intimates. So when our conversation had reached a friendly stage—I threw out a feeler or two—just to satisfy myself about her. But!—" He pulled his fair mustaches and smiled.

"Well?" said the young man, with a kind of reluctant interrogation.

"She played with me, Jacob. But really she overdid it. For such a clever woman, I assure you—she overdid it!"

"I don't see why she shouldn't keep her friendships to herself!" said Delafield, with a sudden heat.

"Oh!—so you admit it is a friendship."

Delafield did not reply. He had laid down his cigar, and with his hands on his knees was looking steadily into the fire. His attitude, however, was not one of reverie, but rather of a strained listening.

"What is the meaning, Jacob—of a young woman taking so keen an interest in the fortunes of a dashing soldier—for, between you and me, I hear she is moving heaven and earth to get him this post—and then concealing it?"

"Why should she want her kindnesses talked of?" said the young man, impetuously. "She was perfectly right, I think, to fence with your questions, Sir Wilfrid. It's one of the secrets of her influence that she can render a service—and keep it dark."

Sir Wilfrid shook his head.

"She overdid it," he repeated. "However!—What do you think of the man yourself, Jacob?"

"Well—I don't take to him," said the other, unwillingly. "He isn't my sort of man."

"And Mademoiselle Julie?—you think nothing but well of her? I don't like discussing a lady; but you see—with Lady Henry to manage—one must feel the ground as one can."

Sir Wilfrid looked at his companion, and then stretched his legs a little further towards the fire. The lamp-light shone full on his silky eyelashes and beard, on his neatly parted hair, and the diamond on his fine left hand. The young man beside him could not emulate his easy composure. He fidgeted nervously as he replied with warmth:

"I think she has had an uncommonly hard time,—that she wants nothing but what is reasonable,—and that if she threw you off the scent, Sir Wilfrid, with regard to Warkworth, she was quite within her rights. You probably deserved it!"

He threw up his head with a quick gesture of challenge. Sir Wilfrid shrugged his shoulders.

"I vow I didn't," he murmured. "However—that's all right. What do you do with yourself down in Essex, Jacob?"

The lines of the young man's attitude showed a sudden unconscious relief from tension. He threw himself back in his chair.

"Well, it's a big estate. There's plenty to do."

"You live by yourself?"

"Yes. There's an agent's house—a small one—in one of the villages."

"How do you amuse yourself? Plenty of shooting, I suppose?"

"Too much. I can't do with more than a certain amount."

"Golfing?"

"Oh yes," said the young man, indifferently. "There's a fair links."

"Do you do any philanthropy, Jacob?"

"I like 'bossing' the village," said Delafield, with a laugh. "It pleases one's vanity. That's about all there is to it."

"What—clubs, and temperance—that kind of thing? Can you take any real interest in the people?"

Delafield hesitated. "Well, yes," he said at last, as though he grudged the admission. "There's nothing else to take an interest in, is there?—By-the-way"—he jumped up—"I think I'll bid you

good-night, for I've got to go down to-morrow in a hurry. I must be off by the first train in the morning."

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, it's only a wretched old man—that two beasts of women have put into the workhouse infirmary against his will. I only heard it to-night. I must go and get him out." He looked round for his gloves and stick.

"Why shouldn't he be there?"

"Because it's an infernal shame!" said the other, shortly. "He's an old laborer, who'd saved quite a lot of money. He kept it in his cottage, and the other day it was all stolen by a tramp. He has lived with these two women, his sister-in-law and her daughter, for years and years. As long as he had money to leave, nothing was too good for him. The shock half killed him, and now that he's a pauper, these two harpies will have nothing to say to nursing him and looking after him. He told me the other day he thought they'd force him into the infirmary—I didn't believe it. But while I've been away, they've gone and done it."

"Well—what 'll you do now?"

"Get him out."

"And then?"

Delafield hesitated. "Well, then, I suppose, he can come to my place, till I can find some decent woman to put him with."

Sir Wilfrid rose.

"I think I'll run down and see you some day. Will there be paupers in all the bed-rooms?"

Delafield grinned.

"You'll find a rattling good cook, and a jolly snug little place, I can tell you. Do come. But I shall see you again soon. I must be up next week, and very likely I shall be at Lady Henry's on Wednesday."

"All right. I shall see her on Sunday—so I can report."

"Not before Sunday?" Delafield paused. His clear blue eyes looked down, dissatisfied, upon Sir Wilfrid.

"Impossible before. I have all sorts of official people to see to-morrow and Saturday. And, Jacob—keep the Duchess quiet. She may have to give up Made-moiselle Julie for her bazar."

"I'll tell her."

"By-the-way—is that little person happy?" said Sir Wilfrid, as he opened the door to his departing guest. "When I left England she was only just married."

"Oh yes—she's happy enough, though Crowborough's rather an ass!"

"How, particularly?"

Delafield smiled. "Well, he's rather a sticky sort of person. He thinks there's something particularly interesting in dukes—which makes him a bore."

"Take care, Jacob,—who knows that you won't be a duke yourself some day?"

"What *do* you mean?" The young man glowered almost fiercely upon his old friend.

"I hear Chudleigh's boy is but a poor creature," said Sir Wilfrid, gravely. "Lady Henry doesn't expect him to live."

"Why, that's the kind that always does live!" cried Delafield, with angry emphasis. "And as for Lady Henry, her imagination is a perfect charnel-house! She likes to think that everybody's dead or dying but herself. The fact is that Mervyn is a good deal stronger this year than he was last. Really—Lady Henry!" The tone lost itself in a growl of wrath.

"Well, well," said Sir Wilfrid, smiling—"A man beduked against his will,"—etcetera. Good-night, my dear Jacob—and good luck to your old pauper!"

But Delafield turned back a moment on the stairs.

"I say"—he hesitated,—“you won't shirk talking to Lady Henry?"

"No, no! Sunday, certainly—honor bright. Oh! I think we shall straighten it out."

Delafield ran down the stairs, and Sir Wilfrid returned to his warm room and the dregs of his tea.

"Now, is he in love with her,—and hesitating for social reasons? Or—is he jealous of this fellow Warkworth? Or—has she snubbed him, and both are keeping it dark? Not very likely, that!—in view of his prospects. She must want to regularize her position. Or—is he not in love with her at all?"

On which cogitations there fell presently the strokes of many bells, tolling midnight,—and left them still unresolved. Only one positive impression remained—that Jacob Delafield had somehow grown, vaguely but enormously, in mental and

moral bulk, during the years since he had left Oxford, the years of Bury's Persian exile. Sir Wilfrid had been an intimate friend of his dead father, Lord Hubert, and on very friendly terms with his lethargic, good-natured mother. She, by-the-way, was still alive, and living in London with a daughter. He must go and see them.

As for Jacob, Sir Wilfrid had cherished a particular weakness for him in the Eton jacket stage, and later on, indeed, when the lad enjoyed a brief moment of glory in the Eton eleven. But at Oxford, to Sir Wilfrid's thinking, he had suffered eclipse—had become a somewhat heavy, apathetic, pseudo-cynical youth, displaying his mother's inertia without her good temper, too slack to keep up his cricket, too slack to work for the honor schools, at no time without friends, but an enigma to most of them, and, apparently, something of a burden to himself.

And now, out of that ugly slough, a man had somehow emerged—in whom Sir Wilfrid, who was well acquainted with the race, discerned the stirring of all sorts of strong inherited things, formless still, but struggling to expression.

"He looked at me just now—when I talked of his being Duke—as his father would sometimes look—"

His father? Hubert Delafield had been an obstinate, daredevil, heroic sort of fellow, who had lost his life in the Chudleigh salmon river trying to save a gillie, who had missed his footing. A man much hated—and much beloved; capable of the most contradictory actions. He had married his wife for money; would often boast of it; and would, none the less, give away his last farthing recklessly, passionately, if he were asked for it in some way that touched his feelings. Able too, though not so able as the great Duke, his father.

"Hubert Delafield was never *happy*—that I can remember," thought Wilfrid Bury, as he sat over his fire—"and this chap has the same expression. That woman in Bruton Street would never do for him!—apart from all the other unsuitability. He ought to find something sweet and restful. And yet I don't know. The Delafields are a discontented lot. If you plague them, they are inclined to love

you. They want something hard to get their teeth in. How the old Duke adored his termagant of a wife!"

It was late on Sunday afternoon before Sir Wilfrid was able to present himself in Lady Henry's drawing-room; and when he arrived there he found plenty of other people in possession, and had to wait for his chance.

Lady Henry received him with a brusque "At last"—which, however, he took with equanimity. He was in no sense behind his time. On Thursday, when parting with her, he had pleaded for deliberation. "Let me study the situation a little—and don't, for Heaven's sake, let's be too tragic about the whole thing!"

Whether Lady Henry was now in the tragic mood or no, he could not at first determine. She was no longer confined to the inner shrine of the back drawing-room. Her chair was placed in the large room; and she was the centre of a lively group of callers, who were discussing the events of the week in Parliament, with the light and mordant zest of people well acquainted with the personalities they were talking of. She was apparently better in health, he noticed; at any rate, she was more at ease, and enjoying herself more than on the previous Wednesday. All her social characteristics were in full play; the blunt and careless freedom which made her the good comrade of the men she talked with,—as good a brain and as hard a hitter as they,—mingled with the occasional sally or caprice which showed her very much a woman.

Very few other women were there. Lady Henry did not want women on Sundays, and was at no pains whatever to hide the fact. But Mademoiselle Julie was at the tea table, supported by an old white-haired General, in whom Sir Wilfrid recognized a man recently promoted to one of the higher posts in the War Office. Tea, however, had been served, and Mademoiselle Le Breton was now showing her companion a portfolio of photographs, on which the old man was holding forth.

"Am I too late for a cup?" said Sir Wilfrid, after she had greeted him with cordiality. "And what are those pictures?"

"They are some photos of the Khaibar and Tirah," said Mademoiselle Le Breton. "Captain Warkworth brought them to show Lady Henry."

"Ah!—the scene of his exploits," said Sir Wilfrid, after a glance at them. "The young man distinguished himself, I understand?"

"Oh, very much so," said General McGill, with emphasis. "He showed brains—and he had luck."

"A great deal of luck, I hear," said Sir Wilfrid, accepting a piece of cake. "He'll get his step up, I suppose. Anything else?"

"Difficult to say. But the good men are always in request," said General McGill, smiling.

"By-the-way, I heard somebody mention his name last night for this Mokembe mission," said Sir Wilfrid, helping himself to tea-cake.

"Oh, that's quite undecided," said the General, sharply. "There is no immediate hurry for a week or two—and the Government must send the best man possible."

"No doubt," said Sir Wilfrid.

It interested him to observe that Mademoiselle Le Breton was no longer pale. As the General spoke, a bright color had rushed into her cheeks. It seemed to Sir Wilfrid that she turned away and busied herself with the photographs in order to hide it.

The General rose, a thin, soldierly figure, with gray hair that drooped forward, and two bright spots of red on the cheek-bones. In contrast with the expansiveness of his previous manner to Mademoiselle Le Breton, he was now a trifle frowning and stiff,—the high official once more, and great man.

"Good-night, Sir Wilfrid. I must be off."

"How are your sons?" said Sir Wilfrid as he rose.

"The eldest is in Canada with his regiment."

"And the second?"

"The second is in orders."

"Overworking himself in the East End, as all the young parsons seem to be doing?"

"That is precisely what he *has* been doing. But now, I am thankful to say, a country living has been offered him,

and his mother and I have persuaded him to take it."

"A country living? Where?"

"One of the Duke of Crowborough's Shropshire livings," said the General, after what seemed to be an instant's hesitation. Mademoiselle Le Breton had moved away, and was replacing the photographs in the drawer of a distant bureau.

"Ah!—one of Crowborough's? Well, I hope it is a living with something to live on."

"Not so bad as times go," said the General, smiling. "It has been a great relief to our minds. There were some chest symptoms—his mother was alarmed. The Duchess has been most kind—she took quite a fancy to the lad,—and—"

"—What a woman wants, she gets! Well, I hope he'll like it. Good-night, General. Shall I look you up at the War Office some morning?"

"By all means."

The old soldier, whose tanned face had shown a singular softness while he was speaking of his son, took his leave.

Sir Wilfrid was left meditating, his eyes absently fixed on the graceful figure of Mademoiselle Le Breton, who shut the drawer she had been arranging and returned to him.

"Do you know the General's sons?" he asked her, while she was preparing him a second cup of tea.

"I have seen the younger."

She turned her beautiful eyes upon him. It seemed to Sir Wilfrid that he perceived in them a passing tremor of nervous defiance, as though she were in some way bracing herself against him. But her self-possession was complete.

"Lady Henry seems in better spirits," he said, bending towards her.

She did not reply for a moment. Her eyes dropped. Then she raised them again, and gently shook her head without a word. The melancholy energy of her expression gave him a moment's thrill.

"Is it as bad as ever?" he asked her in a whisper.

"It's pretty bad. I've tried to appease her. I told her about the bazar. She said she couldn't spare me; and of course I acquiesced. Then yesterday the Duchess— Hush!"

"Mademoiselle!"

Lady Henry's voice rang imperiously through the room.

"Yes, Lady Henry."

Mademoiselle Le Breton stood up expectant.

"Find me, please, that number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* which came in yesterday.—I can prove it to you in two minutes," she said, turning triumphantly to Montresor on her right.

"What's the matter?" said Sir Wilfrid, joining Lady Henry's circle, while Mademoiselle Le Breton disappeared into the back drawing-room.

"Oh! nothing," said Montresor, tranquilly. "Lady Henry thinks she has caught me out in a blunder—about Favre, and the negotiations at Versailles. I dare say she has. I am the most ignorant person alive."

"Then are the rest of us spooks?" said Sir Wilfrid, smiling, as he seated himself beside his hostess. Montresor, whose information on most subjects was prodigious, laughed, and adjusted his eyeglass. These battles royal on a date, or a point of fact, between him and Lady Henry were not uncommon. Lady Henry was rarely victorious. This time, however, she was confident, and she sat frowning and impatient for the book that didn't come.

Mademoiselle Le Breton, indeed, returned from the back drawing-room empty-handed; left the room apparently to look elsewhere; and came back still without the book.

"Everything in this house is always in confusion!" said Lady Henry, angrily. "No order, no method anywhere!"

Mademoiselle Julie said nothing. She retreated behind the circle that surrounded Lady Henry. But Montresor jumped up and offered her his chair.

"I wish I had you for a secretary, Mademoiselle," he said, gallantly. "I never before heard Lady Henry ask you for anything you couldn't find."

Lady Henry flushed, and turning abruptly to Bury, began a new topic. Julie quietly refused the seat offered to her, and was retiring to an ottoman in the background, when the door was thrown open, and the footman announced—

"Captain Warkworth."

CHAPTER VI

THE new-comer drew all eyes as he approached the group surrounding Lady Henry—Montresor put up his glasses, and bestowed on him a few moments of scrutiny, during which the Minister's heavily marked face took on the wary, fighting aspect which his department and the House of Commons knew. The statesman slipped in for an instant, between the trifle coming and the trifle gone.

As for Wilfrid Bury, he was dazzled by the young man's good looks. "'Young Harry with his beaver up!'" he thought, admiring against his will, as the tall slim soldier paid his respects to Lady Henry, and with a smiling word or two to the rest of those present, took his place beside her in the circle.

"Well—have you come for your letters?" said Lady Henry, eying him with a grim favor.

"I think I came—for conversation," was Warkworth's laughing reply, as he looked first at his hostess and then at the circle.

"Then I fear you won't get it," said Lady Henry, throwing herself back in her chair. "Mr. Montresor can do nothing but quarrel and contradict."

Montresor lifted his hands in wonder.

"Had I been Aesop," he said, slyly, "I would have added another touch to a certain tale. Observe, please!—even after the Lamb has been devoured, he is still the object of calumny on the part of the Wolf!—Well, well!—Mademoiselle, come and console me. Tell me what new follies the Duchess has on foot."

And pushing his chair back till he found himself on a level with Julie Le Breton, the great man plunged into a lively conversation with her. Sir Wilfrid, Warkworth, and a few other *habitués* endeavored meanwhile to amuse Lady Henry. But it was not easy. Her brow was lowering; her talk forced. Throughout, Sir Wilfrid perceived in her a strained attention directed towards the conversation on the other side of the room. She could neither see it nor hear it, but she was jealously conscious of it. As for Montresor, there was no doubt an element of malice in the court he was now paying to Mademoiselle Julie. Lady Henry had been thorny overmuch during the afternoon; even for her oldest



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

YOUNG WARKWORTH STOOD BESIDE THE SOFA

friend, she had passed bounds; he desired perhaps to bring it home to her.

Meanwhile Julie Le Breton, after a first moment of reserve and depression, had been beguiled, carried away. She yielded to her own instincts, her own gifts; till Montresor, drawn on and drawn out, found himself floating on a stream of talk, which Julie led first into one channel, and then into another, as she pleased; and all to the flattery and glorification of the talker. The famous Minister had come to visit Lady Henry, as he had done for many Sundays in many years; but it was not Lady Henry but her companion to whom his homage of the afternoon was paid, who gave him his moment of enjoyment—the moment that would bring him there again. Lady Henry's fault, no doubt; but Wilfrid Bury, uneasily aware every now and then of the dumb tumult that was raging in the breast of the haughty being beside him, felt the pathos of this slow discrowning, and was inclined once more rather to be sorry for the older woman than to admire the younger. At last Lady Henry could bear it no longer.

"Mademoiselle, be so good as to return his father's letters to Captain Warkworth," she said abruptly, in her coldest voice, just as Montresor, dropping his—head thrown back and knees crossed—was about to pour into the ears of his companion the whole confidential history of his appointment to office three years before. Julie Le Breton rose at once. She went towards a table at the further end of the large room, and Captain Warkworth followed her. Montresor—perhaps repenting himself a little—returned to Lady Henry, and though she received him with great coolness, the circle round her, now augmented by Dr. Meredith and another politician or two, was reconstituted; and presently, with a conscious effort, visible at least to Bury, she exerted herself to hold it; and succeeded.

Suddenly—just as Bury had finished a very neat analysis of the Shah's public and private character, and while the applauding laughter of the group of intimates amid which he sat told him that his epigrams had been good—he happened to raise his eyes towards the distant settee where Julie Le Breton was sitting.

His smile stiffened on his lips. Like an

icy wave, a swift and tragic impression swept through him. He turned away, ashamed of having seen, and hid himself, as it were, with relief, in the clamor of amusement awakened by his own remarks. What had he seen? Merely—or mainly—a woman's face. Young Warkworth stood beside the sofa on which sat Lady Henry's companion, his hands in his pockets, his handsome head bent towards her. They had been talking earnestly, wholly forgetting, and apparently forgotten by, the rest of the room. On his side there was an air of embarrassment. He seemed to be choosing his words with difficulty, his eyes on the floor. Julie Le Breton, on the contrary, was looking at him—looking with all her soul, her ardent, unhappy soul—unconscious of aught else in the wide world.

"Good God! she is in love with him!" was the thought that rushed through Sir Wilfrid's mind—"poor thing!—poor thing!"

Sir Wilfrid outstayed his fellow-guests. By seven o'clock all were gone. Mademoiselle Le Breton had retired. He and Lady Henry were left alone.

"Shut the doors," she said peremptorily, looking round her, as the last guest disappeared. "I must have some private talk with you. Well—I understand you walked home from the Crowboroughs the other night with—that woman!"

She turned sharply upon him. The accent was indescribable. And with a fierce hand she arranged the folds of her own thick silk dress—as though, for some relief to the stormy feeling within, she would rather have torn than smoothed it.

Sir Wilfrid seated himself beside her, knees crossed, finger-tips lightly touching, the fair eyelashes somewhat lowered,—Calm beside Tempest.

"I am sorry to hear you speak so," he said, gravely, after a pause. "Yes,—I talked with her. She met me very fairly on the whole. It seemed to me she was quite conscious that her behavior had not been always what it should be, and that she was sincerely anxious to change it. I did my best as a peace-maker. Has she made no sign since—no advances?"

Lady Henry threw out a hand in disdain. "She confessed to me that she had pledged a great deal of the time for which I pay her, to Evelyn Crowborough's ba-

zar, and asked what she was to do. I told her, of course, that I would put up with nothing of the kind."

"And were more annoyed—alack!—than propitiated by her confession?" said Sir Wilfrid, with a shrug.

"I dare say!" said Lady Henry. "You see, I guessed that it was not spontaneous—that you had wrung it out of her."

"What else did you expect me to do?" cried Sir Wilfrid. "I seem, indeed, to have jolly well wasted my time."

"Oh! No. You were very kind. And I dare say you might have done some good. I was beginning to—to have some returns on myself—when the Duchess appeared on the scene—"

"Oh! the little fool!" ejaculated Sir Wilfrid under his breath.

"She came, of course, to beg and protest. She offered me her valuable services for all sorts of superfluous things that I didn't want—if only I would spare her Julie for this ridiculous bazar. So then my back was put up again, and I told her a few home truths, about the way in which she had made mischief, and forced Julie into a totally false position. On which she flew into a passion, and said a lot of silly nonsense about Julie—that showed me amongst other things that Mademoiselle Le Breton had broken her solemn compact with me,—and had told her family history both to Evelyn and to Jacob Delafield. That alone would be sufficient to justify me in dismissing her. *N'est-ce pas?*"

"Oh yes," murmured Sir Wilfrid, "if you want to dismiss her."

"We shall come to that presently," said Lady Henry, shortly. "Imagine, please, the kind of difficulties in which these confidences, if they have gone any further—and who knows?—may land me! I shall have old Lord Lackington—who behaved like a brute to his daughter while she was alive—and is all the same a *poseur* from top to toe—walking in here one night, and demanding his granddaughter—spreading lies, perhaps, that I have been ill-treating her! Who can say what absurdities may happen if it once gets out that she is Lady Rose's child? I could name half a dozen people, who come here habitually, who would consider themselves insulted, if they knew—what you and I know."

"Insulted?—because her mother—?"

"—Because her mother broke the Seventh Commandment? Oh dear no! That, in my opinion, doesn't touch people much nowadays. Insulted because they had been kept in the dark—that's all. Vanity!—not morals!"

"As far as I can ascertain," said Sir Wilfrid, meditatively, "only the Duchess, Delafield, Montresor, and myself are in the secret."

"Montresor!" cried Lady Henry, beside herself. "*Montresor!* That's new to me. Oh! she shall go at once—at once!" She breathed hard.

"Wait a little. Have you had any talk with Jacob?"

"I should think not! Evelyn of course brings him in perpetually,—Jacob this—and Jacob that. He seems to have been living in her pocket,—and the three have been intriguing against me, morning, noon, and night. Where Julie has found the time I can't imagine; I thought I had kept her pretty well occupied."

Sir Wilfrid surveyed his angry companion, and held his peace. "So you don't know what Jacob thinks?"

"Why should I want to know?" said Lady Henry, disdainfully. "A lad whom I sent to Eton and Oxford, when his father couldn't pay his bills—what does it matter to me what he thinks?"

"Women are strange folk," thought Sir Wilfrid. "A man wouldn't have said that." Then—aloud—

"I thought you were afraid lest he should want to marry her?"

"Oh! let him cut his throat if he likes!" said Lady Henry, with the inconsistency of fury. "What does it matter to me?"

"By-the-way—as to that"—he spoke as though feeling his way—"have you never had suspicions in quite another direction?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I hear a good deal in various quarters of the trouble Mademoiselle Le Breton is taking—on behalf of that young soldier who was here just now—Harry Warkworth."

Lady Henry laughed impatiently.

"I dare say. She is always wanting to patronize or influence somebody. It's in her nature. She's a born *intrigante*. If you knew her as well as I do, you

wouldn't think much of that. Oh no—make your mind easy. It's Jacob she wants—it's Jacob she'll get, very likely. What can an old, blind creature like me do to stop it?"

"And as Jacob's wife—the wife perhaps of the head of the family—you still mean to quarrel with her?"

"Yes, I *do* mean to quarrel with her!"—and Lady Henry lifted herself in her chair, a pale and quivering image of War—"duchess or no duchess! Did you see the audacious way in which she behaved this afternoon?—how she absorbs my guests!—how she allows and encourages a man like Montresor to forget himself—eggs him on to put slights on me in my own drawing-room!—"

"No, no! you are really unjust," said Sir Wilfrid, laying a kind hand upon her arm. "That was not her fault."

"It is her fault that she is what she is!—that her character is such that she *forces* comparisons between us—between *her*, and *me*!—that she pushes herself into a prominence that is intolerable, considering who and what she is,—that she makes me appear in an odious light to my old friends. No, no! Wilfrid—your first instinct was the true one. I shall have to bring myself to it—whatever it costs. She must take her departure, or I shall go to pieces, morally and physically. To be in a temper like this, at my age, shortens one's life; you know that."

"And you can't subdue the temper?" he asked, with a queer smile.

"No, I can't! That's flat. She gets on my nerves, and I'm not responsible. *C'est fini*."

"Well," he said, slowly, "I hope you understand what it means?"

"Oh! I know she has plenty of friends!" she said, defiantly. But her old hands trembled on her knee.

"Unfortunately they were and are yours. At least," he entreated, "don't quarrel with everybody who may sympathize with her. Let them take what view they please. Ignore it—be as magnanimous as you can!"

"On the contrary!"—she was now white to the lips—"whoever goes with her, gives me up. They must choose—once for all."

"My dear friend!—listen to reason."

And drawing his chair close to her, he argued with her for half an hour. At the end of that time her gust of passion had more or less passed away; she was to some extent ashamed of herself; and, as he believed, not far from tears.

"When I am gone, she will think of what I have been saying," he assured himself; and he rose to take his leave. Her look of exhaustion distressed him, and, for all her unreason, he felt himself astonishingly in sympathy with her! The age in him held out secret hands to the age in her—as against encroaching and rebellious youth.

Perhaps it was the consciousness of this mood in him which at last partly appeased her. "Well—I'll try again—I'll *try* to hold my tongue," she granted him, sullenly. "But understand—she sha'n't go to that bazar!"

"That's a great pity!" was his naïve reply. "Nothing would put you in a better position than to give her leave."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she vowed. "And now good-night, Wilfrid—good-night. You're a very good fellow, and if I can take your advice, I will."

Lady Henry sat alone in her brightly lighted drawing-room for some time. She could neither read nor write, nor sew, owing to her blindness; and in the reaction from her passion of the afternoon, she felt herself very old and weary.

But at last the door opened, and Julie Le Breton's light step approached.

"May I read to you?" she said, gently.

Lady Henry coldly commanded the *Observer*, and her knitting.

She had no sooner, however, begun to knit than her very acute sense of touch noticed something wrong with the wool she was using.

"This is not the wool I ordered," she said, fingering it carefully. "You remember, I gave you a message about it on Thursday? What did they say about it at Winton's?"

Julie laid down the newspaper and looked in perplexity at the ball of wool.

"I remember you gave me a message," she faltered.

"Well, what did they say?"

"I suppose that was all they had."

Something in the tone struck Lady Henry's quick ears. She raised a sus-

picious face. "Did you ever go to Winton's at all?" she said, quickly.

"I am so sorry!—The Duchess's maid was going there," said Julie, hurriedly, "and she went for me. I thought I had given her your message most carefully."

"Hm," said Lady Henry, slowly. "So you didn't go to Winton's. May I ask whether you went to Shaw's—or to Beatson's—or the Stores—or any of the other places for which I gave you commissions?" Her voice cut like a knife.

Julie hesitated. She had grown very white. Suddenly her face settled and steadied. "No," she said, calmly. "I meant to have done all your commissions. But I was persuaded by Evelyn to spend a couple of hours with her, and her maid undertook them."

Lady Henry flushed deeply.

"So, Mademoiselle—unknown to me, you spent two hours of my time amusing yourself at Crowborough House. May I ask what you were doing there?"

"I was trying to help the Duchess in her plans for the bazar."

"Indeed? Was any one else there? Answer me, Mademoiselle!"

Julie hesitated again—and again spoke with a kind of passionate composure.

"Yes. Mr. Delafield was there."

"So I supposed! Allow me to assure you, Mademoiselle"—Lady Henry rose from her seat, leaning on her stick; surely no old face was ever more formidable, more withering!—"that whatever ambitions you may cherish, Jacob Delafield is not altogether the simpleton you imagine. I know him better than you. He will take some time before he really makes up his mind to marry a woman of your disposition—and your history!"

Julie Le Breton also rose.

"I am afraid, Lady Henry, that here, too, you are in the dark," she said, quietly, though her thin arm shook against her dress. "I shall not marry Mr. Delafield. But it is because— I have refused him twice!"

Lady Henry gasped. She fell back into her chair, staring at her companion.

"You have—refused him?"

"A month ago—and last year. It is horrid of me to say a word. But you forced me." Julie was now leaning, to support herself, on the back of an old French chair. Feeling and excitement

had blanched her no less than Lady Henry, but her fine head and delicate form breathed a will so proud, a dignity so passionate, that Lady Henry shrank before her.

"Why did you refuse him?"

Julie shrugged her shoulders.

"That, I think, is my affair. But if—I had loved him—I should not have consulted your scruples, Lady Henry."

"That's frank," said Lady Henry. "I like that better than anything you've said yet. You are aware that he *may* inherit the Dukedom of Chudleigh?"

"I have several times heard you say so," said the other, coldly.

Lady Henry looked at her long and keenly. Various things that Wilfrid Bury had said recurred to her. She thought of Captain Warkworth. She wondered. Suddenly she held out her hand.

"I dare say you won't take it, Mademoiselle. I suppose I've been insulting you. But—you have been playing tricks with me. In a good many ways,—we're quits. Still, I confess, I admire you a good deal. Anyway—I offer you my hand. I apologize for my recent remarks. Shall we bury the hatchet—and try and go on as before?"

Julie Le Breton turned slowly and took the hand—without unction.

"I make you angry," she said—and her voice trembled—"often without knowing how or why."

Lady Henry gulped.

"Oh! it mayn't answer," she said, as their hands dropped. "But we may as well have one more trial. And, Mademoiselle—I shall be delighted that you should assist the Duchess with her bazar."

Julie shook her head.

"I don't think I have any heart for it," she said, sadly; and then, as Lady Henry sat silent, she approached. "You look very tired. Shall I send your maid?"

That melancholy and beautiful voice laid a strange spell on Lady Henry. Her companion appeared to her, for a moment, in a new light—as a personage of drama or romance. But she shook off the spell.

"At once, please. Another day like this would put an end to me."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

LADY HENRY GASPED. SHE FELL BACK INTO HER CHAIR



HOW THE FOREST REPRODUCES ITSELF

American Private Forests

BY OVERTON W. PRICE

Bureau of Forestry, United States Department of Agriculture

THE first systematic experiment in practical forestry for the private owner in this country was begun by Mr. Gifford Pinchot upon the Biltmore estate, near Asheville, North Carolina, in 1891. It was undertaken in a forest which had suffered greatly from fire, grazing, and excessive lumbering. It established the practicability of cuttings, which not only tend to improvement in the soundness, growth, and composition of this forest, but also yield a fair profit from the sale of their produce in open market.

There are now on file in the Bureau of Forestry, of the United States Department of Agriculture, applications for expert advice in the handling of over three million acres of private forest. These are the result of a circular issued in October, 1898, offering advice and practical assistance to farmers, lumbermen, and

others in the management of their forest-lands. The first task at hand is no longer to convince the private owner that forestry is, under certain conditions, a sound investment, but to find trained men to put practical forestry into effect upon those private lands for which it is desired. The need of conservative forest measures has in many localities long been urgent. The realization of this need by many has created immediate opportunities for technical forest-work far beyond the power of the small number of foresters now in this country to handle promptly. To be permanent, the form of forestry employed upon private lands must be practical in purpose, simple in application, and thorough in the preliminary studies upon which it is based. If it adhere to these lines, its adoption for many years to come will be limited only by the number of men available

to draw up the necessary plans and to see that they are carefully carried out.

The principles upon which forestry is based do not change, but they differ widely in their application to public and private lands. The forests of a State or of the Federal government do not always serve their most useful purpose as a source of income. The need of maintaining the water-supply, of husbanding timber to supply local industries, and of other indirect returns may be of the first importance. The government or the State can also wait longer for its receipts than can the private owner, and through permanent ownership of forest-lands and freedom from taxation can be content with a smaller profit from forestry.

The private owner is usually interested only in direct returns from his forest. The wood-lot must furnish him with fuel, fence-posts, or material for other home uses; the timber-tract must supply logs for his saw-mill. Forestry must enable him to harvest a sustained supply of wood

without seriously curtailing his present profits. Under ordinary methods the private owner treats his forest as if its value lay only in the merchantable trees it contains. He ignores its productive capacity, and usually impairs it greatly through lack of care for immature trees in lumbering or failure to protect the logged-off area from fire. Under practical forestry the forest is expected to yield a sustained supply of timber. In the forest under conservative management young growth and trees below a merchantable diameter have a value, because they form the basis for future crops.

Practical forestry is always a compromise between what should be done for the good of the forest and what it is necessary to do in order that the forest may yield a fair return from the capital it represents. The forester must know the silvicultural treatment of which the forest is in need, but he must at the same time bear in mind the effect of silvicultural measures upon the profits from



WASTE IN LUMBERING IN THE ADIRONDACKS



CONSERVATIVE LUMBERING, NEAR SEWANEE, TENNESSEE

lumbering. The diameter to which he cuts, the care he exercises to protect young growth, and all other modifications of ordinary logging methods he adopts must be based on a thorough study of the needs of the forest, but they must also be financially the soundest measures which can be taken.

Ordinary lumbering offers the private owner the largest possible present returns. Practical forestry offers him through a slight curtailment of present returns the assurance of a sustained yield. Which of the two is more profitable depends first of all upon the safety of his forest from fire, and the rate of taxes which must be paid upon it. Under serious danger of fire, forestry ceases to be sound financial policy. Care of young growth in lumbering, the leaving of seed-trees to induce plentiful reproduction of the kind desired, and all similar measures fulfil their purpose only when they hasten the production of a second crop. They cannot be recommended except where there is reasonable certainty that the immature stand they foster will reach merchantable size unharmed by fire. Taxes, on the other hand, make forestry unprofitable for the private owner when

they are so high as to offset the profits to be realized by holding his forest lands in order to lumber them again.

In the forest which is not overtaxed, and which is reasonably safe from fire, the form of forestry which the private owner can apply profitably will depend upon local conditions. The most important of these is the value of the timber which his forest contains. If it is inferior in kind or quality, or if the cost of its transport to market renders the returns from lumbering insignificant, he cannot be expected to expend much care in fostering a second crop. More conservative measures can evidently be applied with advantage to the forest in which valuable timber, cheap transport, and a strong market result in a wide margin of profit from lumbering, since the young growth they protect is assured a high value at maturity. In the same way the habits of the trees which compose the forest aid to fix the degree of care which is justified in handling it. The faster their growth, the readier and more abundant their reproduction, and the stronger the resistance they offer to fire, wind, insects, and other dangers, the higher and more certain will be the re-

turns from their conservative management.

Under unfavorable local conditions it may not be profitable for the private owner to go further than to protect his forest from fire after he has lumbered it. In the coast redwood belt of California, for example, lumbering is carried on under great difficulties, incident to the roughness of the country and the size of the trees. The profit is comparatively small, and is obtained only through the investment of large capital in logging outfit. The standing timber has passed its maturity, and a very large quantity of it still remains uncut. Under these conditions the private owner cannot modify his present method of lumbering without seriously impairing returns which are already small. Silviculturally, also, the application of conservative measures would be difficult and hazardous, since they would deal with a tree which reproduces itself sparsely from seed, which generally occurs without young growth of its own kind beneath it, and whose rate of growth is exceedingly slow at the great age which it has reached in the virgin forest. Under the method by which the coast redwood is lumbered, the present stand is totally destroyed. The cutting is a heavy one, and after the trees have been felled the lumbered area is burned over to facilitate the removal of the huge logs by the destruction of the débris which results from the fellings. But although apparently laid waste, forest growth soon occupies the lumbered land, if further fire be kept out. The redwood stumps throw out vigorous sprouts, and the space between them seeds up rapidly to Sitka spruce, red fir, and hemlock in varying mixture, according to the locality. The result is soon a dense young forest, in which the redwoods grow exceedingly fast. In the recent study of the coast redwood by the Bureau of Forestry several stands of redwood sprouts were found, which, although only thirty to forty years old, have already reached merchantable size, and are now being lumbered for box-boards and spiling. But if fire is allowed to run over the lumbered area after forest growth has begun to come in, the redwood sprouts do not establish themselves successfully. The reproduction of other species is destroyed, and

the ground is soon covered by weeds and brambles, which retard or even prevent reforestation. The final result is here and there a worthless group of branchy and stunted sprouts to mark where an old redwood was felled, while on land which has been repeatedly and severely burned over even these disappear. Practical forestry, therefore, for the private owner in the coast redwood belt will usually consist for the present in the protection of second growth, since this is generally the only measure which local conditions render financially sound.

What has been said of the coast redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*) does not apply to the Big Tree (*Sequoia washingtoniana*), with which it is not infrequently confused. The one is a commercial tree, the existence of which is not in danger. The other, the largest and oldest of trees, is confined to a few small groves along the west slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The Big Tree is the best living representation of a former geologic age, and its size renders it one of the wonders of the world. It yields, under the most favorable conditions, but a meagre profit on lumbering. Its beauty, enormous size, and scientific value demand its careful preservation from lumbering of any kind.

We have seen that a low profit on lumbering, coupled with uncertain silvicultural success from modifications of present methods, justifies for the private owner practical forestry of a primitive kind only. In the Adirondack region of northern New York we find a forest in which the high and increasing value of its chief timber, the red spruce, the rapid local decrease in its supply, and the comparative ease of effective silvicultural measures render profitable a much more intensive form of forestry. Practical forestry in co-operation with a private owner was begun in the Adirondacks in 1898. It was based on a careful preliminary study on the ground, by which the financial soundness of lumbering spruce with a view to taking a second crop from the same area was established. In other words, it was found by measurements of the number of mature and immature spruce in the forest, and by study of their habit and rate of growth, that the return from lumbering renders it

profitable to protect spruce trees of less than merchantable diameter and to favor the reproduction of the tree. It was also found that the customary method of logging spruce seriously impairs the advantage of holding the logged-off area for a second crop, through its great attendant damage to small trees and young growth generally. It was therefore necessary to so modify this method that without encroaching too far upon present profits the productive capacity of the forest might be preserved. Rules were drawn up to govern lumbering, the main objects of which were the following:

The leaving of a sufficient number of seed-bearing spruce in the forest to invite reproduction, and of those smaller trees which, although of merchantable size, can be harvested much more profitably when they have reached a larger diameter.

The elimination of all unnecessary waste of merchantable timber, as in high stumps, lodged trees left in the woods, and failure to run the logs well up into the tops.

The avoidance, wherever practicable, of damage to young growth.

It is believed that the application of these rules by a large paper company to its own lands in Maine is the strongest argument in their favor which has yet been made. The purpose and practice of forestry on lands of private ownership in the Adirondacks are fully described in Bulletin 26 of the Bureau of Forestry—*Practical Forestry in the Adirondacks*, by Mr. Henry S. Graves, now director of the Yale Forest School.

The co-operation which is now carried on between private owners and the Bureau of Forestry has been undertaken with the belief that example will prove more powerful than precept in the institution of improved methods upon private forest-lands. It is intended to provide practical examples which show that conservative lumbering not only leaves the forest in better condition than does ordinary lumbering, but that it is usually a sounder financial policy. There has been in this country a good deal of severe criticism of lumbermen and lumbermen's methods which has done the cause of forestry no good. The American lumberman will not modify his methods until

he has been shown that it is profitable for him to do so. Neither the vehement statement that his system is wrong, nor the frequent charge of vandalism, has succeeded in converting him. He has waited to be shown results, and has evinced a reasonable caution and strong common-sense in doing so. It is a very encouraging fact that the interest of lumbermen in forestry is increasing rapidly with their knowledge of its purpose and its result. No small part of the past work done by the Bureau has been in co-operation with lumber companies, while its recent study of Township 40 of the New York State Forest Preserve was made by the combined effort of a lumberman and a forester.

In the co-operation between the Bureau of Forestry and a private owner the first point to be decided is whether the application of forestry will be profitable upon the forest-land in question. A preliminary examination is accordingly made by a forester, the result of which is embodied in a report to the owner. If the conditions be favorable, a working-plan is then made, should the owner desire it. This working-plan is a comprehensive and detailed scheme for the management of the forest. It forecasts the profits from lumbering and the present yield of merchantable timber. It fixes the diameter limit to which trees shall be cut, and prescribes all modifications of ordinary logging methods which are practicable and profitable in hastening the production of a second crop. It states how large this second crop will be in a given number of years, estimates the cost to the owner of obtaining it, and sums up what will be the result of conservative forest management from a business point of view. The working-plan entails careful measurements of the stand of merchantable timber, and of the number and size of immature trees. It includes a thorough study of the habits and rate of growth of the local trees, and the effect of lumbering upon the forest, and of those modifications of ordinary methods which are both silviculturally and financially advisable. Based upon this study on the ground, the working-plan is a plain statement of the most profitable way in which a forest may be handled for its own good and for the good of the owner.

Clarence's Mind

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD

ONE night, when me and Clarence was dawdling down to Andy Coggin's place to get a plate of beans, we was enlisted off the street to fight a duel in the full armor of the Middle Ages, at a millionaire's private theatricals. But because they didn't treat Clarence right, and his appetite had made him evil-minded, why, he ups in a terrible huff and leaves the house, with still the armor on him, as I could take time to explain. But what I'm telling is how Clarence come down off the millionaire's steps as shining as a man in a ballet, and turned himself loose in the streets of Newport at midnight, clanking like Hamlet's ghost and carrying a wooden sword. He'd not gone forty rods before he sent an old woman puckering up her petticoats and squawking off through the fog like a fowl. Then, bedad, he begun to wonder if it wasn't a trifle sudden of his temper to be chasing away by himself, wrapped up in this kind of accouterment.

And such being his emotions, all soldered up as he was inside his helmet, and sweating like a man in a diving-suit, Clarence could not keep on the honest road between the electric lights, but he had to lay his course on the broad open lawns of several contigious estates, where the grass was more silent to the clink of his feet, and he says to himself if he heard the police he would pose as a new bronze statue. Till presently he sees a fancy iron fence before him, and he says he would hang himself by the small of his back on one of the spikes and turn a back somerset to split off the armor. But first he had to pass by a house with an open window. There was a young man sitting at the window, and staring out at the June-bugs that was flitting through the mist to get at the light of the chandelier inside. The young man had his chin in his hand, and there was an empty skull and a big fat sheepskin book on the table beside him; so I'm

thinking 'twas some youngster that was learning to be a doctor and found himself in the mood for diversions. And Clarence's modesty wouldn't let him be seen in such a strange dress as he was, and so Clarence makes to be all careful and ran quiet past, beneath the window, in the sharp patch of dark where the light didn't strike. Which he did; but at the same time he falls several feet beneath the window down a coal-hole, with a clatter of sheet-iron and general consternation like a row in a boiler-shop.

Then up jumps the young man and fetches his electric lamp to the window; and when he illuminates the coal-hole from above he sees an extraordinary little object all cased in metal, trying to crawl out of the place, and bluing the air with exclamations of his feelings, and falling back each time like a bug in a glass bottle. No doubt the youngster says to himself that such a man was either crazy or ought to be. And when Clarence looks up and sees the quiet smile beaming on the youngster's face, it made Clarence hot; and says he, "Good-evening, ye fool; did ye never see a man in a coal-hole before?" And still the youngster beams that contented smile on him, till Clarence says aloud, "The boy is crazy, if there ever was one!" and he shuts down the door of his helmet and takes on to sulk. In a minute he feels something dangling agin his bosom-plate.

"Dearly beloved brother," says the youngster, "tie the end of the lawn-tennis rope around your waist. For I've wine and cigars awaiting ye here. I was full of me thoughts," he explains, all grave as a graven image; "for it might have been that it mightn't have been," says he,—“except for the coal-hole.”

And in a minute, with hauling and pulling, Clarence delivers himself through the window at the end of the rope, like a lobster out of the sea. And all to his surprise, here he was in an elegant man-

sion, with the signs of superfluous wealth sticking all over the walls, and being received as a private guest by this youngster that was as tall as a giraffe and as solemn as a mock-funeral. And little Clarence and him looks at each other, and they blinks as sober as though divvle a joke had been let loose in the entire world since the fall of man.

"By pursuing your eccentricities along with mine, we may arrive at a law of nature," says the youngster, with an encouraging smile. "For I observe you're the opposite of me in most particulars," says he; "and since extremes is accused by philosophy of meeting at the ends, then here we are."

Clarence looks at him back, then scratches his helmet, trying to get at his little red head; and he says to himself that either he was up agin one of the most learned men of the times or else a lunatic.

"I didn't get the whole of your question," says Clarence, playing it all polite, "owing to the fog settling in me ear. But I suppose ye'll insinuate some explanation of this tin foolishness I have on me back. Well, ye see, I was merely following down me way to Andy Coggin's this evening, with the intention—"

"Beg pardon," says the youngster, with elegant breeding, "but would you mind beginning with some history of your father and mother, and what complaints was common to them—"

"But what the divvle would that have to do with me going down to Andy Coggin's to get a plate of beans?" says Clarence, pointing with his sword.

"It breaks me heart to interrupt ye," says the youngster, with his hand up like a parson; "but just a few preliminary remarks on the type of your main hallucinations, and whether chronic or intermittent, would throw considerable light—"

"Now you're talking electricity," says Clarence, seeing a lot of strange instruments about the room, "and sure I don't know one spark from another. But, anyway, what would that have to do with me going down to Andy Coggin's—"

"Me brother," says the youngster, "I was approaching the question: how long have you enjoyed insanity?"

"Me insane!" says Clarence. "I was never insane in me life."

"Yes, yes,—but man to man," whispers the youngster, "how long since ye lost complete control of your mind?"

"Sure, I never lost me mind," says Clarence; "but I do begin to suspect that you did."

"Oh, have peace with yourself," says the youngster, all soothing. "Let's burn incense," says he, "and look for truth at the bottom of a bottle, till we find which one of us is craziest."

He sets Clarence in a leather-mahogany chair, and gives him a cigar as long and fat as a railway spike; and into a goblet lined with gold he pours a drink of Madeira that Clarence says was meat and drink and father and mother to him—that pleasant it was, and the bottle left standing so near! And Clarence clung to the bottle like saying good-by to your sweetheart, till he begins to feel as though drifting away on a private cloud.

"Mister," says Clarence, throwing up his feet on another chair, "I don't know whether your mind is off or on, but your heart is still waving at the mast-head, sure!"

"Ah!" says the youngster, pointing both forefingers at him. "'Sh!" says he, going to the door. He looks out in the hall, then out of the window; then he comes on tiptoe, and whispers in Clarence's ear. "I'll give ye me word of honor," says he, "I'm as crazy as you!"

"And several times more," says Clarence. "For me own mind is on as firm as the comb on a cock. And me appearing in this armor—if that's what ye mean—why, I was merely on me way to Andy Coggin's—"

"Listen!" says the tall young man. He takes a piece of paper and draws a triangle and a circle. "The first symptoms of losing your mind," says he, pointing to the circle, and in a loud voice as solemn as a lecture—"the first symptoms is thinking yourself still sane. And the next step," says he, pointing to the triangle, "is thinking your neighbor is crazy. For, laying all reason aside," says he, tearing the paper to bits, "of all authorities, living or dead, I recognize meself as the greatest on earth concerning inflammation of the nerves, lunacy, idiocy, and tomfoolery. And why? Because to perfect me knowledge of the subject I went insane meself!"

"The divvle!" says Clarence, shooting up to his feet. "And that's what's the matter of ye!"

"Ye've hit it in the eye," says the youngster, seeming all full of enthusiasms. "For instance, suppose you was to cover both ears with your hands—if your hands is big enough: now, what do ye hear?"

"I hear like under a bridge with the cars running over," says Clarence.

"That's what you think," says the youngster; "and some of them surgeons of the mind would know no better. But, in fact 'tis the first sign of insanity. 'Tis the maggots ye hear—at work on your brain, and chewing on the chain of your thoughts."

"Bedad, not in my case," says Clarence. "For me own head is on as straight as the knob on a door. The reason of me acting perhaps a trifle queer when you first saw me, why—"

"Between bottle-companions," says the youngster, as kind as a father to him, "ye need have no modesty at all about your condition. Let's see ye cross one knee over the other."

Clarence crossed his knees to show how easy he could do it; and when the youngster was not looking, Clarence claps a hand to his ear again and hears the maggots working there again, and says to himself, bedad, it was queer. And the youngster hit him a cut with the sharp of the hand on top of the knee-pan, and Clarence's leg flew up all astonished at itself beyond control; and Clarence says to himself, by the great horn spoon, he wouldn't let his leg behave that way again. But as often as the youngster hit him on the knee, up flew the leg, whether he liked it or not. And Clarence sees the youngster shaking his head; and that shook the peace of Clarence's soul; and says he,

"What would ye make of that, doctor?"

"It means," says the youngster, "that ye've lost your responsibility complete below the knee. If ye was to commit violence with your thumb, the eye of the law would regard ye as criminal. But if ye was to accomplish evil with your feet, they would do no more than examine your legs for insanity. What's the matter of ye?" says he. "Is your cigar too strong fer ye?"

For Clarence had put down his goblet, and set thinking as hard as the maggots would let him. He had found something wrong with his eyes—they wouldn't seem to be driving in harness together; and he forgot of the wine he had drained, and he asked himself if 'twas true he was leaving his wits.

"Didn't I start out all intelligent with Sudd Lannigan," says he, with a fall of the voice, "to get a plate of beans?"

"Dear me," says the youngster, with his face like a coroner's jury; "I hate to tell ye, but you're getting rapidly worse. I've noticed a change since ye come through the window."

"Worse, ye say—and permanent?" says Clarence, breaking out in the brow with cold perspiration.

"Upon your soul, as one raving maniac to another," says the youngster, "can ye say that in the last two hours no one has taken exceptions to your acts? Am I the first to intimate you was crazy?" says he, pacing the floor, and stopping to deliver that at Clarence.

"What if he did?" says Clarence, all stewing in his collar. "It was only me best friend, Sudd Lannigan, when I was fighting the duel; and he's a dom fool, anyway. It ain't true, and I ain't crazy."

"It ain't true!" says the youngster, with a laugh. "And you parading Newport at this hour of the night, dressed up like that!"

"I tell ye 'twas pure accident," bawls Clarence. "I tell ye 'twas nothing but absence of mind."

"Absence of mind! Absence of mind!" says the youngster, from the other room, pointing at him. "That's what it is—for your mind is clean absent and gone, like the meat of a nut!" He gives a sniff of professional pride, and he leans up agin something that looked like a sideboard; but 'twas an orchestrion inside, and the youngster pulls the handle of it. "Put your hands to your ears agin," says he, "and listen if the maggots is any better."

So Clarence covers his ears, and the orchestrion begins to play the music of the Turkish patrol, arising more and more in the distance, till ye could hear it through your hands. Clarence starts up in his chair.

"Say!" says Clarence, "where will that music be at this time of night? Don't I hear a military band?" says he, to the blank face of the youngster.

"I have no doubt ye think ye hear something," says the mock-doctor. "Each crazy man has delusions of his own. I once believed I could hear the divvle himself, preaching sermons to the damned," says he, "and most entertaining. But a dishonest lunatic stole the delusion from me mind with a bodkin," says he; "and the next day—"

"Whist! That *is* music," says Clarence; "real music! Don't ye hear it?—it's growing louder."

"Poor man!" says the youngster. "Do ye suffer badly?"

"I tell ye it *is* music! Are ye deaf?" says Clarence.

"Deaf?" says the other. "Sure me ears is as sensitive as a chronometer—I can hear the beating of me own heart in the middle of a drum corps," says he; "but I don't hear any military band at this moment."

"Ye can't hear that—growing louder and louder?" says Clarence, his forehead bursting with dew. "Now—now, ye do hear *that*, doctor?" says Clarence, clutching him by the arm.

"There, there," says the youngster, all soothing; "don't let it get any louder. You must control yourself. Take some wine. I command ye not to let it get any louder!" says the youngster, pointing his finger.

"Why not?" says Clarence, all caving in. "Why not?—for it *is* growing louder. I could swear—Holy Mother," says Clarence, turning round, with his head behind him, "I could take me oath 'twas in the house!"

"Come, now," says the youngster, embracing him tight, "hold fast, and don't let it get any louder. If it does," says he, "'twill burst out your ear and escape from ye, and the world be full of illegitimate notes. Be a man now!" says he. But Clarence couldn't stop it. The Turkish patrol was arriving in front of him, and smashing the cymbals in a way to raise the dead.

"Ah!" says Clarence, with his eyes starting out like a horse. "Ah!" says he, with a dying shriek. Then the band begun moving away again and going round

a corner. "Oh!" says Clarence, with a look of mild surprise.

"Is it passing off?" says the youngster, holding his head. "Is it growing less?" he says.

"Yes, maybe—maybe," says Clarence, sinking back. "Yes, yes, I think 'tis passing off," says he, in a moment. "But, doctor, doctor," says he, drawing a snort, "by the saints, that was a narrow escape! The drum of me ear was blowed up like the belly of a moon-fish, and every minute I thought 'twould explode. Dear, dear, what am I coming to, anyway?" says Clarence, rolling his eyes with the realization of it. "Couldn't ye give me some kind of oil to rub on me scalp?" says he.

The young man sits looking all grave at him, and finally shakes his head. The orchestrion had died away, but the dew was still standing on Clarence's brow. He reaches and gulps a half-bottle of wine by the neck.

"I'll forget me name next, I suppose," he mutters, clapping his hand on top of his helmet. "I'll meet meself in the looking-glass and never bow acquaintance!" A sob came bubbling out of his throat, and it turned to a foolish laugh at the end of his tongue. "Doctor," says he, "I would give the head off me neck to get me brains back. How's that for an offer, ye extraordinary divvle!" Then he falls away sad again; but in a minute he bursts out with: "Doctor, why is it I want to laugh? I would laugh," says he, "till I burst the shell off me back, if it wasn't irreverent to me misfortune of losing me wits." Then a terrible pink flush swept over the inside of him at the sound of his silly words; but he couldn't bring what reason he had to the end of his tongue. Good-by to me senses, says he to himself; good-by, Sudd Lannigan, and good-by the ship and the crew and the whole sailing-match; and hello the clink and the mad-house for evermore. "The divvle take you!" says Clarence, turning on the youngster. "I'd never known I was mad, nor any one else, if I hadn't been fished up through your window. But if it's mad I am, then mad I *am*—and I'm going to have a good time!" He snatches a Maori war-club from ornamenting the wall. I'm thinking the twinkle went out from the youngster's eye. For he tries to lay hold of

Clarence to prevent him from wrecking the room; and the tough little man shook him off like a drop of water on a dog.

"What are ye doing?" says the youngster, with his feet clinging to the floor. Clarence was swinging the war-club over his head.

"Doctor," says he, "do ye see that elegant crystal bowl there?"

"What!" says the youngster. "'Tis worth thousands of dollars!"

"Hurrah!" says Clarence. "I'll cut it into ten thousand dimes!"

"Wait, wait," says the youngster, all in a gasp. "It's all a mistake—you're not crazy—don't smash that! It's me father's pet bowl!"

"I'm as crazy as ever was made," says Clarence, swinging the club. "I never saw a big piece of glass yet but I wanted to smash it; I suppose it was me lunacy growing inside. And I'm going to smash that bowl," says he; "for they'll take me away in the luny-cart whether I smash it or not."

"Look here—as a personal favor to me—for the wine and cigars," says the youngster, throwing himself on Clarence's bosom, "will ye kindly put down that club till I tell ye something?" Clarence puts down the club to lay hold of the goblet on the table, and the youngster whisks the club out the window, down the coal-hole. Then the youngster draws up his breath from his boots. "It's three o'clock, and time to go home, now," says he, giving the broad hint.

"Oh, don't you live here?" says Clarence, shaking hands with him.

"Yes; but you don't," says the young man. "Well, I'm glad you enjoyed your wine and cigars," says he, moving towards the door. "And I'll tell ye now that you are no more insane than I am."

"No, for I couldn't be," says Clarence, sitting down in a chair. "But I'm terrible daft, doctor," says he, clean puzzled not to find the club where he had put it. "I think I'll have to smash that bowl with me hands," he says, staring suspicious at the youngster.

They look at each other a second. What Clarence would do the next minute the young man was waiting with terrible fear. He hits on a plan to be rid of Clarence by strategy.

"I'm sorry to suggest your going now,"

says the young man, "but in fact I feel a fit coming on. And when I have me fits, then I'm in possession of the divvle and the strength of ten men. And I might have homicidal intent and malice aforethought breaking out on me."

"Sure, I never watched a fit before," says Clarence, settling back in the arm-chair and getting his humor.

"I feel it coming on," says the young man. "Ye'd better go and leave me alone," says he, "for I'm apt to murder ye."

"What kind of a man would I be to go and leave ye alone," says Clarence, "when by staying here I can prevent ye committing a murder?"

"Ye thick-skin!" says the young man, grinding his teeth. "I'll put it this way: I want ye to go, because I'm bored with your society. How's that?"

"Such impoliteness is the first sign of your fit, I suppose," says Clarence. "But I'm understanding ye." Clarence was leaving the scare about the music far enough behind him to begin to get back his heart. But the young man was rising in rage.

"Oh, look here, now," says the youngster, "what's the matter with us two laying this nonsense aside and speaking as one sane man to—"

"How the divvle can two raving lunatics speak as one sane man?" says Clarence, getting roiled. "Why don't ye go on with your fit?" says he. "Bedad, if I was having a fit I'd have it, and not talk so much."

"Shall I ring up the police?" says the young man. "Shall I have ye taken away by force, then? Ye poor fool," says he, from the bottom of his wrath, "I'm no lunatic."

"Ye poor lunatic," says Clarence, "I'm no fool. It just strikes me this: if you get swinging on the chandeliers here with the strength of ten men and pull down the ceiling, then the blame is on me. 'Tis better I ring up the police meself, and let 'em take care of ye till your folks come home."

The young man unlocks the front door, and Clarence follows him to the hall.

"There's the door," says the young man, "and there's the police call. Ye can use the one or the other; but if ye don't go in two minutes it will be I that

will have the police come and carry ye down the steps," says he.

Clarence looks at him in disdain, and saying nothing, goes and pulls for the police. "I shall tell 'em to treat ye kind and harmless," says Clarence, all calm, sitting in the hall chair.

"I shall tell 'em you *are* a lunatic," says the young man, planting himself sulky in the chair opposite. "'Twill save explanations and serve you right."

Clarence sits up with all the dignity of a nigger. "I shall tell 'em you're the same," says Clarence.

He begun thinking that after all 'twas not such a bad evening, though he did feel the need again of them beans at Andy Coggin's. And the more he considers the more he says to himself 'twas a mistake him being insane. He'd been deceived awhile by this poor lunatic; but no matter. He would get the credit for having saved the young man from harming the elegant gimcracks on the walls; and the least the old man of the house could do, thinks Clarence, would be to give him ten dollars and recognize him next day in the street.

"Bedad," says Clarence, whispering to himself, "Sudd Lannigan thinks I've been arrested for going the streets in disguise. But I'll get the police to unscrew this armor off me, and then I'll drop it somewhere in the tall grass, and the man that owns it will not take the trouble to hunt me up aboard me ship. And I'll have the laugh on Sudd Lannigan for once, sure!"

Then the two of 'em heard the hurry of two burly-boys on the gravel walk in the dark. The two burly-boys pounds up the steps, with their hands over their stars, and looks through the glass doors into the hall. They saw on one side the young man standing and pointing at Clarence O'Shay, that sat still inside of his antique armor-plate, as sure and smiling as the tin-plate trust. Then they opens the door.

"This man is crazy," says the youngster, pointing to Clarence.

Clarence gets quiet to his feet, all solemn and dignified. He clears his throat, and gives a nod to the police. "I'll explain the whole story from end to end," says he. "This evening, at nine o'clock, as I was pursuing me way to Andy Coggin's place for the purpose of taking on a plate of beans—when—"

"He refuses to go," says the young man, "and I want him removed from the house, please."

"—taking on a plate of them beans of Andy's," says Clarence, as though no one had spoke, "when me and Sudd Lannigan was picked up off the street and hired in to fight a duel at some millionaire's private Punch and Judy show with nothing in me stomach. And—"

"Come along," says the burly-boys, clapping their hands tightly on Clarence's wrists.

"What, ye lunatics?" says Clarence.

"Come *along*; *that's* what!" says the burly-boys.

And in the split of a wink Clarence felt himself lifted as by an earthquake, and carried out of the house and down the steps, gesticulating, procrastinating, and expostulating from the soles of his feet to the top of his voice.

The next minute Clarence was the main consideration of a small crowd of fly-by-nights that was escorting him and the police to the station. And, bedad, if we at Andy Coggin's hadn't heard him passing by and roiling the clouds with his objections, and if we hadn't run out and tore him in the dark from the police to a boat convenient by and pulled for the anchorage of the fleet—why, they'd have had him up in court the next day on charge of losing his mind.

But the minute I had the armor off him and throwed it overboard—then overboard went Clarence himself, and swum for the shore.

"Where ye going?" says we.

I could hear him grinding his teeth like nails.

"I'm going to Andy Coggin's," says he, "to get a plate of beans."



THE
DESERTED
VILLAGE

PICTURES BY
EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe:
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train—
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;
Sure these denote one universal joy!

There the pale artist plies the sickly trade



1. Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Brothers

Are these thy serious thoughts?—ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd—
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head—
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN! thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.

Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn



2. Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Brothers

Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day—
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling—
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around—
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake—
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they—
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene;
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;

Near her betrayer's door she lays her head—



3. Copyright, 1962, by Harper & Brothers

When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last—
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main—
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first, prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe—
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave;
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms;
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear—
While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last



4. Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Brothers

The Deciding of Encarnacion

BY HENRY S. KIRK

ENCARNACION HIGUERA looked at the reflection of her face in the water in the fountain. "I am as beautiful as the sun," she said. No one heard Encarnacion, for there was no one else in the patio, but nearly every one in Monterey thought somewhat as Encarnacion did.

"I am young, I am strong," she said; "my hair is beautiful, and so are my eyes. I am tall, I am everything I should be!" She looked up from the water, and shook her hair in the sun. She raised her arms in the air, and laughed. She shook her hair over her face like a veil, and shook it back again.

A voice came from the house,

"Encarnacion!"

The girl turned and paused abruptly. Upon the porch stood her mother and a tall old man. Encarnacion made a low curtsy. "Don Anselmo."

"Doña Magdalena," he said, then turned to the girl. "Encarnacion, Camillo will be here for his answer."

"They are all coming, Don Anselmo," said the girl.

The old man bowed Doña Magdalena to a bench against the wall, and sat beside her. Encarnacion took a fan from a window-ledge, opened it slowly, and swung it lazily.

The girl went on: "Don Francisco and Don Jayme, Don Antonio and Don Luis, Don José and Don Narciso."

"What can you say to them, Encarnacion? The Salazars and the Higueras have been one for many years."

"Very true, Don Anselmo. It would be an honor for me to become the wife of Don Camillo Salazar; but the others, what would they say? Don Francisco, Don Antonio, and Don José, and there are also Don Cayetano and Don Valentin, and Señor Fitzpatrick, Don Miguel!"

"The Irishman!" broke out Don Anselmo. "You would marry out of your own people!"

"He is one of us, Don Anselmo."

"But not of our blood! Doña Magdalena, I appeal to you."

Doña Magdalena shrugged her shoulders. Encarnacion laughed. "You see, Don Anselmo—" A young man appeared in the doorway. "Don Camillo, we were just talking of you."

The young man bowed to Doña Magdalena, his head half turned in the direction of Encarnacion.

"The others will be here," said old Don Anselmo, with a touch of anxiety. "Encarnacion, your father wished for you and Camillo to marry."

"Yes, I know," said the girl, "yet my father did not command me. I should do well in marrying Don Camillo—but—I do not see why I should marry any one." Two elderly men entered, followed by two youths who overtopped them each by a head. "Don Francisco and Don Antonio, Don Jayme and Don Luis? How pretty you all came together!"

Don Anselmo looked uneasy. The four men bowed before Doña Magdalena, and at her motion the elder two seated themselves upon a bench against the wall, and fell into constrained silence, which was relieved the next moment by the dignified entrance of a white-haired man in a military uniform, accompanied by a replica of himself with the straps of a lieutenant upon his shoulder.

"Don José!" cried Encarnacion, "and Don Narciso!"

Don José sat to the left of Doña Magdalena. The sound of heavy breathing came through the doorway. Encarnacion raised her eyebrows and smiled. The short, stout body of a man moved into the porch. Upon it was a round head with a red-brown face and small black eyes. Behind it was a young fellow who, like the four young men standing about Doña Magdalena, was very slender and very tall.

"Don Cayetano," smiled the girl.

Don Cayetano shuffled to Doña Magdalena, leaned over her hand, and, with an effort, sat upon the vacant half of a bench next to Don Anselmo. Don Valentin followed his father to Doña Magdalena, looking at Encarnacion.

The girl opened and closed her fan, and then sat in the shade of a cypress. She looked at Don Cayetano, and smiled, and lowered her eyes to the tiled floor of the corridor. The five fathers sat silent upon the benches against the wall, and looked from Encarnacion to their sons, and, with a half-glance at each other, out at the sky, of which they could see just a hazy bit over the red roof on the other side of the patio. The five young men stood in the shadow in the corridor, and looked at the tips of their boots, and then at Encarnacion. Doña Magdalena fanned herself with a large black fan, pausing now and then to loosen her shawl.

Don Cayetano's breathing had become inaudible. The air in the patio was warm and yellow. The sunlight fell upon the ground, and shadowed the roof posts upon the floor of the corridor. The geraniums drowsed in the sun, and the roses and the rose leaves hung languidly from the edge of the tiles.

A flapping sound came from the water in the fountain. Encarnacion laughed. Don Anselmo looked up.

"I am awaiting Don Miguel, Don Anselmo," said the girl.

Every man in the corridor started.

"He does not seem to care to meet you, Encarnacion."

The girl rose from her seat and looked out into the patio. A man stood in the doorway with his hat in his hand.

"Doña Magdalena," he said. Encarnacion turned. "Señorita Encarnacion, I am sorry not to have been in good time."

"Don Miguel," the girl said, slowly, "if you had come sooner, you would have been before it."

She opened her fan and closed it again. She looked out into the patio, and up at the sky. She looked at each of the eleven men, and then upon the floor.

"It is an odd position for me to be in," she said. "I'm sure it is unfortunate. I cannot understand why any one should wish to marry me. Yes, I know," she continued, quickly, in response to an involuntary movement among the eleven

men. "I'm sure it is very nice of you all. Don Anselmo, if I should marry Don Camillo, it would be somewhat in the wishes of my father, as our families have been"—she raised her eyebrows—"very much together. Don Francisco, Don Jayme would make me a very good husband, and I should respect him very much. Don Antonio, Don Luis would make me a great lady in Mexico; perhaps I should be an ambassadress in Madrid or St. Petersburg."

"Encarnacion," broke out Don Antonio, "it is almost certain."

"Yes, I am sure, Don Antonio."

"Encarnacion!" exclaimed Don José.

"Ah, Don José, Don Narciso may yet be Governor of California."

"But, Encarnacion," said Don Cayetano, in a thick voice, "you forget—"

"Not Don Valentin," interrupted the girl. "I could never do that."

"You would have Los Osos and Los Robles."

"Yes, Don Cayetano," cried Encarnacion, "and all the country from Monterey to— Do you know yourself, Don Cayetano, the extent of it all?"

Don Miguel never for a moment took his gaze from Encarnacion. There was a light in his blue eyes like the light in the bluest bit of sky over the red roof on the other side of the patio.

"Señorita Encarnacion," he said.

Encarnacion smiled and looked down at the floor.

"Don Miguel—they say an American can do anything, especially if he is an Irishman."

"I don't know, Señorita Encarnacion, but I love you."

The five fathers and the five sons looked at Encarnacion and at Don Miguel. Encarnacion looked upon the red floor of the corridor. She raised her head and smiled, and shook her hair.

"No," she said, "I shall not tell any one anything. It is too much to expect. Don Jayme will be a great man; Don Luis an ambassador; Don Narciso, Governor; Don Valentin, the son of Don Cayetano; Don Miguel loves me; yes, I know you all do. If I marry Don Camillo, it would fulfil the wishes of my father, and that is something to think about." She broke a rose hanging from a stray vine on the edge of the roof. "I shall

tell you to-night. I shall marry the one to whom I give this rose."

The five fathers rose from the benches along the wall, and with their sons bowed to Doña Magdalena, and to the girl, and went out from the corridor. Don Miguel stood still and looked at Encarnacion. He turned his eyes from her to Doña Magdalena, and followed the others.

Encarnacion went to the fountain and looked at her face in the water. "I wish I were not so beautiful," she said, "then they would not bother me so much."

That night there was a moon in Monterey, and there was moonlight in the patio of Doña Magdalena. The geraniums were red in the white light, and their round leaves green and black. The cypresses in the corner rose slimly over the roof, and threw their shadows halfway across the patio. The water in the fountain reflected the stars. In the sala of Doña Magdalena all the great people of Monterey were celebrating the name-day of Encarnacion. The Governor was there, and his wife, and the comandante of the presidio and his officers.

Encarnacion wore a white gown, and looked very beautiful. Her hair was in two loose braids, in one of which was fastened the promised rose. Around her neck was a single string of pearls. Her fan was tiny and white, and was covered with glittering spangles.

Doña Magdalena was very elegant in heavy black silk. In her hair was a large tortoise-shell comb. She sat at the end of the sala, and waved an immense black fan.

Don Anselmo, Don Francisco, Don Antonio, Don José, and Don Cayetano were there with their five sons. Don Miguel was there. He looked at no one but Encarnacion. The girls about the wall laughed at him behind their fans. The five fathers and the five sons scowled at him. Encarnacion smiled at every one, and opened and shut her tiny white fan. She danced with Don Camillo, and with Don Jayme. She danced with Don Luis, Don Narciso, and with Don Valentin. She danced with Don Miguel, even though he did not dance as well as the others, which was some satisfaction to Don Miguel's five rivals.

The dancing went on. After a while the Governor and his wife and the comandante of the presidio made their leave. Others began to go. Soon there was no one in the sala but Doña Magdalena with her black fan and Encarnacion, Don Anselmo and Don Camillo, Don Francisco and Don Jayme, Don Antonio and Don Luis, Don José and Don Narciso, Don Cayetano and Don Valentin, and Don Miguel.

The eleven men stood silent. Encarnacion looked upon the floor, and opened and shut her tiny white fan. She took her mother's hand and curtsied. "Good-night," she said. The eleven men looked at her without a motion, then at Doña Magdalena. Then, without a word, they went to the door. Don Anselmo paused. "Encarnacion," he cried. The girl did not raise her eyes. Don Miguel turned after the others, but Encarnacion looked still upon the floor. Then she went to her room, and opened the shutters of the window, and looked down into the street. There were Don Camillo and Don Jayme, Don Luis, Don Narciso, Don Valentin, and Don Miguel, in the white dust, each one but Don Miguel with a guitar. They were motionless. The moonlight fell upon them and shadowed them in the road. Don Camillo moved out from the others, struck his guitar, and sang, his eyes fastened upon Encarnacion. The girl loosened the rose from her hair. Camillo stopped his song with a cry. Encarnacion waved her hand. Camillo finished his song and stood silent. Encarnacion looked beyond him at the stars. Then Don Jayme went to the window, and after him Don Luis. But the girl still looked at the stars. Don Narciso began his song and finished it. Then Don Valentin began. A sound of heavy breathing came from somewhere in the shadow. Encarnacion smiled and looked down into the dust in the road. Don Miguel moved toward the window. His face was white in the white light of the moon.

"Señorita Encarnacion," he said, "I cannot sing, but I love you!"

The girl looked at him and smiled. She dropped the rose, and closed the shutters of the window!

Beginnings of American Literature

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EVERYTHING begins in the middle—to adapt a wise saying—like an epic poem. That is the central truth of human perspective. Open history where you will, and there are always men streaming over the mountains or the sea from some horizon, bringing with them arms and cattle, battle-songs and prayers, and an imaginary world; their best treasure is ever the seed of some last year's harvest. Colonialism is a word too often used to disparage the thing; it is the natural condition of the outposts of man's spread over the earth; the wave, as it breaks on new shores, is salt with time. England was colonized, and Greece, and India. So our ancestors, the first Americans, brought with them the past as well as the future to this land. It is not often that books make an important item in the cargo of an emigrant ship. The mother-tongue is brought, and in it is the great sap of thought, aspiration, and resolve that will feed institutions of church and state as they arise; but the book-language is, in the main, left at home; it is the mouth-language, where literature is in the making, that will be used on the new soil.

The pure literary influence in all our early colonies, the impact of the book-past of England, was slightest at the South, and strengthened with the northing. In Virginia, generally, the first estates were naturally as innocent of learning as Osbaldistone Hall; there was a countrified indifference to it befitting a young squirarchy, a touch of contempt felt with old-fashioned English frankness, even a dull hatred of enlightenment, as when the Governor thanked God that there were "no free schools nor printing," and hoped there would be none for a hundred years. "God keep us from both!" he cried. At the other focus of the settlement, in New England, a different state of affairs prevailed, though there,

too, the pure literary influence was narrowly limited. But as in the dawn of England "Beowulf" had come in the long Danish boats, and many an exodus has gone out with one great book which was like brain and blood to the little race, there on Massachusetts Bay a book had come with the people; and every ship, loaded with the twenty thousand souls of the first emigration, brought it—the book that has oftenest crossed the sea of all the books of men—the Bible. It is the greatest English book; and in this small folk of English stock it found a human vehicle of power equal to its greatness.

This nest of Puritans is commonly thought of as deficient in that large part of the human genius which is enlightened by letters, as unimaginative; and because they did not flower out with polite literature, they are said to be unliterary. Yet the Puritan line in England was constituted of Spenser, Milton, and Bunyan, the three most imaginative minds of their generations for a century of English life; though it should be observed that in these three instances the imagination moved in moulds already prepared for it. The Puritans, being of the stock they were, could not but be imaginative, romantic, intense, in vision, emotion, and idea; they were high-charged with all this energy; but the channels were prepared for it, and they found their literature in the Bible. If they required songs of praise, they "rolled the hymn to wintry skies"; if they sought expression for humiliation, or desired to illustrate their fortunes or passions, their sins, trials, and deliverances, there was the typical narrative and drama of human life, as they knew it, in the Scriptures; they turned to their one book, and more frequently, as their descendants now turn to whole libraries, and found in it the mirror of life. The

Bible was, indeed, to use the language of to-day, like a great literary trust; it supplied all wants, and forbade competition. Such a book, when it takes hold of a people so completely and intimately and fills the measure of their spiritual energy, needs to recede, before men will again attempt originally the task it performs, as Shakspeare must recede before dramatic imagination can flourish with equal new power; for, though books are not seldom the seeds of revolution, a great book is normally a powerful conservative force, a true bond of national life.

It is, however, wide of the mark to describe a people to whom the Old Testament was more thoroughly known than Homer to the young Greeks, and the New Testament more familiar than Victor Hugo to young France, as an unliterary people. If it be the function of literature to lift the thoughts of men, to educate the emotions, to shape character toward ideal ends, to exalt and to console, and always to minister to the spirit in its walk on earth, the Bible discharged this office in the early generation of the New England settlements with an adequacy, a constancy, a penetration, a completeness of efficacy, such as is hardly to be paralleled in history. It was their rubric of prayer, their lyric of praise, the parable of their morality, and they adapted it to be the epic of their growing state, where they, too, were a chosen people of God planted in the wilderness. This was its popular significance.

It bred a learned and scholarly clergy besides, vast producers of sermons, controversial tractates, and speculative treatises in theology, such that, if the book had been secular, the age would have been named Alexandrian; and it enforced that respect for learning and the literary faculty which has never ceased in that region, as it also made the people a lettered people by the mere necessity that it should be read by all, just as the right to vote is making the nation at large now a lettered nation. It may seem like reheating old fires to discourse in this way of the place of the Bible in our beginnings, but it is essential for a true comprehension of our early life and letters, and the relationship between them, to see in these first generations not a dull, darkened, unimaginative folk, but in a true sense one

of the most literary states that ever existed, having its most passionate and intense life in a book, as single and significant to it as the Koran to Islam, and as much richer than the Koran in art and truth as the Christian life exceeds the Moslem faith. To think of the old sermons and treatises as the first American literature is like speaking of the commentaries on Shakspeare and omitting the poet; the Bible was the book in which the first Americans found what literature has to give to the hearts of the people, and in it they had their full and overflowing literary, nor should one hesitate to say their artistic, life.

And what was this life that the Puritans led with this book for their brain and heart? We have their prayers, sweet and solemn in the cadences better known to us now in the English Prayer-Book; we have the letters of their wives, like Mrs. Winthrop's, mingling human affection with divine love, as if these New England mothers were also nuns of Christ's cloister; we have their sermons, now terse and tense and studded with learning better known to us in Milton, or with the flowing amplitude and eloquence that to our ears are Taylor's, or with the vivid realism of vision that to our eyes is Bunyan's limning on the darkness; we have the words, but the light to read them by is gone.

The clergy themselves are stiff to us as their portraits, all wig and gown and wooden smiles,—and when we think of them it is most often as fire-breathing dragons, perhaps; yet they were, as is well known, men of great power of character, with some of what seem the lost graces of greatness, immense intellectual vigor, moral authority, dignity, the scholar's refinement, sanctity even; and, if we are to judge by what their friends said—and how else shall we judge?—in some few, at least, it would seem that all the poison of human nature had gone out of them into their creed, and left only angelic sweetness in their souls; nor is it only in Puritanism that this miracle has been wrought, but it is found in intense religious life elsewhere. The people who sat under their teaching are also far away in the past, so marked in their double consciousness, as it were: on the one side, absorbed in practical affairs, fighting,

exploring, debating, building all things new; on the other, absorbed in spiritual self-scrutiny, despairing, hoping, doubting; so sure in every touch on this world with axe and plough and gun, yet within living in the world to come, with the dreadful uncertainty which world it would be. One sees the little towns of low houses dotting the coast, the clearings landward, the few boats by the shore, the deep woods all about, only the trail or the river for roads—a wilderness, silent and dark, the summer heat on the sparse corn, the winter drift over all; peril always near, subsistence often uncertain, a hard and trying physical life. Yet here, as always where life is great, spiritual life was the one reality in the midst of this stubborn fact. We cannot see clearly into that darkness. Perhaps some echoes of that life may come to us in Scott's Covenanters, or in the romance in which Hawthorne transposed its music, but it comes faintly; only the imagination would be equal to telling us, and the secret is lost. The heart of the Puritan is a closed book. The sermons, the diaries, the portraits, the so-called colonial literature, will not interpret it; they are as much in the twilight of antiquity as Anglo-Saxon chronicles and riddles; they are the grave-clothes left behind, but the spirit, our brother and master, is gone.

The silence that has fallen on the Puritan imagination, meditation, and passion is, nevertheless, not an abnormal thing. Something similar is always happening in our experience. As life rises to expression in us, and among men at large to whom literature is a living power, its energy of thought and emotion is drafted off through the established hereditary mediums, through Shakspeare, Scott, Dickens, and leaves no original trace of itself. The life which is led through literature—and it is always large in a reading people such as ours—has its superficial swirl and froth like the ocean, its thousand-tongued clamor of books of the hour; but its deep currents are silent, as the influence of the writers just named with myriads of thousands of annual readers reminds us. The Bible is still the great Gulf Stream in the literary consciousness of English people, and their life is daily expressed through its language and imagery and ideals, the

actual life of each day from matins to vespers; but it is a life on which, as of old, silence falls at the day's end. It leaves no original record of itself in new literature, just as the vitality of impulse, sympathy, and world-hope which expresses itself in us by an appropriation of the genius of Burns, Shelley, or Tennyson to our own uses burns out without shaping new moulds for others.

There is an original expression which creates literature and is individualistic; but it is rather in this sympathetic expression, which appropriates literature and is social, that popular literary life lies, and the latter may flourish abundantly when the former seems dead. Such was the case with the Puritan genius; it used literature of the highest quality, but it produced none, realizing, it is curious to observe, the literary ideal of Plato's "Republic," where a traditional, conservative, and sacred poetry was to reign, excluding any new individual expression.

The chief end of literature as the expression of life being thus anticipated and provided for, and the main stream of intense experience, out of which the creative impulse comes, being diverted through these hereditary Scriptural channels, there was left for the new American speech only the less essential things, the fringes of this life in its higher spiritual manifestation, and especially the whole of the lower plane of material affairs, the contemporaneous record of events, and, in a word, the environment.

Here, too, the religious life sent its rays from the centre out into the mortal field. There was an aura, for example, of special providences that filled the whole heaven round the settlements, not with the aloofness of miracle, but with a homely, hand-to-mouth nearness, so that the gray goose which John Dane shot at Chebacco Pond could not fall from the sky for his dinner except as the sparrow falls; no doubt the goose was as real to him as Elijah's ravens; and such a trifle best illustrates the omnipresent nearness of Providence in the people's thought, as close with the helping hand as with the all-seeing eye. There was by night another aura, too, of darkness from the pit, that made the Essex woods

gloom and creak with the Sabbath of witches, and gave Salem its nightmare year. The nearness of the devil was as natural as the nearness of God; and if lost men in the woods or on the sea or on ice-floes take their hunter's luck as providential, as they commonly do, it is as instinctive in human nature to feel in the sense of peril in the wilderness, in the slightness of life-shelter there, some diabolism in the shades. But while remarkable providences and witchcraft delusions are the most sensational phases of the record of our early annalists and diarists, the best part of it lies in its realistic story of the life of the times, its anecdotes of personal adventure, Indian captivity, explorations, voyages, shipwrecks like that marvellous one of Thacher and Avery, surprising deliverances—all the chronicle of pioneer life.

Here the old English speech, still smacking of the times of Elizabeth, hardens the knotty story with rude oaken strength, and discloses the individual primitive force, the daring, the resource, and resolution of the transplanted stock, with picturesque and deep-bitten realism in every scene. It is primarily a literature of character in the raw state that thus sprang up, with adventure as its mode of presentation; it is the stamped life of the time, that has proved more permanent because it was written down, but it is only fragments of that life whose living speech was so much more abundant and made the topic of secular interest round every meeting-house, in all the taverns, and by the blazing hearths of the whole country-side.

Historians, in their turn, took up the tale and composed the early annals of the new world, always with a pride in the land, and some thought of it as an oasis of God in His dealing with mankind, a sense that it was a place of deliverance, their very own, God's grant, the king's realm rather by legal courtesy than of right; the divine right, indeed, was in themselves, not in the king. The narrative itself is meagre and concerns simple things; but the spirit of it contained the political future. So, life beginning now to be long in the land, and the scattered settlements to multiply and knit together with a broader inclusion of common mundane interests, commerce

springing up and spreading southward to the West Indies, and wealth from home produce and foreign exchange making rich citizens in the principal towns, that movement of secularization set in which was the result of this growing diversity in employment, outlook, and ambition, and the world was more and more, and its problems assertive of their privilege to be first and its ways of their right to be commanding.

There was a fading out of the old fervor, a wave of the great awakening in religion in reaction, but the lessening oscillations showed that the element of religion had shrunk again to be only a part of life, and not the leading public part now. The clergy and the magistrates were less in alliance as one power of the state, and the former had lost place. They had left a few memorable names for landmarks—Eliot, Cotton, Mather, Edwards, among the chief—and some folios, the *Magnalia* the first; but the Puritan age was gone, the land was settled, the main interest of the people was secular, questions of trade and taxes came forward, and foremost of all, the question of government. If literature in the first century was mainly one that came home to men's bosoms, it was now one that came home to their business. Perhaps the illustrative moment of the change is best arrested in Franklin's boyhood, when he stayed at home from evening meeting on the Sabbath, not without some misgiving, because he could make a better use of his time in study.

The founding of a greater state than the Puritan commonwealth was now in hand, and the basis of it was broader in the roots of the nation among the dispersed colonies. The general complexion of the literature which set forth the growth of the environment of the new American life was the same in all the colonies; a similar record would be made later in the winning of the West, experience vividly felt being transcribed in the words of those who did or closely observed the deeds; and in these generations of the first conquest of the wilderness, Colonel Norwood's narrative in the South was of the same stripe as such memorabilia were to be everywhere. Yet in the North, owing to the greater strength of the literary habit, a certain

primacy remained in importance and fullness. In the new political development this would no longer be the case. The great documents of this literature, the Declaration and the Constitution, were written to the southward, though they were the product of the general sense of all; and round about them the writings of Jefferson, Adams, Madison, Paine, Otis, and their fellows clustered as a literature of interpretation of the great ideas they embodied, in a manner somewhat analogous to the way in which the sermons of the old clergy gathered around the Scriptures. Oratory had sprung up in the general forum, and belonged, like the newspapers, to the troubled times; and having great ideas to feed on, and being electrified by passion, it began that remarkable career which had its climax in Webster and only died in Phillips.

The political literature of the Revolution was the great achievement of the age in the intellectual sphere; and it was so great as it was because from the hour when its immortal classic, the Declaration, was read by Washington's order at the head of every regiment, the practical energy of the new-born nation went into it completely, engaged in the labor of applying to life those ideas of free government which had become the absorbing thought and emotion of the people, both in battle and in council; and, moreover, not only were the ideas themselves of commanding power, but they were set forth in words and bodied forth in institutions by great characters. Washington's "Farewell Address" is reckoned a monument of the time scarcely inferior in dignity to the two instruments that preceded it; and one great book of government, *The Federalist*, summed up the broad national thought.

In these writings, distinctively, was the literary outburst of life, as it then sought expression in the language, imagery, and ideas of public liberty, as directly, pervasively, and energetically as in the Puritan commonwealth in the earlier age it had found utterance in the language and imagery and ideals of the Bible; it was here as thoroughly political as it had before been religious; but here, too, it is life expressed in literature, though now the form is original and in-

digenous. The first great contact of life and letters in America was through religious passion in inherited forms of speech; the second great contact was through political passion, and created a new literature for itself; between the two lay that literature, always more or less in evidence, describing the environment of life and its events realistically, or summing it up in history or annals. Such is the story of the interaction of American life and letters in their vital connection in the colonial times.

Is it too brief a tale, too scant in names and titles, too little diversified? Does it slight academic definitions, preconceptions of the bibliographer and antiquarian, the received tradition of our colonial literature which has so swelled in bulk by the labors of our literary historians in the last thirty years of local research? What of *The Day of Doom*, *The New England Primer*, and *Poor Richard's Almanack*, and the other wooden worthies of our Noah's Ark, survivors from the flood, archaic idols? These are relics of a literary fetichism, together with Franklin's *Autobiography* and Edwards's *On the Freedom of the Will*, except that the great character of Franklin still pleads for one and the great intellect of Edwards for the other with a few. They do not belong with the books that become the classics of a nation. They are not necessarily remembered. Their being mentioned at all denotes the scarcity of colonial books that can be brought even by charity under the head of literature in its polite sense.

The contact of the colonists with elegant letters, as imported from England, was also inconspicuous. It is true that William Hawthorne, the ancestor of the romancer, brought over Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, and the thought of that stern captain and orator of the Puritan assembly reading the lore of the shepherd-knights of love in the far different wild of Salem fills one with amazement; but the fact is significant of the kind of touch with England then maintained, and not through the scholars of the old-home Cambridge alone. Spenser was also known, and Du Bartas; and as time went on the Puritan literature came over, Milton and Bunyan, and then Cowper—the characteristic books to be found in New

England homes at the end of the period, and long afterwards the familiar books of the house there. But those who felt the literary impulse from these imported writings were few, and achieved nothing; gather up their slender compositions as we may with pious care, it is only for reburial. The fertilizing power of such books was long delayed—so long, in fact, as to bring the eighteenth century nearer to us than it is to Englishmen; for Addison, who first was felt in Irving, is still perceptible in Curtis, and Holmes hardly escaped being one of Pope's imitators. It is only one hide-bound in academic prejudice who could treat such a rill of Parnassus as imitative colonial verse as a matter of any importance in our literature. The people were a prose people, who had both their practical and spiritual life in prose; what was to them the substance of poetry in their lives was clothed in prose, however exalted with the rhythm of deep natural feeling; their very hymns had lost the sense of poetic form. They had, in truth, forgotten poetry; the perception of it as a noble and exquisite form of language had gone from them, nor did it come back till Bryant recaptured for the first time its grander lines at the same time that he gave landscape to the virgin horizons of his country.

Slowly, however, the ground was prepared for literature in the narrower sense; it was the last of the great natural functions of a civilized state to revive on the new soil; even now it is only with reservations that it can be said to have reached the dignity of a distinct profession among us. The clergy and the statesmen used it only as a tool in their own crafts for ulterior ends; they did not value it as an art capable of products that belong only to itself. There was no place for the man of letters in the social arrangement; there was no market for his wares in the social economy; religious and political ideals were supplied in abundance, and no need was felt for other ideals; and as for entertainment, it was a hard-working world, this young America, fully employed with its material tasks in subduing the soil, advancing the border, establishing trade, manufacture, and commerce, founding institutions, planting the state in all ways.

Communication spread through the colonies, which drew together, but this communication was ecclesiastical, mercantile, political; and, in fact, it was scientific before it was literary. The first class, too, that developed wealth was a burgher commercial class, whose indulgence was in articles of costly merchandise, in luxuries of the house and dress, in comfortable living—the old Tory class, materialized with new riches and interested in the old order as one in which they were substantial citizens. Letters have seldom flourished in such an environment. It was not until the prosperous times after the Revolution in a wider and more varied world that signs of literary consciousness can be discerned. In the newspapers there began to be indications of literary ambition, and in the publications that were late fruits of the periodical movement in the English eighteenth century there were signs of literary breeding, but the minds of the contributors fed on the husks of a foreign taste. The presses of Philadelphia and Wilmington had reprinted English books, and English radicalism was early welcomed and had a living contemporary force; Mary Wollstonecraft's books, for example, were issued and had influence.

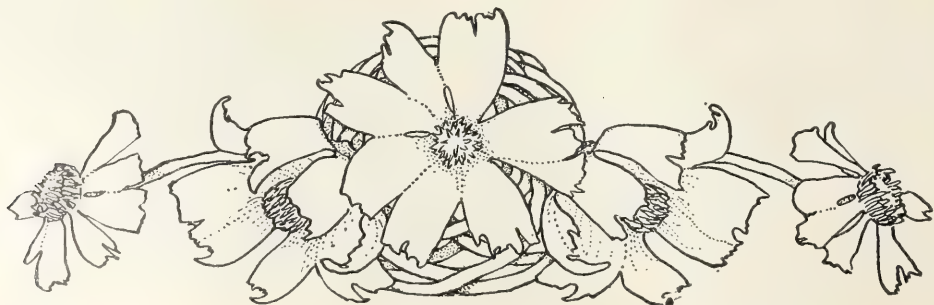
There was rapid expansion in the field of books; readers increased in numbers; a demand arose for works current in the mother-country, as well as for standard authors of the closing century. Perhaps the clearest sign of the coming revival was to be seen in the first public libraries, called social libraries, that sprang up in the New England coast towns, and were considerable collections for general use. Their catalogues show what books were read, and while they contain a large proportion of religious works, manuals of counsel for parents and youth, serious meditative discourses, and the like, they are also filled with travel, history, the science of those days, the English classic poets and prose-writers, and are not destitute of fiction and plays. They reveal the existence of a distinct literary attention in the community, which was in readiness for the native writers, or if they failed to arise, these little libraries would breed them. What was true of the neighborhood of Boston was also the case in other

local centres as far south as Philadelphia at least; the reading public, interested in contemporary books, and also familiarized with the traditional higher forms of the literary art, essay, tale, and poem, had come.

The first appearance of an American spirit, indigenous and of the soil, would naturally be found in that folk-literature that comes with printer's ink, instead of the old bardic harp, the broadside of ballad and news; but of this there was only a small product, chiefly remembered by the "Song of Braddock's Men," the ballad of "Nathan Hale," "Yankee Doodle," and the like; and no popular writer rose out of it. The first name distinctly literary was that of Philip Freneau, whose poems, following the manner of the contemporary English school, had American color in their subjects; but, though he possessed literary feeling, he had no distinction except as a solitary figure, and he made no wide appeal to his countrymen. Charles Brockden Brown, the earliest American novelist, was of a much stronger native fibre. He had an original impulse, springing from his times and his environment, and his novels were localized on the soil. In manner he too adopted the current English fashion, and yet not slavishly, but with a purpose to reform and advance it, and put it to new uses. He made a conscious attempt to substitute realism for romantic supernaturalism, and turned from the Gothic castle and the ghost to those quasi-scientific phenomena, such as ventriloquism, somnambulism, and clairvoyance, for the magic of his mystery, and to the contemporary things of America, such as the Indian and the yellow-fever pest in New York, for the substance of his physical background. He remained, however, too closely attached to the pseudo-romantic in character, and was too much interested in the ideas of God-

win's English radicalism, to be able to break out a plain human story from the shell of life in the colonies, as Miss Edgeworth did in the case of Irish and Scott in the case of Scotch life. He was far from being a genius in fiction; but American traits, things, and contemporary interests are strongly marked in his curiously composite tales; the ferment of new literary life is in them. In the elder Richard Henry Dana, who held a similar position in the New England centre, poetry and fiction were blended, but neither element disclosed American originality, except by some modification of his English exemplars in respect to the setting of his works. The character, the passion, the situation, are still of the pseudo-romantic English school, which was the tap-root of Byronism, and in Dana sent out a wandering shoot oversea. But Freneau, Brown, and Dana, though their works are long forgotten, illustrate the sort of literary creation that went on in the opening of the New World to the poetic and romantic imagination of its own sons. They were pioneers of the literary art and profession, with habits English-bred but working in the home field.

These were our beginnings in the life which a people leads through books, those which it inherits from the fathers, and those which it creates out of itself. This life lay almost exclusively in the religious, political, and historic fields; it was only with the generation born after the Revolution that literature was practised as a fine art in an independent and original way. But the colonial generations had done their work, and the time was ripe for complete life on the scale of Western civilization. They had planted religion, liberty, letters, which are the three estates of a great nation; and literature had been their instrument in each phase of the triple task.



The Chevalier and the Baby

BY EUGENE R. WHITE

IF it is true that *La Fidèle* was the first ship from France to reach Quebec that fateful year 1759, it is no less true that the Chevalier Nyon de St. Ange de Hautrive was the first passenger to gain a footing on the wharf. There are some matters that will not wait for gang-planks. The remission of sins, when one has brooded over them during a fretful passage, is one of them.

St. Ange leaped into the excited crowd. Somewhere in it, no doubt, was a woman—a woman at once sad-eyed and love-mouthed. On meeting her he would offer her, hilt foremost, his bared rapier. Or would he? He could not tell as the blood thickened in his corded neck. Women are uncertain factors, thought he, and such experience as he had of them gave him no clew. His knowledge, it is true, had been gained mostly from thick-ankled wenches in Flanders, and she was none of these. Her fragile beauty— But find her first, then let impulse decide.

The crowd meantime, habitant and trapper, soldier, priest, or merchant, to say nothing of the voluble women, was boiling with questions. Stupids! Might a six months' history of France and Europe be compressed into a bolus of knowledge that each might swallow? And had he not the first right to question?

"What mistress has the King?" fired several. "The same—why not?" answered St. Ange. "Would d'Argenson send troops; were they on the way?" But Fouquet was Minister of War, explained the Chevalier. "Was the English fleet—" What knew he of English fleets? what cared he? Did they know a woman—Agnes Duplessis? A slight, dark-skinned— But it was a difficult matter to ask a question! The crowd chattered on, tense with its own importance.

And, alas! St. Ange asked his question for full four days and got no answer. Clearly this New France was a

larger place than he had thought. There was nothing to do save present his credentials and pass on to Montreal, an obscure place up the great river.

The Marquis de Montcalm read his introductions and had him to dinner. The voluble host had no need of surveying St. Ange critically. He saw a tall and spare man, stiff in manner, reticent in speech. He looked at his eyes and saw them troubled, at his mouth and saw him stubborn. He looked at his hands and smiled approval.

"And you were with the guards at Fontenoy?" asked the Governor. There was an assenting nod. St. Ange was eighteen when Fontenoy, his virgin engagement, was fought.

"You came for fighting? You have not said," questioned Montcalm. St. Ange, no diplomat, stammered.

"There is a matter—a matter of a woman," he finally said.

"Ah! a woman," said Montcalm, in surprise. He would not have thought it of this spare young man; such men are not for women.

St. Ange had come, some two years ago, into a corner of Tours to visit his rheumatic father in his mottled old château. The aristocratic neighboring aristocracy found him stupid. Then he found Agnes Duplessis. Her great eyes both trusted and flattered. Her delicate beauty drew him as he had never been drawn—he a soldier of France who had had little time for such bewitchments. There were meetings and meetings; things said, things done. Then came a parting; St. Ange was summoned unexpectedly. He went, taking little thought of what he had done. His memory was by turns sweet and bitter. Hers was wholly sweet for a time, then wholly bitter; but never so bitter that hope might not have made it sweet again. But hope denied the girl even himself, and one day not much later her father denied her too,



THEN CAME A PARTING

standing grimly by the door as she walked out. She went to Canada.

The Chevalier went on making war. The battle-field found him courtly; peace, a scoundrel. In common with his fellows at that time he kept a rigorous code in warfare and a laxer one, if any at all, in other affairs of life. The system bred blackguards, but they were blackguards that kept hungry Europe in abeyance.

How the mood changed, how thought stripped his heart bare and he saw it for the black thing it was, miracle though it is, is more a concern, even now, of his than ours. The eyes of Agnes haunted him by day, her voice by night. He had summoned passion, but love had answered. Was it love or contrition that bade him find her? If love bade him go, contrition drove in the spurs. He went and found a scoffing elder brother, his, and a cursing father, hers. And there was nothing forthwith

but the other side of the world and a wronged woman there. Yes—there was a matter of a woman!

There was little to tell to Montcalm. That worthy waited for the story, but when none came he shrugged an answer, then added that there was a vacancy or two, if St. Ange cared for fighting.

"I must go to Montreal," said the Chevalier. "Once I find her, then, perhaps, I shall be glad to be at your service."

"And the service of France," added Montcalm.

It was arranged that if St. Ange wished a vacancy he should take one in the Royal Roussillon, then at Fort Niagara, a western post commanded by that splendid officer and engineer Captain Pouchot. So St. Ange went to Montreal.

No Agnes there, no trace of her. A quest through weeks showed no sign. So St. Ange took to war as some might take to drink. Bitter with the bitterness of

nonplussed hope, he wrote Montcalm, received instructions, and set out up the great valley, companioned by Indians and several soldiers of the battalion of La Sarre. At La Présentation they embarked on the small corvette *L'Outarde*, which before he knew it was on the great freshwater sea, the other end of which was held by Fort Niagara.

The soldiers lay on the hot deck, their white uniforms faced with violet, their black three-cornered hats and black gaiters in sharp relief as they dined or sang. St. Ange sat apart, stroking with slow reflectiveness a new-grown beard of tawny hue. Once a conscience develops at thirty, life has little pleasure.

One night a sudden storm came. It was no less furious than sudden, and the lake was whipped to a yeasty foam before St. Ange, an indifferent sailor, knew there was danger. There were cries to the Virgin, vows to Ste. Anne, and a confused, clamorous half-hour, and then the poorly fashioned craft beat on a bar. Clinging to a plank which he had somehow caught, St. Ange drifted, it seemed, for hours, then kicked out his foot and touched bottom. Then he was lifted, rolled, and deposited on a sandy beach, sputtering a liquid prayer to the starless night above him.

Dawn found him clasping his knees as he watched the yellowed waves curve, curl, and crash upon the beach. A red sun soon warmed the fresh air, and St. Ange slapped his lean legs through his wet clothes. He threw back his shoulders and drank of the morning. There was an endless lake in front, curving to a headland at each side, and behind him a black-green belt of forest. St. Ange knew nothing of woodcraft, nothing of this strange vast country. He could but imagine in what direction lay Niagara.

Where were his fellows? Three were on the beach with staring eyes. As he surveyed them he saw another, alive. It was Chabert Tunlac, the fat armorer. Rude graves were made, and the pair started. Tunlac, himself no woodsman, started at the wind in the basswood-trees, saw painted Indians in every stray sumac. This alarmed the Chevalier at first, but it soon wore off. It was evident that no human being was within a hundred leagues—or so it seemed.

They hugged the shore, save where a cliff obtruded a red-brown nose into the lake. Slashed by twigs, their feet clutched by the sand, they stumbled on. The first day had all but closed and the shadows were swallowing the beach, when they saw a party of Indians ahead on the shore. Tunlac feared they were hostile Iroquois, then gathering under Sir William Johnson, but the late guardsman of France cared little for such distinctions. He desired food.

The Indians were women, and, upon seeing the pair—Tunlac dragging a musket he had miraculously saved—they fled with wild cries. They were into the brush like rabbits before the Chevalier could stop them. He attempted chase, gave it up, and returned to find the armorer dancing with joy. Tunlac had found a considerable store of food—corn, dried fish, and such other victuals as the native race found goodly.

The Chevalier and the armorer ate, and in eating jested with marvellous good-fellowship. "I have fought," said St. Ange, "when they served ices in the trenches, but no food ever outrelished this." The armorer, jowls distended with corn, grunted mirthfully.

Then came a cry. It seemed near at hand, then far away; a low whimpering sound, fitful, soul-shivering. Jaws stopped in mid-bite, and the armorer crossed himself, murmuring, "The loup-garou."

Again the cry. Animal or human? Demon or savage? There was a wail, a choking crescendo of woe. St. Ange walked a toise or so down the beach. He kicked at a bundle of peltry, turned the skins, to reveal—by the bones of all the saints!—a baby. The babe, much less surprised than the Chevalier, looked up from gnawing a red fist, and narrowed its eyes and broadened its mouth into a welcoming grin.

"Soul of Bacchus!" said the armorer from behind, "a white baby." So it was. The Chevalier had not noticed that this fact was peculiar.

"Come back," shouted St. Ange at the Indian women; but the woods answered mockingly, knowing the squaws were a mile away, spraddled with fear. They had seen an avenging party in the Frenchmen.

Meantime the baby, having exchanged

salutations, demanded food, after the manner of its kind, insistently, imperiously.

"They have injured it; may they fry in hell!" said the Chevalier, his heart touched.

"It is hungry," said Tunlac, who had a matter of six at home.

"Get it food, then," said St. Ange.

"Is it not too young, then," said the armorer, his face showing his distress, "to eat dried fish and corn?"

"Am I to know?" answered St. Ange, angrily. "Try."

Tunlac ran for the store. St. Ange, turning to see if he had gone and could not watch, picked up the little burden and locked the babe full in the face. He held it at arm's-length in perplexity. How was he to still so constant a tempest? "What a noisy brat it is!" he said, and he sat down on the sand beside it. A pest upon such countries, where deserted babies are found on desolate beaches! But doubtless the baby was a Christian. What were they to do? The answer was quickly formed: he would carry the musket; the armorer must carry the baby. Tunlac, that busy gossip, was soon back, and, to the great delight of both, the babe ate ravenously. "By all the blessed names of beef," said the armorer, "it eats like a pig!"

Then night came, softly, pervasively. The tired Frenchmen slept, the bare beach for a bed, the baby resting on the pile of skins. In the morning a warm land-breeze swept over the beach as sweet and rhythmical as though from the nostrils of some great sleeper—Nature herself, perhaps. Morning birds twittered in the oaks along the shore, and clear against the new-washed sky-line there bounded and tacked uncertainly a great yellow and black butterfly, which the baby, newly awakened, beheld, and stretched out to it his little arms excitedly, and wept when it passed by. A tall bearded man thereat awoke, rose on elbow, rubbed his eyes, and looking at the baby half-eyed, grabbed it, saying, "Mother of Heaven, it is all true!"

The child crept to the man, making the music of riotous content. The man held it to his breast. He patted a fat hand bulging with curves. Looking up, St. Ange saw that he was regarded by a

blinking habitant. "Lout," he thundered, "what do you mean spying upon me?"

The baby, startled, began to cry. "There," said the Chevalier; "you have made the brat cry."

Soon after the three started for Fort Niagara. The Chevalier was little given to casuistry. Matters were best accepted as found. If Fate decreed that he should tramp an unknown shore companioned by a gross armorer and a baby, there was no reason to theorize about it. Nothing was to be done but plod ahead.

When the sun was overhead, the Chevalier called a halt. Tunlac he sent into the belt of woods to see if he could find a stream. The armorer started to question, but St. Ange drove him away with an oath. When once the armorer was gone, St. Ange furtively took the babe and walked to the water's edge. And then, tearing a huge ruffle from his shirt, daintily fashioned of lace and linen, Nyon de St. Ange de Hautrive, late guardsman of France, and the first in a dozen bastions at the head of a reckless troop, took this splendid ruffle, dipped it in Ontario, and then and there washed the protesting face of an unknown baby, and got as thanks naught but squeals and shouts of rage.

The afternoon was a weary one. The babe had grown fretful.

With almost its first crying-spell St. Ange had decided to carry it, and Tunlac shouldered his gun once more. The three had made great inroads upon the scant store of food, and St. Ange began to wonder. When night circled in her great arc he felt they had gone but a short distance on their journey. They made a better camp, ate, and fell asleep. St. Ange soon woke at the baby's whining, and seizing the little mite, he cuddled it.

Another day went, and with its passing there nearly passed as well the little store of food. The Chevalier eyed it with alarm. "How far is this cursed fort?" he asked, but the armorer could only shrug amid his vows to Ste. Anne.

The packet of food lay at Tunlac's head, and that night, upon thinking it over, St. Ange decided he would take a handful of corn or so and store it away in his pocket for fear that the worst should come and—he dared not think it definitely—the babe might suffer.



THE CHILD CREPT TO THE MAN, MAKING THE MUSIC OF RIOTOUS CONTENT

He crept in the dark, took the leather pouch, opened it, and in the very dim light saw that the stock of corn had been depleted. St. Ange gave a swift glance at the fat armorer in front of him. A moment after he had his lean fingers deep in Tunlac's pouchy neck.

Tunlac screamed—at least tried to—and his eyes, wild with terror, were no less alarmed when he saw that it was the Chevalier.

"Cur!" hissed St. Ange; "robber of babes! You would fill your miserable gut, then, at such a moment? One good bellyful before you starved! You will go, you hound, to where you'll eat your fill, and your fill will be fire!" And St. Ange flung him backward.

Tunlac grovelled, whimpering. "What have I done, sire?"

"Done?" screamed St. Ange—"done? You've stolen the corn; is not that enough? You've—"

"But here it is, sire," said Tunlac, rising to his knees and taking from his

breast a thonged skin—"here it is, and the half of my portion to-day. I thought—I thought—"

"You thought what?" hissed the Chevalier.

"That the baby, sire—I've one at home—that the baby might need some. It has so little strength, and we—"

"Fool, go back to sleep."

It irked St. Ange more than he dared admit to himself that Tunlac had thought of this first. What was a baby, then, that men like the armorer had its welfare so constantly in their minds?

Upon awakening, the baby ate more ravenously than ever. Scarce two handfuls of corn remained when he had taken his fill. St. Ange did not refer to the event of the night before, and the two strode along in silence.

While climbing a crumbling red-clay cliff, soon after, the armorer slipped, fell, and went tumbling to the bottom. He lay there groaning. He had sprained his left ankle. Here was a difficulty indeed!



"AGNES—IT IS AGNES!"

"Go on, sire," said the man—and yet the Chevalier could see he trembled at the thought of being left—"go on. The fort can't be far away."

"But," said St. Ange, who had come to regard this man with some affection—"but—"

"The baby, sire," said Tunlac, turning away his head.

Too true. The baby! St. Ange stooped, and bade him good-by.

The day grew hot with the heat of a kiln. Along the bank, in the deep sand, the Chevalier trudged. Despair grew—turned to panic fear. The baby cried the louder. His weight seemed intolerable. Everything was intolerable, and the trees seemed fire-fringed to the man as he walked. Flames were behind him, he knew that, and did he but pause an instant they would lap him and the baby with their curling tongues!

A moment more and St. Ange was stumbling, cursing as he stumbled, wild-eyed, mad!

It happened on that day that Oliver de la Verney, captain of the Marine, together with Captain Vilar, with a picket taken from the regiment of La Sarre, were manœuvring in the vicinity of "La Belle Famille," which is somewhat to the south of Fort Niagara.

As de la Verney reports in his memoirs, they happened upon a strange matter. Says the record: "A man burst from the forest into the opening where then we were. He wore a tattered uniform which I could not distinguish. I stood out to interpose him, but he gave me so wild a look that I unconsciously drew my sword. 'Back, men of the line,' he shouted, in a voice used to command. 'Pass in review,' he added, and held up with thin bare arms a baby, which, streaked and mottled with dirt as it was, I recognized as the baby of the post. I jumped forward to seize it, when the man fell screaming. He lost consciousness, and we carried him to the fort, desirous of knowing his history. The baby I restored to his mother, Madame Pilar. He had been stolen by some Indian women of the Senneke [Senecas], several days before, and the mother was near dead with grief."

So runs the memoir, now on file in Albany.

Two days later a man lay on a pallet

in the great stone building of Fort Niagara. He stirred uneasily, opened his eyes, and looked into the kindly face of Captain Pouchot. "Ah!" said that officer, "awake, Chevalier?"

"Am I at the fort?" asked the man on the pallet, weakly.

"At Fort Niagara. I am Captain Pouchot, and I have taken the liberty of reading the letter addressed to me in your pouch. Go back and refresh yourself with sleep. You had a touch of sunstroke. Get a bit more rest, and you may see the famous baby."

It was true, then; there had been a baby.

"You saved the mother's life too; she was wellnigh distraught," went on Pouchot. "But get more rest. Your man, the armorer, has been found."

St. Ange sank back, closing his eyes. When evening came he asked for food, which was given him. He felt much stronger. Pouchot came and asked him if he felt well enough to receive the thanks of the baby's mother.

"She's been pacing the corridor outside," said the captain, "waiting for a chance to thank you."

"Let her come," said St. Ange.

A woman entered the door. St. Ange sat up. The woman stood beside him; a woman who had made her bed with sorrow: a woman who had lost the too-sweet beauty of youth for a better beauty. She held a baby in her arms.

St. Ange looked up. His eyes widened, jaw dropped. Then he sprang to his feet, holding out two thin arms.

"Agnes, Agnes, Agnes—it is Agnes!" His voice was all but inaudible for its low huskiness.

The woman met his glance, yet did not advance.

"At last," said St. Ange, "I have found—"

"Found?" asked the woman, quickly. "You sought me?" She could scarce breathe till the answer came.

"And found," he said, and she knew.

Then they drew together, and would have drawn closer save that the woman held a burden. As he saw it St. Ange started back. "By all the saints!" he cried, "the baby?"

"What? Did you not know, then?" answered she.

What the Astronomers are Doing

BY SIMON NEWCOMB, LL.D.

IN no field of science has human knowledge been more extended in our time than in that of astronomy. Forty years ago astronomical research seemed quite barren of results of great interest or value to our race. The observers of the world were working on a traditional system, grinding out results in an endless course, without seeing any prospect of the great generalizations to which they might ultimately lead. Now, this is all changed. A new instrument, the spectroscope, has been developed, the wonders of whose revelations we are just beginning to learn. The application of photography has been so extended that, in some important branches of astronomical work the observer simply photographs the phenomenon which he is to study, and then makes his observation on the developed negative.

The world of astronomy is one of the busiest that can be found to-day, and the writer's object in the present paper is to invite the reader to take a stroll through it and see what is going on in it. We may begin our inspection with a body which is, for us, next to the earth, the most important in the universe. I mean the sun. At the Greenwich Observatory the sun has for more than twenty years been regularly photographed on every clear day, with the view of determining the changes going on in its spots. In recent years these observations have been supplemented by others, made at stations in India and Mauritius, so that by the combination of all it is quite exceptional to have an entire day pass without at least one photograph being taken. On these observations must mainly rest our knowledge of the curious cycle of change in the solar spots, which goes through a period of about eleven years, but of which no one has as yet been able to establish the cause.

This Greenwich system has been extended and improved by an American. Professor George E. Hale, Director of

the Yerkes Observatory, has devised an instrument for taking photographs of the sun by a single ray of the spectrum—for example, by the light emitted by calcium, the base of lime, and one of the substances most abundant in the sun. This instrument has shown that the particular form of solar activity which gives rise to spots really pervades the entire surface of the sun, only it is more active where the sun-spots are seen.

Professor Langley, at the Astro-Physical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution, has just completed one of the most important works ever carried out on the light of the sun. He has for years been analyzing those of its rays which, although entirely invisible to our eyes, are of the same nature as those of light, and are felt by us as heat. He invented a sort of artificial eye, which he called a bolometer, in which the optic nerve is made of an extremely thin strip of metal, so slight that one can hardly see it, which is traversed by an electric current. This eye would be so dazzled by the heat radiated from one's body that, when in use, it must be protected from all such heat by being inclosed in a case kept at a constant temperature by being immersed in water. With this eye Langley has mapped the heat rays of the sun down to an extent and with a precision which were before entirely unknown.

The question of possible changes in the sun's radiation, and of the relation of those changes to human welfare, still eludes our scrutiny. With all the efforts that have been made, the physicist of to-day has not yet been able to make anything like an exact determination of the total amount of heat received from the sun. The largest measurements are almost double the smallest. This is partly due to the atmosphere absorbing an unknown and variable fraction of the sun's rays which pass through it, and partly to the difficulty of distinguishing the

heat radiated by the sun from that radiated by terrestrial objects.

What we call universology—the knowledge of the structure and extent of the universe—must begin with a study of the starry heavens as we see them. There are perhaps one hundred million stars in the sky within the reach of telescopic vision. This number is too great to allow of all the stars being studied individually; yet, to form the basis for any conclusion, we must know the positions and arrangement of as many of them as possible.

The first want is a catalogue giving very precise positions of as many of the brighter stars as possible. The principal national observatories, as well as some others, are engaged in carrying on this work. Up to the present time about 200,000 stars visible in our latitudes have been catalogued on this precise plan, and the work is still going on. In that part of the sky which we never see, because it is only visible from the Southern Hemisphere, the corresponding work is far from being as extensive. Sir David Gill, astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, and also the directors of other Southern observatories, are engaged in pushing it forward as rapidly as the limited facilities at their disposal will allow.

Next in order comes the work of simply listing as many stars as possible. Here the most exact positions are not required. It is only necessary to lay down the position of each star with sufficient exactness to distinguish it from all its neighbors. About 400,000 stars were during the last half-century listed in this way at the observatory of Bonn by Argelander, Schonfeld, and their assistants. This work is now being carried through the Southern Hemisphere on a large scale by Thome, Director of the Cordova Observatory, in the Argentine Republic. This was founded thirty years ago by our Dr. B. A. Gould, who turned it over to Dr. Thome in 1886. The latter has, up to the present time, fixed and published the positions of nearly half a million stars. The work is still going on, but its completion will require several years.

About twenty years ago it was discovered that, by means of a telescope especially adapted to this purpose, it was possible to photograph many more stars

than an instrument of the same size would show to the eye. This discovery was soon applied in various quarters. Sir David Gill, with characteristic energy, photographed the stars of the Southern sky to the number of nearly half a million. As it was beyond his power to measure off and compute the positions of the stars from his plates, the latter were sent to Professor J. C. Kapteyn, of Holland, who undertook the enormous labor of collecting them into a catalogue, the last volume of which was published two years ago. One curious result of this enterprise is that the work of listing the stars is more complete for the Southern Hemisphere than for the Northern.

Another great photographic work now in progress has to do with the millions of stars which it is impossible to handle individually. Fifteen years ago an association of observatories in both hemispheres undertook to make a photographic chart of the sky on the largest scale. Some portions of this work are now approaching completion, but in others it is still in a backward state, owing to the failure of several South American observatories to carry out their part of the programme. When it is all done we shall have a picture of the sky the study of which may require the labor of a whole generation of astronomers.

Quite independently of this work, the Harvard University, under the direction of Professor Pickering, keeps up the work of photographing the sky on a surprising scale. On this plan we do not have to leave it to posterity to learn whether there is any change in the heavens, for one result of the enterprise has been the discovery of four of the new stars which now and then blaze out in the heavens at points where none were before known.

The works just mentioned are concerned with the stars. But the heavenly spaces contain nebulae as well as stars; and photography could now be even more successful in picturing them than the stars. A few years ago the late lamented Keeler, at the Lick Observatory, undertook to see what could be done by pointing the Crossley reflecting telescope at the sky and putting a sensitive photographic plate in the focus. He was surprised to find that a great number of nebulae, the existence of which had never before been suspected,

were impressed on the plate. Up to the present time the positions of about 8000 of these objects have been listed. Keeler found that there were probably 200,000 nebulae in the heavens capable of being photographed with the Crossley reflector. But the work of taking these photographs is so great, and the number of reflecting telescopes which can be applied to it so small, that no one has ventured to seriously commence it. It is worthy of remark that only a very small fraction of these objects which can be photographed are visible to the eye, even with the most powerful telescope.

In order that our knowledge of the position of a star may be complete, we must know its distance. This can be measured only through the star's parallax—that is to say, the slight change in its direction produced by the swing of our earth around its orbit. But so vast is the distance in question that this change is immeasurably small except for, perhaps, a few hundred stars, and even for these its measurement almost baffles the skill of the most expert astronomer. Progress in this direction is therefore very slow, and there are probably not yet a hundred stars of which the parallax has been ascertained with any approach to certainty. Dr. Chase is now carrying through an important work of this kind at the Yale Observatory.

To the most refined telescopic observations, as well as to the naked eye, the stars seem all alike, except that they differ greatly in brightness, and somewhat in color. But when their light is analyzed by the spectroscope, it is found that scarcely any two are exactly alike. An important part of the work of the astrophysical observatories, especially that of Harvard, consists in photographing the spectra of thousands of stars, and studying the peculiarities thus brought out. At Harvard a large portion of this work is done as part of the work of the Henry Draper Memorial, established in memory of the eminent investigator of New York, who died twenty years ago.

By a comparison of the spectra of stars, Sir William Huggins has developed the idea that these bodies, like human beings, have a life history. They are nebulae in infancy, while the progress to old age is marked by a constant increase

in the density of their substance. Their temperature also changes in a way analogous to the vigor of the human being. During a certain time the star continually grows hotter and hotter. But an end to this must come, and it cools off in old age. What the age of a star may be is hard even to guess. It is many millions of years, perhaps hundreds, possibly even thousands, of millions.

Some attempt at giving the magnitude is included in every considerable list of stars. The work of determining the magnitudes with the greatest precision is so laborious that it must go on rather slowly. It is being pursued on a large scale at the Harvard Observatory, as well as in that of Potsdam, Germany.

We come now to the question of changes in the appearance of bright stars. It seems pretty certain that more than one per cent. of these bodies fluctuate to a greater or less extent in their light. Observations of these fluctuations, in the case of at least the brighter stars, may be carried on without any instrument more expensive than a good opera-glass—in fact, in the case of stars visible to the naked eye, with no instrument at all.

As a general rule, the light of these stars goes through its changes in a regular period, which is sometimes as short as a few hours, but generally several days, frequently a large fraction of a year, or even eighteen months. Observations of these stars are made to determine the length of the period and the law of variation of the brightness. Any person with a good eye and skill in making estimates can make the observations if he will devote sufficient pains to training himself; but they require a degree of care and assiduity which is not to be expected of any one but an enthusiast on the subject. One of the most successful observers of the present time is Mr. W. A. Roberts, a resident of South Africa, who has not been prevented by the Boer war from keeping up a watch of the Southern sky, which has resulted in greatly increasing our knowledge of variable stars in that part of the heavens. There are also quite a number of astronomers in Europe and America who make this particular study their specialty.

During the past fifteen years the art of measuring the speed with which a star

is approaching to us or receding from us has been brought to a wonderful perfection. The instrument with which this was first done was the spectroscope; it is now replaced with another of the same general kind, called the spectrograph. The latter differs from the other only in that the spectrum of the star is photographed, and the observer makes his measures on the negative. This method was first extensively applied at the Potsdam Observatory in Germany, and has lately become one of the specialties of the Lick Observatory, where Professor Campbell has brought it to a wonderful degree of perfection. The Yerkes Observatory is also beginning work in the same line, where Professor Frost is already rivalling the Lick Observatory in the perfection of his measures.

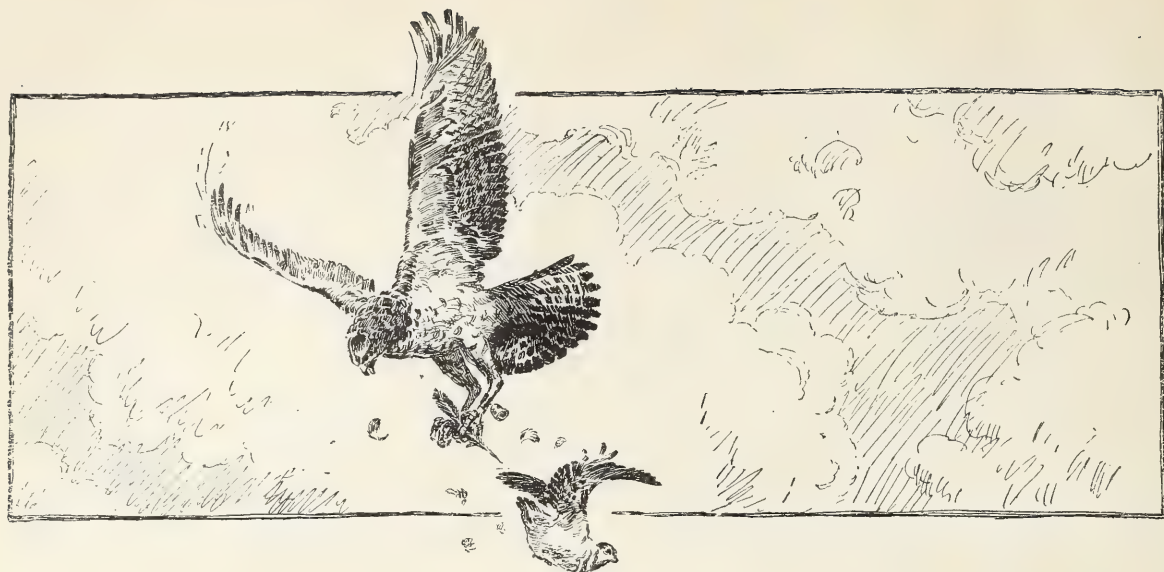
Let us now go back to our own little colony and see what is being done to advance our knowledge of the solar system. This consists of planets, on one of which we dwell, moons revolving around them, comets, and meteoric bodies. The principal national observatories keep up a more or less orderly system of observations of the positions of the planets and their satellites in order to determine the laws of their motion. As in the case of the stars, it is necessary to continue these observations through long periods of time in order that everything possible to learn may be discovered. Our own moon is one of the enigmas of the mathematical astronomer. Observations show that she is deviating from her predicted place, and that this deviation continues to increase. True, it is not very great when measured by an ordinary standard. The time at which the moon's shadow passed a given point near Norfolk during the total eclipse of May 29, 1900, was only about seven seconds different from the time given in the *Astronomical Ephemeris*. The path of the shadow along the earth was not out of place by more than one or two miles. But, small though these deviations are, they show that something is wrong, and no one has as yet found out what it is. Worse yet, the deviation will in all likelihood go on increasing rapidly. The mathematical problems involved are of such complexity that it is only now and then that a mathematician turns up

anywhere in the world who is both able and bold enough to attack them.

There now seems little doubt that Jupiter is a miniature sun, only not hot enough at its surface to shine by its own light. The point in which it most resembles the sun is that its equatorial regions rotate in less time than do the regions near the poles. This shows that what we see is not a solid body. But none of the careful observers have yet succeeded in determining the law of this difference of rotation.

Twelve years ago a suspicion which had long been entertained that the earth's axis of rotation varied a little from time to time was verified by Chandler. The result of this is a slight change in the latitude of all places on the earth's surface, which admits of being determined by precise observations. The National Geodetic Association has established four observatories on the same parallel of latitude—one at Gaithersburg, Maryland, another on the Pacific coast, a third in Japan, and a fourth in Italy—to study these variations by continuous observations from night to night.

A fact which will appeal to our readers on this side of the Atlantic is the success of American astronomers. Sixty years ago it could not be said that there was a well-known observatory on the American Continent. The cultivation of astronomy was confined to a professor here and there, who seldom had anything better than a little telescope with which he showed the heavenly bodies to his students. But during the past thirty years all this has been changed. The total quantity of published research is still less among us than on the continent of Europe, but the number of men who have reached the highest success among us may be judged by one fact. The Royal Astronomical Society of England awards an annual medal to the English or foreign astronomer deemed most worthy of it. The number of these medals awarded to Americans within twenty-five years is just about equal to the number awarded to the astronomers of all other nations foreign to the English. Of its fifty foreign associates chosen for their eminence in astronomical research, no less than fourteen are Americans.



Falconry of To-day

BY VANCE THOMPSON

THOSE for whom falconry evokes only literary recollections—a page of Boccaccio, a few faded legends of old romance—are to be envied in a way. They have still to make the acquaintance of the prettiest sport in all the world. Falconry is a pastime at once dainty and wild. More than any other mediæval sport which has come down through the years it has preserved the formalism and poetry of courtly days. It is to the peal of bugles that you hawk your pheasant out of the windy sky.

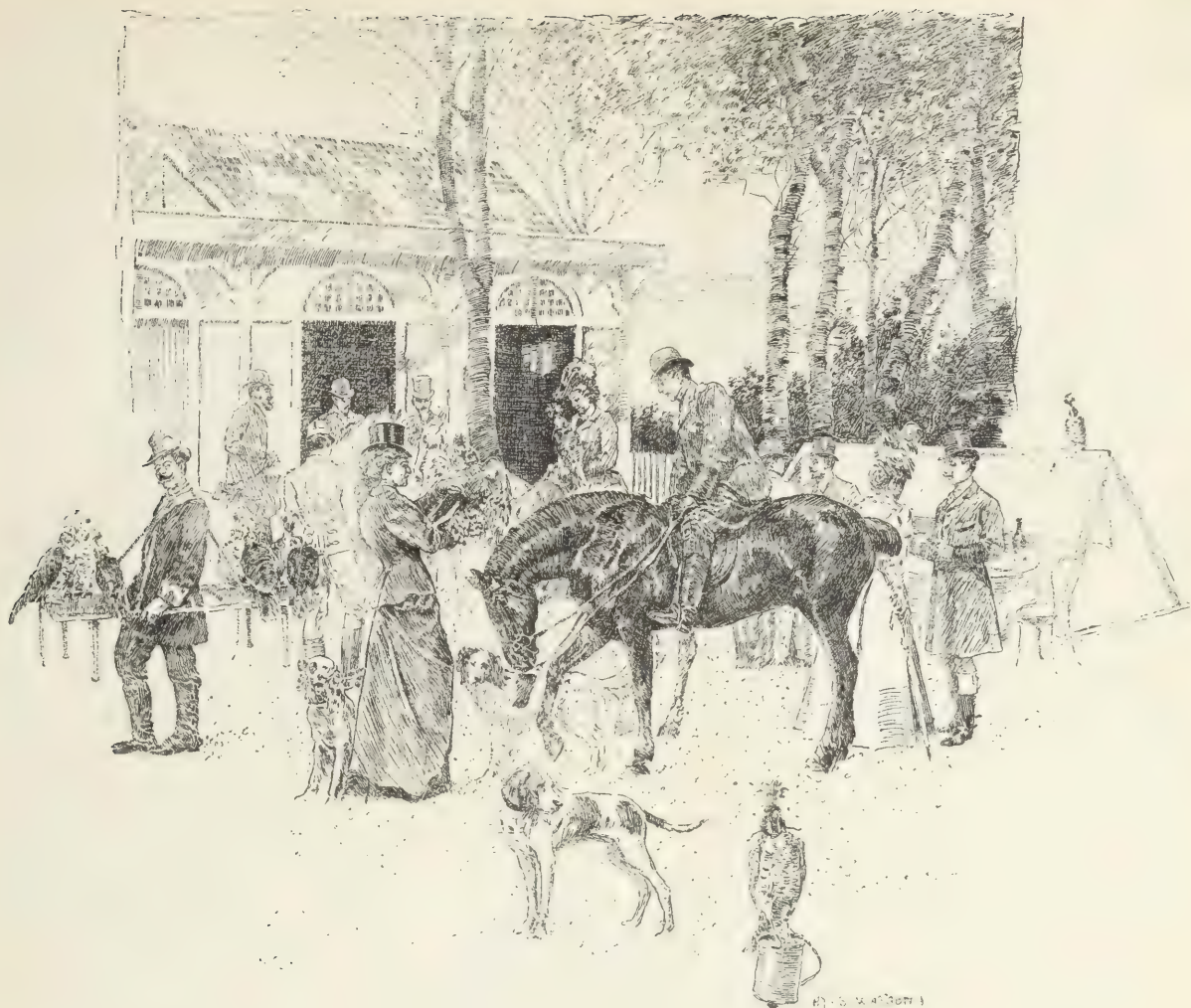
A gray November morning, the sun just up. A falconer in rusty leather breeches and a blue cloth jacket came from the falconry, where the *niais* and half-trained *hagards* slept, and called to his birds. There were six of them, perched on conical stumps set knee-high in the smooth lawn. Since long before dawn they had been waiting there, hooded. As the falconer approached, they greeted him with harsh little cries.

"Quiet, children," he said. "Quiet, Fabius, and you, Hannibal. Come."

Hanging from shoulder-straps the falconer wore about his waist a wooden hoop that stood out a foot or so from his body. Still talking to the birds, he loosed four

and placed them gently on the hoop. They clung there, jangling their silver bells, and scolding in the dark of their dog-skin hoods. With the swaying *portecage* the falconer crossed the lawn to the big gravelly square that lies between the red château and the stables. An old Saint-Germain hound, deep-chested, long-legged, with an orange and white coat, came toward him and snuffed the hawks. Recognizing Pepin and Hannibal, Diana and Fabius, he wagged his tail, and lay down in a little patch of sunlight, his nose on his paws.

Then the windows of the breakfast-room were thrown wide—they opened on the gravelly yard—and we who were to hunt that day with "hawk and horse and hound," as in the old days when the red château was four hundred years younger, came out looking weatherwise, and scanned the gray sky and the reddening sun. There were five who rode that day—the master of the château and his wife, a hawking gentleman from Walkenswaard, in North Brabant, a girl who said she had come from the Far West, but who looked as though she had stepped out of one of Dumas's novels, and the writer. The horses came soberly from the stables, tossing up their heads to scent the day.



THE FALCON MEET

Fine fellows all—a couple of thoroughbreds; a half-bred gray with big quarters, up to a writing-man's weight; a little cob, clever at fencing, for our hostess; and, for the Dumascan girl, a gaunt, Irish-bred hunter. So we mounted and jogged away.

The red château lies in a dip of the plain, not far from the highway which runs to Orléans, and within a short cross-country canter of Patay—that gray little town with the old gray church and the gray and stony streets. All about the château are lean and windy trees. A little stream (which somewhere joins the Loiret) turns a useless mill-wheel, wanders on, and, just where the vineyard slopes up, coils into a sleepy pool—an admirable place for bathing puppies. A short distance beyond the pool there is a vantage-point, where one may look down at the château and wave (as every good huntsman should) a last good-by. Here, as we turned, we saw at our heels the

rusty falconer with his *porte-cage* of hooded hawks, the old hound following; saw, too, a smart young falconer in blue, with gilt braid on collar and cuffs, who unslung a bugle and blew:



A flutter of handkerchiefs from the windows of the château; Hannibal chattered hoarsely in his hood, and Diana jangled her bell; the old hound lifted his wise head; so we rode on, topped the crest of the low hill, and came out on the plain. It was all brown and gray, this prairie, a thing of stubble and ploughed fields, of hedges, and of long white ribbony roads that led vaguely away to far-off church spires and smoky hamlets—an

autumnal land. At first in the gray of the morning it seemed unwooded. In a little while we made out scattered rags of woodland—copses on the lift of the meadows, spidery congregations of trees, breaking the sky-line.

Our host was talking to the rusty falconer. "You are sure?" he asked.

"Send the old dog in slowly. There are sure to be pheasants there—yonder by the Patay road."

"Good," said our host. He stooped and took one of the falcons from the hoop. It was Fabius, a pèlerin falcon, old and wise in warfare, splendidly marked, the tips of the wings like ink. In hawking slang he is called "noble." And indeed he is a gentleman of the old *régime*. He mounts high in the air, and sails down to meet his enemy with the grace and dignity of a Spanish hidalgo. No longer young, Fabius has fought many a duel. When a three-year-old he struck a heron out of the skies of Brabant, where he was bred. As he came to fist our host stroked him and crooned to him, as a little girl talks to her doll. In the gloom of his hood Fabius made answer. It had been decided to slip at first only one hawk. We rode over grassy stubble toward the hedge that lined the Patay road. The old hound worked well ahead. He made curves to right and left, sweeping the ground. Suddenly he halted, quivering from his pink nose to the tip of his tail.

"*Allez! allez toujours, mon vieux!*"

He went on slowly.

Then, with a noise like the rustle of dead leaves, a great copper-colored pheasant flung himself up into the air, against the wind; he floundered as he went up,

and uttered one harsh cry. Beyond, a hen pheasant rose and sailed away, on a low curve, over the hedge; her we saw no more. We watched the lordly thing, all copper and gilt and ebony, as he struggled up the wall of the wind. Swiftly but gently our host unhooded the hawk—one tug of the strings, the hood fell away, and Fabius blinked at the unaccustomed light. His master raised him arm-high, whistling shrilly. Fabius sighted his enemy. The pheasant was high in the air now, fluttering wildly to turn and go down with the wind; even as he turned the huntsman slipped the jesses and Fabius rose, slowly it seemed, but he was steady and sure. In an instant he turned and went down the wind, but still mounting to get above the enemy. And then the bugle sang; shouting the song which is the old song of "Fly well, good bird," we sent our horses over the grassy stubble. Fabius heard and swooped; whether it was his fault or ours, he missed. The pheasant flashed his copper-plumed body aside and rose, quartering the wind, while the peregrine labored in the lower air. The bugle pealed encouragement (in six-eight time), the white-and-orange hound bayed, and the Dumasean girl cried, "Oh, Fabius!"

For his second flight the falcon mounted very high—so high we could not hear the tinkle of his bell, and could hardly make out his wing-play. When he sailed down it was at an angle that would bring him upon the prey a quarter of a mile from where he started. In that savage little brain of his Fabius had calculated his flight as the astronomer reckons the curve of a comet. By hard riding we were almost up with him at the kill.



FALCON STRIKING A HARE

The pheasant had been going strong, but at the crucial moment he lost heart; he tried to turn, fumbled his stroke, and hung helpless in mid-air. Then it was that Fabius showed the breeding of the gentleman-hawk. He paused, as one who should say: "Take your position. I'm waiting for you to begin." It was a gesture that d'Artagnan would have envied him; that Cyrano de Bergerac would have commended. The pheasant hesitated a second, then swerved to the right; not till he was flying clean and strong did the falcon drop—a clean fall of thirty feet that brought hawk and quarry screaming to the ground.

Almost at once the prey was dead, and Fabius, screaming hoarse exultation, flapped back to his master's fist. We had ridden about three miles; the kill was within twenty-four or twenty-five minutes. A brave bird, the pheasant, but who was he to ride the air with a peregrine falcon? "Outgifted, out-impulsed, outdone," as the old song says, he could only make a brave fight and die.

I have described this battle royal in the air quite untechnically; perhaps across it you may have discerned some of the keen excitement that makes hawking the most fascinating sport in the world. The mad gallop is part of it; the joyous comradeship of the hunt counts for something; but most and best is that epic struggle in the upper air, when the hereditary and eternal enemies meet in fair fight. For, mark you, the fight is fair. Not every pheasant meets a Fabius. Thrice that morning our quarry went down the wind, exultant, and escaped. It is fairer and it is more sportsmanlike to loose a falcon on a pheasant than it is to slaughter him with shot from a "No. 12." He meets his enemy almost on even terms. All his life he has watched for him. Time

and again he has fled from him. Now his hour has come; the hawk strikes—it is bird destiny. No, this is not a cruel sport. You and I and some Dumascan girl are spectators of a feathered drama—an old, old drama, splendid and cruel and strenuous as life itself; we are neither better nor worse than those who draw the curtains and sit at home. If anything, we are better, for we have ridden hard and risked our necks—gained some health, and had some profitable courage drilled into us.

The widespread revival of hawking is a matter of the last ten years. In England goshawking never quite died out. To be sure, the goshawk is not "noble"—that is, he is not a gentleman-falcon. He is a short-winged bird, and never attempts the high flight. He pounces directly upon his quarry; if he fails to kill



A FALCON AND HIS KILL

or capture in that first attempt, he wheels sulkily home to the master's fist and refuses to try again. His methods, you will observe, are about as practical and unchivalric as those of the casual city highwayman. However, he kept the sport alive in England, and now the "noble" falcon is crowding him out even in that practical land. In the English falconries are many fine hawks, gentlemen all, from France, Holland, and Japan—for it is in these lands that the best birds are bred. Falconry has never been a lost art in France. Even in revolutionary days there were always a few diligent gentlemen who, escaping the guillotine, sent their belled falcons up into the blue of the air. Some day, when golf has begun to pall, and hunting the anise-seed bag seems less thrilling, this ancient and honorable sport will find a home in America. The swift, veering excitement of the hunt, its essential fairness, its courtliness, and the comradeship of it, will go far to make it almost a national game.

But was it to talk of these serious matters that we rode out from the red châteaueau to-day?

The Dumascan girl at a splendid moment loosed Hannibal upon a gray partridge, and the story I would tell is that of the partridge, Hannibal, and the Dumascan girl. Before that she had ridden abroad with Diana, a small falcon, not unamiable, and had met only disaster. It is not so easy to unhood a hawk. First of all you lift him gently from the *porte-cage*, where—drugged by the swaying motion of the hoop—he broods, cheek by jowl, with his fellows. As he comes to fist he grips your gauntlet with his broad claws. The jess, a slim strip of leather in a running-knot, is fast to his tarse. You hold it lightly between thumb and finger. This leaves you one free hand. Now the hawk's hood is tied behind his head in a simple knot; in order to undo it you have but to twitch the two ends of the string, one end with the bridle hand, the other with the teeth. This has to be deftly done, for no "noble" hawk will put up with rough treatment. It was interesting, it was almost tragic, to watch the Dumascan girl trying to unbonnet the scolding Diana. After many trials she caught the knack

of it, but Diana's temper was hopelessly ruined, for that day at least, so she was given back to the rusty falconer, and Hannibal took his perch on the pretty, green-gauntleted fist.

The partridge with a large circle of acquaintances—he was still a bachelor, though his wedding was set for an early day in February—dwelt in a stony field, where there were thick tufts of grass; he was a handsome, red-throated fellow, with an ashen-gray waistcoat, and a coat of gray and black zigzag stripes. His friends were at luncheon near a hedge. He was well out in the field, on picket duty. He looked upon it as a good bit of a bore. He had played the part of sentinel so often and nothing ever happened. He preened himself and wondered what kind of luncheon they were having—whether it was insecty or wormy or merely seedy. Even as he debated this matter he heard a swish in the dry grass, and then a sudden intake of breath; he twisted his little head and looked across a small space into the blue eyes of the old hound. His heart beat quick and small. He knew that his retreat lay open. He had but to scuttle away, half running, half flying, to the safety of the heath-grass and the hedge. Then the pluck of his race came back to him. With a harsh cry—like the grating of a saw—he flung himself up into the air, a splendid martyr. There was a rustle as his companions scurried away to safety; somewhere a hen partridge cried an answer back to him, but he did not hear—with precipitate, laborious flight he was beating up the air. The Dumascan girl was saying, "Oh! oh! oh!" and glancing amazedly from Hannibal to the partridge. She bent down to nip the end of the hood-string with her teeth. In the blackness of his bonnet Hannibal was cursing like a pirate of the Spanish Main. The Dumascan girl said "Oh!" again, and drew back.

"Quick!" we cried: the partridge was almost on the turn.

With a pretty, fearsome gesture she untied the hood and tossed the bird. Hannibal made a half-circle before he saw his quarry. The partridge was flying low and straight, awkwardly but with deceptive speed. By the time we had sent our horses over the hedge they were far

ahead. As we drew near at a headlong gallop, Hannibal struck and missed. The partridge fluttered out of the grass not ten yards ahead of us, turned at a right angle, and went down the road toward Patay. Why? What was in that brave little brain as he turned out of his own country into the glare of the white road? Was it heroism or panic? And we, who did not know, took the ditch and came out on the hard and dusty road. Over us and not very far ahead Hannibal circled, making a curve first to right and then to left, as though he were drawing parenthesis marks in the air. The hunted bird flew laboriously. We reined in a little that the Dumascan girl might have the road. Her eyes shining, the green habit fluttering, she swept past us, the Irish hunter well in hand. We followed more slowly, past an abandoned stone-yard at the road-side, past a low, red-tiled farm-house, and (as those who hunt the air ride with their eyes up) it was not till we heard the clatter of iron on stone that we realized that we had entered the long cobble street of Patay. At the edge of the village, just where the houses begin, there is a little stream. There were women there this day, washing clothes. Near by, on a dusty lawn, domestic garments lay drying in the sun. Among these garments (and on them) stood the Dumascan girl and the Irish hunter. The horse was blowing hard and his head was down. The Dumascan girl was standing very erect and saying: "Oh! oh! Take it off—the beast!" Almost at her feet lay the partridge, and on his back Hannibal stood, with spread wings and angry feathers, screaming his savage and triumphant joy. Still screaming, he went to his master's fist. I stooped and picked up the partridge. There was a little blood on his back, but his heart was beating. As I stroked his breast he began to kick and flutter. I wrapped my handkerchief round him and buttoned him in my coat. Never hawk was so ill-tempered as were the washer-women who

gathered round us demanding war indemnities for the domestic garments which we and our horses had trampled. While our host emptied his pockets, we mounted and cantered back toward the red château. I rode by the side of the Dumascan girl.

"Well, you were in at the death," I said; "you rode like a trooper."

"Is he dead?" she asked, and no huntswoman should ever speak in such a pale little voice.

I could feel the partridge kicking against my left side, so I replied diplomatically: "Dead? How would you feel if Hannibal had struck—"

"I don't know how I should have felt if I'd been in the partridge's place," said the Dumascan girl, "but I know how I feel now—like a murder—er!"

"And you've shot pheasants, quail—"

"And partridges. But it's different to shoot them. You don't see them die. Now I was there—and the way that horrid Hannibal gloated—it was awful! If only he hadn't gloated!" the Dumascan girl exclaimed.

"Still, you have your trophy—the first bird you ever hawked; that's something."

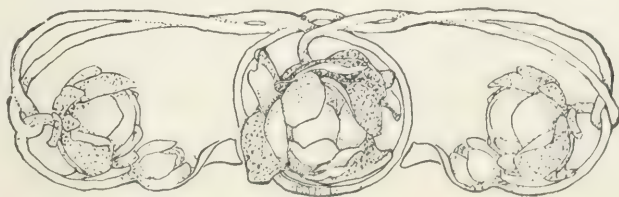
We were near the tufted and stony field whence the partridge had risen.

"Yonder is where he lived," said I.

"I wish he were there now," the Dumascan girl said softly.

I took him out of my coat and held him up by the wings; bar Hannibal's claw-marks on his back he was well as ever—fit to fly for his life.

"Oh!" said the Dumascan girl; but she did not thank me, and that night at dinner she talked entirely to the hawking man from Walkenswaard. Perhaps, after all, when a Dumascan girl has hawked a bird out of the sky, and felt very sorry for it and repented, and promised herself never to do it again, she might be permitted to wear its head and wings on her hat. Men, especially men who have good impulses, always go astray amid these feminine subtleties.





STUDY OF MILKWEED

Some Vegetable Air-Ships

BY A. J. GROUT

IN the days when the earth was young and life first appeared, it is probable that there was no distinction of plant or animal. The first living beings were probably minute microscopic bits of moving protoplasm, with the power of obtaining nourishment from air, water, and sunshine, just as all green plants now obtain nourishment. At one epoch-making period one of these minute beings made the discovery that it was easier to eat its neighbor than to compete with it for food in the laboratories of the sun. Then began the Animal Kingdom, whose members are all devourers of life.

As the world progressed, these devourers of their kind developed organs of motion and senses to enable them to pursue and catch their prey and to move to fresh hunting-grounds.

Most of those forms that continued to be nourished in the old way by water, air, and sunshine (the water containing many things in solution, and the sunshine acting as a life-giving force) developed into stationary beings, destitute of organs of special sense. For there was no necessity for them to move about, when every current and breeze brought fresh supplies of nourishment. Neither were eyes or ears needed, except perhaps to avoid enemies, which might never come. Thus was developed the Kingdom of Plants, motionless except for breeze and current, senseless, to all outward appearance.

The amount of available air, water, and sunlight in any given area is limited, and it has always been as necessary for plants to find some way of scattering their young abroad as it has been for

each individual animal to move about for its own food-supply. For long æons of time there were no land plants, and the single-celled germ was either floated about by currents or actively swam by its own efforts. This method is still pursued by all our numerous sea-weeds of to-day.

When plant life began to occupy the newly risen land this method of dispersal gradually failed, and the youngsters had to be intrusted to currents of air instead of water, and many a delicate air-ship was devised long before man took up the problem. There is, however, no steering apparatus to the plant air-ship; whichever way the wind blows at the time of launching, in that direction sails the baby aeronaut, often and often to grievous shipwreck, to be sure, but some of the many are certain to find comfortable homes when they alight.

If the air-ship was designed for launching from a tree-top, it does not usually rise much higher in the air, but is so planned as to delay the descent as long as possible. Note the thin circular seed (fruit) of the Elm. The seed proper is placed in the centre, so that the fruit must fall flatwise and not edgewise. Take a handful of the fruits (they can be collected in abundance any June), stand on a chair or at an open window, and throw them upwards; not one will fall edgewise as they slowly flutter to the ground, unless perchance the basket be empty and the aeronaut lacking. Cut small disks of paper, and in the centre fasten a bit of wax—or prosaic chewing-gum will do—then drop as you dropped the elm fruits. They will fall in a similar manner, but you will have difficulty in obtaining as easy and graceful a flight.

Pick up a maple key; examine it with care. Unless you have seen it fall, I challenge you to predict what its action will be. Try it. Then try to imitate it with wax and paper. Only by so doing will you be able to appreciate the delicacy of nature's handiwork.

The seeds of the Pine flutter to the earth even more gracefully than those of the Maple; so rapid is the motion that it cannot be distinctly seen. It reminds one of the motion of the wings of a flying insect.

As you watch the seeds fall from the

hand you may possibly wonder how their air-ships can carry them abroad; the action seems more like that of a parachute delaying flight. Remember that they are usually launched in a breeze, and that the slower their fall, the farther their flight must be.

Take now the seed of an Ash and drop as before. It falls like a plummet, and you begin to feel as though your previous enthusiasm was unwarranted. But wait until you can see it fall from the tree late in autumn after the leaves are nearly gone, and can note that they are so firmly attached that they are launched only in the stiffest of breezes, sufficient to carry them easily and well. The mystery and contradiction has become a marvel of adaptation.

Still more marvellous is the method of the Linden, which hangs its pealike fruits to the string of a kite, which whirls away in the stiff breezes of autumn. The string is rigid, and rigidly attached to the oblong sail of the kite in such a manner as to keep it at the right angle to the wind. This kite is probably too heavily laden to rise far even in a strong wind, but it is amply sufficient for the purposes of transportation. If by accident it alights in the water, it will not sink for some time,



PINE



THISTLE

and its sail will be elevated above the water sufficiently to be acted on by the wind—an air-ship and a boat combined. If you would fly this kite, seek some house-top or exposed ledge on a windy day and set free in the teeth of the gale.

The Bladder-nut (*Staphylea*) has still another device—a balloon with three separate compartments to its gas-bag, and a passenger in each. Of course the gas-bags are filled with air, but the balloon will sail well in the wind, and if it alights on the water it immediately becomes a life-boat with three separate air-chambers. As this shrub generally grows near water, this device is particularly effective.

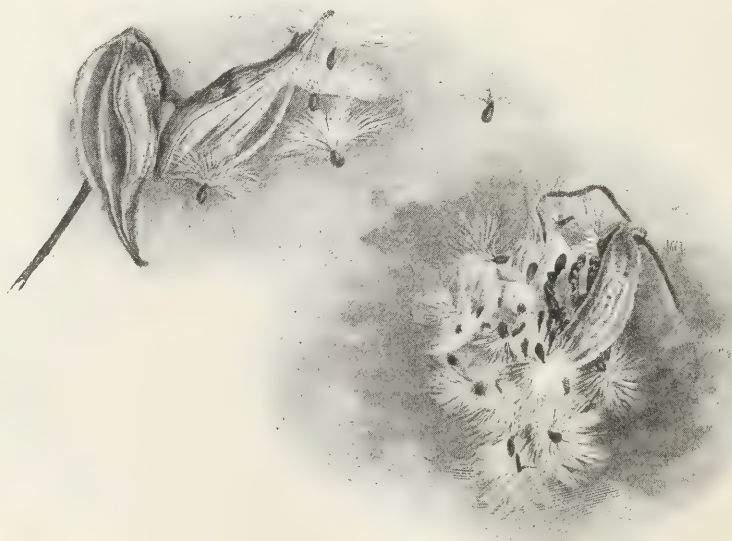
With the smaller shrubs and most herbs the seeds are borne so

near the ground that it is necessary to have air-ships capable of rising in even a moderate breeze, else the voyagers would be stranded at the very beginning of their journey, either by being caught in the tops of neighboring plants, or by falling directly to the ground.

In such cases the seed is usually small and light, and at one end is a spreading crown of silky hairs, forming a parachute capable of rising in a very slight breeze. These hairs are often branched like a feather (*plumose*), and for the same purpose—to catch the air. Thistledown is a synonym for all that is light and graceful, but one never realizes the full beauty of the thistle air-ship until he has examined it with care and sailed it away with a puff of his breath.

The Pussy Willow, the Poplar, the Willow Herb, the Silkweed, and the Cotton Plant develop these hairs inside the pod from a part of the seed proper. A surprising thought indeed that the fibre which clothes more than half the human race, or, better, more than half clothes the human race, is in its first design the filmy thread which floats the vessel of an aerial navigator—the poetry of nature reduced to good, plain, comfortable prose.

Do not think, however, that the hairs on the Pussy Willow as you know it are



MILKWEED PODS AND SEEDS



BUTTONWOOD, OR BUTTONBALL

for this purpose. The hairs, you know, are merely to keep the infant "cat"-kins warm. Look early in May,—where in April were the sleek, graceful pussies are now large, coarse clusters of small pods, filled to bursting with tiny down-tipped seeds.

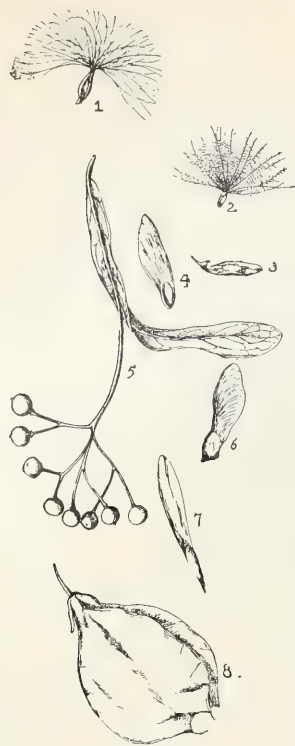
The Cottonwoods and Poplars are near relatives of the Willows, and the cotton is of precisely the same nature, only borne more abundantly in larger pods. This is worthy of special note, as it is an exception to the general rule that trees depend upon winged seeds rather than seeds tipped with down. May it not be that the ancestors of the poplars were shrubs like the willows?

The Buttonwood is another exception to this rule. All winter long the balls of closely packed seeds toss and beat about on their long and slender but tough stems. When the fierce winds of

March arrive the long strain has begun to tell, and the loosened seed (fruits) with their clusters of soft brown hairs are blown in every direction, just in season for the on-coming spring. As many of these balls fall to the earth unbroken, and are trodden to pieces, our exception may be more apparent than real.

It is of interest to note that this beautiful design of downy air-ship is decidedly the vogue in the Thistle Family—a family by common consent the highest of all the Vegetable Kingdom. Thistles, Golden-rods, Asters, Dandelions, Hawk-weeds, and Groundsels are all members of this princely family of aeronauts. Their air-ships, however, are made from the true calyx (outer part of each tiny flower), and the sailors are fruits, as in the Buttonwoods, instead of simple seeds, as in the Willow.

If we accept the teachings of evolu-



1. Milkweed
2. Thistle
3. Elm
4. Pine

5. Linden
6. Maple
7. Ash
8. Bladder-nut

tion, as set forth in the beginning of this article, that plants and animals had a common ancestry, but diverged because of the different methods of obtaining food, we shall find most comforting evidence of the unity of nature, and of the love and care of nature's Author, in the fact that the highest and most successful beings of both kingdoms are those that are most self-sacrificing.

As the young of mammals is nourished and protected by the mother until it is

complete in form and fitted to begin the struggles of life for itself, so the seed of the flowering plants contains a perfectly formed baby plantlet, stored with nourishment amply sufficient to give it a good start without outside assistance, further than the supplying of water.

And again, as Man, who takes the greatest care of his offspring over the longest period of time, is the dominant creature in the Animal Kingdom, so the Composite (Thistle) Family, which as a whole makes the most careful provision for the dispersal of its young, is the dominant member of the Vegetable Kingdom. A closer comparison strengthens this suggestion, for as Man owes his pre-eminence not only to this care of the young, but also to his social habits, so in the Composites their success is due largely to the socialistic habits of the individual flowers, which combine into large heads for mutual benefit.

Mother Nature has often been accused of cruelty because of the enormous waste of life, especially of the infant life of her humbler children, but is it not a comforting thought that she has been continually growing kinder as the ages have passed, and bestows her highest gifts in both her great kingdoms on those who labor for each other, and who also hold their infant life most sacred and protect it with tenderest care?

The Rose and the Nightingale

BY ELSA BARKER

THE Rose's heart is heavy with desire,
 And all her little leaves are tipped with flame;
 But she is shy and full of tender shame,
 And red with blushes for the rapturous fire
 Her fond dreams of the Nightingale inspire;
 For all the garden knows her secret aim,
 By the perfume in which she breathes his name
 And the bride-beauty of her soft attire.

Oh, when you find her, Nightingale, I know,
 Some time between the twilight and the morn,
 Your joy will make the listening lilies glow;
 And you who in the dusk were so forlorn,
 In ecstasy of love will tremble so
 You will fall fainting on the cruel thorn.



Zut

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

SIDE by side on the Avenue de la Grande Armée stand the *épicerie* of Jean-Baptiste Caille and the *salle de coiffure* of Hippolyte Sergeot, and between these two there is a great gulf fixed, the which has come to be through the acerbity of Alexandrine Caille (according to Espérance Sergeot), and the duplicity of Espérance Sergeot (according to Alexandrine Caille). But the veritable root of all evil is Zut, and Zut sits smiling in Jean-Baptiste's doorway, and cares naught for anything save the sunlight and her mid-day meal.

When Hippolyte found himself in a position to purchase the *salle de coiffure*, he gave evidence of marked acumen by uniting himself in the holy—and civil—bonds of matrimony with the retiring *patron's* daughter, whose *dot* ran into the coveted five figures, and whose heart, said Hippolyte, was as good as her face was pretty.

The installation of the new establishment was a nine days' wonder in the quarter, for herein the seven wits and

the ten thousand francs of Espérance came prominently to the fore. She it was who sounded the progressive note which is half the secret of success.

"If one is to attract people," she said, with her arms akimbo, "*il faut d'abord les épater.*"

In her creed all that was worth doing at all was worth doing gloriously. So, under her guidance, the *salle de coiffure* was glorified by fresh paint without and within, and by the addition of a long mirror in a gilt frame, and a complicated apparatus in gleaming nickel-plate, which went by the imposing title of "*appareil antiseptique*," and the acquisition of which was duly proclaimed by a placard that swung at right angles to the door.

The shop was rechristened too, and the black and white sign across its front, which formerly bore the simple inscription "Kilbert, Coiffeur," now blazoned abroad the impressive legend, "Salon Malakoff."

Then Hippolyte engaged two assistants, and clad them in white duck jackets,

and his wife fabricated a new blouse of blue silk, and seated herself behind the desk with an engaging smile. The enterprise was fairly launched, and experience was not slow in proving the theories of *Espérance* to be well founded. The quarter was *épaté* from the start, and took with enthusiasm the bait held forth. The affairs of the "Salon Malakoff" prospered prodigiously.

But there is a serpent in every Eden, and in that of the Sergeant this rôle was assumed by Alexandrine Caille, in whose soul the launch, and, what was worse, the immediate prosperity, of the "Salon Malakoff" bred dire resentment. For with the coming of the big *cafés*, and the resultant subversion of custom to the wholesale dealers, trade fell from the Caille like a used garment, and, even as

the Sergeant were steering forth upon the waters of prosperity, there were nightly conferences in the household next door at which impending ruin presided, and exasperation sounded the key-note of every sentence. The sight of *Espérance*, fresh, smiling, and prosperous, behind her little counter, was as gall and wormwood to Alexandrine, brooding over her accumulating debts and her decreasing earnings, among her dusty stacks of jars and boxes. Once she had called upon her neighbor, somewhat for courtesy's sake, but more for curiosity's, and since then the agreeable scent of violet and lilac perfumery dwelt always in her memory, and mirages of scrupulously polished nickel and glass hung always before her eyes.

The air of her own shop was heavy



A FEW WORDS OF BANTER AT MADAME CAILLE'S



A WELCOME FOR HIM, AND A SMILE FROM MADAME SERGEOT

with the pungent odors of raw vegetables, cheeses, and dried fish, and no brilliance redeemed the sardine and biscuit boxes which surrounded her. Life became a bitter thing to Alexandrine Caille, for if nothing is so successful as one's own success, surely nothing is more vexatious than that of one's neighbor! Moreover, her visit had never been returned, and this again was fuel for her rage.

But the sharpest thorn in her flesh was the base desertion to the enemy's camp of Pierre Flique. From the day when an unwittingly kindly prefect had transferred Pierre to the 17th Arrondissement, the ruddy-faced *agent* had found it both convenient and agreeable to drop in frequently at Madame Caille's on the way home, and exchange a few words of banter for a box of sardines or a minute package of tea. But with the deterioration in her wares, and the almost simultaneous appearance of the "Salon Malakoff," his loyalty wavered. Flique sampled the advantages of Hippolyte's establishment, and, being won over thereby, returned again and again. His hearty laugh came to be heard almost daily in the *salle de coiffure*, and because he was a *brave homme* and a good customer, there was always a welcome for him and a smile from Madame Sergeot, and occasionally a little present of *brillantine* or perfumery, for friendship's sake, and because it is well to have the good-will of the all-powerful police.

From her window Madame Caille ob-

served Pierre's comings and goings with a resentful eye, and little by little blackness descended upon her being, and in her deepest consciousness she vowed to have revenge. Neither the occasion nor the method was as yet clear to her, but she pursed her lips ominously, and bided her time.

In the existence of Alexandrine there was one emphatic consolation, and that consolation was none other than Zut, a white Angora cat of surpassing beauty and prodigious size. She had come into Alexandrine's possession as a kitten, and, what with much eating and an inherent distaste for exercise, had attained her present proportions and her superb air of unconcern.

It was from the latter that she derived her name, the which, in Parisian *argot*, at once means everything and nothing, but is chiefly taken to signify complete and magnificent indifference to all things mundane and material; and in the matter of indifference Zut was past-mistress. Even for Madame Caille herself, who fed her with the choicest morsels from her own plate, brushed her fine fur with excessive care, and addressed caressing remarks to her at minute intervals throughout the day, Zut manifested a lack of interest that amounted to contempt.

As she basked in the warm sun at the shop door, the round face of her mistress beamed upon her from the little desk, and the voice of her mistress sent fulsome



MADAME CAILLE DISCOVERED HER GRACELESS FAVORITE

flattery winging toward her on the heavy air. Was she beautiful? *Mon Dieu!* In effect, all that one could dream of the most beautiful! And her eyes, of a blue like the heaven, were they not wise and calm? *Mon Dieu*, yes! It was a cat among thousands, a fifi almost divine.

For all of this Zut cared less than nothing. Hearing her mistress's sweetest cajolery, she simply closed her sapphire eyes with an inexpressibly eloquent air of weariness, or turned to the intricacies of her toilet, as who should say: "Continue. I am listening. But it is unimportant."

But long familiarity with her disdain had deprived it of any sting as far as Alexandrine was concerned. Passive indifference produced no discouragement in her mind. It was only when Zut proceeded to an active manifestation of ingratitude that she inflicted an irremediable wound. Returning from her marketing one morning, Madame Caille discovered her graceless favorite seated complacently in the doorway of the "Salon Malakoff," and in a paroxysm of indignation bore down upon her and snatched her to her breast.

"Unhappy one!" she cried, planting herself in full view of *Espérance*, and, while raining the letter of her reproach on her recreant pet, contriving to apply its spirit to her neighbor. "What hast thou done? Is it that thou dost desert me for strangers, who may destroy thee? Name of a name, hast thou no heart? They would steal thee from me, and, above all, *now*? Well, then, no! One shall see if such things are permitted! Vagabond!"

And with this parting shot, which passed harmlessly over the head of the offender and launched itself full at Madame Sergeant, the outraged *épicière* flounced back into her own domain.

Now there existed a strong, if unvoiced, bond of sympathy between *Espérance* and her wrathful neighbor, for the former's love for cats was stronger even than the latter's. She had long cherished the dream of possessing such a white Angora, and when Zut had stepped into the "Salon Malakoff" that morning of her own accord, she was received with demonstrations even more enthusiastic than those to which she had long since become accustomed. *Espérance* had hast-

ened to prepare a saucer of milk, and when this was exhausted had added a generous portion of fish, and Zut had then made a tour of the shop, rubbing herself against the chair legs, and receiving the homage of customers and duck-clad assistants alike.

Strange as it may appear, the wrathful words of Alexandrine awoke in the mind of Espérance her first suspicion of the resentment that smouldered in her rival's breast. Absorbed in her husband's affairs, she had had no time to bestow upon her neighbor's. But even so she had not been able to ignore the significance of that furious outburst at her very door, and all day sat seeking out some plausible reason for this hitherto unsuspected enmity.

Suddenly there came to her the memory of that visit which she had never returned. *Mon Dieu!* and was not that reason enough? She, the youngest *patronne* in the quarter, to ignore deliberately the friendly call of a neighbor! At least it was not too late to make amends. So, when business lagged a little in the afternoon, Madame Sergeot slipped from her desk, and, after a furtive touch to her hair, went in next door to pour oil upon the troubled waters.

Madame Caille, throned at her counter,

received her visitor with unexampled frigidity.

"Ah, it is you," she said. "You have come to make some purchases, no doubt."

"Eggs, *madame*," answered her visitor, disconcerted, but tactfully accepting the hint.

"The best quality—or—?" demanded Alexandrine, with the suggestion of a sneer.

"The best, evidently, *madame*. Six, if you please. Spring weather at last, it would seem."

To this the other made no reply. Descending from her stool, she blew sharply into a small paper bag, thereby distending it into a miniature balloon, and began selecting the eggs from a basket, holding each one to the light, and then dusting it with exaggerated care before placing it in the bag. While she was thus employed Zut advanced from a secluded corner, and stretching her fore legs slowly to their utmost length, greeted her acquaintance of the morning with a yawn. Finding in the cat an outlet for her embarrassment, Espérance made another effort to give the interview a friendly turn.

"We do not see Monsieur Caille at the 'Salon Malakoff'?" she continued "We should be enchanted—"



ESPÉRANCE HAD HASTENED TO PREPARE A SAUCER OF MILK

"My husband shaves himself," retorted Alexandrine, with renewed dignity.

"But his hair—" ventured Espérance.

"I cut it!" thundered her foe.

Here Madame Sergeot made a false move. She laughed. Then, in confusion, and striving, too late, to retrieve herself, "*Pardon, madame,*" she added, "but it seems droll to me, that. After all, ten *sous*—"

"All the world, unfortunately," broke in Madame Caille, "has not the wherewithal to buy mirrors, and pay itself frescoes and *appareils antiseptiques*! The eggs are twenty-four *sous*—but we do not pride ourselves upon our eggs. Perhaps you had better seek them elsewhere for the future."

For sole reply Madame Sergeot had recourse to her expressive shrug, and then laying two francs upon the counter, and gathering up the *sous* which Alexandrine rather hurled at than handed her, she took her way toward the door with all the dignity at her command. But Madame Caille could not let her go without a final thrust.

"Perhaps your husband will be so amiable as to shampoo my cat!" she shouted. "She seems to like your 'Salon'!"

But Espérance, while for concord's sake inclined to tolerate all rudeness to herself, was not prepared to hear Hippolyte insulted, and wheeling at the doorway, flung all her resentment into two words:

"Ancient sausage!"

"Camel!" screamed Alexandrine from the desk. And so they parted.

Now even at this stage an armed truce might still have been preserved, had Zut been content with the evil she had wrought. But whether it was that the milk and fish of the "Salon Malakoff" lay sweeter upon her memory than any of the familiar dainties of the *épicerie* Caille, or that her unknowable feline instinct was irresistibly drawn by the scent of violet and lilac *brillantine*, her first visit to the Sergeot was soon repeated, and from this visit other visits grew, until it was almost a daily occurrence for her to saunter slowly into the *salle de coiffure* and there receive the food and homage which were rendered her as her undisputed due.

Madame Caille did not yield her rights of sovereignty without a struggle. On the occasion of Zut's third visit she descended upon the "Salon Malakoff,"

robed in wrath, and found the adored one contentedly feeding on fish in the very bosom of the family Sergeot. An appalling scene ensued.

"If," stormed she, very red of countenance, and threatening Espérance with her fist—"if you *must* entice my cat from her home, I will thank you not to give her food. I provide all that is necessary; and, for the rest, how do I know what is in that saucer?"



"GO! YOU AND YOUR CAT!"



THAT DRAMATIC INCIDENT ZUT SUPPLIED

And she surveyed the duck-clad assistants and the astounded customers with tremendous scorn.

"You others," she added, "I ask you, is it just? These people take my cat, and feed her—*feed* her—with I know not what! It is overwhelming, unheard-of—and, above all, *now!*"

But here the peaceful Hippolyte played trumps.

"It is the privilege of the vulgar," he cried, advancing, razor in hand, "when they are at home, to insult their neighbors; but here—no! Beware! I say, or I shall arrange your affairs for you! Go! you and your cat!"

This anecdote, duly elaborated, was poured into the ears of Pierre Flique an hour later, and that evening he paid his first visit in many months to Madame Caille.

"You amuse yourself," he said, sternly, looking straight at her over the handful of raisins which she tendered him, "by wearying my friends. I counsel you to take care. One does not sell inferior eggs in Paris without hearing of it sooner or later."

And so the calls of Zut were no longer disturbed.

But the rover spirit is progressive, and so short visits became long visits, and

finally the Angora spent whole nights in the "Salon Malakoff," where a box and a bit of carpet were provided for her. And one fateful morning the meaning of Madame Caille's significant words, "and, above all, *now!*" was made clear.

The prosperity of Hippolyte's establishment had grown apace, so that on the morning in question the three chairs were occupied, and yet other customers awaited their turn. The air was laden with violet and lilac. A stout *chauffeur* robed in bear-skin was undergoing a shampoo at the hands of one of the duck-clad, and under the skilfully plied razor of the other the virgin down slid from the lips and chin of a slim and somewhat startled youth, while from a vaporizer Hippolyte played a fine spray of perfumed water upon the ruddy countenance of Pierre Flique. It was an eloquent moment, eminently fitted for some dramatic incident, and that dramatic incident Zut supplied. She advanced slowly from the corner where was her carpeted box, and in her mouth was a limp something, which, when deposited in the immediate centre of the "Salon Malakoff," resolved itself into an Angora kitten, as white as snow!

"*Epatant!*" said Flique, mopping his perfumed chin. And so it was.

There was an immediate investigation of Zut's quarters, which revealed four other kittens, but each of these was marked with black or tan. It was the flower of the flock with which the proud mother had won her public!

"They are yours!" cried Pierre, when the question of ownership arose. "*Mon Dieu*, yes! There was such a case not a month ago in the 8th Arrondissement, a *conciierge* of the Avenue Hoche who made a contrary claim. But the courts decided against her. They

are all yours, Madame Sergeant,—my felicitations!"

Now the unprovoked insults of Madame Caille had struck deep, and, after all, the wife of Hippolyte was but mortal. So it was that at her little desk she composed the following masterpiece of satire:

"CHÈRE MADAME,—We send you back your cat and the others—all but one. One was of a pure white, more beautiful even than its mother, and that we keep as a souvenir of you. We regret that we do not see the means of accepting the kind offer you were so amiable as to make us. We fear that we shall not find time to shampoo your cat, as we shall be so busy taking care of our own.

"We pray you to accept, *madame*, the assurance of our distinguished consideration.

"HIPPOLYTE and ESPÉRANCE SERGEOT."

It was Pierre Flique who conveyed the above epistle, and Zut, and four of Zut's kittens, to Alexandrine Caille; and, when that wrathful person would have rent him with tooth and nail, it was Pierre Flique who laid his finger on his lip and said,

"Concern yourself with the superior kitten, *madame*, and I concern myself with the inferior eggs!"

To which Alexandrine made no reply.

After Flique had taken his departure, she remained speechless for five consecutive minutes for the first time in her voluble existence. At her feet sprawled the white Angora, surrounded by her spotted offspring. And when the first shock of her defeat had passed, Madame Caille heaved a deep

sigh, and uttered two words:

"Oh, *zut!*"

The which, in Parisian *argot*, at once means everything and nothing.



Ways of Words in English Speech

BY GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE

Professor of English, Harvard University

ONCE upon a time the distinguished champion Klaufi was fighting with the demonic strength and fury that characterized the berserks of old, when some one called him by name, "Klaufi, Klaufi, moderate your rage!" Instantly the fit left him, and he became weaker even than an ordinary mortal, after the manner of berserks when their weird seizure had passed. There is a similar incident in the ballad of "Earl Brand," better known under Sir Walter Scott's ill-chosen title of "The Douglas Tragedy." The hero has run away with the daughter of a great lord. The angry father pursues, accompanied by his seven sons. There is a terrific combat, in full conformity with the rules of fair play, and the seven brothers are slain, one after another. Their sister stands by, with unshaken fortitude, holding her lover's horse. But now her father is in danger, and she can no longer restrain herself:

"Oh, hold your hand, Lord William," she said,

"For your strokes they are wondrous sair;

True lovers I can get many a ane,

But a father I can never get mair!"

As soon as she utters his name, Lord William receives a mortal wound.

These two incidents illustrate a very ancient and widespread superstition. A person's name, it was believed, was intimately connected with his personality. To speak his name, therefore, when he was under enchantment (ranging, for example, as a werewolf, or flying through the air in the likeness of an eagle) would restore him forthwith to his normal condition. We are dealing with a deep-seated belief, fortified by continuous tradition for thousands of years: the belief that there is an essential relation between words and things,—between the

name and the object that is called by that name. Words are held in superstitious reverence because of their supposed power. All men shudder at the thought of being cursed. Even to mention an evil thing is unlucky; it may bring upon you the very misfortune to which you have referred. Hence we shrink from naming death in plain terms. Hence, too, such formulas as our "Don't speak of it!" or the Romans' "Absit omen!" when anything disastrous comes up in conversation, and the Nurse's "God save the mark!" when she catches herself describing Tybalt's wound and pointing out the very spot where Romeo's sword went in:

I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly
breast!

Nobody knows the origin of "God save the mark!"; but its sense is clear enough. It averts the ill fortune incident to unlucky speeches,—and so it has come at last to express mere scorn or abhorrence. We may compare *abominate*, which is from *ab* and *omen*; the Latin verb signified at first "to deprecate a bad omen," then "to abhor." Here the development of meaning is easy; the word follows a straight road. But the adjective *abominable* has taken a little by-path of its own. It was commonly thought to come from *ab homine*, and was often written *abhominable*; thus it acquired the sense of "contrary to human nature," "unnatural," "inhuman." The bad spelling was long ago abandoned; but the special change of meaning which accompanied the error, and in part resulted from it, remains, enriching our language with a delicately discriminated synonym.

The lesson of *abominable* is twofold. Not only does it conduct us straight back

to first principles—to the superstitious belief in the Power of the Word, the notion that the name and the thing are mysteriously connected—but it administers what Lord Bacon calls “a corrective spice.” It teaches us, that is to say, that downright blunder is an active, and sometimes a beneficent, influence in the development of words and their meanings.

This question of the Power of the Word is not a mere curiosity—a morris dance of berserks and werewolves, of ballad heroes and addle-pated nurses. The doctrine has been a real force in language, and therefore in cultivation, in life. It is certainly the basis of euphemism—the habit, that is to say, of applying mild or polite terms to things that are startling or offensive—and euphemism has exerted a powerful effect on the meanings of words as well as on their use.

Euphemism accounts for much of that verbal degeneration which everybody observes, and which many deplore and strive to arrest, not knowing that it is inevitable—a resistless tendency of language, inherent in its nature, and no more to be lamented than any other law of the universe. Respectable words are used as politer substitutes for too plain-spoken terms (once equally respectable themselves), until they also are shunned or abandoned in favor of some still “nicer” synonym.

The history of euphemism is instructive, and its artful dodges are curious, but we must hasten on, with only an example or two. *Villain* meant originally merely “serf” or “farm-hand,” and *churl* had a similar sense; a *boor* was a “farmer,” like *Boer*: no one of these words was originally abusive or implied any moral reprobation. They were as purely descriptive and free from animus as *farmer* or *shepherd* or *laborer*. A *crime* was simply a “charge” (great or small) brought against a man; *vice* meant “flaw” or “fault”; a *wench* was simply a “girl”; *knave* was “boy.” A *defalcation* is literally “the act of pruning or lopping off,” from Latin *falx*, “a pruning-hook.” For a long time the word meant simply “diminution,” with no sinister reference. Its application to embezzlement is very modern. Observe that the use of the word in a “bad sense”

has driven the innocent meaning from the field.

Slang is frequently euphemistic, as any one will recognize who will think of the vulgar or colloquial synonyms for *die* with which he is familiar. It is needless to enumerate them; only too many will occur to all our minds. This suggests, by-the-way, the general principle that slang, however vulgar, is not anomalous. On the contrary, it behaves exactly like lawful language, which, indeed, is frequently recruited from its ranks. Slang has many lessons for the student of linguistics, for in its processes he may see, in rapid progress before his very eyes, those same changes which proceed so slowly in legitimate speech that a lifetime is not long enough for their observation.

The Stoics, in accordance with their philosophical scheme of the universe, held that every word must have a meaning which was connected by nature with the object or idea for which it stood. For words came, they thought, by nature, and their meanings were a part of that nature, not matters of convention. It followed that the discovery of the true (*étumos*) meaning of a word must throw some light on the inner or essential character of the object signified. Hence the Stoic interest in *etymology*, “the science of true meanings.” We have preserved the term in a somewhat different sense, but have rejected the doctrine. Yet we continually hear this obsolete Stoic principle ignorantly utilized to enforce some argument. The most tiresome instance of this abuse is perhaps the treatment of the term *education*. We are told over and over again that this word comes from *e*, “out,” and *ducere*, “to lead,” and that *therefore* true education is the “leading out” or eliciting of the characteristic powers of a child’s mind. This may or may not be a good theory of mental training, but the supposed etymology does not and cannot support it. In the first place, the alleged derivation is wrong; but, waiving that question, let us look at the earliest meaning assignable to *educatio*, whence our word comes. It is “bringing up” (from the egg to the chicken, from infancy to maturity), and carries no suggestion of eliciting latent

faculties. How could it? A moment's consideration will teach us that the first Roman who used the word, thousands of years ago, had no such advanced views of education as obtain among the theorists of to-day.

No,—words are conventional signs; they mean what they are intended to mean by the speaker and understood to mean by the hearer. An idiom may defy logic. Take the double negative, for example. A boy says, "I ha'n't had no time to get my lesson." His language may be objectionable, but his meaning is undoubted. The teacher understands it as he intends her to understand it; but she has heard that two negatives make an affirmative, and she retorts: "Ah, you mean that you *have* had *some* time! You have said the opposite of what you mean." The laugh is on the boy: if he can be laughed out of his double negatives, so much the better. Yet the teacher is wrong. The two negatives in his sentence do *not* make an affirmative, for they are neither so meant nor are they so taken by the hearer. According to a very old English idiom, one negative strengthens another. The idiom has ceased to be good English, but *it has not changed its meaning*. The boy is in fault because he is using an obsolete idiom which has become vulgar, not because his language means the opposite of what it was meant to express.

Let us take another example of the kind of argument exemplified in our treatment of "education." *Savage* is derived, through the French, from Latin *silva*, "the woods." Now *silva* may come from the same root as the Greek *húlē*, "woods," or "wood." This Greek word was also used, by a natural extension of meaning, for "raw material," "substance," and came to be philosophically applied to "matter" as opposed to the "intelligent principle" in the universe, the mind that pervades all things. But we are not to argue that because *savage* is etymologically related to this Greek word, *therefore* the savage is the raw material of civilization, or that *therefore* savagery is the material principle among mankind as opposed to the intelligent or spiritual. These may or may not be facts; but they cannot be

supported by an appeal to the history of words. The savage was so called because he lived in the woods, and for no other reason.

Such etymological arguments amount to nothing, even when they are founded on correct derivations. We cannot suppose that the primitive language-maker, æons ago, packed his words full of all the wisdom that the race was subsequently to arrive at by painful thought and complicated experience. Words, whatever their origin, are conventional signs, to which each age attaches that meaning which the unspoken consensus of all who speak the language has agreed upon.

The overwhelming conventionality of language, as well as its poetic quality, may be seen by taking at random almost any bit of colorless prose and studying its derivations. We shall find it a conglomerate of worn-out metaphors. We all talk poetry without knowing it, and mix our figures without scruple. Take, for instance, the phrase "arguments founded on correct derivation." *Argument* comes from a Latin verb that means literally "to make clear," and is ultimately referable to a root signifying "bright," "shining"—the same that we have in *argent*, "silver" (the bright or shining metal). *Found* is connected with the Latin *fundus*, "bottom." *Correct* goes back to a root which means "straight." *Derivation* is connected with *rivus*, "brook," "stream," and comes from a root signifying to "flow"; to *derive* is literally to "flow from such and such a source." Thus in this single phrase we have effete metaphors of *brightness*, *foundation*, *straightness*, and *flowing*. It would sound absurd to speak of "a clearing-up that has its foundation on a straightened down-flowing"; yet we say "arguments founded on correct derivation" without a tremor, merely because our language has forgotten the figurative character of the words, and employs them as conventional signs for plain prosaic ideas.

To *convince* is literally to *conquer*; to *defend* is to *ward off*, to *shove away*; to *amputate* is to *prune round* (a vine); to *solve* is to *loose*; to *deter* is to *scare away*; to *debate* is to *fight it out*; to *respect* is to *look back*; to *discuss* is to *shake apart*; to *distract* is to *tear or*

drag asunder or *away*. *Circumstances* means literally "things that stand around one," yet "*under these circumstances*" is as good English as "*in these circumstances*," and we even say "*under the following circumstances*" without hesitation. Language cannot get along without such vague words, which have lost all their sharpness of imprint, and serve rather as counters of the game than as coin of definite value.

A fruitful source of linguistic change is pure error, as we have already observed. No matter how gross the initial blunder, usage may stamp it current so that it becomes legal tender; for usage, not historical accuracy, is the *jus et norma loquendi*. "He was *drowned*" is a vulgar error; but so was *grafted* once, for the old form of the verb was *graff*, not *graft*. In the latter case error has become consecrated, and the historically "correct" form is no longer good English. Furthermore, it is mere accident that *drowned* has not followed the same course.

A peculiar kind of blundering known as "folk-etymology" is responsible for some of the queerest freaks of language. An easy example will make this clear. Our American word *carryall* for a kind of vehicle is not a compound of *carry* and *all*, but a slight distortion of the French *carriole*, a diminutive of *car*. The change was made in obedience to the universal tendency to assimilate the unknown to the known—to make words mean something by associating them with others which they resemble in sound. Often there is no etymological relation between the words associated; as when sparrow grass is made out of asparagus. This particular corruption was once in such good colloquial use that Walker the lexicographer wrote, "*Sparrowgrass* is so general that *asparagus* has an air of stiffness and pedantry."

In *lanthorn*, from *lantern* (because lantern "glasses" were made of sheet-horn), the first part of the word was left unintelligible. In *cutlass* (which has nothing to do with *cut*, being from the French *couteLAS*), we have one stage of popular etymology; a second is reached in the sailors' change to *cutlash*, in which the whole word has been so transformed

as to seem to express an appropriate meaning. Whether such transmogrified words are accepted or not is pure accident.

It is worth one's while to scrutinize such tricks of usage as these, such apparent accidents of linguistic development. A living language never stands still, no matter what the purist may wish; nor will it suffer itself to be reconstructed to order, no matter what the vicious innovator may attempt. The conservative and the radical are both necessary. It is a pity that either should get heated, as both commonly do. The man of sense and taste will "twine betwixt and steer the golden mean." He need not worry because his neighbor, also a man of sense and taste, writes *homeopathy* without an *æ*, for he can comfort himself by remembering that *economy* is no longer spelled *æconomy*, and that *præmium* has given way to *premium*. He will trust to the honor of his associates as readily as to their honour, for he will not forget that the simpler spelling was good enough for the gentle Shakspeare and the learned Selden. Nor will he, on the other hand, go a-gadding after every fad and whimsey he sees, or welcome every slipshod construction that comes his way. A little purism is better than a great deal of neologism, though one must admit that the ignorant purist—and most purists are deeply ignorant of the natural laws of language in general as well as of the history of their mother-tongue—is a rasping person to deal with.

The study of untrammelled linguistic processes does not encourage slovenliness of style or inaccuracy of diction. Usage is not lawless. It is governed in the long-run by the *Sprachgefühl*, "the genius of the language," which has kept English true to itself through vicissitudes of fortune that almost stagger imagination. "No author," to quote a recent book bearing the same title as the present paper—"no author, however eminent, can disregard this subtle and pervasive law. Men of genius may take great liberties with their mother-tongue without offence; but let them once run counter to its characteristic tendencies, let them violate the English *Sprachgefühl*, and their mannerism becomes, as it were, a foreign language."

In Payment Thereof

BY MARY KNIGHT POTTER

BLONDINELLI was sick, and there was no hope that he would be able to play at the second of the Blondinelli-Lauri concerts. Herr Groetz, his manager, and the private secretary were conferring together in the former's office, and Madame Lauri was waiting in the little room beyond. By some slip the office-boy had not announced her to Herr Groetz. The latter, therefore, did not know that the thin partition was the only barrier between his heavy tones and the ears of the pianist.

"It 'll have to be postponed," growled the big voice. "And the necessity for postponements is one of the Almighty's methods for rebuking managerial presumption. He lets the devil have full charge of all 'transferred dates.' It brings the last concert so late in the season we might as well wipe it out altogether."

The secretary's smooth voice was lower, and Madame Lauri, who candidly admitted she ought not to listen at all, only caught the one phrase, "Give her a chance."

"Huh!" It wasn't necessary to strain one's ears for the reply. "What do you suppose the public cares for the Lauri, alone?" The woman in the next room gasped, and the clear rose of her cheeks turned ashen. "She's the most superb accompanist and *ensemble* player I ever knew, with all the technique and intelligence of a great artist. But that's the most you can say. If she appeared without Blondinelli, not a hundred tickets would be sold."

Again the secretary's voice was inaudible, but once more came the untrammelled reply:

"Right you are. She's as magnificent as Blondinelli himself in all their duos. What's the matter with her when she's playing alone I've never been able to fathom."

"I thought the European papers re-

ported a perfect furor over her when she first began to tour with him. That was eight years ago, wasn't it?" This time the secretary's voice came clearly.

"Just eight this season. They did, too. What is more, I was at their third recital, and I never heard greater enthusiasm even in Paris. And it was more for the woman than for the man. That evening I almost forgot him, listening to that girl."

A moment later came a knock at the office door, and Madame Lauri entered. Her serene unconcern gave no hint of the woman but just now sitting with bowed head and gray cheeks in the little room beyond. Herr Groetz looked at her with quick admiration.

"You have come from Blondinelli?" He rolled up the one easy-chair, and jerked his head to the secretary to leave.

The light shone full on the strong, delicate face shaded with the chestnut hair that was many notes higher in key than the big brown eyes which looked out with almost a child's directness.

"Yes," she answered, undoing the fur at her throat, and settling back easily into the depths of the chair. "He has been perfectly crazy about the concert, and pretty nearly driven the doctor insane with him. He vowed he would have his bed moved on to the stage and play in his pajamas!" She smiled unafraid at the manager, before whom very towering prime *donne* had been known to feel no loftier than a chorus-girl.

"Evidently considers I am only waiting for a chance to outbarnum Barnum as manager of the 'greatest show on earth,'" said Groetz, grinning, but looking a little uneasy. He had had experience with the violinist's idiosyncrasies.

"Quite as easy and proper a rôle as the one he was planning for *me*." And the brown eyes twinkled with appreciation of the situation. "However, we are not to have the chance of thus dis-

porting ourselves before the public. A letter came from Jacobi this morning offering to play in Blondinelli's place, and Blondinelli is more than pleased." She did not add that the sick man's orders were to cancel every engagement unreservedly unless Groetz agreed to the proposition. That gentleman, however, was so thankful for the solution of his own problem that his acquiescence was both prompt and grateful.

"Jacobi's not Blondinelli," he said, "and in Berlin I'd hardly dare substitute him. But he's a favorite here, and I guess we can fill the house."

Madame Lauri smiled. Her part evidently counted little! All she said, however, was: "Instead of the Bach and the two Mendelssohn songs, I've decided to play a Chopin nocturne and some Grieg things. The programme isn't out yet, is it?"

The next thing she did was to drive to her dressmaker's. Here she put that lady almost into a spasm by an uncompromising demand for a wonderful gown to be ready for the concert, but three evenings distant.

Jacobi's name proved sufficiently good, so that the few tickets returned did not materially thin the full house that always listened to Blondinelli. That house rippled with a sudden wave of admiration as Jacobi led in the pianist. Only Madame Lauri's friends had ever seen her look as she did then. Usually her extremely quiet, strictly conventional concert gowns seemed designed with the one intent of making her as unnoticeable as possible. To-night every line of the regal costume, every glint and gleam of the silken folds, served but to render more bewilderingly apparent the glorious beauty of the woman wearing it. When she sat down for her first solo there was a slight, unconscious stir in the audience. Her whole appearance was so unusual, it seemed as if they were about to hear a new kind of performance.

And they were not disappointed. Madame Lauri's technique and her high order of intelligence had never been questioned. To-night, however, they were only the trained servants in a performance where depth of imagination, poetry, and pathos reigned supreme. Contrary to every rigid law of the Groetz régime,

the programme had to be delayed till she played an encore. It was a plaintive, cooing, soft little melody, with a heart-break somewhere under its gentle ebb and flow, which no one in the audience had ever heard before. For not even Lauri's friends knew that she was a composer too.

An unlucky chance kept Herr Groetz from the concert, and the faithful reports of it he would not believe.

The date of the next recital came, and although Blondinelli was still in bed, the demand for tickets was unprecedented. This time the manager himself was there. He was not only there, but at the end he found himself on his feet hurrahing for the Lauri like the rest of the delirious audience.

Nevertheless, this manager of earth "stars" found himself spending a most unconscionable time hunting for a reasonable explanation. A few afternoons later, as he was passing Madame Lauri's hotel, he saw Jacobi helping her into a carriage. At the same time he caught sight of the violinist's face and the expression thereupon. Herr Groetz thought his perplexities at an end.

"A man at the bottom of it once more," he murmured, with a slight but distinctly uncomfortable sensation somewhere under his waistcoat. "He's in love with her, the beggar, and he's waked her up at last."

Meanwhile Blondinelli was getting better. To his rage, however, not nearly fast enough to play at the next concert. For the last week he had been hearing strange tales of Madame Lauri. He even read some of the criticism, and he was as incredulous and perplexed as was Herr Groetz before him. Besides this, there had not been wanting hints as to the cause of her strange metamorphosis. For the first gossip-carrier who linked Jacobi's and her name, Blondinelli felt a sudden detestation, which he did not stop to explain to himself. If he could not play, therefore, he swore that, doctor or no doctor, he would be at the recital.

And there, in an obscure seat, not even recognized by his own manager, the convalescing violinist sat wrapped in his great-coat, looking with amaze at the tremendous audience. Such a packed, jammed, overflowing house he had never

seen since the commencement of his touring with Lauri. With a sudden start he remembered that houses almost as crowded were not unusual during their first season in Paris. Not even then, however, had he heard such applause as stormed when Jacobi led the pianist on to the stage. Queer enough, too, that was the first time he had ever fully appreciated her beauty. As she stood there, smiling at the tumultuous crowd, he felt a swift surge of anger that she should be there, so superbly poised, so unaffectedly happy, while he had been groping amid the glooms of sickness. But presently he forgot everything except the music that those slender hands were exorcising from the ivory keys.

She had reversed the usual programme order and put a Liszt rhapsody first, and her grasp, velocity, power, and abandon made him realize that he had never heard her play like that. The great Chopin scherzo which followed showed him other things besides. All the grace, the cloying sweetness, the morbid intensity, the plaint of the misunderstood, the might and passion of the Northern-Orientalist, swept from her fingers into the heart and soul of the violinist. He did not join in the shouts that filled the house after. Instead, with glistening eyes and a tightened, hurting choke in his throat, he sat in his unnoticed corner, cursing himself for wasted years and idiotic blindness. For he was saying to himself just what Groetz had said, that the Lauri, the charming, gracious, but unapproachable Lauri, had fallen in love at last. That it was which had sent such a glorious butterfly out of her musical chrysalis. With straining eyes he watched his brother violinist, and noticed his proud air of proprietorship, his tender homage to the woman beside him. The sick man in the great-coat cursed very deep the universe, the other man, the woman, and himself.

At length there was a lull in the tempest of applause; raising his eyes, he saw that she was once more at the piano. For a moment she sat there smiling, her fingers wandering gently into soft harmonies, while she looked half unconsciously into the sea of faces before her. Suddenly Blondinelli felt sure that her eyes had found him. The pink faded from her

cheeks, and then rushed back with a deeper dye, while a strange little glitter shone from under her lids. Whether she saw him or not, her indecision was over. Preluding with a few crashing chords, she sounded a marchlike theme that hinted of empires and battles and heroic souls. Louder and stronger grew the pæan, till it seemed to rise conqueror over the world. Soon, at first only suggested in the deeper harmonies, came a different strain. It was like a faint call across distant fields that gradually gained tone and distinctness. At last the martial triumph-song was merged and changed into the nobler chant, where all the dross of the earlier glory was drowned in a flood of ecstatic exaltation.

While the crowd was screaming itself hoarse, Blondinelli pulled his great-coat closer about him and slipped unseen into the night. Stronger than any other feeling was his sense of having been deceived and cheated. Once, before the name of Blondinelli had its world-wide significance, a woman had done her worst to ruin it altogether. The artist had got over the hurt, but the man never forgot. No woman since, he had seen to it, had ever had the power to wound again. Now, he said to himself, he was, after all, once more duped. Without analyzing the justice of his accusation, he felt a fierce anger against this woman who had never shown her real self to him. He hated her, he said, but beneath he was conscious of a self-scorn that he had allowed himself to be so deluded. It was a curious state of mind. He believed that it was the Lauri's love for Jacobi which had on a sudden, as it were, developed and completed her. Yet he was furious that this wondrous bloom had not come with him. More furious because he had not even suspected its possibility.

When she came to see him the next morning, he was in an even worse humor than the night before.

"You had a great triumph," he began, sneeringly.

"I saw you were there," she said, quietly. "I was glad you didn't wait for the Brahms. Jacobi murdered it."

Blondinelli looked at her quickly. "He would undoubtedly be pleased to hear you say so."

"Oh, he knows it! He had been having

a row with Groetz, and took it out on the audience. It's to be hoped"—she smiled brightly at the belligerent face opposite—"that you can play next time. Jacobi declares he will never come near Groetz's talons again."

"What will you do, then?" he asked, bluntly.

"I? Why, I've not been quarrelling!"

He looked at her intently for a moment, but the clear eyes never wavered. Her composure pricked him into speech. "I should think you'd go with Jacobi."

She stared at him as if he had suddenly lost his senses. "What do you mean?" she asked, sharply.

"Doesn't need any explanation from me," he snarled. "It might suit your pleasure to explain to me."

There was a light in her eyes he did not understand. "Nevertheless," she said, slowly, "you will explain to me—and fully."

"It's I who ought to be explained to—yes, and apologized to," he cried. He had supposed before that such words were only possible from hysterical women. "Why have you never played with me as you did with Jacobi yesterday? Why have I never seen you at your best? Do you call it fair to me? Why haven't our concerts been the triumphs yours and his was last night? It's a small thing to you, perhaps, but you've cheated and deceived me, and have never let me know you as you really are."

In spite of himself there was a break in his voice at that last sentence.

The woman opposite had been watching him with wide, strange eyes. She was saying to herself that it was only the weakness from his sickness that made him talk like that.

The knowledge that he was disgracing himself exasperated him into even worse commissions.

"I have a right to know," he shouted. "You shall tell me why you have never played with me as you played with Jacobi last night."

Madame Lauri looked at him in amaze, and with a certain other feeling which she suppressed. The doctor had said that even now it would be dangerous for Blondinelli to get excited, and it seemed to her he was already half mad. Soothingly, as to a sick child, she answered:

"If I had played differently, my dear Blondinelli, how do I know? Is it likely I have purposely thrown away triumph? At any rate, my success or ill success, you know, never could have hurt you."

The violinist stared at her without speaking. All the weariness he had not yet convalesced out of came back to him, and his rage was over. It was almost softly that he said: "It's true, then, what they say. You are in love with Jacobi."

Compassion vanished from the Lauri's countenance.

"You have no right—" she began, in icy tones. Then something in the man's face changed her mood. Her lips turned pale, and she grasped the arms of her chair. "You have no right," she repeated, huskily, "but it is not true."

"Not true!" He leaned forward and held her with his eyes. "It is some one else, then, that has changed you so?"

With deep self-scorn that she should answer him at all, she still replied, to his eyes rather than to his words: "I am not changed. There is nothing—one new in my life."

"Nothing new—no one has changed you—then"—his breath was coming fast, and sudden light leaped into his eyes—"then you could have played so long before—as indeed you did, in Paris. Lauri"—once more he made her look at him—"you have got to tell me why."

She made a quick gesture of disdain, and drew herself up proudly. "I do not recognize your right," she started in, coldly. But he never let his eyes leave her face, and suddenly a warm wave of color swept over her cheeks. Her own eyes grew defiant, and she looked at him as intently as he at her. "I *will* tell you," she said. "It is just as well, perhaps, especially as everything is different now. You remember the last concert in Paris, eight years ago?—when the girl of twenty-two was greeted with cheers that even you had not aroused? Well, of all the compliments she received, there was one that was said oftenest. That was that it would thereafter be Lauri, rather than Blondinelli, who would draw the crowds. And the girl believed them. And—and—" The woman's eyes fell, and she groped for words. "She did not have such triumph in Germany," she went on

quietly, at length; "and she never has had again, till now."

The man's eyes blazed, and he started from his chair. "Why?" he demanded.

She thought she read his meaning, and she answered, scornfully: "I wish you to know. I was not going to take the applause that belonged to you." Then, with a glance at his face, she went on quickly: "Listen. I should have been less than decent if I had come between you and the public. Do you remember the girl of fourteen in the Leipsic Conservatory, sixteen years ago, when you were there at the graduating exercises?"

Blondinelli looked puzzled, and half shook his head.

Lauri smiled slightly. "It's not a common failing—forgetting one's good deeds. The girl was in the lower classes, but the professors were prophesying great things for her. Just at that time her father died, and there was no money for her to keep on with. The tuition might have been arranged, but there were all her living expenses to be met. There was nothing for the child but to go out as nurse or into a factory. You heard her play, and you were even more enthusiastic than the professors. You weren't rich yourself then. But you left behind enough money so that for two years more she had all her time for her work. After that she earned enough herself, till she married the man her father had chosen long before.

Blondinelli had listened almost with open mouth. At the end he gasped, "And *you* are that lanky, shy, tow-headed child who curtsied till her head touched her knees when I praised her playing?"

Lauri nodded, smiling at his first thought. With a sudden turn he came back to the matter in hand.

"You self-abnegated to such an extent, then, out of—merely out of—gratitude?" His eyes were very tired.

"It was the least I could do;" she flushed painfully. "I owed it to you that I could play at all. Was I to be the cause, then, of hurt for you? I never

meant," she went on quickly, "to have anything changed. But when you were taken sick I heard some things that stung me. I—I—it—seemed as if I could not stand them. I vowed I'd show the public that I was worth something. Now"—she dropped her head—"it will be almost impossible for me to go back. I must keep on as I have begun, or I must leave the stage altogether."

"And so"—his head too dropped, and he covered his eyes with his hands—"and so it was all just gratitude?"

She had turned and did not answer.

"Adelaïde"—the man's voice was only a whisper, but she shivered: he had never called her by her Christian name before—"Adelaïde, look at me." But she would not move. "If"—he leaned over and put his hand on her arm—"if it was all gratitude, why did you stay with me? It couldn't have harmed me if you had been concertizing alone."

"I—I"—the color came and went painfully, and she pressed her hands together—"I—wanted—to pay my own debt. Who else wouldn't have failed you in the duos?"

His hand fell and he sank back into his chair. "So"—he spoke lightly the same words he had said before—"so it was just gratitude. Ah!" The last sounded like a choke.

For a moment neither of the two stirred, and the silence was only broken by the steady drip of the icicles on the window-sash outside.

At length, with a little sigh, Madame Lauri turned. Blondinelli's elbows were on the arms of his chair; his head was sunken into his hands. As she looked, with a queer feeling at her throat, two shining drops trickled between his fingers.

"Pietro!" She never knew she said it.

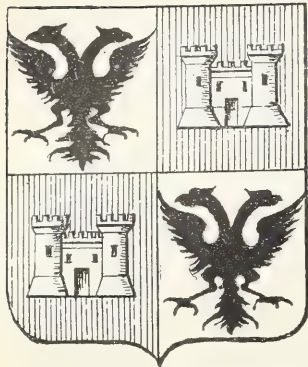
But the man's head lifted, and wonder fought with joy over his face. He stretched out both hands. "Adelaïde! Say it wasn't all gratitude!"

And into each other's eyes they gazed till only joy was left in his.



The Real d'Artagnan

BY CHARLES SELLIER



THERE is a manuscript in the historical collection of the Carnavalet Museum, which is signed "Artagnan"; and this signature has revived an old dispute concerning

the actual existence of the famous hero, who is indebted to Romance rather than History for his widespread renown, thanks to the trilogy of the Cloak and Sword romances by Alexandre Dumas: the *Three Musketeers*, *Twenty Years After*, and *The Vicomte de Bragelonne*.

The manuscript reads as follows:

Count d'Artagnan, Lieutenant Captain of the first company of musqueteers of the King, and Lieutenant General of His Majesty's armies.

This is to certify that the lord (seigneur) of Saint-Aubin de Faverot has served in the said company, from the 22d of July 1710, to the 20th of September 1714, at which time he asked for his discharge: in witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand, at Paris, the fifth day of November 1716.

[Signed] ARTAGNAN.

The document must certainly have been very precious to its titled possessor, as proof of the honor of having served in the musqueteers. It will be entirely appropriate to a clear understanding of the subject to speak first of that famous body of men whose renown is inseparable from the name of d'Artagnan.

The musqueteers formed two companies of the King's military household. The first company was formed by Louis XIII. in 1622. It was his old company of carbineers, whose carbines he had replaced with musquets, and who were consequently called *musqueteers*. He decided to admit only gentlemen of proved valor in war, chosen from among his

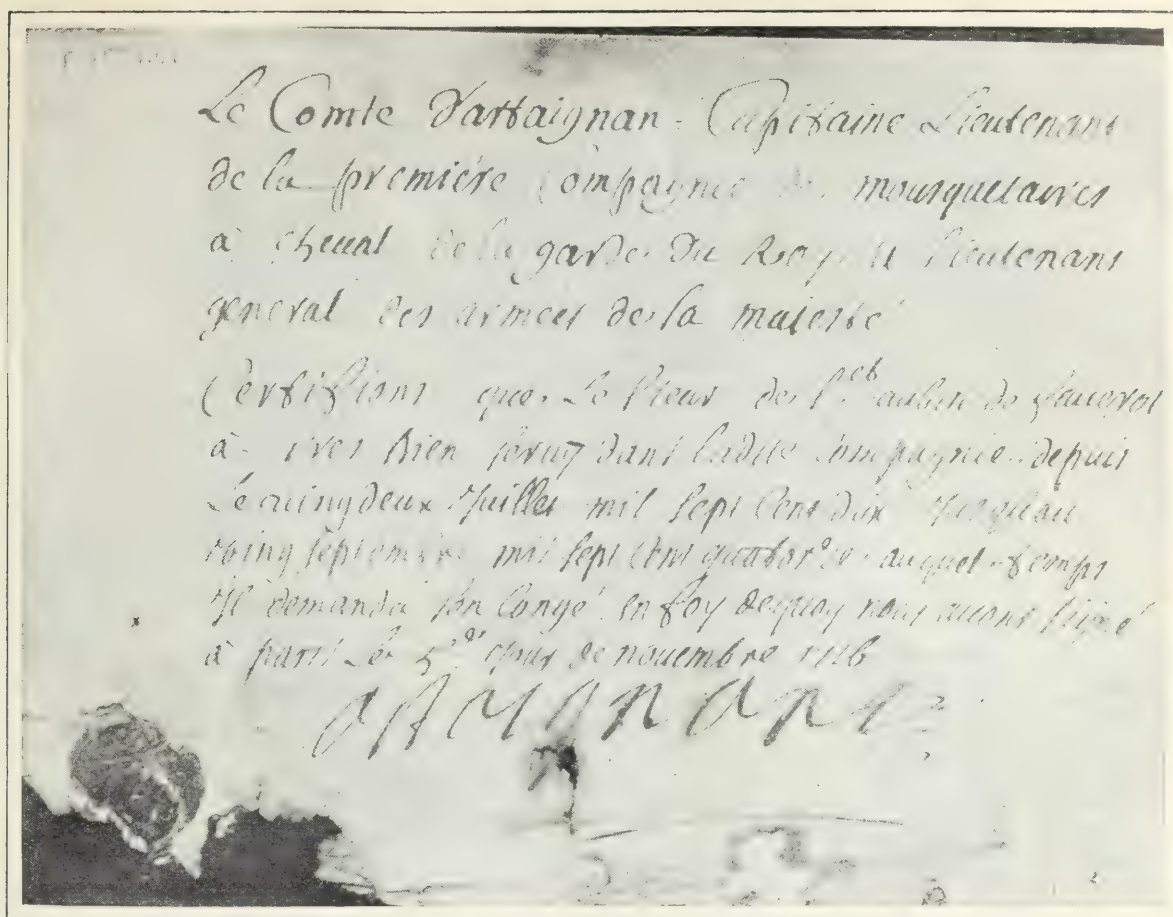
guards, and certain "soldiers of fortune" of recognized worth, whom he might afterwards withdraw, and commission as officers in his regiments, where he could provide for their advancement.

The second company was organized by Mazarin for his own body-guard, but, realizing the high favor in which Louis XIV. held his musqueteers, he deemed it prudent to present the company to the King in 1660. This company, which was given the name of the "Petits Mousquetaires," was not mounted until three years after, and did not hold equal rank with the older body until the King became captain in 1665, as he had before been captain of the first company. Each company had 250 men.

At first, while the corps had no regular uniform, their cloak was the distinguishing garment of musqueteers in service. They had no uniform until 1665, when Louvois, the Minister of War, prescribed one for the army. It was unsurpassed in magnificence; coat and cloak were of scarlet, laced heavily with gold, the jacket of blue, embroidered on the front with a cross powdered with silver fleur-de-lis, the hat ornamented with gold cord, white plume, etc.

From the date of the manuscript in the Carnavalet Museum it may be easily asserted that the signer is none other than *Joseph de Montesquiou, Comte d'Artagnan*.

Count d'Artagnan was descended from one of the oldest families of Gascony, which took its name from Montesquiou, the barony of the Count d'Armagnac. In the eleventh century this barony, separated from the domain of the Fezenac counts, was inherited by one of the younger members of the house, whose descendants formed the still extant branch of Montesquiou. The name d'Artagnan was added to that of Montesquiou by a great-grandfather of the Count d'Artagnan, Paul de Montesquiou, who mar-



FAC-SIMILE OF COUNT D'ARTAGNAN'S CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE; THE ORIGINAL, RECENTLY DISCOVERED, IS NOW IN THE CARNAVALET MUSEUM

ried Jacquette d'Estaing, lady of the seigniory of Artagnan, in Bigorre.

The Count d'Artagnan must not be confounded with his illustrious cousin-german, *Pierre de Montesquiou d'Artagnan*. This latter was the son of Henri de Montesquiou d'Artagnan, the King's lieutenant at Bayonne. After having been page of the King's stables, he enlisted with the musqueteers, and two years after, in 1668, became ensign in the "Gardes Françaises," where he advanced through every rank during the campaigns in Flanders and Franche-Comté. Then, being commissioned major-general of infantry, he organized regular drill for the troops, and thus won the appreciation of Louis XIV.

If we turn to the romances of Dumas's *Musqueteers*, it is easy to establish that there is nothing in common between those heroes and either one of the men of whom we have made mention; but it must not, therefore, be inferred that the famous d'Artagnan of the romance is a myth.

Françoise de Montesquiou d'Artagnan married Bertrand de Batz, lord of Castelmoré, in 1608, of the ancient house of Béarn, already known and distinguished in the eleventh century. They had two sons: *Paul de Batz*, who will be found, under the name of *Paul d'Artagnan*, on the muster-rolls of the King's musqueteers in 1640; the second son was *Charles de Batz*, who also took his mother's name d'Artagnan, to distinguish himself from his father, who was likewise called the Count de Castelmoré. This Charles de Batz is the man claimed by both history and romance.

Charles de Batz, or rather d'Artagnan, was born in 1612, not in 1623, the year generally given as the date of his birth. He entered the "Gardes Françaises" as cadet, and served at the sieges of Arras, Aire, at La Bassée and Bépaune, in 1640 and 1641; at Collioure and Perpignan in 1642. Sent to the siege of Gravelines in 1644, he donned the musqueteers' cloak on his return, and distinguished himself at many other sieges. In 1646



MUSQUETEERS OF THE TIME OF LOUIS XIV

he was attached to the personal service of Cardinal Mazarin, who employed him on various secret missions; he was rewarded by an appointment to a lieutenancy in the Guards in 1649, and made captain in the same regiment five years later. Mazarin then ordered him to England to size up the situation under Cromwell, whose son would have been very suitable for Hortense Mancini; but before making an offer of his niece, the cardinal wished to be sure that the Protector was firmly established. After the English republic had collapsed, d'Artagnan was again

chosen by Mazarin to offer the unfortunate Hortense, together with a good-sized dowry, to Charles II. It is needless to add that, whatever skill d'Artagnan may have employed, he failed in the two negotiations. In 1657 he returned to the musketeers with the rank of sub-lieutenant of the first company. He then took the title of Count d'Artagnan. At that time the first company of musketeers was commanded by a nephew of Mazarin, Philip Mancini, Duke of Nevers, a young man of twenty-five years, who troubled himself little with his duties, but was absorbed in the pastimes of the

court; he was seldom seen at the Louvre, and left his subordinate to receive his Majesty's orders. D'Artagnan took advantage of his young captain's carelessness and incapacity to occupy himself wholly with the training and management of the company.

Two years had passed since d'Artagnan had become lieutenant of the first company of musqueteers, when he at last received the commission of lieutenant-captain in this company, in 1667. The same year he was made brigadier of cavalry, and served in this capacity at the sieges of Tournai, of Douai, of Lille, and in the conquest of the Franche-Comté. In 1672, at the time of the declaration of war against Holland, he became camp-marshal, and in this rank he fell at the siege of Maestricht, June 24, 1673.

If a comparison be made between the true history of d'Artagnan and that of Dumas's hero, a perceptible difference will be evident. For instance, the author has d'Artagnan fighting at the siege of La Rochelle, although he could not have been more than fifteen years old at the time. In this instance Dumas had doubtless confounded him with his uncle, Jean de Montesquiou d'Artagnan, who was ensign in the "Gardes Françaises," and was killed during this siege. The death of d'Artagnan, Marshal of France, in the siege before the city of Maestricht is pure invention.

But Dumas's romance is not so far from historical accuracy as might be imagined. It is known that the tale is founded on an anonymous narration, published at Cologne in 1700, under the title of "Memoirs of M. d'Artagnan," and that Courtils de Sandraz was the author.

The commencement of Sandraz's memoirs, as well as the astonishing epic of Dumas, shows us young d'Artagnan leaving the ancestral home for Paris, taking with him ten crowns, a little good advice, and a sorry nag, which arrived at Blois in an exhausted condition. The company at the public-house laughed at the queer couple, which so incensed the future captain that he drew on them in rage, and was promptly clapped into gaol, where he lost both steed and baggage. Once at Paris, he

met M. de Tréville, a fellow-Gascon and lieutenant-captain of the King's musqueteers, to whom he had letters of introduction. He soon formed the acquaintance of three young men of Béarn (which province was neighbor to his own), Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, and fought his duels in their company.

The episode in which Dumas makes him play the chief part—the mission of d'Artagnan to England, sent by Anne of Austria to bring back the gift of Louis XIII., a diamond neck-lace, which she had imprudently given to Buckingham—is due entirely to the imagination of the romancer. D'Artagnan's journeys to England had quite other motives.

Before closing it may be said that it is exceedingly difficult to doubt the real existence of his three comrades in arms, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, if that of d'Artagnan be admitted. Their three names are not impossible; they have a Basque termination which is often met with. Athos is the name of a village in the Basses-Pyrénées, which has a charming situation on the Gave d'Oloron; Aramis is a pretty town in the same department, the two forming part of the ancient province of Béarn. It is possible that *Porthos* is merely one of those numerous hamlets on the frontiers of France which are called *Portes*, pronounced *Portos* in the country dialect.

In his "Critical Dictionary of Biography and History" A. Jal notes, under date of December 22, 1645, the following extract from the register of deaths at St. Sulpice: "Escort, service, and interment of the body of Armand Athos d'Autevielle, musqueteer of the King's Guard, gentleman of Béarn, held near the market-place of Pré-aux-Cleres." In this musqueteer it is impossible not to recognize one of the three Béarnese whose duels Sandraz has related in the first pages of his memoirs. The existence of Athos having been thus proved, renders possible belief in that of his comrades. Doubtless severe critics could reproach the author of the *Musqueteers* for having been somewhat careless in regard to certain dates or facts, but Dumas was above all the writer of romance, and, in the words of Horace, "Poets may dare anything!"



Cap'n Goldsack

BY WILLIAM SHARP

DOWN in the yellow bay where the scows are sleeping,
Where among the dead men the sharks flit to and
fro—

There Cap'n Goldsack goes, creeping, creeping, creeping,
Looking for his treasure down below!

Yeo, yeo, heave-a-yeo!

Creeping, creeping, creeping down below—

Yo! ho!

Down among the tangleweed where the dead are leaking
With the ebb an' flow o' water through their ribs an'
hollow bones,

Isaac Goldsack stoops alow, seeking, seeking, seeking.

What's he seeking there amidst a lot o' dead men's
bones?

Yeo, yeo, heave-a-yeo!

Seeking, seeking, seeking down below—

Yo! ho!


Twice a hundred year an' more are gone acrost the bay,
Down acrost the yellow bay where the dead are sleeping;
But Cap'n Goldsack gropes an' gropes from yearlong day
to day—

Cap'n Goldsack gropes below, creeping, creeping, creeping:

Yeo, yeo, heave-a-yeo!

Creeping, creeping, creeping down below—

Yo! ho!



Letter-Post

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

MR. REMSEN ROBERTS—intimately, “Bobs”—sat in the club car of the north-bound “Limited,” reflecting upon the impossibility of a future in which Nan Godfrey was to have neither walking nor speaking part. Truly the proposition was an unthinkable one, for the world had been their stage ever since he could remember; the comedy of their relations had been a brilliant one, and they had played it numberless times, to the eternal mystification of all their friends and their own infinite amusement. And now at this the *n*th performance, when one would have supposed the principals letter-perfect, something had happened—a contretemps whose exact nature was still a mystery to Mr. Roberts. He had simply been informed that the play was over, so far as Miss Godfrey was concerned; she had positively declined to make her re-entry, and he had been left standing awkwardly in the centre of the stage, and compelled to mouth his finest speech to the most unappreciative of wall-papers. And it being no one’s business in particular to ring down the curtain, he finally had to make a run for it—the lime-light was beginning to scorch his wig.

To return from the byways of metaphor to the straight road of common speech, it was a hard Gradgrind fact that Bobs and Nan were no longer chums—the old frank comradeship was a thing of the past. “And what it was that upset the apple-cart,” concluded the young gentleman, miserably, “I’ll be hanged if I know.”

It was in the first part of December that Bobs had been figuratively turned out of doors (a procedure verging upon the heartless, when one recalls what a helpless innocent he always was, and a hard winter coming on), and now it was February. No Christmas remembrance from her,—how strange that seemed!—and indeed he had only seen her once or

twice all winter until this very week, when they had happened to meet at the Mortimer Fixbys’—a big house party in the Acre colony. Her greeting and subsequent manner towards him— Well, there was nothing to which he could take arguable exception, and yet at the end of the third day he had suddenly thought him of an important business interest necessitating his immediate departure. The Mortimer Fixbys, politely regretful, had insisted upon his returning at the earliest possible moment: and Nan, who happened to be standing by, had seconded the request—regretfully polite, as Bobs chose to think—and so the incident had been closed. He had left the “Lóg Cabin” at noon, and now for an hour or more he had been sitting over an untasted Scotch and carbonic in the darkest corner of the club car. “Click, click, clickety click,” sang out the wheels as they pounded upon the rail-joints. “For all the world like an interminable telegraph message,” thought Bobs, dismally. “It might be from Nan herself for all the good it would do me—can’t make out a blessed word. Click, click, clickety—it’s enough to drive one silly.”

The “association of ideas” is a mental process in excellent psychic standing; it may be employed with entire propriety to set in motion such a succession of thought waves in the mind of our young friend as is herewith set down:

Telegraphy, the Marconi system of wireless communication, telepathy, and finally that curious phenomenon so often associated with the simultaneous exchange of letters between friends—the mere act of writing on A’s part that appears to incite an immediate and irresistible answering impulse in the subconsciousness of B. “Not without the aid of stimulants,” muttered Bobs, and scowled darkly upon his whiskey and water. Yet the thought clung like some ridiculous mental burr, inaccessibly at-



BOBS AND NAN WERE NO LONGER CHUMS

tached to his subliminal person; he could not get hold of it to pluck it off, and it insisted upon making its presence felt, no matter how many times he tried to change his psychical position. Certainly it was an interesting theory, and a well-known author had once exploited it with painstaking fidelity; Bobs perfectly remembered the magazine in which the gentleman of literary distinction had collected various instances of the phenomenon and the conclusions which he had deduced from them.

Now the most surprising of these deductions was the assertion that one might, at any time, compel the attention of a neglectful or indifferent correspondent by the simple process of sitting down and writing to him. To be successful the experiment must be perfect in every detail. The letter must be honestly written out,

and then regularly signed, dated, sealed, and stamped, exactly as though it were forthwith to be committed to the post. *But it need not be actually mailed.* Astounding! but unquestionably a fact. It was the faithful preparation of the decoy epistle that was the all-important thing; the depositing of it in a material post-box was quite unnecessary, so far as the bagging of the game was concerned. "This," said Bobs, unconsciously speaking aloud, "is important, if true." Forthwith he summoned a porter and demanded a supply of the train stationery.

It was a delightful sensation in itself, to be writing to Nan again; and what piquancy in the thought that he was thus subtly bending to his will that irrational feminine nature! Secure in his psychical bomb-proof, he could experiment at will with the various telepathic poten-

tials, note the effects with true scientific impassivity, and tabulate the results at leisure. "I'll crowd this wireless machine up to the last notch," chuckled the artful Bobs, "and if there's anything in it at all, the sparks will have to fly somewhere." Yet as he applied himself to his task he began to realize that this was a serious piece of business; insensibly he grew graver and more abstracted as his pen moved slowly over the paper. At the end of an hour he took up the closely written sheets and read them over.

"Nan dear"—so the letter began—"there's something desperately wrong between us, and being a man, I can't pretend to guess what it is. Friends, and such good friends too, for so many years, and then suddenly to find ourselves walking on opposite sides of the street! What does it mean? I had thought you unlike other women—one of the rare sort that can meet a man on his own ground. I was mistaken, then?

"Well, if it is all over, what remains for me? I am frank, you see, in acknowledging my selfishness in the matter, a selfishness supreme and unalloyed. And I am frank again in saying that I want you back—tremendously. But why? Ah, that is where the puzzle begins. I tell myself that you are necessary to my happiness—but how necessary? Should I have to ask such a question if—if I loved you?

"There! it is out at last, the miserable confession of my weakness. *If* I loved you. What a thing to say to any woman—to *the* woman! Unpardonable, of course; I sha'n't attempt to defend myself. But now that the confession is made, we can proceed with the argument. Granting the 'if,' wouldn't I be sure then of *why* I wanted you? Wouldn't I take the very next train back to Acre and just carry you off, willy-nilly, like a young Lochinvar out of the West? As it is, I stay comfortably where I am, due north at sixty miles an hour.

"Disgraceful, isn't it? Yet I can't pump up an emotion that doesn't exist; and if it did exist, it wouldn't need any pumping—I can perfectly understand that. Granted that I am unacquainted with love in the concrete, I am still not wholly a fool. I know that it is something alive—that one isn't obliged to

place it under a microscope to distinguish it from a prehistoric bird track, or even a fly in amber. But some of us go on collecting fossils—prefer to do so.

"The conclusion must be obvious—that I am not in love. Pricked in my vanity, wounded in my self-love, or perhaps I am only a little disturbed in mind, like a cat after being ousted from her comfortable seat near the fire.

"It has been an undeniable comfort, the laying bare of my inmost heart, and you should feel honored by the confidence. There are not many women who have ever seen a man so pitifully stripped of his lion-skin, and there are fewer still who could bear to look upon a spectacle so painful. Either they would shut their eyes or refuse to believe them. And I may confess that I should never have been able to write thus fully, freely, unrestrainedly, but for the certainty that you will never read what I have here set down. The bare thought of your actually receiving this letter fills me with terror. But that is impossible.

"Finally, it is not uncommon for a woman to marry without the pretence of any deep-seated feeling for the man to whom she gives her hand. And the man does not find the situation an impossible one; on the contrary, it is generally he who insists upon the affair going forward. He is willing to take his chances that love will follow the kiss: trust him to make her own mind clear to her. But reverse the situation, and lives there a woman who would accept it? What woman would consider, even for a moment, the man who was not sure, who could not tell, who did not know? Would you?

BOBS."

Mr. Roberts read and re-read this curious epistle, but found nothing to alter beyond the substitution of a semicolon here and there for a vague and possibly misleading comma. He folded and enclosed it in an envelope, sealing down the flap with an impression from his signet-ring, and finally addressed it in a bold hand to Miss Anne Godfrey, in care Mortimer Fixby, Esqr., The Log Cabin, Acre, S. P. The porter supplied him with a United States two-cent stamp, and the document thus completed was safely stowed away in an inside pocket.

Already Mr. Roberts was feeling much more cheerful.

As Bobs stepped from the cab that had conveyed him to his club, his eye fell upon the letter-box at the corner, and the thought of his letter recurred to him. He walked over to the box, drew down the patent revolving lid, and laid the letter on the shelf. Now he had only to remove his finger, and the moral earthquake would be in process of incubation.

How had it happened? He could not define the inexplicable impulse that had moved him. He knew only that he had let go, and that the letter had fallen into the mail-box.

At first the shock seemed to benumb his mental faculties; he kept moving the patent lid up and down as though he expected to pump the letter out of the abyss into which it had been precipitated by his folly. Then, with the rush of returning consciousness a fierce anger suddenly possessed him; he grasped the letter-box and shook it as though he would tear it bodily from its standard. A policeman walked up with a decided step.

"Careful there, sir!"

The officer spoke sharply, yet deferentially, as becomes a member of the Fifth Avenue detail, and Bobs, who had not wholly lost his senses, was instantly amenable to authority.

"It's a mistake, officer," he began, helplessly, "a gigantic, fatal mistake. What am I going to do?"

"Can't say, sir," returned the helmeted one, "but you mustn't destroy government property or try to obstruct the mails. Might try headquarters," he added, vaguely. But Bobs had already retreated to the club window—an idea had occurred to him.

Ten minutes later the idea materialized in the person of a young man clad in the gray uniform of a letter-carrier. He was making collections, and Bobs intercepted him as he stood before the open box on the corner, raking its contents into a capacious leather bag that hung suspended from his shoulder.

"There's a letter in that lot addressed to Miss Anne Godfrey, Acre, S. P.," began Bobs, nervously. "I posted it by mistake, and want it back." He held up a crisp yellow-backed bill upon which the magic letter L stood out seductively.

The letter-carrier, an apple-cheeked young fellow, blushed painfully and backed away.

"What's wrong here?" A man in plain clothes pushed himself between them. "I'm a department inspector," he explained, curtly.

Mr. Roberts crumpled up the bill in his hand and stated his case.

"Can't be done," rapped out the man in plain clothes, with frowning emphasis. "Courts have ruled that a letter once posted is no longer the property of the writer, but belongs to the person to whom it is addressed. You might see the Tenth Assistant Postmaster at the General Office, but you will only be wasting your time. And that reminds me, Smith, that you'd better be getting along. You're four minutes late now."

Bobs did waste his time, for the Tenth Assistant Postmaster could only repeat the decision of the inspector. The letter could not be returned, but must be forwarded to its address. It is true that there was a circumlocutory office method that might be employed, but it was a procedure involving many yards of red tape—the letter might be despatched long before it could be all unwound.

"What time does the Southern mail go out?" interrupted Bobs, impatiently.

"The next one closes at midnight," answered the official, with a glance at a printed schedule hanging on the wall.

Bobs consulted his watch, and saw that it was barely five o'clock. If he hurried, he could catch a fast train that would bring him to Acre in a little over twenty-four hours. The mail would not be delivered until the morning after. Much might be done in that time.

Double fare to the cab-driver, and by half after five Bobs rushed into his temporary quarters at the club, where the faithful Huggins had just finished unpacking his various impedimenta.

"Get 'em together again—any old way," ordered Mr. Roberts, breathlessly. "We are going back to Acre on the seven train—at least I am. You can take the heavy things on to Boston, get the rooms open, and wait there until you hear further. But now—quick! I'll order my section by telephone."

Determination accomplishes wonders always, and Bobs occupied an excrucia-

tingly uncomfortable upper berth on the Southwestern Express as it plunged through the darkness of that interminably long night. But even an upper berth is better than to have been left behind at such a crisis. During the day run they were delayed by a freight wreck, and in consequence he was four hours late in arriving at the "Log Cabin." It was midnight, indeed, and the feminine contingent of the household was invisible. But the riotous crew in the billiard-room gave him a warm welcome, and if Fixby was a little surprised, he never showed it. Pleading fatigue, Bobs made an early escape to his room; he must be up betimes, for the house mail-bag was due in the breakfast-room at nine sharp, and it was his plan to waylay the groom who brought it over from the village an hour earlier.

The striking of a distant clock aroused Mr. Roberts; he counted nine distinct strokes. There was no time to waste in useless recriminations with himself, but why hadn't he brought Huggins? Yet when he entered the breakfast-room a very few minutes later he breathed a trifle easier. The post-bag lay unopened at Fixby's vacant place, and Bobs realized now that it would have been useless for him to intercept the groom, since the bag was locked and the key never left Fixby's guard-chain.

There were half a dozen of the house party already assembled around the breakfast table, and Bobs had to submit as good-humoredly as possible to the surprise and chaff occasioned by his unexpected return. Miss Godfrey was not present, but she might appear at any moment. Where was Fixby? Just like the sulky brute to oversleep and keep everybody waiting for their letters. Bobs moved into the seat immediately to the left of his absent host, and eyed the post-bag hungrily. The wild idea occurred to him of carrying it off bodily—with one leap he could be through the French windows and running for his life. Just then Fixby turned up.

"Sorry to keep you all waiting," he said, smilingly, and produced his mail-key. "Pretty flat this morning," he commented as he proceeded to examine the contents of the bag. "Well, I should say so—just one solitary letter, for Miss

Anne Godfrèy. Where are you, Nan? Eh! What's that, Bobs?"

But Bobs, muttering something about charging himself with the duty of handing the missive to Miss Godfrey, had already snatched it from the astonished Fixby and concealed it in one of the convenient pockets that a man has always at his service. Just too late, however, for Miss Godfrey, standing on the threshold of the room, had heard and seen all. She came forward and confronted the guilty one.

"This explains it—your hurried departure, your mysterious errand, your unexpected return. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Bobs, sneaking off to Washington to get the appointment of postmaster at the 'Log Cabin' away from poor Mr. Fixby. It's a shame, and in future I shall buy all my stamps in the village. Give me my letter, please."

Bobs would have attempted to argue, to temporize, to cajole, but the tone of Miss Godfrey's request had been uncompromising, and the others were looking at him curiously. He drew it out with a sickly smile, and saw that it was not his letter at all, but an enclosure in an oblong Wedgwood-blue envelope, and post-marked Palm Beach. The criminal, reprieved at the foot of the scaffold, turned white, then red, and handed the little packet to Miss Godfrey. She knew instantly that he *had* been reprieved, and he knew that she knew.

When the newspaper published in a neighboring city of commercial importance appeared late that afternoon, some light was thrown upon the mysterious shrinkage in the Northern mail. The fast mail going South had met with an accident the day before in crossing the draw over the Matomac River. An axle had snapped, and two of the postal cars had broken away from the rest of the train and had plunged into the stream. Fortunately no lives had been lost, but twenty-four bags of mail for the Southwest, besides some thousands of loose pieces, were now at the bottom of the Matomac.

Bobs was not conscious how audible had been his sigh of relief until he realized that Miss Godfrey was looking at him. Then he had a disagreeable shock at breakfast the next morning, when the Washington papers announced that a



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

NAN GODFREY STOOD NEAR THE SUSPENDED MAIL-BAG

large proportion of the first-class mail matter had been recovered, and was now being dried out at the department stores, preparatory to forwarding to its destination. Bobs made a hasty calculation. To-day was Tuesday, and the crisis should be due at the same hour on Wednesday morning. Well, he would be prepared to meet it.

All through that long day Bobs felt that his adversary's eye was upon him, and it was only his ever-present consciousness of guilt that prevented him from noticing in turn that Miss Godfrey was by no means at her ease. But somehow the hours of suspense wore away.

Mr. Roberts rose at an unusually early hour Wednesday morning. He had learned that the post-bag was never carried directly into the breakfast-room by the groom who brought it over from the village, but was deposited by the latter in a dark back hallway, where it reposed peacefully upon a hook until one of the house-servants found time to carry it within. On this particular occasion the outer door had no sooner closed upon the groom than Bobs, emerging from his place of concealment in the cloak-closet, made a dash for the prize. But his eager hand fell back palsied and nerveless at the touch of flesh every whit as cold and shaking as itself. At that moment one of the maids opened the door into the main hall, letting in a flood of cruelly unpromising light. Nan Godfrey stood near the suspended mail-bag, tremblingly brandishing one of Fixby's poultry-carvers, and Bobs, an open razor in his hand, was equally in *flagrante delicto*. Without a word the twain fled upon their separate ways. But all roads lead to the breakfast table.

"Good-morning! good-morning!" and Mortimer Fixby bustled in, rosy and jovial. He drew the post-bag towards him, unlocked it, and began the distribution. Nearly every member of the house party had put in an appearance, and the long table was well filled.

"Here you are, Bobs. Readdressed from Boston."

Bobs took the missive without looking at it, and slipped it under his egg-cup. That could wait.

"'Ullo!" went on Fixby, "here's the jetsam from the Matomac disaster. Looks

as though it had just come in from Commodore Noah's branch postal station on Mount Ararat."

There was a great sensation, and everybody looked up.

Without actually seeing what was being done, Bobs became suddenly aware that some one was endeavoring to abstract the letter under his egg-cup. He pounced upon it, out of the sheer instinct of ownership, and turned indignantly to discover the culprit. But half the people in the room had risen and were crowding around his chair, which adjoined that of the host; no one looked in the least guilty, or even discomposed. There was nothing to be done, and already Fixby was handing out the treasure-trove.

"Two for you, Dan, and pass this to Mrs. Mayo. The rest are for me, except this one—can't make out the address."

It was *the* letter; Bobs held out his hand, but Fixby shook his head.

"There's nothing to be made out," continued that gentleman, "except the 'in care Mortimer Fixby.' It would seem that I have the best right to it in default of any clearer claim."

"But it's mine, Mr. Fixby," put in Nan Godfrey, suddenly. She stood up very straight as she spoke, her great gray eyes black with excitement.

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Bobs, desperately, "but I am absolutely sure that that letter belongs to me."

Fixby was plainly puzzled. He turned the envelope in every direction, seeking a possible clew, and finding none.

"Suppose we cut it open," he said, with sudden inspiration. "Judgment of Solomon, you know." There was a murmur of approval from the spectators; Fixby picked up a silver fruit-knife and felt its point ostentatiously.

"By all means," said Miss Godfrey, coolly.

"No!" objected Bobs, so explosively that everybody started. "Let Nan have it," he went on, sullenly.

"Excellent!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayo, and clapped her hands. "It is quite clear now that the letter belongs to Mr. Roberts."

"He has surrendered his claim," retorted Miss Godfrey. "Mortimer, will you give me that letter?"

Mr. Fixby hesitated and looked at Bobs. That gentleman nodded indiffer-

ently; indeed, it may be questioned if he realized in the smallest degree that the controversy was still in progress. A moment before he had happened to glance at the letter in his hand, and an inexplicable emotion had seized him as he recognized Nan's handwriting. The letter had been posted at Acre, forwarded to his Boston address, and promptly returned by the ever-faithful Huggins.

So the experiment in psychics had been successful. Here was the proof, and Mr. Roberts gazed upon it with fascinated eyes; the ardor of the true scientist permeated every vein, and he thrilled with a divine ecstasy.

"There you are, then," and Fixby handed the letter to Miss Godfrey.

The other women lingered near for a few moments, but Nan, sitting in a big chair near the fire, with the letter in her lap, was plainly indisposed to satisfy their curiosity. One by one they drifted away, until Bobs and Nan were left alone. Even the servants had departed, carrying with them the silver covers to be kept warm for the stragglers still to come, and only the tea-urn remained on duty.

Miss Godfrey had risen to her feet and was confronting Mr. Roberts. She held out the letter that had been in dispute. "It's a fair exchange," she said, almost entreatingly. Her meaning was plain enough to Bobs. They had both been foolish enough to engage in the manufacture of high explosives, and the lady had become convinced that an emotional catastrophe was imminent. It was ridiculous for sensible people to stand facing each other, bomb in hand, when they were mutually desirous of concluding their business with the smallest possible amount of noise.

Bobs felt the force of this reasoning, and he was equally sensible of the true nature of the truce that she proposed—the lifeless harmony of negation. The battle, it is true, might be avoided, but without the struggle there could be no victory for either side. Assuming that the situation was hopeless, it was still desirable to have the air cleared, and if this could only be accomplished through the expensive medium of an explosion—why, let there be an explosion forthwith. Consequently Mr. Roberts, after mature consideration, shook his head.

"Can't do it," he said, gruffly, and taking out his penknife, proceeded to slit open the envelope of his letter.

She flourished a hair-pin at him. "Then I am driven to reprisals."

He wrested the bit of wire from her resisting fingers and flung it into the fire.

"I forbid it," he said, and was somewhat surprised when she entirely failed to resent a masterfulness presumably so odious. Then he went over to a window-seat and read his letter.

It contained only a few words, and those such as any warm-hearted girl might write on feeling herself responsible for the existence of an estrangement that had been a mistake from the beginning. Would he forgive her and come back before the house party broke up? And, above all, he must answer immediately—the latter word underscored.

Oppressed by a sudden misgiving, Bobs turned again to the date-line. It was the very day he had left Acre, and she had even particularized the hour—high noon. His own letter had been written at three o'clock that same afternoon. Mr. Roberts sat among the ruins of his psychical house of cards. What an egregious mistake he had made! what a fatuous bungler he had been! How about that experiment in telepathy? It was he—he, Remsen Roberts—who had been played upon; it was his impressionable nature that had so artlessly responded to the touch of the telepathic current. What a mortifying reflection upon the supremacy of the masculine intellect! He had been shamefully juggled with, and he felt a sudden sympathy with the much-enduring white rabbit of the professional conjurer; he could almost realize what it must mean to be produced from a silk hat in company with a rubber omelet.

How much longer he would have continued in this strain it is impossible to say, for it was just at this point that the subliminal Mr. Roberts concluded to assert himself. It was his business, anyway—had been so from the beginning—and this subjective man of his was only messing it up the more thoroughly with every fresh move. And so the bungler was relegated to a back seat, and the real Bobs walked over to the fireplace. There was some consolation in the knowledge that her part in his humiliation had been



John H. H. H. H. H.

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

NAN TOOK THE STILL UNOPENED LETTER

purely unconscious. Nan had had no idea of hooking a psychical monster when she cast her little line into the ocean of uncertainty; she had simply wanted him. Accordingly he made bold to draw a chair close to hers.

After all, the experiment had not been wholly in vain, however it had been initiated; they were together again, and at her desire. Nor was he unduly alarmed over her unquestionable regret in having made the advance and her anxiety to retract it. He knew perfectly well that if she had recovered the evidence of her weakness, it would have been only for the purpose of adding to it by an immediate renewal of the proffer.

Finally, he was glad to be back—unreservedly so—and he did not wish to go away again. The mere thought terrified him: how could he ever have endured the prospect for a moment? Happy inspiration! to tell her as much—it was her right to know it. Blessed be

that letter of his, and the mischance that had caused him to follow it to Acre! That letter! It still lay between them, a sheathed and double-edged sword. It could not be drawn without the certainty of wounding one or the other of them—irremediably perhaps. But why draw it at all? He leaned forward, took gentle possession of the wretched thing, and held it up for her to see.

"It belongs to you, dear," he said, quietly, "but before you read it I have an explanation to make. It contains the record of a man's heart, but an incomplete one. It is the absolute truth as he saw and believed it yesterday, a truth very different from what he sees and believes to-day. If you insist, you may read for yourself what a foolish person once thought, but he prefers that you should let him tell you what he now knows."

Nan took the still unopened letter and dropped it into the heart of the blazing pine knots. "I am listening," she said.

The Glimmer of Dream

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THERE where the blank eye stares, bereft of sight,
And dim, lost guesses flutter to and fro;
Where shifting winds of doctrine come and go,
And reason chatters in unanswering night;

'Twas there again I saw it, softly bright,
The gentle spirit-glimmer dreamers know.
It silvered up and down as, long ago,
When music moved me, pulsing to its light.

It shone a time, then drifted on and on;
Like the one butterfly among the graves
It passed, or like the gleam upon the waves
Of shaken grass. It darkened, and was gone.

A Hermit in Arcadia

BY ALICE BROWN

IT was a pulsating noon in the spring of the year. Adam Field dusted the flour from his hands and came to the door of his little house, to salute the weather. He was the hermit of the Tristram Woods, and this was his baking-day. Four pies, desirably browned, stood on the kitchen table, and the dough he had given its second moulding was set in the pans to rise. These were duties past; but his pleasures lay out-of-doors, and he came forth to seek them. He was a tall, great-shouldered creature with bronze-red hair and a freckled face. The line of his profile swept nobly from brow to chin, and at first sight he justified the exactions of beauty as applied to men.

But looking longer at him, it would be found that all this strength of moulding and outline was pathetically softened by his eyes. They were dog's eyes, brown and seeking, and by no means knowing what they sought. He was dressed in a gingham shirt and gray trousers, and he wore a blue checked apron. The apron he untied, and turning, hung it on a nail by the door, moving with the air of one who does an accustomed act from an added precision because he hates it. Returned to man's estate by the removal of the belittling garment, he seemed to free his soul and let it rove abroad among the delicate riches of the day.

His house, gray-lichened in its ancientry, stood on the shore of Tristram Pond, and the little clearing about it was fringed by trees, now lustily pricking into green. So lucent was the green, and yet so pervasive, that it held every coign of the forest like an ardent mist. It seemed to rise and waver before Adam's vision, and his responsive senses told him he might almost bathe in it. He was at one with the woods, not even owning in his heart that he loved them, but yet ab-

sorbed into their thrilling life. Suddenly, while his eyes were fixed on a group of birches marking out the path about the pond, they parted, and a girl stood there framed in green.

"Gee!" said Adam Field. It was the old situation, a man and a maid; but he found himself as disturbed by it as if the one of them had been Adam the First, and the other, Eve. The day and the season smelt so new that the girl seemed new also.

Yet she was not in any sense remarkable to the generalizing glance—a slight thing with a brown face and brown hair growing in a one-sided peak on her forehead. Her eyes only were unusual. They were large and dark, and at this moment they held the gypsy glint. The hermit met them and could not look away. Their gleam bewitched him. He had an impulse to walk forward in response, but as he laid a hand upon the casing of the door, to be assured of something solid, the girl smiled. Her face crinkled up; the brown pool of the eyes broke also, and Adam was released. He drew a quick breath, and passed a hand before his eyes. The girl came lightly forward. She held a withe, and stripped it as she walked.

"Are you the hermit?" she inquired.

Adam frowned. "I should like to know," said he, fractiously, "if a chap can't go off and live by himself without being called names!"

"What's anybody want to go off by themselves for?" asked the girl, with an outward indifference, and yet some keenness of veiled interest.

"Because they're sick of the whole damned show!"

She looked at him in a fashion so gravely indulgent that Adam's heart gave one quick throb: for he thought of his apron. Then he remembered having taken it off, and he blessed his stars.

"She said you had a lovely voice," re-

marked the girl, with a smooth irrelevance.

"Who?"

"Melissa Beane. She that was Melissa Hawkins."

The slow red crept into his face and suffused it. Many thoughts were surging within him, but none such as he could utter. For certain reasons he felt that Melissa Hawkins had the sorry right to say anything she pleased about him.

"She told me how you looked," continued the girl, dispassionately, "but you ain't half so freckled as I expected."

The pin-prick hurt. His mates at school had taunted him with freckles, and that old nerve had life enough to thrill.

"I ain't the only one in the world that's freckled," said he; but the girl interrupted him sweetly:

"Do you mean me? Oh no! I ain't freckled. I'm tanned, that's all. You had better see to your oven. Something's burning."

Adam could never explain why he felt so hopelessly at her mercy. She seemed to possess an infinite power of deriding him, and he was the more undone because he felt, at the bottom of his soul, that she could soothe with an equal potency. She hurt him, and undoubtedly wished to hurt; yet mingled with his inner protest against the injustice of that onslaught was an unreasoning desire to go to her for comfort. But the girl, as if she knew nothing about these warring subtleties, looked at him with satirical eyes. Within the man waves of resolution were mounting high. No power on earth should force him to acknowledge before his arch tormentor that ovens and other household gear were not things afar from him.

"There's nothing to burn," said he, firmly.

She swept the words aside in wholesale scorn. "I guess I know!" said she. "You just let me look!" She brushed past him, crossed the kitchen and opened the oven door. Burned pastry and trickling juices met her in a steaming cloud, and she spoke warmly, yet with some indulgence, as one to an inferior in a kindred art. "I'd be ashamed! They were elegant pies and you've let 'em run all to waste."

Deft as some trained ministrant, she caught a dish-towel from the nail and took out the pies. She set them on the table beside the others, and regarded them with true sorrow.

"The crust is as flaky as ever I see," she remarked, as if confiding in some sympathetic deity. "And you've let it burn to a crisp." Then she turned upon him with a hateful smile, and asked, insinuatingly, "You fond of cooking?"

"No!" thundered the hermit. But he was breathlessly content, seeing her inside his door. Keen desire flashed up in him to keep her there.

"What makes you do it, then?" She seated herself, like a bad fairy, on a stool in the chimney corner, and looked at him with impudent eyes. Instantly Adam Field judged and classified his deftness about the house. He had always hated woman's work, though he gave it great attention because it was his religion to do all things well. Now it seemed to him not merely dull, but most unmanly.

"Somebody's got to do it," he returned, lamely.

"If you'd married Melissa, she'd have done it for you."

He made no answer, even to voice a sudden inward relief that he had not married Melissa, with her yellow hair and her look of eternal Sabbaths.

"If you'd married Melissa," continued his tormentor, calmly, "I should be visiting you both. I'm staying with her mother, but your house is bigger than the one Melissa lives in now; so she'd have had me there."

His doglike eyes besought her not to play with such fine ironies; but she sparkled back an answer, and went on:

"Don't you want to know what I'm down here for?"

He answered eagerly, her cruelties forgotten, "Yes, I do."

"Well, Melissa told me you'd jilted her—"

"I didn't jilt her," he continued in haste. The words tumbled tumultuously. Though she jeered at him, he had a pathetic certainty that, after all, she would understand. It was an almost poignant relief, too; for never before had he been able, in speech, to touch upon that mortifying time. "You don't see how it was. She didn't. Nobody does."



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"ARE YOU THE HERMIT?" SHE INQUIRED

We were going to be married. I liked her real well, and I wanted her to be happy."

A curious expression came over the girl's face. It was that quick, wounded look which betrays a jealous mind.

"I'm a queer chap," Adam went on, in that rush of confidence. "So how was I going to know whether I could make her happy or not? Still, I liked her, and I meant to chance it. But when it was 'most time for us to be married, I got scared. I got so scared I told her so. I bet, if the truth was known, every man jack of 'em's scared before he's married. You ask 'em, and if there's any man in 'em, they'll own it. Well, I owned it to her, and she cried, and Silas Beane he up and married her."

"And you locked your door and came traipsing off down here to make town talk of yourself over all this hermit business," said the girl, sharply. Her eyes were full of angry tears. She felt that unreasoning bitterness from which we wound our beloved when they put themselves in the wrong.

"It wa'n't what you think. I could bear to see her, but I couldn't face being a coward. I couldn't live with other folks. You can't see. You couldn't if you tried a year." Yet at the same instant he was conscious of a warming hopefulness that she could unriddle all the problems likely to concern him.

The girl put out her hand, and then withdrew it before he could guess whether it was for him. "Well," she said, "I must go."

Adam felt himself thrown, with a shock, out of accustomed musings, to face this quick reverse. "No!" he cried, appealingly—"no! you ain't going?"

She was making her way toward the door. He looked at her sharply, in the keenness of his questioning, and he could see that this was quite a different girl from the one who had parted the bushes with that witchlike mien. She was a little pale under her brown skin. Her eyes held something like a troubled tenderness.

"I help Aunt Sarah get the dinner," said she.

"But I don't know what your name is," blundered Adam.

Again she sparkled. Her spirits re-

turned with a dash. "That's no consequence," said she. "You won't have to use it."

He looked at her helplessly, and she laughed. He was so big, so soft and sorry, so like an elephantine puppy lost in the snow.

"What a goose you were," she said, irrelevantly, "to give up Melissa!"

"I didn't give her up!"

"Well, make her give you up. You were a goose. You'd have been living in that nice big house, and Melissa'd have made your pies."

"I don't want her to make my pies!"

"Well," she returned, with her diabolic precision, "I don't know's they'd have been so flaky."

In that instant he resolved that thenceforward this should be a pieless house.

She had stepped out of the door, and the spring sunshine fell upon her hair and set a shimmer on every curly crest. "Well," she said, meditatively, "I'm sorry you haven't got Melissa!"

"I wouldn't take the gift of her!" The passion of this defiance he understood as little as the former disquiet the creature had aroused; but he sent it hurtling after her. She was walking away lightly and very rapidly. In an instant the bushes would close upon her. Adam started after, and reached her in a series of strides.

"Say," he began, violently, "you tell me what your name is!"

"Angelica Payne," said she, still walking away. He remembered then. She had been a visitor here before, an ugly, elfin sort of child, and he had strangely forgotten her.

"Angelica Payne!" said he, wonderingly, as he followed her. She was more and also less miraculous now that she had a name. But with a twist of his will he broke the spell, though for an instant only.

"Well," said he, roughly, "what you down here on my land for, anyways?"

She confronted him, and, to keep her composure, called up some weak defiance. But the sparkle had gone out of it. "I wanted to see a man that was afraid to marry a girl," she said, in a poor simulation of scorn.

This time Adam hardly winced. He was going to lose her, and the prospect

held something incomprehensibly poignant. "Angelica!" he called after her, "sha'n't you come down here again?"

She cast a flashing look over her shoulder. Her face was dimpled with fun, but he read also some fine scorn of him. "You're real kind," said she. "Of course I'll come. A man that was afraid to marry a girl would expect other girls to come and call."

Adam groaned in his inability to cope with her, and she went rustling on through the bushes. When the path turned she stopped an instant and again looked back. "Oh, I'll come!" said she, softly. "I'll bring you a receipt for cake!" And he had lost her.

He walked heavily back to the house and sat down upon the step. There he stayed for perhaps an hour, his eyes fixed on a little weed at his feet. He seemed to be learning it by heart, the leaves and the horseshoe shadow on them. But chiefly he mused upon his visitor, and gave some vague cognizance to the strange self she had liberated within him. He thought he knew his own nature to the root, after days of introspection down here alone and nights of reverie; yet all this formulating turned upon his faults. He had a curious scorn of himself, of his great strength, and the softness of heart that made him a child whenever it came to action. He could not even "go gunning" as other fellows did; he was afraid of hitting some warm and palpitating mark, some winged timidity. He could not speak in town-meeting for fear of "hard feelings" somewhere.

The extremity of bathos had come in his hesitating at the altar because he liked Melissa too well to marry her; and following on that, an over-keen sensitiveness brought echoing to his ears those hoots of derision certain to attend his name. So he had shut up his house, sent off old Betsy, who had worked for him ever since his mother's death, and betaken himself to the woods. As a citizen and a man he had become, in his own estimating, a being of no account; and he proposed to spend the rest of these hateful years removed from the men with whom he could not cope, and who must perpetually judge him. But Angelica Payne had arrived. Things

were at once different. He pulled out the scroll of his past life as a man must do for at least one woman, and groaned over its futility. All the day's routine took part in his changed mood. He did not set his orderly dinner table as usual, but stood at the cupboard and ate savagely, showering the floor with crumbs. Nor would he sweep the crumbs away; and at nightfall, when the kitchen, like himself, betrayed some signs of being out of joint, he appraised the confusion and exulted in it. It was a betrayal of man's housekeeping, and that suited him. When she came again she should not flout him.

But she did not come again. The days lagged, while Adam stayed religiously by his own door-stone lest he should miss her. He made curious compromises in his in-door work, striving to earn her approval of man's housekeeping, and yet guessing how she must loathe untidiness. Sometimes he left the floor unswept, and then brushed it up in fevered haste, lest she come and find him doing it. But he made himself fastidiously clean in his own person, since that at least was due her. Toward the end of the third day he had an ache in his throat, the kind from which he had dumbly suffered in childhood when his mother used to go away at rare intervals to spend the night. Later it came again when she died; but he could not remember anybody else who had the power to summon it.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of the fourth day it suddenly occurred to him that Angelica did not mean to come back at all. That certainty was like a blow in the face from a beloved hand. A great reproach welled up in him. It seemed incredible that any human being should treat another with such cruelty. He was standing by his door-stone when that conclusion struck him, and without a second's delay he got his hat and went striding toward the county road. No definite purpose moved his mind. He could hardly seek out the Hawkins family in pursuit of their alluring guest; but he was drawn magnetically toward even the airs enfolding her. He went straight across lots and over a swampy tract spanned by a little bridge; and there she was. It was like a miracle. She was sitting on a bank staring into a



"THE CRUST IS AS FLAKY AS EVER I SEE"

pool of black water, her chin on her hand, her elbow on her knee. The pang in his heart saluted her, and then kept beating on in a sickening joy and pain. Fear it held also, the delicious fear that threatens and denies. She was not in the least like the creature who had baited him that other day. Her face had fallen into musing; the red mouth looked sad. The world was bourgeoning about her, but he could see, through that involuntary comprehension of her which was a part of his nature, that her own thoughts had shut her away even from the spring-time. He had not paused in his swift progress, and these impressions flashed across his mind like the pageant from

a moving train. At one plunging step she looked up, and the quiet of her attitude broke as a ripple stirs within a stream. She did not utter a sound, but her eyes dilated, and she grew a little paler. Adam stood before her, breathing hard. He took off his hat and passed his fingers through his moistened hair. He spoke with bitterness:

"You never meant to come!"

Angelica had in that moment been summoning new forces. Her cheeks grew warmer. Her eyes were suddenly alive with something bound to mock at him. "Come where?" she asked.

Instantly he remembered the taunt she had tossed him in farewell, and he

could not run the risk of hearing it again. "You said a lot of things to me the other day," he began, shifting his ground.

"Did I?" answered the girl, innocently. "Did I talk too much?"

"You said a lot about my going with Melissa!"

"Oh no! I guess I didn't do that. I don't care anything about your going with Melissa."

"I do!" He was passionately desirous of proving his point. He would protest, explain. She must believe him.

"Oh, do you? I'm real sorry. But it's too late now. She's married to Silas Beane, and he ain't the kind of man to give her up."

Again she was trying to hurt him. He knew that, and looked at her in an acquiescent helplessness. She seemed to be equipped at every point with stings warranted to wound.

"I swear!" he cried. And then some strange impulse made him add, "If you ain't a little devil!"

Her face crinkled up into a bewilderment of fun. If she was a little devil, it was plain she liked to be. She rose and patted her hair into place. A shower of green things had fallen on it from above. They were the drift of the growing year, and somehow, seeing them so tangled there, the spring choked Adam, and he felt the foolishness of talk. This woman creature had turned him into a mass of quivering sensations. She hurt; she delighted. She was his tormentor, his angel, his heart's darling, and his foe. Great burning tears came into his eyes. The impossibility of her understanding at this point—nay, the impossibility of quite understanding himself—kept him silent and made his bruised heart doubly sore.

"You're real polite," remarked Angelica. "I guess I'll be going."

She turned demurely and walked away from him. Adam walked after. He could not call to her as he had the other day, because that somehow seemed to belong to the man he was, and was no longer. He could only endure these queer feelings within, and march, along, fitting his stride to her irregular pace. They kept the black cart-path, enlaced above and fringed with ferns below;

but when they neared the border of the bushes where the open meadow lay beyond, the girl stopped. Her voice quivered a little, as if she felt some new mastery; but she chose her words from the same mocking vocabulary.

"You better not go any further," she said.

"Why?" Question and answer seemed to him significant. His voice was trembling.

"Somebody might see you!"

"What's the harm in that?"

"Ain't you hiding?" she asked, innocently. "If you come out among folks, you won't be a hermit any more. Good-by." She walked a step without looking at him, and Adam overtook her.

"Stop!" he said, and she stopped, though she did murmur to herself,

"The idea!"

"You seem to think I'm no kind of a man because I said that to Melissa," he began. "Perhaps I ain't. I don't lay claim to much. I want to ask you this: What would you say if a man said it to you?"

The girl turned, in a quick access of feeling. She looked straight into his face, and her eyes were burning. "I should say," she flashed, "that I didn't care whether I was happy or not—if I liked him."

The landscape seemed to engulf her, she was so swiftly gone. The fringing birches closed as she melted into them, and the air betrayed no echo of her step. Adam did not follow. He turned about as quickly, and went back to his lake. It was without conscious resolution that he strode into the little house; yet there was no shade of indecision in what he did. He opened the cupboard door and took out the scanty relics left from food which had of late contented him, and piled them in a milk-pan. These he carried out of doors and dumped in a hollow where the birds were accustomed to find provender. The water thrown from his pail, he gave one swift glance about him for anything perishable that might not be left behind. There was a blue apron hanging by the door. His eye fell upon it, and he flushed deeply, with rage at his heart. It was an insignia of disgrace, and he seized it in his hands as if to tear it. That instant he remembered



"NOW," SAID SHE, "I HOPE FOLKS 'LL GIVE UP TALKIN'"

that it was his mother's apron, and he rolled it with a remorseful tenderness and thrust it on a cupboard shelf. Then he went out, shut the door upon the life he had been living, and walked away without one look behind. Neither had he apprehending eyes for the woods where such months of seclusion had been passed, though now they were full of a great significance. Twilight was coming, and peace enwrapped them like a garment. There were little rustlings and stirrings among green leaves, although the breeze had fallen.

The sharp liquid peep of frogs came from the distance, and a nearer shrilling kept the measure.

Adam had at one time felt that he was as much a part of this elemental harmony as he could be of anything. He had learned unformulated things out of it, out of the look of the sky and the way the wind blew, out of long level reaches of land. He had not been happy, because with his strange, tumultuous nature he was not happy anywhere; but here at least there was peace, and he had

not meant to be drawn from it into that turmoil tolerated by other men. But now some note had sounded, clear and compelling, out of the myriad noises of the moving world. It was for him. The imagined sound of rushing sap and the greating of leaves, that universal movement of the growing year, had seemed to him the most significant thing created; but suddenly that potency yielded as an army parts for a chieftain with banners, and he must answer. He had withdrawn from life. He must return. But this was not thought within him: only a resistless impulse that sent him, with a whirring in his head, straight back to his old home. There, arriving after six o'clock, he opened the house to the renewing air. A man on a passing team gave him a cordial, "H'are ye?" and that night the news spread that Adam had come back.

Melissa Beane, straining the milk in the dairy, heard it from her husband, and her meek face flushed a little.

"Now," said she, in her tepid way, "I hope folks 'll give up talkin'."

Her husband, scented from the barn and oxlike in good-humor, set down the last milk-pail and took a spear of hay from his trousers. He pulled it absordedly through his fingers and fell into the process serving him for thought. Silas was a clumsily chiselled figure, all honesty and good-will. "Might as well," said he. "I never knew what all this hurrah-boys was about, anyhow." He lounged away to wash his hands, vaguely soothed by Adam's return to life. A certain disquieting feeling had hung over him that he was in some fashion responsible for this hermit business, and he had an impression that the sooner everybody settled down to their farming, the better.

Melissa drew a sigh over the milk. She, too, had been more or less puzzled by the little drama where she had played so dazed a part. Adam had always embarrassed her by his queer ways and panics over nothing; but she had a kindly feeling for him, and she was easier in her mind now that he had assumed the ways of men.

That night Adam went to bed without any supper, and next morning he tramped to Sudleigh, five miles away, took some money out of the bank, and bought a horse and wagon. Then he drove five miles farther and asked old Betsy Norcross to come and live with him. Betsy was overjoyed. She had known him from a baby, and she was used to all his ways. Nothing he did was comprehensible, and nothing was wrong. She hastily packed her little hair trunk and dressed herself in her best. She was a slender creature with a peaked face, most loving eyes, and a quizzical mouth; and she wore a rusty crape shawl and a bonnet that looked as if it had been built by some eccentric and untidy bird. Now she mounted the wagon in a state as exalted as a bride. Adam took his place beside her, and they drove away. Betsy was thinking how well Adam had suited her, and he suddenly remembered how perfectly she had suited him.

"Say, Betsy," he began, as they drove under the quickening elms, "could you stay right along?"

Betsy nodded, brimful of happiness. Because she was silent, Adam looked at her, and she nodded again.

"Would you stay if there was somebody at the head of the house?"

Betsy darted a look at him. "You goin' to git married?" she asked.

"Would you stay?" repeated Adam.

"Law, bless you, yes!" said Betsy. "I'm real glad. That 'll be complete."

Betsy cleaned the house, and she and Adam set about the business of life. He bought cows and a yoke of oxen, and, though late, began his planting. The neighbors dropped in at odd times, and one after another they got used to his return. The women would borrow a cup of yeast from Betsy and ask a careless question, and they found her loquacious on every topic save what concerned Adam. When he met them, men or women, he was so commonplace that his "crazed spell" dropped into abeyance. It seemed like the vanity which is less than nothing in the face of this great creature who walked about his farm doing deeds with an unerring hand.

But Adam hardly knew what he was thinking in those days while he harnessed himself to the needs of earth. He was perhaps not thinking at all. Only he was throbbingly conscious of the spring life about him, like the god Pan set to plough furrows, feeling the earth riot and surge and tremble, and yet ploughing and ploughing for a purpose, and not even willing to escape. He said very little to old Betsy; but she set his food before him and made the house a miracle of neatness. Nobody told her when the bride would come. Nobody had told Adam either, even his own hot purpose; but the old woman and the young man worked together with equal paces and according aim.

All this time Angelica Payne, growing a little paler hour by hour, sat within-doors, sewing. Her aunt wondered at her, because an errant will had always taken her out into the woods and fields at any interval of the day or night. Melissa was worried, and begged her to drive or walk; but Angelica denied them gently, and sat by the window with head bowed over her seam.

"Now what you want to make so many things for?" said her comfortable aunt. "Trimmed to the nines, too! Anybody'd think 'twas your settin' out."

One night when the planting was all

done and the year was still between promise and its bloom, Adam made himself very clean, and started out along the county road. Old Betsy watched him away. She made fantastic gestures at his back, translating her good-will; then she sat down on the steps and thought of life—chiefly what a big baby Adam had been, and what a freckled boy. Betsy was happy. She often said she had better luck than most, because she had always lived with her own kind of folks.

Adam walked along, neither fast nor slow, and in the darkening turn of the road where the pines meet and there is the sound of running water, he saw Angelica Payne. She was dressed in white, and her face was very pale. The dusk was thin enough for him to see how black and soft her eyes were, and how still she carried herself. She looked like a bride, and a great tenderness calmed his manner toward her. She seemed very little and very young, something miraculously accorded him to protect as well as to adore. She walked up to him, and he took her hands.

"Did you come to meet me?" he asked her gently.

"I don't know," said Angelica. "I came." Their hearts beat thickly, but they beat with an according measure.

"Should you be ready to marry me by

to-morrow?" asked Adam, as if he inquired about the weather.

"Yes," said Angelica, like one speaking out of a dream.

"Should you rather I'd come and see you at the house a few times first?"

"Oh no!" said Angelica, "not unless you'd rather."

"You know what folks 'll say about me! They'll always remember I was queer and went off into the woods!"

"Yes," said Angelica. She was leaning her head against his arm, and thinking his coat smelled of the earth, the spring earth with its imperious promises.

"They may say I couldn't get Melissa after all! Can you get along with that?"

"Not get Melissa?" she repeated, absently. "Poor Melissa!"

They stood silent, the dusk sifting down about them. Angelica, in a flash, recovered her old fire.

"Do you s'pose you're going to make me happy?" she asked, audaciously.

The silence thrilled like unknown, poignant speech. Adam was meeting his hunger for her, his certainty of having found something which was all his own.

"I don't believe I care," said he, "whether I do or not."

Then he lifted her until her eyes were level with his, and kissed her.

"Fools rush in..."

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE

ONE fool sailed westward till he found a world;
 One found new worlds within the mind of man:
 The cynics called Columbus charlatan
 And burned Giordano Bruno! . . . Who unfurled
 The heavens like a scroll, that men might *know*,
 But foolish Galileo? . . . Who began
 Our new free art and thought and social plan,
 But that poor outcast crazy fool, Rousseau?

There is one toast the future ages drink
 Standing!—To those who dare, rush in, and die!—
 Those who defy all rights and break all rules,
 Who fight impossible battles, and who think
 True thoughts—at whom with one accord we cry,
 "The fools, the fools, the fools!"—*God bless the fools!*

The Manners of the Past

BY S. G. TALLENTYRE

THERE is no branch of literature once more flourishing and now more decayed than the literature of Etiquette. There was a period when it formed the whole library of woman. Manuals (oh, what little, worn, brown, faded manuals, with their long s's and their whimsical spelling!) on the Etiquette of Love, on the Etiquette of Dancing, "Of Complements," "Of Carving," "Of Visits to a Great Person," "If we have a faculty in singing, playing upon the Musick, how we are to demean"—formed the study of Corinna's waking hours and the nightmare of her sleep.

The gallants of the court of his blessed Majesty King James II. had a little work on "Certain Ways of Deportment observed among all Persons of Quality," newly revised and much enlarged for their benefit.

An American boy, called George Washington, compiled from various sources "Rules of Civility," from which the future President of a republic did not omit admonitions to a respectful demeanour towards the great, the titled, and the rich.

In the eighteenth century and the most famous and infamous Etiquette Book ever written, my Lord Chesterfield, with tears in his eyes, as it were, was imploring Philip Stanhope not to "distort his features" with laughing, and to "loll genteelly."

The little soul of Fanny Burney was hedged in by the *convenances*. The notorious immorality of a certain Royal Duke, who, in his cups, on his birthday, danced the fat ladies-in-waiting round and round the room, was not half so shocking, even to *her* virtue, as that painful breach of decorum. The women who sobbed over Clarissa almost forgave Lovelace, for being what Mrs. Skewton would have called "Such a gentlemanly creature."

All Miss Austen's prim little heroines

are the most orthodox worshippers of the great god Manners.

Till within fifty years of the present day, pious ladies, without the slightest sense of humour and with the very highest intentions, were recommending the Christian virtues to the Young Lady as imparting "elegance of mind," acting as the "choicest cosmetics" upon the complexion, and endowing her with a fascination of address literally impossible to be resisted by the opposite sex.

As a means of vivifying history, as a lively, running commentary on the times of our grandfathers and grandmothers, as bringing to life the men and women who look out of old portraits and lived and died two hundred, a hundred, fifty years ago, they are unrivalled.

They shatter, indeed, not a few illusions. What more charming figure than the gallant at the Court of the later Stuarts—the most delightfully wicked, polished, witty, courtly, accomplished gentleman in history? With his love-locks and his silk stockings, his *bons mots*, *politesse*, *savoir-faire*, his plumed hat always in his hand, and his exquisite bows and compliments, he has been frequently held up as a model to the degenerate youth of the present degenerate age. Yet Erastus required rules, painfully plain-spoken and minute, to assist him in every phase of social life.

At meals, he had to be earnestly warned not to drink the soup from his plate; and reminded that positively "Some are so nice that they will not eat Potage or anything of that Nature, in which you put your spoon unwiped, after you have put it into your mouth."

On the next page he had to be told that "it is uncivil likewise at the Table of a Person of Quality to put up any fruit or Sweetmeat into your Pocket.... unless you be pressed and Commanded," and that "you must not lick your Fingers, your Knife, or your Spoon."

The youth was further informed that, at meals, what the Rules of Civility plainly expressed as Hawking and Spitting were not to be indulged in—to excess; and it was announced as a general axiom that “persons whose discourse is nothing but about their diet are certainly *Epicures*, sensual, and of mean, ungenerous Education.”

When he came into the drawing-room—what a beautiful picture one has in one's mind of a seventeenth-century Grandison who never spoke to a woman but in the language of a fine and chivalrous compliment, now unhappily extinct!—the real Erastus had to be informed that “it is not becoming in a person of quality when in the Company of Ladies to handle them roughly....to kiss them by surprise; to pull off their Hoods; to snatch away their Handkerchiefs; to rob them of their Ribbands and put them in his Hat; to force their letters or books from them.”—until he had been introduced to them.

It was added that some of the Fair were so strangely constituted that they quite resented being “Smack'd and Teas'd” by a young man with whom they were not acquainted.

The necessity for such rules reveals how much of the barbarian lay hid under the gay coat and lovelocks. Even those mad escapades under the Merry Monarch, recorded by one Samuel Pepys, and described by the Etiquette Book as “Frolicks,” do not show better how very thin the butter of civilization was spread. “Rules of Civility,” if they do nothing else, draw away the veil of glamour through which some still see picturesque England of the past.

The Etiquette Book itself lowered the veil of glamour before Erastus paying his addresses to the young person of his choice. In chapter eight he suddenly turns into an entirely different person, and from an untamed barbarian becomes a most accomplished prig. What must Corinna have thought of a youth who had Smack'd and Teas'd her on the previous evening, beginning a morning call (Corinna being “in her Closet painting Mignature”) with, “I beg, Madam, your Ladyship's Permission to prophane the Temple of the Muses with my Unworthy Presence”? The Etiquette Book does not solve this problem. Corinna rises to

the occasion, and replies in the very longest words in or out of any dictionary. She is painting a Seapiece. After three pages of palaver (the chapter is entitled “Of Complement”) Erastus is permitted to look over her shoulder, and boldly hazards, *à propos* of the sketch, “If I mistake not, 'tis a Tempest, or some Harbour in the Sea.” There is, to be sure, a good deal of difference between these two objects; but Corinna is so pleased that her “Waves and Froth upon the Strand” have not been mistaken for a Flock of Sheep or a Fall of Snow, that she delightedly accedes, “'Tis true, Sir. 'Tis so”; and permits Erastus to enquire how a Lady of her Sweetness “could hit so exactly an Element so rough and impetuous?” The conversation progresses in the same strain. Erastus has been warned in a previous paragraph not to compliment the Fair on their beauty, as they will be aware of it without any assurances from him; but on their intelligence, as, since that is always weak, compliments on its strength and subtlety are sure to be acceptable. Conversation I. ends with Erastus pressing his plumed hat to his heart, *chasséing* and *croiséing* in front of Corinna, and observing, “Your goodness is but thrown away upon so inconsiderable a servant; I am amazed at the excess of it. Your servant. Your servant,” and bowing himself out.

Conversation II. has the chill off it. Conversation III. is tepid; and IV., actually warm.

In fact, before the end of IV. Corinna is declaring that she is so little accustomed to such discourse that she positively does not understand it. (Which is exactly what one would have expected her to say.) Whereon Erastus rises to the occasion and assures her that he has been so taken by her charms that he has not had time to offer her any substantial proof of the sincerity of his feelings. (Which is perhaps the best excuse ever invented for not having given the beloved a present.)

Did the seventeenth-century Erastuses and Corinnas really learn these polite periods by heart, and fire them off at each other as rapidly as possible for fear they should forget them?

Some of those bygone lovers at least

must have bent their heads over the little brown book and laughed. What dried old fossil heart could have made up rules so ridiculous, and put into warm young lips sentiments so bald, so formal, and so lifeless? The lovelocks mingled with Corinna's English curls for a moment, as they read and laughed, and laughed again, and looked up into each other's eyes with the look which gave those forced and chilly courtings the lie.

In Conversation V., Corinna, who, like Rosalind, appears to be of a very oncoming disposition, opens the entertainment by observing that she should never have believed that a person of such simple merit as herself could have fixed the attentions of a cavalier of such good taste as Erastus.

To which, to be sure, there is nothing at all left for Erastus to answer but that, if he has any good taste, it is only shown by the extraordinary admiration he feels for Corinna's virtues and person. After this, the two set to partners, as it were, bow, *croisent*, *chassent*, repeat "Your servant, Sir," and "Your servant, Madam," until they are tired of it,—*croisent*, *chassent*, set to partners once more, until Erastus flies "in transports of joy" (this is his expression) to gain the consent of Messieurs, Corinna's parents.

There is no section which provides for the Etiquette of Married Life. In the playful fancy of some persons, particularly novelists, Erastus and Corinna went on scraping and pirouetting to each other to the last hour of their lives—Erastus complimenting a withered and faded Corinna on her eternal youth and bloom, and Corinna flattering a stiff and rheumatic Erastus on the exquisite elegance of his perpetual bows.

In the chapter entitled "How we are to Demean When We Have Audience of a Great Person," Erastus, polite as a lover, might have served as a model for Lord Chesterfield himself. The poor young man began by being particularly instructed that "At the Door of a Prince, Lord, or Great Person it would be rude to knock." He was only to "scratch," and "expect patiently." If nobody came (which the Etiquette Book admitted was exceedingly likely), he was to go further off the door, "lest we be taken and thought to be listening, or spies, than

which nothing is more offensive to persons of Quality." How long he was to expect patiently is not revealed. But it could not have been forever, as the next paragraph is particular in instructing him not to come "dancing in" to the presence of the Superiour, nor "stamping too loud upon the Planchers, nor drawing his legs after him, nor marching, nor keeping time with his head or his hands"—prudent instructions, as, had Erastus adopted any of these modes of entrance, it seems likely that the Superiour would have mistaken him for a lunatic, and had him ejected.

The long passages, breathlessly imploring passages without stops, in which is impressed upon Erastus the management of the Hat and the Bow in the presence of the Great, are quite tearful in their anxiety for him to Demean properly on these enormously important points.

His hat was not only to be doffed to the Great Person, but to the Great Person's chair, bed, and portrait. It was to come off "as often as in the discourse his Lordship's name be mention'd, the name of any of his Relations, or of any Person of Quality that is intimate with him." If his Lordship "chanced to sneeze," Erastus was "not to bawl out 'God bless you, Sir,' but pulling off your Hat, bow to him handsomely and make that obsecration to yourself." He was to bow himself out "without much clutter," when he thought the Superiour had had enough of him. Should his Lordship be so vastly condescending as to accompany him to his coach, Erastus, having bidden the coach follow them, was to walk with his host as far as he chose to go, "bowing handsomely with the body" the whole time.

If any one is to be more pitied than Erastus in these terrible interviews, it is certainly the Superiour himself. It is impossible to help wondering if he was ever so exasperated by the tedious perfection of his guest's manners as to forget his own, and to throw something at, or do some damage to, that well-oiled, automatic doll.

Having been duly warned that "it is rude to be sleepy or doz'd in company," Erastus was next instructed that when a "Jewel or other Curiosity is shown," he must be cautious of admiring it too

much, for fear people should think he had not been used to Curiosities; while "on the other side you must not be too cold and indifferent in commending them," as that "would look like Morosity, and as if you repin'd at the Felicity of the owner."

It was furthermore stated that to look at any person sideways was a mark of contempt; to look him in the face a want of respect; and that the only really proper thing was to look at him—in the waistcoat. (To this was cautiously added that to familiarly punch a Nobleman in that region often gave him offence.)

The whole of this section forms a perfect Crammer for Cringers. All the minute directions given to the young gentleman ("this work cannot have relation to any but the gentry," says the preface, haughtily) on the art of wheedling and coaxing the great would be wearisome to quote. But if "to admire mean things meanly" be a perfect definition of a snob, it also ably defines Erastus. He was to respect the Superiour for his trappings, for his Valets-de-Pied (Erastus was particularly begged not to call them simply footmen), for his fine house and great name; for his influence at Court, and his high place in Politicks. He was to deny his best friend and his deepest conviction for my Lord's raised eyebrow of scorn. He was to "conform" (the Etiquette Book worded it thus) to my Lord's joy or grief, pleasure or displeasure, approval or dislike. He was to be no more a man, but a bent soul as well as a bent back, worshipping shows and shams, money and power, the fine coat with never a question as to the heart it hid. How different the seventeenth century must have been from the twentieth, if it needed books to teach it meanness, so common and easy!

There were many more Rules of Civility for Erastus's benefit. There were chapters on Letters, wherein he was warned against "Seraphical terms," and the "Fantastical Styles which cannot mention a Fly nor a Footman without a Metaphor." There were chapters "On Listening to the Musick," which were plainly founded on that first and best Manual of Manners, the Book of Ecclesiastes. There were chapters "On the Art of Raillerie." "On Behaviour in Church,"

on "How in our walk with a Noble Person, and how we are to salute" (*sic*). There was one section which sternly told the wretched pupil that if any one asked him "to make of Verses," he was immediately to comply: "as a denial savours too much of the Mercenary, and shows that you would be paid for what you do." There were chapters on Balls, with the word Congy figuring largely and often. There were chapters on Flattery, and on the cool and indifferent demeanour to be preserved on being left a fortune—as if you were used to it and came into several every week. There were sections on Comity and Affability—Comity urging Erastus to be certainly amusing, but by no means a Fool. There were chapters on Wit and Happie Phrases. There was the Etiquette of Clothes and of Kissing; of Condescending and Snubbing; Etiquette to Superiours and to the King; the Etiquette of Washing and Dressing, of Combing the Hair and Paring the Nails; and if there was no Etiquette of Sleeping and Dying, that was only because in those acts even a manual of Politeness could not prevent Erastus from being natural at last.

Every little brown book finishes with a Reflection on Behaviour in general. No little brown book ever perceived that appearances proceed from realities, and that, in the long-run, no one seems gracious and courteous unless he is so. As hardly any of the old educators saw that the foundation-stone of a good bringing up is to convince the child of your love, and, that conviction established, the love may walk itself out in severity or indulgence with results often equally good, so in the Etiquette Book hardly any one understood that the foundation-stone of good manners is to be perfectly natural.

These ideas did not gain ground until long after Erastus's day. Perhaps they have not a very firm footing even now. Erastus was succeeded by the Georgian beau, who drank more and bowed less than Erastus, and approached, in some respects, a very little nearer to what used to be called a perfect gentleman.

To the eighteenth century belong the most delightful works on manners ever written. For what are the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Guardian* but the most charming of all commentaries on the cus-

toms, modes, foibles, of the most attractive age in history?

Addison, the gentle censor, the serene moralist, the easiest, gentlest, courtliest writer of any time or country almost, sits in judgment, half grave, half gay, on the manners of the day. With him is round-faced Sir Richard Steele, who wrote against Drunkenness in that paper of his from the strong vantage-ground of a large personal experience, and who had not the less a spirit most kindly and gentle, and a reverence for goodness and purity too rare.

All the follies of the women and the conceits of the men came before that tribunal. The Distended Petticoat, the coy little Hood, the Long Sword, Complaisance in Conversation, the difference between a Fine Gentleman, a Pretty Fellow, and a Beau, Snuff-Taking, Raffling-Shops, the Tucker abandoned and the Sleeve rolled to show the whitest necks and the fairest arms in the world, Country Etiquette, Simplicity of Ornament,—a thousand things. No picture of the times is more complete. It is the very trivialities which make it so lifelike. And with all its details it presents a broader and nobler conception of the Art of Manners than had ever been drawn before it. It is Steele who is the first to assure the Fair that one may have “a nimble pair of heels, a full-bottomed wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit, and a pair of fringed gloves,” with a soul little, vulgar, mean. “A finished gentleman is perhaps one of the most uncommon of all the great characters in life,” he adds, with a sigh. He is only reproducing Erastus when he sketches Tom Courtly—“I, who know him, can tell within half an acre how much land one man has more than another by Tom’s bow to him. Title is all he knows of honour, and civility of friendship.”

Those last words might have been taken as a motto for Lord Chesterfield’s Letters. Yet even that celebrated Etiquette Book has unconsciously pleaded the cause of better modes and morals than any my Lord knew of. For the life of the writer was the finest argument against his writing—and he was that most salutary of examples, the Humbug Found Out. Was it only old Samuel

Johnson who scornfully dismissed those too careful bows and smirks as “the manners of a dancing-master”? There must have been a host of lesser men who estimated them as justly. “It would be ill-bred to tell people that one sees through them; and therefore they flatter themselves that they are not seen through,” says Horace Walpole. So Horace went on inviting Chesterfield to breakfast at Strawberry Hill, and spoke of the Letters as having “reduced the folly and worthlessness of the world to a regular system.” Were old Sarah Marlborough and my Lady Mary Wortley Montagu taken in by my Lord’s exquisite *obligance*, flattery, *savoir-faire*? Not one whit. Those qualities bought for him, after years of patient cringing, the “cold civility” of his master George II.; and the bitter hatred of that better man than the King—Caroline the Queen.

The Letters were published at last out of spite to damn my Lord’s character; and did it so effectually that he has come down to posterity as the perfect picture of a finished fraud, and, what he would have thought far worse, as a remarkable proof of that shrewd saying that “to be agreeable one must not be too agreeable.”

There was a pause in the literature of Etiquette when Lord Chesterfield had gone where to be “shining and showish” can avail man no more.

The care of the behaviour passed soon from the hands of men into the hands of women; and serious aunts were long busy in damning as *inconvenable* all the occupations by which the Young Person might possibly become a happiness to other people, and something less than a misery to herself.

To-day, Etiquette is a very neglected quantity. The world either at last knows manners, or does not want to know them. Or has found out that good-breeding is not to be acquired through books, nor courtesy through many rules. The latter-day Erastus may even have guessed that in the long-run it is as sure as death and fate that he will appear to wise and simple, to great and little, exactly what he is. And in the long-run it will be found with him, as with all men, that the only manners which are not idle are “the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.”

Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE has lately been rumor of a Dickens renaissance, or revival, and if it is nothing more than rumor, with little of the substance of fact to found conjecture upon, still it has its interesting suggestions, in the way of a question or two. Are there really such things as literary renaissances or revivals; and if there are, how and when do they come? Do they follow after a large or a little lapse of time? Are they partial or entire resuscitations, or are they no resuscitations at all, but only renewals of the sort of literary impulse which eventuated in this or that author whom we suppose to be made alive again? How far are the phenomena voluntary, and how far involuntary?

I

Not so very long ago, say two or three years, there was general talk of a Byron revival. The talk seemed to follow upon Mr. Henley's strenuous labors in preparing a new edition of the poet's works, with some hard knocks in several directions for those who did not agree with Mr. Henley. But the affair ended in talk, as it began, and the revival of Byron still remains for a generation less jaded with material enterprise than ours to effect. It is doubtful whether a much greater number of people read Byron now than read him before his renaissance was proclaimed. We are still crude enough to enjoy the poorer stuff in Byron which gave him his popularity, but apparently we prefer the stuff as characterized by the chemistry of our own time, and would rather have it in the prose of our romantic novelists than in the rhythm of Byron. The poetry in him is as much wanted now as it was when it was believed so much more in quantity than it ever really was.

Somewhat earlier than the prophecies of the Byronic renaissance, there were promises of a revival of Pope; but Pope did not materialize as advertised, though no date was fixed, and the poet's fame was given a wide range of time in which to renew itself. There was some good reason to expect it to do so, for togeth-

er with the recrudescence of our taste there has been a revival of the love of neatness and point, of literary finish, of academic correctness, and the other things that formed the body in which that vivid spirit dwelt in its own time. No one can read Pope without feeling his lasting charm, but apparently not enough people read him to enable us to have back in its old supremacy an ideal which so long dominated English verse.

A good deal of energetic incantation has resulted in getting above-ground the ghost of the elder Dumas, which his worshippers invoked as the best imaginable defence against realism. But the elder Dumas was something in the nature of a literary Trust, rather than an individual author, and the success of his renaissance may be regarded as one of the frequent reversions of taste in one epoch to the taste of another epoch, rather than a personal or individual revitalization. In fact, it seems always to be not this or that author who revives, but the spirit of this or that author's age; and the eclectic character of our period is evinced in the variety of its reversions to the taste of former periods. We have Scott again in the better qualities of the romantic revival, and Dumas in the worse, as we have in the heroical romances of Mr. Anthony Hope and his imitators a renewal of the taste which inspired Scudéry, and Calprenède, and others in the seventeenth century. An age so eclectic as ours likes a little of everything, and together with the recurrences of crudity and vulgarity and malsanity, we have had visitations from some of the finest and rarest intelligences of the past. It is undeniably true that the enjoyment of Jane Austen's novels was never so great, relatively or positively, as in this day, which is so unlike her own in its general complexion. She might almost be said now, for the first time, to be in the full possession of her primacy as the most delicate and perfect of the realists. Edition after edition of her novels appears, and there is no end to the books which work over and over the simple facts of her tranquil life, without tiring the read-

ers who can never be tired of reading about her, and who imagine a novelty into the familiar material as often as it is presented.

II

It seems rather early to resuscitate the interest once so widely felt in the novels of Anthony Trollope, but if we may take the very pretty edition of his works now issuing from Mr. John Lane's press for a sign, that able and agreeable writer's renaissance is near at hand. There could be no wholesomer influence evoked from the world of literary spirits, not even that of the great George Eliot herself. Thackeray can scarcely be said to have suffered an eclipse from which he need be specially summoned, for he has never ceased to be a cult, and the same thing may be said of Hawthorne. Both these masters have been continuous in their hold upon their respective followings, and though they are alike in nothing else, they are alike in having neither of them created a school, as, for instance, Dickens did, and have survived in their readers and not in their imitators. It will be interesting for the future critic to note how long they will have kept their hold, but up to the present moment they are apparently of a property which holds whatever share of human attention it first appealed to.

We do not know that they were of a more enduring mood than the other writers whose lapse and rise seems to have taken place, but it is imaginable that the peculiar ethicism of each is more continuous in humanity from generation to generation than the conditions upon which the repute of their more barometrical contemporaries depended. It is not evident that they more fully embodied the spirit of an epoch, for if that were so they might now be enjoying a renaissance, instead of an uninterrupted immortality. They cannot, for instance, be either of them compared with Shakspeare or Milton, either for the nature or the substance of their performance, though they are still less like the authors who have fallen into abeyance and then risen from it than like these greater masters.

In the renaissances of Shakspeare and Milton there was distinctly the revival of an epochal spirit. They both passed into neglect, and remained there ignored by the "great" world and the literary

world until the revolution of mind brought them again into the light. They came back because they were a part of the life of the race, and shared its rejuvenescence through its contact with nature. The return of Milton to polite favor was apparently the effect of Addison's successive studies of his work in the *Spectator*, but this itself must have been an effect of the strong underlying sense of Milton's greatness, which had never ceased in the English heart. It was all the stronger for the depth to which it had sunk, and remained hidden during the irreligiosity of the ages that followed the intolerable reign of the Puritanic conscience, in a sort of pagan rebellion against it. The reigns of the second Charles and the second James, Anne, Mary and William, and the first two Georges, had buried the seed deep in the muck of their immorality, but the muck was fertilizing it and enriching it for a loftier and longer growth. It must have been because Addison knew of the great moral love of Milton, which had never really died, that he began to write of him, though he seemed to have the sole courage of his time in declaring the majestic beauty of Milton's poetry. He had the fortune to do that, and he has had the reward of people who do things at the right time. It was easy after him for critics to recognize the greatness of the Puritan poet. As things are always working together, and never singly, for good or for ill, the consensus of the ethical and intellectual impulses was for religion in poetry; and in due time there came Cowper and there came Wordsworth, true heirs of Milton's spirit, in one sort, as Keats was in another.

The revival of Milton seems to have been the effect of a volition, but it was really no more so than the revival of Shakspeare, which cannot be traced to any such endeavor for the public enlightenment as Addison's charming criticisms were. Professor Lounsbury shows in his excellent study of "Shakspeare as a Literary Artist" that there never was a time when Shakspeare was not largely known and largely loved by the English people, though all the while he was decried by English criticism, patterning upon French taste, and would have been ignored, if it were possible at once to ignore and decry

a poet who fell so far short of the requirements of convention. The universal acceptance of Shakspeare as the greatest dramatic poet who ever lived is therefore hardly a renaissance. Simply, he continued, and the criticism which decried but could not ignore him discontinued. He was in the highest sense a survival, and not a revival, and if he survived with all his faults, he was all the more evidently a survival. He lived and his critics died; but at the time when it became evident that he was more alive than he had ever been there was a great revival of a certain spirit, call it mediæval, or call it romantic, or call it Elizabethan, to welcome him, just as there was the revival of a religious spirit, in the world grown sick of its irreligiosity, to welcome the survival of Milton. It would be interesting to ask what was the respective share of these two greatest of the English poets in moulding the body and inspiring the soul of the poetry which lived from the close of the eighteenth century almost throughout the nineteenth, and died, if it has died, in Tennyson. Possibly it might be truly answered that the share of Milton was almost as great as the share of Shakspeare, but a truer answer yet might be that in the full recognition of their greatness popular love and scholarly criticism were reconciled.

III

This answer is not invalidated by the fact that Milton has since been suffering an obscuration (perhaps through another lapse of the religious feeling) which has not befallen Shakspeare. It remains true that they are both survivals and not revivals, in the sense of the supposed or imagined revival of Dickens. But has Dickens ever really been dead? It appears that during all the time which has passed since criticism ceased to employ itself with him as a palpitant question a vast popular interest has been so throbbingly alive to him that it has been easy for such as opposed any mention of his defects to down his censors with the fact that there never was a time when he was so widely read. Perhaps this was not a true fact, though it served the purpose as far as a true fact could, and did not vitally affect the question of his defects, or the opinion of his censors. Still,

the revival when it comes, if it comes, may very well turn out to be a survival, as much as that of Milton, or as much as that of Shakspeare. If it is coming, a notable characteristic of its approach is that it has not been heralded by the wild beating of tomtoms, the war-dancing and ghost-dancing of the painted romanticists, or the weird rites of the critical medicine-men who performed their incantations over the quiescent form of the elder Dumas, and bade it rise and live. There has been no such boom for Dickens as even the Addisonian boom for Milton. There has so far been nothing apparently volitional in the Dickens revival, in the return of his vast fame, which once penetrated and imbued the whole English-reading race, into the cultivated consciousness.

One would like to interrogate the formidable Presence, and entreat it to say where, in what vague realm, it had fared, far from the world in which its former subjects fancy themselves to have kept on having their being. Would it be offended, would it stalk away, would it be gone and not answer? Probably, and until it has more distinctly materialized than it has yet, the inquiry would be premature. But in the mean time it is highly imaginable that down there, among those lower intelligences where it has been acknowledged all this while that we fancied it was quite rejected, because we no longer rendered it the old allegiance, it must have missed the homage, at once fanatical and enlightened, which we used to pay it up here.

IV

It was a very curious mood, and now seems as remote as something of infinitely farther date, but it prevailed almost unbroken from 1840 to 1870. Men lived fully into it who could remember their fathers in it, and who read to their well-grown children the stories which had first had power upon them from their fathers' reading. There was, of course, a time when the Dickens worship was at its height, but it was so long at its height that it would not be easy to fix the hour of its unquestionable supremacy. He had written a very few books when he first came to these shores, to be bored like a prince with our attentions, in which

there was more heart than we could ever put for a prince; and after he left these shores, his returning censures shook them with a continental indignation. There was more sorrow than anger in our indignation with Dickens; his criticisms wounded and grieved us more than they offended, for we were all his lovers then; and when, more than a quarter of a century later, he came again, the author of many books, he met a welcome almost as universal as before. He met even a wider welcome, if numbers were counted, and this might be regarded as the supreme moment of his fame.

We were reading him as admiringly if not as fondly as before, and there were very, very few of us who had got so far as to impeach his pathos in favor of his humor, which formed the first critical attack upon his perfect acceptance. We were still so far from the hour when it could be said that much of his humor was forced, that most of us returned to the profession of entire faith in his pathos; and there was not a voice lifted in question of his art among us when he paid us his last visit, in 1868.

There were, however, few ideas of literary art in that day which were not of the crudest, either in America or England, and it was settled by universal suffrage that Reade and Dickens and Thackeray were the great masters of fiction, and George Eliot was next them in an inferior rank, and Anthony Trollope was only an entertaining writer whose extraordinary fidelity to life was hardly a virtue. Imagination of the kind which makes-believe was accounted the great thing in that crude day, and imagination of the kind that bodies-forth the known was a thing not understood at all. That was the amusing and amazing day when even in France it could be said, in condemnation of a landscape, "*C'est un bon portrait,*" but it was just before the day when to paint good portraits of nature became the ideal of French landscape. To paint good portraits of human nature became the ideal of French fiction, of Russian fiction, of Norwegian, of Spanish, of Italian fiction, though it is still far from being the ideal of American and English fiction. To do that is not yet supposed among us to be imaginative, and in that crude day-be-

fore-yesterday Dickens was established in a sovereignty which seemed as unquestionable as it was unquestioned.

It would scarcely be possible to impart a conception of his hold upon the fancy, the feeling, the parlance, the religion, the political economy, of his contemporaries. People talked and lived as well as read Dickens. The accidents of experience were verified and valued by constant comparison with the incidents of his invention. Characters of one's acquaintance in the flesh were ascertained to be real characters or not according as they resembled his characters in print. Mr. Pickwick, Dick Swiveller, Quilp, Little Nell, Mr. Toots, Paul Dombey, Mr. and Mrs. Dombey, Mrs. Chick, Miss Tox, Scrooge, Trotty Veck, Simon Tappertit, Dolly Varden, Miss Miggs, Peggotty, Little Em'ly, Mr. Dick, Dora, Traddles, Micawber, Mr. Jarndyce, Little Dorrit, Flora Casby, Lady Dedlock, Harold Skimpole, Mr. Wegg, Rogue Riderhood, Samivel and Tony Weller, are a very, very few, named quite at random, out of the innumerable types with which the Dickens worshippers used to match the inhabitants of the world outside his books in order to ascertain the likeness of the living to life. This was the case with the mere readers of his fiction. When it came to the writers of his fiction, they were willingly bound in even a stricter bondage. It was not permitted them, on pain of public rejection, to write anything but Dickens, if they were young and ardent; and there was a whole body of Dickens literature, now long gone to dust, of which he was the heart. In time he came himself to write Dickensese, like his followers, and contributed to the body of their Dickens literature.

In order to raise a laugh or a sigh, you had in that time only to name a droll or pathetic person in the illimitable Dickens drama, and the thing was done. It was an age of Dickens allusion, when to refer to this or that passage of his fiction served the purpose and saved the trouble of thinking and feeling at first hand. It was wonderfully simple and easy, and perhaps the rage that the Dickens votaries fell into when his divinity was first questioned was of the quality of the indignation which springs from molestation in the warm and easy fit of usage

in any sort. People who are accustomed to a certain costume, or diet, or ritual, or political conviction, bitterly resent question of it, and wish to make martyrs of the mugwumps who propose to examine the grounds of their content. But of course there was something finer and sweeter than mere indolent acquiescence in the devout acceptance of Dickens. It had prevailed so long that it was consecrated by the tenderest associations of most of the sect. Their childish fancy had been nurtured upon his fiction, they had made love in its terms, their homes had borrowed a charm from the homes in his books, their bereavements were united by sympathy with the sorrows of the bereft in this Dickens story or that. In a measure which could hardly be stated without the effect of wild extravagance, he characterized the sentiment of his time, and people resented doubt of the sentiment which he largely created as well as characterized in them, as if it had been invasion of their dearest rights.

V

But Dickens could never have had his tremendous hold (which we are instructed from time to time he has never really lost) upon the English-reading world of his day if he had been merely a great literary mannerist, a prodigious convention as to how life was to be looked at in fiction, a sentimentalist of reach as wide as the whole surface of human nature. He was something far greater and better than anything of either kind. In the first place, he had a wonderfully dramatic talent, not of the finest or truest sort, but the strongest. He did make things live upon that vast and thickly peopled stage of his, and he religiously respected the illusion of their incentive among all the actors. They might be puppets, but he never called them so; they might be melodramatic, and for good or bad they mostly were, but they were never undramatic. He never felt them so, and he never suffered the spectator to feel them so.

He was true to them; but, better than this, he was true to certain needs and hopes of human nature. He showed such tenderness for the poor, the common, the

hapless and friendless, that one could not read his books without feeling one's heart warm to the author, and without imbibing a belief in his goodness, which survived distinct proofs of his peccability. Long after he appeared not quite the unselfish and generous fount from which such kindness as his ought logically to have flowed, he kept the respect, or the show of respect, which he had always cherished for those needs and hopes of human nature. His work made always for equality, for fraternity, and if he sentimentalized the world, he also in equal measure democratized it. We fancy it was the instinctive and often unconscious democracy of Dickens which did much to endear him to Americans, whom otherwise he took little pains to endear himself to; and we could wish him back in his old influence for that reason if for no other, at a time when our earlier and nobler ideals of nationality seem to be endangered as at present.

We do not suppose he can ever return in all that influence, but in some measure of it the reading world might well rejoice in his return. His black was very black, his white was very white, and all his colors were primitive, but he painted an image of life which was not wholly untrue, though it was so largely unlike. In parables, often grotesque and extravagant, he taught a morality sane and simple and pure. Nobody was misled as to what was right and what was wrong by any of his representations of conduct. He told a sort of fairy story, with people ostensibly of the actual world for the elves, the gnomes, the kobolds, and all the other impossible little folk, good and bad; but the principles, always somewhat excessive, which ruled them and prevailed at last were such as our personal acquaintance, and perhaps our veritable selves, would be the better for obeying. So if there is to be a Dickens revival, if the king is to come into his own again, the Easy Chair will not be the last to get itself wheeled to some convenient point, well out of the press, but favorable for seeing and welcoming the sovereign romancer back. It would not like to prophesy how long he would keep his crown on his head.

Editor's Study.

I

IT sometimes happens that what the editor says in the Study is misunderstood. Thus some time ago he explained why the serial novel had held so important a place in magazine literature, and he raised the question to what extent and how long this form of publication could be maintained, even intimating the possibility that it might some time cease altogether—that is, when, in some more or less remote future, the magazine would be more interesting without it than with it. The editor seemed so hopeful of such a future, from the steady development of magazine literature, and so ready to hail the event as the emancipation of the magazine from an unnatural dependence, that in some quarters his position was taken to be one of direct and immediate antagonism to the serial publication of fiction.

Really the antagonism was one of magazine readers themselves, shown in the fact that far less than half of them ever read a continued story, and the editor, in the face of the majority who might fairly object to a feature so useless to them, was put on the defensive. Out of respect for this majority he had some concessions to make, and it also seemed reasonable that he should hold out such hope of relief as the prospect, even from an optimistic point of view, might seem to warrant.

The idea of a book and that of a magazine are quite distinct, each from the other. That was one of the concessions to be made. It is a confusion of these ideas to publish a book in parts in a magazine, of whatever kind the book may be—fiction, history, or science. Why, then, do we do it?

The magazine, while it should be distinct from the book, must have organic unity, not only in each individual number, but in the succession of numbers; it must not degenerate into a miscellany. A periodical devoted to a specialty easily maintains this unity; but how secure consistency and harmony in a magazine appealing to every cultivated reader, and ministering to every interest of the gen-

eral culture by inspiration of ideals and by stimulation in the pursuit of these? This is not accomplished by distributive allotment of space—so much to history, so much to science, so much to matter of purely literary interest, and so on. Such distribution there must be, but something more is necessary—the principle prompting the selection of articles in these several fields must be quite distinct from that which would control the selection in the case of a distinctively scientific, literary, or historical magazine. There is a limit to the degree of specialization. The purpose in view is not merely information, never information elsewhere readily accessible, but novel illumination, expansion of view, philosophical co-ordination—always in the general interests of culture rather than in those of the special student in a particular field. In thus keeping pace with a constantly advancing culture, so the pace be kept, the harmony takes care of itself. The difficulty is not so great in the fields mentioned as it is in fiction, and in that kind of essay which ranks with fiction. The short story, far more numerous and varied and far better than ever before, falls still far short of such excellence as would make it an adequate representative of what is best in fiction, so that it could, with satisfaction to the reader who cares for the best, hold its ground to the exclusion of the novel in a first-class magazine; and so long as it has this shortcoming the serial publication of fiction will continue, if also the more excellent novel be forth-coming. The short stories that would meet the necessary requirement in such a competition are few and far between, and of those who write them, or during the last thirty years have written them, very few have won distinction as novel-writers, just as very few of the greatest novelists have excelled in the writing of short stories.

For the present, at least, the serial novel is an essential feature of the magazine, not, as in a former day, because it is necessary in order to hold the reader's interest from one month to another—

happily we do not need to confess to that degree of weakness—but because without it the best fiction is excluded from representation. The magazine is to this extent a Court of Honor in the Exposition of Literature, that the best must be there for them that care for it. Even those admirers of Mrs. Humphry Ward who will not read *Lady Rose's Daughter* before its appearance in book form take especial pride in the magazine where it temptingly confronts them in every monthly issue, so that to them its merely visible presence is not only a gratification, but an essential and appreciable element in the harmony of each number.

This much at least is conceded to those who never read continued stories, that, without some compelling motive, not more than one at a time is given in this Magazine.

II

In another matter quite as important some remarks of the editor in these pages have been misunderstood. Because of his insistence upon the economy of art in short-story writing—the exclusion of irrelevant detail—he has been supposed to advise the curtailment of stories to the barest outline. Some writers, following this mistaken notion of the editor's requirements, have submitted the mere syllabus of a story for the story itself, while others have offered mere fragments of stories. We complained of the "conventional" short story—the wholly made-up affair, with elaborately contrived sequences and obvious conclusion—and declared it a thing of the past; therefore in some quarters we were quoted as saying that the short story has had its day.

The really good short story can hardly be said to have come into its day. Taking all periodicals together, how many such stories appear in them during a year? How many of them have ever appeared? Creative genius is not often content with a scope so limited—it would make a world; and this, too, is what the reader most appreciative of genius would have. Fancy Shakspeare attempting a curtain-raiser! The world-making instinct was so strong in him that if he wrote a sonnet, the continuing, expansive impulse compelled a series of them.

Dickens must have been conscious of a kind of abnegation when he wrote a short story—even one as good as *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

But just as in poetry we have the lyric as well as the epic and the drama—lyrics, too, forever memorable—so in fiction we have the short story quite distinct from the novel or the novelette; not a condensed novel, which is a monstrous thing, but something which in its very conception takes a brief scope—a short wave-movement of passion, humor, or pathos. The oldest examples of the short tale belong to folk-lore; the oldest known is that of Joseph and his Brethren, standing out for all time as not only the typical story of a race, but one whose interest is as wide and everlasting as is the bond of kinship.

The short story of pure fiction, though it has a distinction of its own, has never yet attained equality of rank with the great novel. It may be a perfect gem, like some of Hawthorne's,—a marvel of ingenuity, like Poe's *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, or his *Gold-bug*,—a masterly whim, like Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger?*—but however brilliant or profound, it lacks the opportunity of the larger scope, the ampler development.

Until recently the shortest stories by English writers were of considerable length, showing how firmly established among them was the habit proper to the novel. The best examples of the really brief short story have been French and American. The French writer takes naturally to the vivid and piquant sketch, and the American readily adopts the characteristic national habit of telling little stories—a habit firmly established in our speech before it appeared in our literature. The simple conditions of early American life gave the racy anecdote and the narrative of adventure their primitive eminence. Our pioneer life not only cherished the story-telling trait, but furnished material for the stories, often sombre, if not tragic, but more frequently humorous. It is easy to see from what matrix sprang the tales of the elder Dana, of Hawthorne, and of William Gilmore Sims,—also the productions of our long line of humorists, down to Mark Twain, Stockton, and Bret Harte. Poe and Irving stand in a class

not so sharply severed from European traditions; and we can readily understand why Dickens and other English writers to such a degree admiringly fellowshipped the latter, and why in France the former received singular appreciation, being there the only American writer familiarly known.

The art of short-story writing as represented by such authors as Maupassant and Gautier and Mérimée reached a higher point of excellence than that attained in the work of their American contemporaries, and there have been very few of our writers who in this field have approached Turgenieff and Sienkiewicz. But for English-speaking readers the field has been most satisfactorily occupied and almost monopolized by Americans. In boldness of conception (though avoiding moral risk), in sincerity of feeling, and in humor they have surpassed all others.

Naturally the American magazine from the beginning availed of this advantage. Even the old-fashioned love-story so frequent in its pages—a simple romance, with little development of character and no literary distinction, in which for the readers the beating of two hearts “was all the sound they heard”—was something unique, reflecting the simplicity of American domestic life before the civil war. But even before the war a few writers of distinct literary ability, like W. D. O'Connor, J. D. Whelpley, Fitz-James O'Brien, Rose Terry Cooke, Harriet Prescott, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, and Edward Everett Hale, in the higher-class magazines, gave the short story a new development, which was afterward steadily carried forward by Constance Fenimore Woolson, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Helen Hunt, by the brilliant group of new Southern authors, and by Bret Harte, Mary E. Wilkins, F. R. Stockton, Mark Twain, T. A. Janvier, Octave Thanet, Owen Wister, and by a host of recent writers who are making a new art in this kind of literature.

Now the writers we have mentioned have gone as far as possible away from the “conventional” type, and only by this departure have they brought the short story nearer to its perfect day, disclosing its wonderful possibilities, more especially in the development of what we

may call the subjective drama, thus distinguishing it from the drama whose interest lies in outside happenings and events. And what infinite variety of human feeling awaits the artist's magical disclosure in this new world, formerly so little cherished by the writers of short stories, but really the old world of the great dramatists—the kingdom of the heart! Outward goals vanish. The heroes whose object is the achievement of fame or of fortune are of little account to the creative artist: the soul's aspiration; the charm of character; the moment of joy or of sadness whose spring is in the heart's desire for the best things—these are everything. Those who read Mr. Elmore Elliott Peake's story, “The Coming of the Piano,” in our May number, found in it a beautiful example of this kind of art.

Thus, while the short story can never have the ample development and bounty of the novel, still at its best it has a unique charm, and it has a wider audience than the serial. Its brief scope does not exclude the deep and pregnant meaning. It does not exist for any specific moral intention, yet, like the best novel and the best essay, it nourishes ideals. It depends for its interest upon feeling—including our sensibility to humor and pathos and to “the touch of nature”—rather than upon ingenious invention or even a brilliant manner. It has every variety of *motif* and various degrees of elaboration, from the downright story to the simplest sketch.

III

In criticism of some remarks in a recent study concerning the nature-sketch, we have received the following:

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

If the purpose of a magazine is the conservation of literature and the most effectual recording of valuable information, then your stand as taken in the April issue of *Harper's* is a fatal one to both propositions.

Accepting literature to be happy thoughts happily expressed, it is apparent that crudity of thought clumsily expressed must necessarily be declined, and here comes in a most important consideration, against which all editors will stoutly rebel, but ineffectually. Crudity of thought is not an outcome of ignorance only, and bol-

stered by names that have acquired prominence when, in saner moments, excellence has been the outcome of their mental exertion, this same crudity of thought, even if not clumsily expressed, is palmed off upon the reader, with the editor's connivance, as a genuine literary production. The author's name, and not the author's excellence, has carried to profit and to print that which has no genuine value. This unhappy condition is cowardice on the part of the editor.

On the other hand, clarity of thought, even though it lacks that literary technique which all admit is desirable, should receive more favorable consideration than it does, for the unanswerable reason that any novelty is valuable, if it gives the reader that best of all pleasure, the possibility of wandering, after perusal, into new regions of thought. Recalling, for novelty can always be recalled, a point of view that has never previously been his own, the reader revels in all the delights of a new world, and blesses him who has made this possible.

Again, you say, with significant plainness of speech, "We will have nothing of nature that is not invested with human significance." So be it. And by so much you rob the Magazine of a value not easily measured, and your readers, buying the periodical for profit as well as pleasure, are defrauded of a goodly portion of the former. "Nature" is a very comprehensive term, and "Man" is a very small part of it. He who rambles afield, persistently considering his relation to what he sees and hears, hears and sees very little, and comprehends its significance still less. Man cannot take his place wherever he chances to be as an enthroned king surveying the multitude of his subjects. To see the world aright, he must be one with them, and not one immeasurably superior, surrounded by them. Not a beast of the field, bird of the air, or any creeping thing but pursues its life's plan without regard to man, except that the latter is its enemy, and its wit, greater or less, is exercised to overcome the machinations of the archenemy. To see nature aright, man must get outside of himself, that the scales may fall from his eyes. Occasionally this is done; an excellent result is obtained; and if this, in plain English, readily understood and read with genuine delight, is submitted to you, for the very reason of its superiority over a vast deal of reiterated commonplace, it is banned as "unavailable." Taking you seriously, and I judge you would have no reader do otherwise, the return of a manuscript—other than fiction—with a note of disapproval, is the letters patent of its excellence. * * * *

The writer of this letter is a genuine lover of nature, and the results of his careful observation have delighted many readers. His name would be a sufficient authority for any communication he might make in his own field. His judgment as to the editorial conduct of a magazine does not carry the same weight, but, however harsh in its assumptions, is worthy of respect.

Passing over his remarks concerning the "editorial cowardice" shown in the preference of unworthy articles from authors of established reputation to those of superior value from unknown writers—a matter of mistaken judgment on his part due to ignorance of the facts—we will confine ourselves to the field that is within his knowledge. Nobody has a better right to speak *ex cathedra* concerning the study of nature. His plea for an interest in nature apart from any human association is legitimate; but such interest is not general—it is that of the special student; and the distinctively scientific periodical is the natural and proper medium of communication between investigators in this field and the special class of readers interested in this kind of information. With a magazine not thus distinctively scientific there is a principle of selection which demands that the information shall be not merely special, but shall serve the interests of general culture. Many aspects of art would be interesting only to the special student of art; and the same thing is respectively true of literature. The magazine which appeals to cultivated readers generally cannot attempt to furnish elementary education in any field, or to elucidate facts simply as facts. When newly discovered facts lead to some new and illuminative co-ordination, the appeal ceases to be merely special and becomes general, to the extent that it engages the attention of all thoughtful readers. It is quite in the natural line of selection that a nature-study which would especially delight our correspondent should be excluded from this Magazine, while another which would seem to him inferior should win a place because of a feeling in it to which often the specialist is atrophied, as Darwin confessed himself to be to imaginative effects in literature and music.

Mr. Appledore's Experience

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

"NOW that we're in the country, I shall get a flock of hens," remarked Mr. Appledore, as he stood before the open fire and gazed out the window and across the broad lawn.

"What do you want of a flock of hens?" asked Mrs. Appledore, rather vaguely, keeping her place in the magazine with her finger, and following his eyes out of the window.

"Well," replied Mr. Appledore, slowly, and in a studiously cheerily tone, "we might hitch 'em to the surrey and go out driving."

"Oh, please don't, Henry," broke in Mrs. Appledore. "Of course hens produce eggs, and you—"

"Quite right, my dear, quite right. Hens do produce eggs," interrupted her husband. "I see you've been reading up on hens in the cyclopædia."

"Do hush, Henry. You want them for their eggs. But you know Uncle Dick always says that it's cheaper to buy eggs than to keep hens."

"Of course. Eggs always sell at ten cents a dozen less than it costs to produce them. All men that keep hens lose money on them. We poulterers maintain our flocks simply for the society of the hen. Hens are so stimulating, and inspiring, and uplifting."

"You know what I mean, Henry. Amateurs can't make them pay. What do you know about hens?"

"I don't know anything about hens. But we shall start even; the hens won't know anything about me."

"Well," said Mrs. Appledore, wearily, returning to her magazine, "I suppose you won't be satisfied till you have tried it. I felt sure that as soon as we got to the country you would be plunging into all sorts of foolish things."

"My dear, be calm. The poor-house does not yet stare us in the face. I find that plain but serviceable hens can be bought for fifty cents apiece. I shall get a flock of ten—five dollars. If necessary, I will give up cigars for a week and smoke a pipe, and so make good the heavy outlay."

Mrs. Appledore was by this time deep in her magazine. After a moment she said, "Yes," with a gently rising inflection, which left it a question if she had or had not heard. Mr. Appledore waited a little longer and then continued:

"I find on inquiry that James knows no-

thing about hens, either. That's the advantage of bringing a man from the city. I shouldn't care to have a man around who knew more about hens than I do. We shall start with a clear field, and with every basketful of eggs we gather we shall also garner a basket of experience."

Mr. Appledore put on his hat and walked toward the village. He was not habitually a sarcastic man—indeed, his nature was singularly gentle and agreeable—but like most people, he was peculiarly sensitive concerning things he knew nothing about.

The subject of hens was one on which Mr. Appledore was not informed. He was city-bred, and though he had spent a reasonable part of his days in what passes for the country, the time had not been devoted to a study of poultry in its various aspects. But now that he had a house in what approached closely to the country, it was but natural



"HENS ARE INSPIRING AND UPLIFTING"

that his thoughts should turn in that direction, especially as he was extremely fond of eggs at the table.

On this occasion, just before reaching the village, Mr. Appledore stopped at the house of a man named Pudney, native to the region, who was reported to have hens for sale. Mr. Appledore was prepared to pay the price, whatever it might be, but the man could not restrain his inherent tendency to "dicker," and took a half-hour to expatiate on the excellence of the fowls, against a probable attempt to depreciate their value on the part of his customer. Eventually, however, he was persuaded to name his price—seventy-five cents.

"Send up ten," was Mr. Appledore's relieved answer, at the same time producing the money, much to the consternation of the man, who instantly saw that he should have asked a dollar.

Mr. Appledore attended to some further business and returned home. He met Mrs. Appledore in the hall.

"My dear," she said, in a most amiable tone, "your hens came about ten minutes ago. I told the man to put them out by the barn. Did he mention to you that they are wonderful layers?"

"He hinted at it," returned her husband.

Mr. Appledore turned and went out. Then he strolled toward the barn. He was gone some time, and returned, looking slightly troubled. "I've been out to see the hens," he remarked, in a careless tone as he came into the room where Mrs. Appledore was seated. "They seem like a nice flock, but I'm uncertain about them. There weren't any eggs yet."

"Well, it's almost four o'clock," replied Mrs. Appledore. "Isn't it possible they all laid before they came?"

"I presume that's the case," said her husband, in a more cheerful tone. "But I rather hoped for some eggs for breakfast."

"I think I've heard Uncle Dick mention that hens usually lay in the morning."

"Yes, come to think of it, I've understood that's their custom," assented Mr. Appledore. "Perhaps early in the morning. We may have our eggs for breakfast, after all."

But Mr. Appledore was disappointed again, for he was obliged to admit, when he faced his wife at the breakfast table, that there were still no eggs. They accordingly had some which had been bought at the store, which Mr. Appledore pronounced far from perfect, though they were in reality all that could be desired. Breakfast served



"THE MAN COULD NOT RESTRAIN HIS TENDENCY TO DICKER"



"HE WENT INTO THE COOP"

to cheer him, however, and he predicted better things for the day.

But that day and the next brought no results from the poultry. Mr. Appledore was by this time quite alarmed, and declared that the case demanded a consultation of experts. He accordingly sent for the eloquent Pudney. This individual came, and made a long and critical examination of the hens and their surroundings, finding much fault with the latter, and praising the former highly. He then went away, and James spent the day under the direction of his employer in making the various changes in nests and roosts which had been declared by the man necessary. There were still no results for several days. The man was again summoned. This time he diagnosed a vague disorder in several of the fowls, which he described negatively as "not feeling right peart." It came from change of drinking-water, he suspected, and he offered to send up a barrel of the blushful Hippocrene produced by his own well.

Mr. Appledore soon became more and more despondent in regard to the hens. Each morning at breakfast he abused the eggs set before him, and deplored the failure of his own fowls to come to his rescue.

"I suspect," observed Mr. Appledore one morning, "that if we ever get any benefit

from those hens, that we'll have to follow your first suggestion and use them in the carriage."

Mr. Appledore looked unhappy. "Something is going to happen to those hens if they don't get down to business soon," he said, darkly. "I think I'll send for that scoundrelly Pudney again. He's got to explain this thing, or I shall say some things to him."

"I think we've had too much of his advice already," returned Mrs. Appledore. "I don't believe he knows anything about hens."

"He knows enough about them to pick out the ones to sell that don't lay," rejoined her husband.

"Well, I should say that you and that man have had a fair chance with them," said Mrs. Appledore, decisively. "I am going to take them in hand myself. I'm going over to Waterville this morning, and I shall make it a point to see Uncle Dick and get some advice from him, and then I'll see what I can do."

Mrs. Appledore swept out of the room, and Mr. Appledore went out and despatched James for Pudney.

"Now see here," said Mr. Appledore when the man arrived; "something's got to be done about these hens. Haven't got an egg yet. You said they were famous layers."

The man looked hurt, and spoke in general terms. Nobody's hens wa'n't doing what they oughter this spring. The weather had been agin' 'em. Still, he was forced to admit that these ought to be doing better than they were. He went into the coop, and the next moment came out, his face radiant.

"Say, did you notice that big yaller one on the middle nest?"

"Yes; I've been watching her several days. She's been on the nest all the time, and I've hoped she was going to lay."

"Lay! Why, she's done laying! She's been laying and something has been stealing her aigs. Cats, prob'ly, or dorgs. She's setting. What you want to do is to give her a setting of aigs and hatch out some young chickens. It's the pullets that lay, after all—old hens ain't never no great shakes. You want to hatch all the chickens you can, and then you'll have pullets to lay."

"About when can they be expected to begin?" asked Mr. Appledore, doubtfully.

"Next spring, sure pop. February, mebby, if they're well took care of."

"Well, we might try it. Shall I give her the store eggs?"

"No. Been in cold storage, prob'ly. I'll sell you a fine setting of thoroughbreds. Gener'ly I get a dollar for 'em, but I'll let you have 'em for fifty cents, seeing's you have had so much trouble."

Mr. Appledore assented, and the man trotted off after the eggs. When he returned he explained at length how the sitting hen demands quiet and seclusion above all things, and recommended moving this one into the carriage-house. This he accordingly did, placing her snugly in one corner behind a dry-goods box. She took kindly to it, and settled down to the somewhat arduous and sedentary task before her. Mr. Appledore hurried away to the city to keep an appointment.

That night Mr. Appledore returned late, after his wife had retired. He was up the next morning a little after his usual time, but before going in to breakfast he slipped out to the carriage-house. The faithful fowl was still doing her duty. He returned with hope in a bosom long unwonted to the emotion. As he slipped into his chair at the table he observed an unusually large dish of eggs before him, and he scowled slightly.

"Oh, don't look so hard at the eggs, my dear," said Mrs. Appledore, cheerily. "Those are not store eggs. I told you those hens needed my attention. Uncle Dick said they were probably laying in out-of-the-way places. I went out this morning and found a nest in the carriage-house with thirteen eggs in it. You and James have been very careless, I think, not to look there."

Mr. Appledore clutched the arms of his chair. Then he rose with set jaws and walked out to the stable. "James," he said, "go down to Pudney's and tell him that I'll give him two dollars to come and take away all of these hens."

A Kirk-yard Wootin'

WHEN first my bonnie Jean I wooed,
I looked, an' sighed, an' looked again;
But hoo tae tell her that I lo'ed
I didna ken.

A wee bit blushin' thing was she,
An' me a muckle sturdy stirk;
But when at me she cocked her ee,
Lord sake, what wark!

If she but speired, "Hoo hae ye been?"
A palsy ower my tongue wad steal;
I'd stutter, "Tha-a-ank ye, Jean,
Gey wee-ee-eel."

Or was I eatin',—kail or brose
Went the wrang road wi' sic a clack,
My granny, startin' frae her doze,
Wad dump my back.

"O what the deil am I tae dae?"
Tae my dowg Rover aft I said;
"I'll be as auld's Methusely
Afore I'm wed."

Ae day, the Minister took for's text,
"A' things come tae an end, I see."
I near cried oot, I was that vext,
"Eh, what a lee!"

Yet, as I sat there, hearin' nocht,
Glowerin' at Jean wi' half a sob,
There cam intae my heid a thocht
That did the job.

The kirk was skailed, an' gane the lave,
When, stammerin', I made oot tae say,
"I'm gaun tae see my mither's grave—
Will ye gang tae?"

We daundered mang the hillocks green
Until we reached a weel-kept plot;
"My fowk lie there," says I. Says Jean,
"A canty spot!"

An' then I up an' did the deed.
"Wad ye," I says, "like there tae lie?"
Jean sidled nearer, hung her heid,
An' whispered, "Ay."

TORQUIL MACDONALD.

Opulence

A HUNTING party of ladies and gentlemen were detained by a storm at the hut of a Virginia backwoodsman. Dinner being served, there was an embarrassing paucity of knives.

The mother, wishing to impress her aristocratic guests, called in a commanding tone to her young daughter, "Fetch some more knives, Sairey; you know we've got thousands of 'em."

"Law, no, mam; they's all thar! Thar's 'Big Butch,' and 'Little Butch,' and 'Razor-Back,' and 'Bunty.'"

MARY RYAN.



A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

PARLOR BOARDER. "All my clothes, you know, are made by Paquin."

LANDLADY. "For the land's sake! I always found packin' just ruined mine!"

A True Story

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL superintendent, in talking to the children about cruelty to animals, said: "Only a coward would abuse a creature that had no way of protecting itself. Why, children," said he, "I once knew a little boy who cut off a calf's tail! Think of it, children—took a knife and cut the tail right off! Can any one tell me a verse in the Bible that would have taught this cruel boy that he should not have cut off the calf's tail?"

After a moment's silence, a small boy, with a "happy-thought" expression, held up his hand. "What is it, my boy?" asked the superintendent, hopefully. "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," responded the small boy.

The superintendent was so impressed that he never brought his own verse to light.

Alice BEARDSLEY WHALING.

Summer

A RIOT in the rose-bush,
A scuffle in the grass;
The frightened flowers wonder
If war has come to pass.

A chatter and a clatter,
A wriggle and a squirm,
And all the row about a plump
And juicy little worm.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

The Exception

I HOLD a certain girl in mind,
Not far above the mediocre;
Yet, strange to say, I'm half inclined
To yoke her.

In looks, 'tis true, a lovelier maid
Has often crossed this bard's horizon:
More beauteous girls he's often laid
His eyes on.

Ibsen and Richard Strauss she knows.
But really, she's no *rara avis*.
Rag-time appeals, and, I suppose,
Dick Davis.

One day each week she cuts pink tea,
Departs this life of sweets and orchids
And leads a club of twenty three
Or four kids.

But while most girls these charms possess,
She has an extra one that strikes me,
Which others lack, I must confess,—
She likes me!

That's why I keep this girl in mind,
In most things merely mediocre;
That's why I'm more than half inclined
To yoke her.

MELVILLE HENRY CANE.

Oriental Philosophy

A RICH man owed a poor man a sum of money, which he refused to pay. The poor man appealed to the Pasha, a friend of his.

The Pasha sent and invited the rich man to visit him, and he came, as the Pasha expected, upon his very fine Arab steed.

The Pasha received the rich man with great honor, and gave him the seat of honor in the corner of the divan, and then nodded to the black servant standing by the door, who immediately disappeared.

Coffee and sherbet and nargilehs were brought in, and the rich man passed a happy morning, and was filled with self-satisfaction and content.

Presently the servant returned, and handed a purse to his master. The Pasha handed the purse to the rich man.

"This is yours," he said. "It is what remained from the price of your horse after paying the debt which you owed to your poor neighbor."

A MAN bought three pounds of meat, and brought it home to his wife to cook for dinner, and then went his way to his place of business in the bazars. The wife was hungry, and ate the meat.

In the evening the man came home and asked for his dinner.

"There is no meat," said the wife, "for the cat ate it."

"Bring the cat," said the man, "and a pair of scales."

"Weigh the cat," said the man. The cat weighed three pounds.

"If this is the cat," said the man, "where is the meat? And if this is the meat, where is the cat?"

A COUNTRYMAN entered the town just as the Muezzin was giving the call for prayer from the top of the minaret.

"I do not wonder," said he, "that the poor man cries out on the top of that place, but how ever did he get up there?"



"CUM GRANO SALIS"

NEPTUNE. "See here, little girl, you just stop crying in my ocean—it's sally enough as it is!"

Sleight of Hand

THE annual banquet of the Society of Loyal Teutons was waxing old, and the waiters held close vigil over the silverware. Brauer espied Schnitz dexterously slip the diminutive spoon from the saucer of a demi-tasse into the secret recesses of a breast pocket. The demon of avarice was aroused, but the watchful eyes of the waiters barred emulation. Brauer arose in his place at the table.

"Loidies undt chentlemen," began Brauer, "I show you a trick. To show I am no cheat or svindler, I pull up my sleeves. So."

"Now I toike dis leetle spoon from my cup undt I pudt id in mine coadt pockedt. So. Now I hold up both handts undt walk aroundt der table to Mr. Schnitz. So. Now I pudt mine handt in Mr. Schnitz's pockedt undt I toike outt der leetle spoon. Dere, loidies undt chentlemen! So."

F. A. LEWIS.



AT THE RECEPTION

"You don't think Emma looks particularly happy? Well, it's no wonder she is inconsolable to-night."

"Why?"

"Her new dress wasn't done in time to wear it, the maid lost one of her stick-pins, Jack hasn't proposed as she expected he would, and she doesn't like the kind of ice-cream they're serving."



Strothmann

GARDENING UP TO DATE

"WHY, what are you doing," asked Johnnie of Jane,
 "With those bulbs?" Said the earnest young maid, "I am fain
 In municipal duties my sex to advance,
 So I'm going to raise some electric-light plants."

Satisfied

HE was a most persistent little mischief-maker, and was often rescued from trouble by his mother, who said to him, "Well, Teddy, I hope you are satisfied." One day he trotted down to the kitchen, where a maid was scrubbing, and leaning over a pail of soapy water, looked into it. Suddenly he lost his balance and fell into the pail. As he was being extricated, his mother appeared. "Mamma," he sobbed, "now I's *shatisfied*."

When Bettie Makes a Cake

WHEN Bettie, in a wayward mood,
 Resolves to make a cake,
 How quickly will the stoutest heart
 With apprehension quake,
 While all the people round about
 In silence stand and shake.

No faintest murmur stirs the air—
 No murmur slow or quick;
 The fire no longer crackles then,
 No door-latch dares to click;
 The kettle's hum is silenced, and
 The clock's afraid to tick.

A silence almost visible
 Fills every room and hall—
 No bit of space unoccupied
 'Twixt ceiling, floor, and wall,—
 The slightest tremor, Bettie says,
 Will cause her cake to fall.

And if it falls, what happens then?
 Forgive me if I take
 Another time to answer that,
 But for your good health's sake
 Be warned, and keep supremely still
 When Bettie makes a cake.

R. H. MOULTON.

A Soft Answer

IT was very hard to get little Constance's brain quiet at night. All the unfulfilled mischievous intentions of her busy day seemed to beset her after the good-night blessings had been bestowed.

One warm evening found her particularly frolicsome, and the five-year-old elder sister complained several times of her inability to get to sleep. Indignant at the repeated annoyance, the mother called out:

"You wicked girl! If you don't behave I'll come up stairs and punish you well—yes," in a more savage tone, "well."

There was a pathetic silence for a moment, except for the cool tinkle of ice below. Then a resigned little voice floated down the stairway, "When you tum up to beat me, mamma, won't you bing me a dass of lemonade?"

Unmoved

GEORGIE'S aunt was greatly worried because he failed utterly

to understand or appreciate anything not strictly practical. As a supreme effort to arouse him to better things she took him to Niagara Falls, and so arranged that their train brought them into sudden and magnificent view of the great wonder. On the car she watched him closely as the test drew near, and was delighted to see him glue his face to the window and remain riveted there. Then he turned to her with beaming countenance, and, pointing to a hill-side well in the background, "Say, see them goats?"



ANNE STOOD AT THE FURTHER END IN FRONT OF THE SHELF, FILLING BOXES WITH FLOWERS

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A Revelation in Arcadia

BY NETTA SYRETT

KNOWLES had been ordered south. He had protested vigorously, railed at Fate, declared brain-fag and overwork but the latest fads of medical science, behaved, in short, in a manner which completely justified his doctor's diagnosis, and finally succumbed to that which was inevitable.

He shivered at Dover, his coat collar about his ears, and his cap drawn angrily down to his eyes, when he and a score of other passengers were turned out upon a draughty platform, in sight of a choppy, leaden sea. He continued to shiver and to swear in secret throughout the crossing, throughout the long cold journey to Paris and onward through a sleepless night till the day broke, and from the windows of the railway carriage he watched the sun rise, mount higher in the heavens, and remain visible, flooding a smiling land with light and heat. It was really hot! Knowles acknowledged it, and, greatly to his surprise, found his ill temper vanishing. He let down the window, and a wave of springlike, flower-scented air floated in. A little bareheaded boy stood on the grass close to the line. He wore a blue blouse girdled with a leather belt, and the blouse, one corner of which he held up, was full of yellow jonquils. He waved his disengaged hand as the train whirled past, and shouted, and Knowles waved in response and laughed, and leant from the window to watch him standing there amidst an acre of jonquils and white narcissus flowers.

"It's spring!" he thought, "and I'm

all right again. I believe I was dying of winter in town, and didn't know it."

The next day he was lying full length on a plot of sun-baked turf, his eyes fixed on the burning blue of the sea.

A row of orange-trees in tubs, behind which grew a thick, leafy hedge, screened him from the wind, in which there lurked a dash of coolness. He was the only visitor at the little innlike hotel among the hills, and he had the garden to himself. London fogs, the pitiless clamor of London streets, work, worries, responsibilities, were fading out of his mind like the memory of a bad dream.

"Does it ever rain, François?" he asked, turning over lazily on his side as the waiter came down the path carrying a luncheon-tray.

"If it rains? Ma foi, oui!" returned François, putting the tray down on the wooden table in the arbor. "But monsieur comes at a fortunate hour. Voilà six weeks that it has rained before the arrival of monsieur."

"Ah! The Earthly Paradise is still to seek, then. I thought I'd found it," he murmured, with half-closed eyes.

"What's the brown patch up there? High on the hill-side to the right? Do you see?" he inquired presently when the man came out again, a bottle of wine in one hand, in the other a dish of Tangerine oranges.

"Monsieur means the farm? It is a farm for flowers. Zey are English—ze proprietors."

The space of cleared land, visible from

the lower hills as an irregular square of warm brown color, lay high up amongst the pine-trees. A chain of mountains, after girdling the coast for miles, ended in a long spur running far out to sea. The flower-farm was on the southern slope of these mountains.

As he sat smoking in the garden the brown patch on the mountain often drew Knowles's attention. Sometimes, when the sun was full on the slope, small glittering squares scattered over its surface would flash and scintillate.

"Glass houses, I suppose," he thought. "I must go up and have a look one day."

Laziness, or perhaps physical inability for exertion of any kind, caused his walk to be delayed for nearly a week, but finally, one morning soon after breakfast, he braced himself resolutely and began the ascent. A winding path cut through pine forests led up the mountain-side. It was a rough path, for the stones were loose, and climbing over uneven rubble was tiring enough. But as he plodded on higher and higher, Knowles forgot discomfort. The sun was hot overhead, but the air was like wine, and full of the fragrance of the pine-trees.

Over the edge of the path the mountain-side fell sheer to the sea, and through a net-work of pine boughs which lay, an indigo cloud, beneath him, he saw the water of the bay, clear, mottled like a lizard's back, and green as emerald where it touched the land.

Still higher, when he looked back, the grand curve of the coast was in sight, and he saw the whole bay, a stretch of melted sapphires, lying in the arms of the hills. It was very silent on the mountain path. Wavering shadows lay across it, chequering the splashes of sunshine; now and then the lightest of winds, creeping from bough to bough, set the forest murmuring like an echo of the sea beneath.

Steady climbing brought him presently to a fairly level clearing on the mountain-slope, and from this point the house was in sight, a square-built place with a broad encircling veranda. Behind it lines of low glass houses glittered fiercely in the sun; still higher, brown, newly turned patches of earth, planted with vines in rows, straggled up the mountain-side.

Knowles looked round curiously.

The air was heavy and sweet with the scent of white stocks which filled an acre of ground to the right. A matting-covered field next to it showed where carnations grew in the shelter of a grove of lemon-trees.

Behind the house, though at some distance from it, the pine-clad hills swept grandly round the bay to mould the coast-line, and higher still towered the greater Alpine peaks, their summits white with everlasting snow.

Knowles stood leaning rather faintly against a tree. He was not strong even yet, he found to his annoyance, and the pull had exhausted him.

He stood still, letting his eyes rest on a zigzag line of blackthorn which edged the plateau. It was powdered with blossoms, which showed on the darkness of its branches like a light fall of snow; white butterflies danced and coquetted above the hedge. Behind it the mountain-side fell precipitately to the sea, and the frail barrier had a background of intense blue sky. There were men working in the fields, he noticed, most of them stripped to the waist.

The frantic barking of a sheep-dog chained somewhere near the house at length attracted the attention of a man in a knickerbocker suit and slouch hat, who was walking amongst the vine rows, giving directions to the workmen. He stared a moment, and then came forward.

"Am I a trespasser?" Knowles began, smiling. "I came up for the walk, but I hope you'll let me take some flowers, now I'm here."

The man, a red-faced, pleasant-looking young fellow, laughed. "Well, we're not often asked for them like this," he said. "We send them away, you know, London—Paris—Berlin. But you're welcome to them, of course. Do you care to look round? But you're rather done up, aren't you? Been ill? Come to the house and have something to drink."

While he was seated on the veranda with his voluble host, and afterwards, as he made with him the tour of inspection, Knowles became possessed of a considerable amount of information. The farm was managed by the father and three sons, all of them previously accustomed to a free, out-of-door existence in Canada. It had been up-hill work at



"HIGH ON THE HILL-SIDE TO THE RIGHT-DO YOU SEE?"

first, but the life suited them, and the farm was beginning to pay.

"You ought to stop up here a bit," said his companion finally. "This air is just the thing for you. We don't often get visitors, though three years ago there was a man here. I was away at the time in Berlin, and I forget his name, but I believe he stayed three months."

"It's just what I should like," returned Knowles, looking out at the blue sea. "But is there anywhere to stop?"

"Some of the men live upon the farm," said Maclure, jerking his head in the direction of the vine-tenders. "There are decent rooms to spare in some of the cottages, if you don't mind a little rough living. I wish we could put you up, but our house is full. You'll stay to lunch, though, won't you, and see a little more of the place?"

Knowles thanked him and accepted. Out amongst the vines he met the other members of the family; and when, at the sound of a gong, they all entered the cool, airy dining-room, he was surprised to see a woman standing at the sideboard, mixing a salad.

"My sister," said Dick Maclure, and Knowles looked rather curiously at her as he shook hands. He looked at her once or twice more attentively during lunch, for though she had not at first attracted him, he began to think her quite beautiful. She was tall and deep-chested, and she had a quantity of soft dark hair low on a white forehead.

Her face was tanned with exposure to wind and sun, and her deep-set eyes were almost startlingly blue. Knowles guessed that she was about eight-and-twenty, possibly older. She was very silent, though so perfectly self-possessed that he could not think her shy. When she spoke, he noticed with approval that her voice was rich and deep in tone.

The moment lunch was over she disappeared, and Knowles went to make final arrangements with one of the vine-tenders, whose rooms he decided to take at the beginning of the following week.

Knowles had fallen in love with the place at first sight, and time did nothing to diminish his allegiance.

The intoxicating air, full of the breath of flowers, of the fragrance of the pines, the silent, moonlit nights, the marvel of

the dawn and of sunrise over the mountains, never lost their charms for him.

The life at the farm, in which to some extent he shared, pleased him too, and its simple idyllic setting admirably suited the Maclures, who were honest, hard-working folk, skilled in out-door occupations, careless of anything besides.

Of the father and the three sons this was true at least; of their sister, Knowles at first saw little.

She was always busy; too busy to talk, though he had made several attempts to draw her into conversation. The gentle indifference with which she baffled his overtures of friendliness piqued him, and gave a certain zest to his endeavors. He was surprised to find how much Anne Maclure interested him, though he had barely exchanged with her half a dozen words. It was not till two or three weeks of his visit had passed that he found an opportunity of deciding whether his interest would fade on further acquaintance. A return of his arch-enemy, insomnia, overtook him one night, and, weary with hours of unrest, he rose soon after daybreak and went out. Everything was hushed and spellbound by the mystery of dawn. The gray, glassy sea reflected the pine forests, above which the mists began to rise.

One by one the snow-capped peaks were unveiled, and gradually over their whiteness there crept a flush, faintly rosy. It brightened, warmed, glowed, till each summit stood, a gigantic, trembling jewel, against the amber sky; and then the sun leapt from the sea. Ripples spread over the surface of the bay, a breeze slid amongst the pine boughs—it was day.

Knowles began to walk slowly along the path from his cottage in the direction of the farm, and as he passed the line of low glass houses he caught the flutter of a gown within.

He smiled, turned the handle of the door, and went in.

The glass house was a blaze of color, filled on one side, from end to end, with growing carnations.

On the opposite side ran a long shelf, upon which the cut flowers were laid in fragrant heaps.

Anne stood at the further end in front of the shelf, filling boxes with the flowers. She started at the sound of the open-

ing door, and turned her head quickly. She wore a pink print gown, with loose sleeves pushed back from the wrist. Her dark hair was loosely twisted, and hung low against her face. She had tucked a handful of red carnations into the front of her gown, and in one hand, as she turned, she held a great spray of the same color.

"May I come in, as we're both so disgracefully early?" he asked.

She smiled. "I suppose it's unusual for you to be up at this hour, but with me it's an every-day matter. All these"—she indicated the flowers with which the shelf was still strewn—"have to be ready by eight o'clock, so you'll excuse me if I go on."

"That's just what I want you to do," he said, sitting down on the low shelf at a little distance from her, while she went on filling the boxes.

There was a moment's silence while her sunburnt hands moved like lightning amongst the flowers.

"It's marvellous," he declared at last, half laughing. "I can't think how you put them up so fast, and at the same time so gently."

"Practice!" she remarked laconically. "I've been doing it for five years."

There was something in her tone which induced him to say—not quite candidly—"I envy you your idyllic life up here!"

"You know you don't mean that," she returned calmly, with a straight glance in his direction. "That's the sort of remark a man always makes to a woman, thanking God in his heart that the idyllic life is not for him!"

Knowles laughed. "I plead guilty," he said. "It was *not* quite frank. A holiday here is truly a taste of Paradise, but to live—"

"To exist, you mean," she replied.

"I accept the correction. It is dull, of course?"

"Oh, I have plenty to do," she returned evasively, with a sudden change of tone. "I have my books, and, as you say, the place is a Paradise."

"There are occasional visitors too?" he went on, carelessly.

She lifted a sheaf of flowers, heavy with rose-pink buds and blossoms delicately veined with lavender, and buried her face in it.

"This kind has the most delicious scent!" she exclaimed. "Visitors? Oh! it is three years, I think, since any one stayed here."

There was a moment's silence.

"That will do," she said at last, putting in the last flower. "They are ready for the men to take down now. You will breakfast with us, won't you?"

The ice was broken, but it was nevertheless by no means easy to find many opportunities for conversation with Anne Maclure. Never was a woman more difficult, more reticent, more enigmatic.

Knowles watched her a great deal as she moved about the cool, airy house, and sometimes took her share in out-door work. He liked to see her coming down bareheaded to the flower-fields, her gown swishing lightly through the long grass, her head erect, the big basket she carried poised against her hip.

She walked with the free, swinging, untrammelled movement which he remembered in a certain gypsy woman who had once fired his boyish imagination. There was something grandly independent and aloof about her whole personality, he thought, an impression which was by no means contradicted by her habitual look of patience. It was, he felt, by no means the crushed, acquiescent patience of the ordinary household drudge, but rather a mask, hiding a restless and passionate nature. This impression was formed gradually in the course of weeks, as the result of many broken snatches of conversation with her. These curious talks generally took place in the evening, when, her household tasks over, she came out to work among the plants.

He had insisted upon helping on the farm, and evening after evening found him lingering on the hill-slope tying vines, and straightening his bent back now and then with a pleasant sense of recovered health and energy.

Acres of stocks glimmered white through the soft veil of twilight; the air, absolutely still and warm, was filled with the pulsing murmur of the sea. It was at that hour that he began to listen for the soft rustle of her skirts, as she came along the border of heather and whortleberry which marked the boundary between the wild and the cultivated land.



HE LIKED TO SEE HER COMING DOWN BAREHEADED TO THE FLOWER-FIELDS

Then, as they worked side by side amongst the vines, they would sometimes drift into a conversation over which Knowles subsequently pondered.

As she talked, Anne unconsciously disclosed a wonderful knowledge of modern literature, and of contemporary literary movement in England, for a woman leading her isolated life.

His own work in town brought him into the main stream of literary and scientific activity, and she would sometimes ask quick, eager questions about books, about the people with whom he came in contact, and then, in the midst of an animated conversation, her interest would apparently die. She turned listlessly aside, and often abruptly introduced another topic.

One day, rather to his surprise, and greatly to his pleasure, she asked him to come into her sitting-room to see a book about which there had been some discussion. It was a simple though very charming room. White matting on the floor, green sun-blinds outside, made it look as it felt, delightfully cool. There was not much furniture, but it was good of its kind, and the curtain over the door was pleasing in color and design. The walls were lined with deep shelves, filled with books.

"These are my jewels," said Anne, smiling.

Knowles looked round appreciatively. "Ah! you have James North's things, I see," he exclaimed, his quick eye discovering one or two thin volumes of modern verse.

Anne was hunting for the book of which she had been speaking.

She could not find it, apparently, for she ransacked the lower shelves in vain, and it was not for some time that she replied to his remark.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"Yes—for my sins," he replied, dryly.

"You don't admire him?"

"His work? Yes, to a certain extent. I hate the man himself."

"Why?"

"Oh—why? He's rather an abusive sort of fellow, I think," returned Knowles, absently. He was examining a first edition. "The sort of man women would do well to avoid, you know; but then— I say, this is rather a jolly

thing!—that's the kind of thing women never do particularly well."

"Here's the book," said Anne, reaching it from an upper shelf.

And he took it with interest, becoming for a few moments characteristically engrossed in its pages.

When he looked up, Anne was sitting in the window-seat, looking out upon the sapphire bay. For a moment he caught a glimpse of the face without its habitual mask of gentle indifference. For a moment only. She turned sharply as the page rustled under his hand, and her eyes, clear, hard, enigmatical as ever, met his with a sort of challenge.

"I have often wondered why you stay here," said Knowles, involuntarily.

She smiled. "What else can I do?"

"But you—with your knowledge, your taste, your love of books—"

"None of those things are marketable. I am absolutely untrained in anything. And, ignorant though I am, I know the hopelessness of untrained work in the labor-market," she returned.

Knowles shrugged his shoulders. "It is true," he said.

There was a moment's silence.

"Besides, I am needed here—for the present," she added, after a little while.

"But that is not fair," he cried hotly. "Your brothers will marry. Why should your career, your future, be sacrificed—"

He paused abruptly. It struck him that he had never before considered the matter of a woman's future. It was one of those questions about which it had never seemed worth while to reflect.

Anne looked at him with a smile in which he fancied there lurked the faintest suspicion of mockery, and he felt his color rising.

"I don't know why it should be odd to think of you as the champion of women," she said, half laughing, "but it is."

"Why?" Knowles demanded, adopting her light tone with an effort.

"Oh!—not from any lack of generosity," she said quickly; "simply because the matter has never occurred to you."

He frowned a moment, and then laughed outright. "You are a shrewd observer," he declared.

"With very few opportunities to exercise my gifts," returned Anne, rising.

"I must go and feed the animals. Listen to them!"

He followed her into the yard at the side of the house, and silently watched her while she scattered corn to the chicks, fed the dogs, and went into all the cow-sheds. All at once it occurred to him that in a little while, in a few weeks at most, he would be once more in town, and that Anne, with her low voice, her beautiful stately movements, her eyes, her deep hair, would be a memory.

Something that was almost panic seized him, his heart stopped beating, and then rushed on with alarming vehemence.

"She's right," he thought. "Things come to me slowly. What a fool I am!"

Long after the Maclures' house was in darkness the same night he sat smoking at the open window of Adriano's cottage. He watched the light in Anne's room, like a boy lover. It burnt late, but at last it too went out, and he was alone with the stars and the whispering pines. He recalled their first conversation, their many after-talks. Her face was always before him; but it told him nothing. He saw it calm, patient, indifferent, a little disdainful even, as though weary of the world and its ways. And then he remembered the look he had surprised that day, or rather its conflict of emotions, the after-challenge of her eyes. Always she was a riddle, a riddle he despaired of reading. But if things "came slowly," as he said, it was characteristic of Knowles not to hesitate when once they had arrived.

"I don't understand her, and I shall understand her no better in three weeks' time," he reflected; and therefore, when next evening she came through the meadow grass to the vines as usual, he had already made a final decision. It happened that there was to be a fresh clearing made on the hill-side, some distance from the house. Two of the sons had undertaken the work, which would occupy several days, and Knowles offered to join them. There was a disused hut near the projected clearing, and the Maclures proposed to make use of it while the work was in progress, and avoid losing time by returning to the house to sleep.

"We shall be away about three days, Anne," said one of her brothers casually

at lunch; and she had begun at once to make all the preparations.

"Will you take pity on me, and lend me something to read up there, if Dick and Ralph allow me breathing-time?" he had asked her as she went out.

She nodded, smiling, and as she came towards him now he recalled, with quickening pulse, the scent of her gown as she passed his chair.

"So you are off to-morrow? Your industry is appalling!" Anne began lightly, taking some bast from the great basket between them.

All the laborers had gone; the fields were deserted. It was a gray evening, heavy, with the feel of thunder in the air.

Knowles did not reply. They worked in silence for a few minutes, and then he straightened himself resolutely. She too paused in her work.

"Anne!" he whispered.

She began to tremble violently.

"Anne!" he said again, and drew her nearer. She broke from him, crying out incoherently:

"Oh no! Oh no! You don't know. I must not—"

He began to plead with her, but she stood still just out of his reach, looking at him as though she did not hear.

Presently she interrupted in a curious, unemotional tone: "I am going to put some books in my room. Take them before you go. You will not come back." The last sentence was an assertion rather than a prohibition, and Knowles looked at her uncertainly.

She returned his glance, and for a moment they stood face to face. Then she turned abruptly and walked away.

Knowles finished his tying mechanically. He did not think; he only recalled Anne's long grave look, with exultation held in check by uneasy fear. Presently he went into the house. The men were making preparation for to-morrow's departure; he could hear them somewhere upstairs talking and laughing. The hall was almost dark, but from Anne's sitting-room, the door of which was half open, there came a stream of light.

He knocked, and then entered. The room was empty. On the table, under the light of the lamp, there was a little pile of books. The top one lay open at the title-page, on which there was some



A DEDICATION, A LINE OF VERSE, AND A SIGNATURE

writing. By its peculiar binding Knowles recognized a volume of poems well known to him, those of the man they had discussed the previous day. As he stooped to take the other books he saw Anne's name, a dedication, a line of verse, and a signature. He stood a long time fascinated, staring at Anne's name, at the signature, at the lover's verse, and then, leaving the other books on the table, he found his way into the dark hall, across the threshold, out into the open air.

For three days, from sunrise to sundown, he lived out-of-doors. He was alone all day, for the two Maclures were at work on some sheds at a lower level, and, by an arrangement for which Knowles had schemed, to him was intrusted the task of clearing brushwood away from the space marked out for the new plantation.

Sometimes he worked, sometimes he lay outstretched on the heather, gazing into the leagues and leagues of sky above him. All day long the wind sobbed through the wiry grass of the hill-side, far below him the wide sea flashed and glittered, above him the empty sky was outspread. Earth, sea, sky, and, except for the murmurings of the wind, silence. It seemed to Knowles that there was nothing else in the universe, except his own brain, in which thoughts staggering in their unfamiliarity whirled and eddied, yet were gradually taking form and beginning to crystallize.

By the end of the third day, if he had known it, he had accomplished a rare mental feat. He had surmounted prejudices all the stronger because they had been unreasoned, he had deliberately faced the problem of life from the mental stand-point of another human being, and, still greater difficulty, the stand-point was a woman's.

There were certain questions about which he had never previously formulated reasoned views of any kind. On the subject of women, for instance, his prejudices were those of the average man. The standard of conduct for man and woman was different, and rightly so.

Now he found himself thinking, not of men and women, but of a man and a woman, himself and Anne Maclure. He

recognized their spiritual and mental kinship; their outlook upon life, broadly speaking, was the same; in Anne he gladly acknowledged an intellectual equal. He was possessed by thoughts of her splendid physical beauty, a beauty which seemed the reflex of her wide, generous mind. And then he dwelt upon the thought of her life.

It was late afternoon. The shadows of the pines stretched far across the hill-side. Not a leaf stirred; even the little sighing wind in the grass was still. Knowles sat at the door of the hut and gazed at quiet sea and empty sky, and felt the strong, vigorous life pulsing in his veins. To-morrow, if he so wished, he could go down into the world, take his part in the strenuous life of men, spend his energy in a thousand directions. But what if this were impossible? If, for years and years, throughout his active youth, he were forced to gaze upon nothing but earth, sea, and sky, to be cut off from the natural human life, to forego all the normal experiences of his manhood? He shuddered. But that had been the fate of the woman he had recently judged with bitterness.

Anne, with her keen, quick intellect, her health, her splendid beauty, her passionate appreciation of life's highest gifts, never to accomplish her human destiny! The idea was monstrous, intolerable. He was appreciably nearer to her in spirit now, and he made an effort to realize, not tamely and perfunctorily, but with vividness, the inward emptiness of her outwardly busy days. *Anne*, with no friends, no lover, no child! And then at last he pictured her meeting with a man from the world in which she should have had a place; a man, brilliant, persuasive, the only man of intellect it would probably ever be her fortune to meet. He reflected, as Anne Maclure had probably reflected, cursed Fate, as she had without doubt cursed it, and, with no joy, yet as choosing the lesser evil in the last resort, he justified her decision, as he knew she had justified it to herself.

His thought of his own past life, in which, if self-control had played some not unworthy part, there had been, at any rate, no need for self-repression. And then he asked himself what should be thought of the man who, having honestly

considered the whole question, should approach Anne Maclure with words of magnanimous forgiveness upon his lips? The question marked the distance he had travelled from his mental stand-point of a day ago.

"It would be like his damned impertinence!" he said aloud, springing up and starting, as Dick Maclure and his younger brother, returning up at the moment, broke into a roar of laughter.

"I didn't hear you," he said, laughing too in a preoccupied way.

"Time we were going down, when you begin talking to yourself, old chap!" returned Dick; "solitude doesn't suit you."

All the homeward way, nevertheless, Knowles was unaccountably silent.

He was recalling Anne's face when she parted from him, and as he thought of it his heart began to beat. There had been challenging pride, defiance, misery, in her eyes, but surely something else as well? If not; if he had been mistaken? After all, he remembered, he knew nothing of the story. What if she still cared? He hurried on; at least he would not think of that yet.

The moon had risen before he reached the farm. Dick and Ralph had gone on with the loaded cart to the sheds, and Knowles struck into the path on the edge of the plateau. The house could be reached by this circuitous route, and he wanted a little time to steady his nerves.

The moon was full, and the beauty of the night was almost overwhelming. Crag above crag, the mountains, with their clouds of pine forests, brooded dark

and motionless. Below, the sea, a sheet of misty silver, stretched away to the horizon and murmured in its sleep. The air vibrated with the strange musical whirl of the frogs, and the scent of flowers from the plantation rose and died away and rose again like waves of incense.

The pine needles made a noiseless carpet for his feet, and as he entered the shadow of a belt of pine he stopped short, startled, as a tall figure crossed the road into a strip of moonlight. It was Anne. At the moment, warned by a snapping twig, she turned and saw him. For a moment she shrank, then all at once drew herself upright.

"You—have come back?" she said.

He did not speak, but held both his hands towards her imploringly. The moonlight fell full on her face, and he saw her under lip quiver.

"Did you—did you understand?" she whispered painfully.

He took her suddenly in his arms.

"No—no," she cried, breathlessly—"not till I—"

"Hush!" said Knowles, imperatively. "Don't make me feel more of a hypocrite than you need. Do you love me?"

Anne raised her face to his, putting both hands on his shoulders, and meeting his eyes with her straight, steady gaze.

His face lit up with a sudden reassured smile of happiness as he held her fast. "That is enough for me, once and forever," he said. "Say as much or as little as you like, Anne. Things come to me slowly, as you say, but when they come I *understand*."

My Captive

BY JOHN B. TABB

I BROUGHT a Blossom home with me,
 Beneath my roof to stay;
 But timorous and frail was she,
 And died before the day.
 She missed the measureless expanse
 Of heaven, and heaven her countenance.

The Lineage of the Classics

BY FREDERIC GEORGE KENYON, D. Lit., Ph.D.

Illustrated from Manuscripts in the British Museum

HOW have the works of the great authors of the ancient world, of Homer and Thucydides, of Virgil and Livy, been preserved? It needs but a moment's thought to see what issues are involved in this question. If they had not been preserved, if the literature of Greece and Rome had been blotted out, what would have been the position of the literature of Europe and America to-day?

To some, perhaps, the question presents itself in a different form: Why should the works of ancient literature *not* have come down to us? When works of great genius had been produced, such as the *Iliad* or the *Aeneid*, surely it was natural that they should be preserved, so long, at least, as there was any one who could understand their language, just as *Hamlet* and *Paradise Lost* have been preserved. But another color is put upon the matter when we remember that the resources of print were not at the disposal of ancient writers. This year is the 2360th anniversary of the production of the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, the masterpiece of the Greek stage; but it is only 384 years since the plays of Aeschylus were first printed. For nearly two thousand years, therefore, they were exposed to the manifold perils that attend hand-written copies; for less than four hundred years have they enjoyed the security of print.

What this means will be seen if we consider under what circumstances books were produced in ancient times. Print, in addition to the facilities which it gives for the multiplication of copies, guarantees that all the copies of any one edition shall be identical. Before printing was invented, every copy had to be separately written by hand; and, as experience amply proves, even the most careful copyist is sure to make mistakes in a long piece of work. And if the careful copyist

makes mistakes, how much worse is it when the copyist is not careful! and we cannot expect copyists, doing hack-work at so much a line, always to be particular about the perfect accuracy of their results. So mistakes creep in; and when once they have crept in, it is far from easy to eradicate them. A scribe is given a manuscript to copy which already is full of errors; some of them he will not recognize as such, and will reproduce them in all good faith; others he will recognize, and he will try to correct them by guessing what the true text was. Sometimes he will guess right, and then an error will have been removed; but sometimes he will guess wrong, and then the error will have been made twice as deadly, because its obvious erroneousness will have been obscured by an attempted correction.

So long, however, as the earlier copies are in existence, the mistakes of the later scribes matter but little, since we can always refer to their archetypes. We have the original autographs of Ariosto and Milton, and if we doubt the accuracy of any edition of their works, we can test and correct at once by a reference to the originals. But of the classics we have no original autographs, nor any copies nearly contemporaneous with them. The intervals which separate the composition of the great classics from the date of the earliest extant manuscripts of them must be measured by hundreds and sometimes by thousands of years. The plays of Aeschylus were written between 485 and 450 B.C., and the earliest extant manuscript of them (a few unimportant scraps excepted) was written in the eleventh century—an interval of some 1500 years. For Sophocles, for Thucydides, for Herodotus, the interval is substantially the same; for Pindar and Euripides it extends to 1600 years. For Plato

we have interesting fragments of two of his dialogues written only about a century after his death; but for the greater part of his works we are dependent on manuscripts eleven hundred years later. Aristotle (except for his recently recovered history of the Athenian Constitution) is in similar case; the earliest manuscript of the *Ethics* was written in the tenth century, while for the *Politics* we have no complete copy earlier than the fourteenth. We are better off in regard to some of the Latin writers. Virgil, who died in B.C. 19, is represented by several manuscripts which may be assigned to the fifth century, or even to the fourth; considerable portions of Livy exist in copies of the fifth and sixth centuries; there is a precious (though badly damaged) manuscript of Plautus which belongs to the fourth century; while there are fragments of Cicero which may go back to an even earlier date. But for Tacitus we have an interval of some 750

years before we reach our earliest copy of him; for Horace and Lucretius, 900 years; while in the case of Catullus, the most spontaneously poetic spirit in all the literature of Rome, we are dependent upon a few manuscripts written nearly 1450 years after his death. It is worth while to note, in passing, how greatly superior in respect of antiquity of attestation is the Greek Testament. The shortest interval which separates any classical author from any substantial manuscript of his works is some 400 years, while in the majority of cases it ranges from 1000 to 1500 years; but of the New Testament we have complete copies within 250 years of the date at which many of the books composing it were written.

The destruction of manuscripts of the classics has consequently been enormous. The reasons for this will appear if we consider in what manner books were produced in antiquity. A Greek book of the age of Pericles, or a Latin book of the

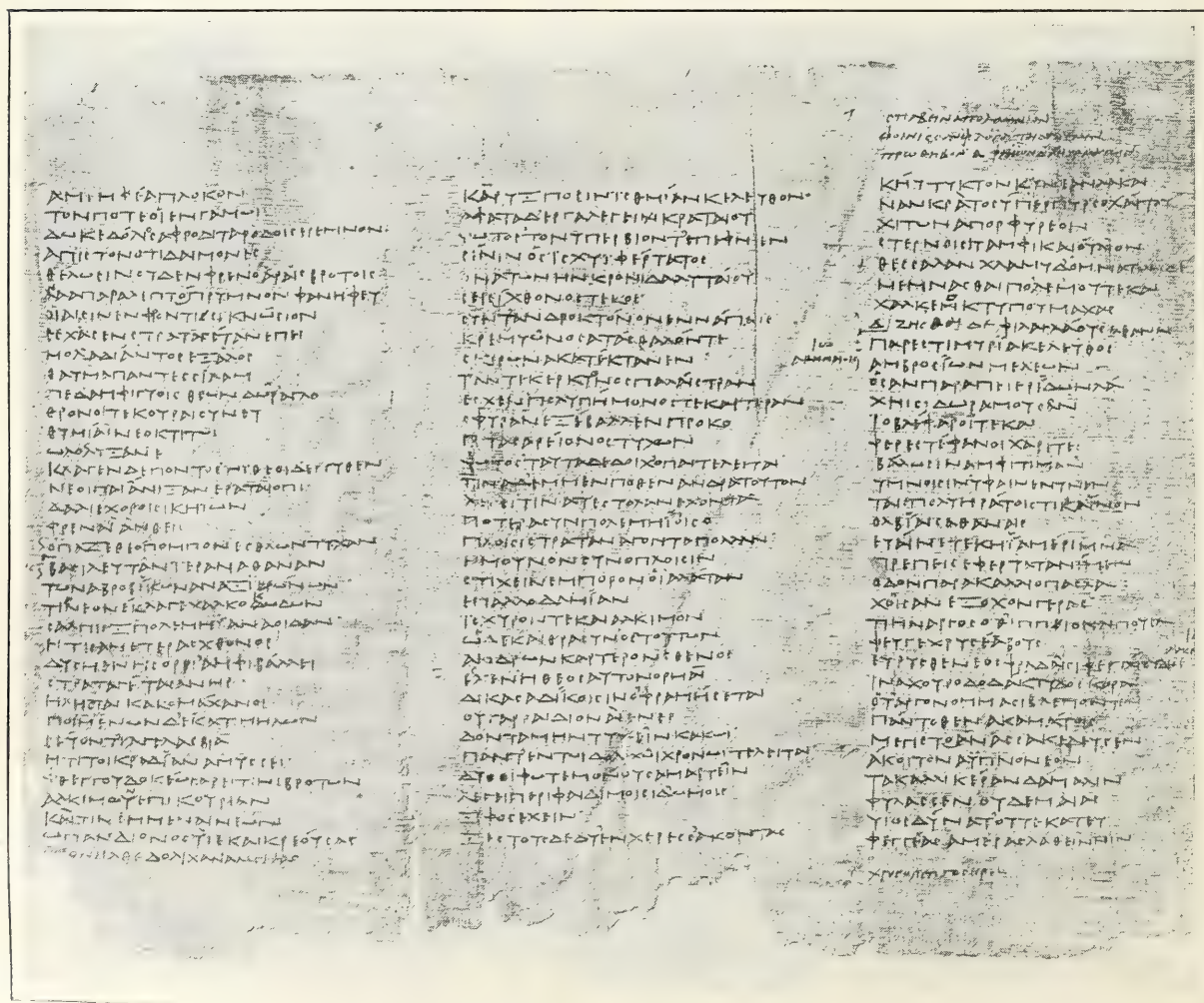


FIG. 1.—FROM THE PAPYRUS ROLL CONTAINING POEMS OF BACCHYLIDES, A CONTEMPORARY OF PINDAR



FIG. 2.—FAC-SIMILE OF THE CODEX ROMANUS OF VIRGIL

age of Cæsar, was very unlike the books to which we are accustomed nowadays. The material on which it was written was papyrus, a fabric made out of the pith of the Egyptian water-plant of that name. This gave a smooth and pleasant surface for writing on with the soft reeds which were then in use; but unfortunately it was not tough enough to withstand the disintegrating influences of time. In every country but one the ordinary trials of books—use, neglect, damp, insects, and the like—have caused its complete destruction. It is only in the wonderfully dry climate of Egypt that it has been able to resist these agencies. During the last century, and increasingly during the last twenty-five years, researches in the buried cities and cemeteries of Egypt have yielded great quantities of manuscripts upon papyrus—mostly fragments, it is true, but yet sufficient to

restore to us several works of ancient literature which had been supposed to be hopelessly lost, and to show us by actual examples, dating as far back as the beginning of the third century B.C., what an ancient book was like.

In another and more noticeable respect than material, ancient books differed from modern. The papyrus was not cut up into leaves and bound into volumes, like a modern book, but was manufactured in long rolls, which the reader unrolled as he progressed through the work he was reading. The length of these rolls might be anything up to about thirty feet, but rarely exceeded this limit; the height would normally be about nine or ten inches. A roll of these dimensions would contain, in moderate-sized writing, an ordinary Greek play, or two books of the *Iliad*; but collected editions of an author's work were impossible, except in the

form of a great quantity of separate rolls. This fact goes far to explain why so many works by writers of the highest reputation have failed to come down to us. Aeschylus and Sophocles are known to have written over seventy dramas apiece, yet only seven of each have been preserved, while we have only eighteen of the ninety or more composed by Euripides. But few persons, if any, could have possessed complete sets of rolls even of the great masters; in nearly all cases they must have been content with a few, which naturally would be those which were best known, while the inferior or less popular plays dropped out of circulation and disappeared. It is easy to believe that a similar fate would have befallen the works of Shakspeare, if they had continued to circulate only in the separate little quartos in which they first appeared, instead of being gathered up into the complete folios. We should still possess *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, but we might have very easily lost *Titus Andronicus* and *Henry VI.*

The writing on a papyrus roll was divided into columns, the width of which was regulated by the length of the verses, if the work transcribed was in poetry, but in the case of prose works it rarely exceeded three inches. An example may be seen in the fac-simile of part of the unique papyrus roll of the poems of Bacchylides, the contemporary of Pindar, which was discovered in Egypt about six years ago (Fig. 1). This is a handsome and well-written copy, the work of a professional scribe; but cheaper copies might be produced in smaller and less ornamental writing; and private individuals might even transcribe works of literature for their own use on the back of a papyrus roll which had already been used for other purposes. Thus the only extant text of the Funeral Oration delivered by the Athenian orator Hyperides, over those who had fallen in the war against Macedon, is a school-boy's copy written on the back of a horoscope; and the only copy of Aristotle's *Constitution of Athens* is written on the back of a bailiff's farm-accounts.

Papyrus continued to be the principal material in use for books of the best quality until the fourth century of our era; but about that time vellum, which

had previously been employed mainly for inferior purposes, began to supersede it, and thenceforward the best copies of books were written upon this much more durable material. At the same time the modern form of arrangement in leaves, which had at first been applied to sets of wax tablets and note-books, began to supersede the older arrangement in roll form. This made it possible to include much more matter in a volume of reasonable size, and henceforward we have manuscripts containing complete Bibles, or complete sets of the surviving works of the dramatists or of Virgil. The earlier vellum manuscripts, from the fourth to the ninth or tenth century, were written in large detached letters, clear and handsome, but not economical of space, so that these early books are generally of considerable size. Such a practice was possible so long as literature was the luxury of the few, as it probably was during the early Middle Ages; but a demand for wider circulation led to the production of a smaller and more convenient style of writing. This, which is known as *minuscule* writing, was in fact an adaptation to literary purposes of the common handwriting of every-day life, and was introduced in the ninth century. In the course of the tenth century it completely ousted the older *uncial* style, and continued, with progressive modifications in detail, to hold the field until it was in turn superseded by print at the end of the fifteenth century.

Thus when a scholar, looking back from the beginning of this twentieth century, takes stock of the evidence upon which his knowledge of the Greek and Roman classics rests, he finds that there are three classes of manuscripts to be taken into account. There are, or may be, in the first place, copies on papyrus; in the second, copies in capital or uncial writing upon vellum; and in the third, copies in minuscule writing upon vellum or (from about the fourteenth century) upon paper. On papyrus he is lucky if he can find, for any particular author in whom he is interested, anything more than small fragments, the relics from an Egyptian rubbish heap. Even if he finds any substantial portion from this very early period, he is fortunate if it is a well-written and trustworthy copy; for

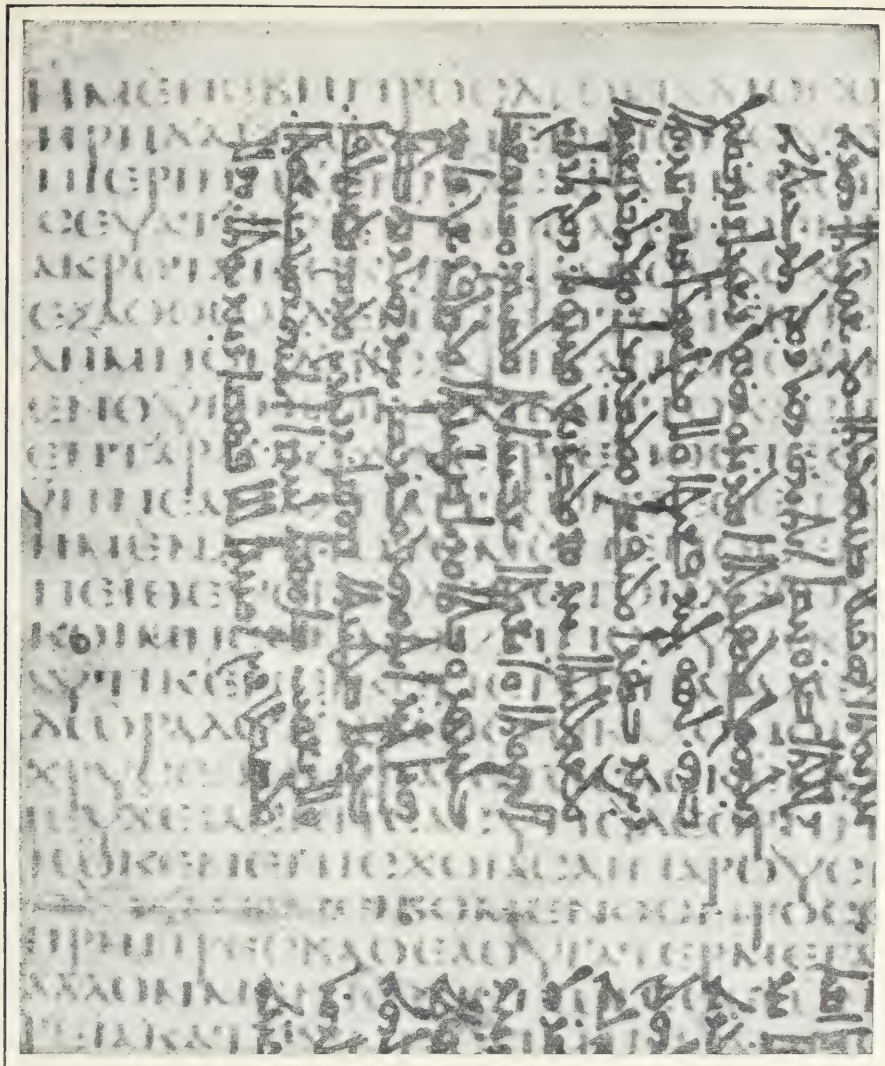


FIG. 3.—GREEK UNCIAL MANUSCRIPT OF HOMER, OVER-WRITTEN WITH SYRIAC

it must be remembered that all the papyri which the discoveries of the last century have given to us came from the Greek settlements in Egypt, and often from very insignificant places, where accurate copies must have been difficult to obtain. Nevertheless we owe an enormous debt to these obscure Greek colonists, since to them is due the recovery of several works of Greek literature which were believed to be wholly lost. Six orations (though only one is quite complete) of Hyperides, the contemporary of Demosthenes, the treatise of Aristotle on the Athenian Constitution, the poems of Herodas and Bacchylides, smaller portions of Sappho, Aleman, and Menander, and many unidentified fragments of prose and verse, exist for us only in papyrus copies recently excavated in Egypt. Of authors otherwise known, Homer is by far the most fully represented, there being many

papyri of the *Iliad* extant, ranging from large rolls containing two or three books down to small fragments of a few lines. Of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Herodotus we have very little; of Thucydides and Euripides rather more (including a considerable fragment of the lost play of *Antiope*); of Plato and Demosthenes and Isocrates there are papyrus MSS. of some size and importance. Of Latin literature there is practically nothing, since the Roman colony in Egypt was small.

When we come down to the uncial period, matters are not much better; for, while the Bible and theological literature are amply represented in it, not many classical manuscripts of this age have survived. Virgil is the only classical author whose text is on the same footing as that of the New Testament, in being based mainly upon uncial manuscripts.

There are three substantially complete manuscripts of Virgil written in capitals (which differ from uncials only in being of squarer and stiffer formation); one of these, the Codex Romanus, is shown on a reduced scale in Fig. 2. Besides these there are three imperfect MSS. in the same style; and though this amount of uncial evidence is incomparably less than in the case of the New Testament, it is much greater than is found for any other classical writer. There are uncial copies of parts of Homer and Euripides in Greek, and of Cicero and Plautus in Latin, and on a more complete scale of Terence, Livy, and Prudentius; but this does not go far towards giving us the classical literature as a whole. Even these fragments largely owe their preservation to a curious practice which prevailed at times when vellum was scarce. This was the practice of washing or scraping off the original writing, in order to use the vellum again for some other work. Manuscripts so treated are called *palimpsests*; and since the original ink is seldom wholly obliterated, it is often possible to recover much of the earlier text. An example of such a MS. is shown in Fig. 3, where a copy of Homer, written in uncials of the sixth century,

has been covered with Syriac writing in the ninth century. In this case the Syriac scribe was not content with a Homer alone, as he has also used portions of manuscripts of the Gospels and of Euclid. The Euripides, Plautus, and Cicero manuscripts referred to above are also palimpsests; and the works of the great Roman jurist Gaius and the historian Licinianus have been preserved solely in this form.

Consequently it is to the latest or minuscule period that we have to look for nearly the whole of the classical literature which has come down to us. The earliest MSS. of Plato, of Horace, and of Tacitus (Fig. 4) are in minuscule hands of the ninth century; those of Thucydides and Aristotle, of Demosthenes (Fig. 5), and of Homer apart from the papyri, belong to the tenth; of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, to the eleventh. Even now the classical manuscripts of so early a date are comparatively rare. The scholar engaged in editing any of the great classical authors is fortunate if he has one or two manuscripts of the eleventh century or earlier as the main evidence for his text, while for subsidiary testimony he has to look to copies of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. With the

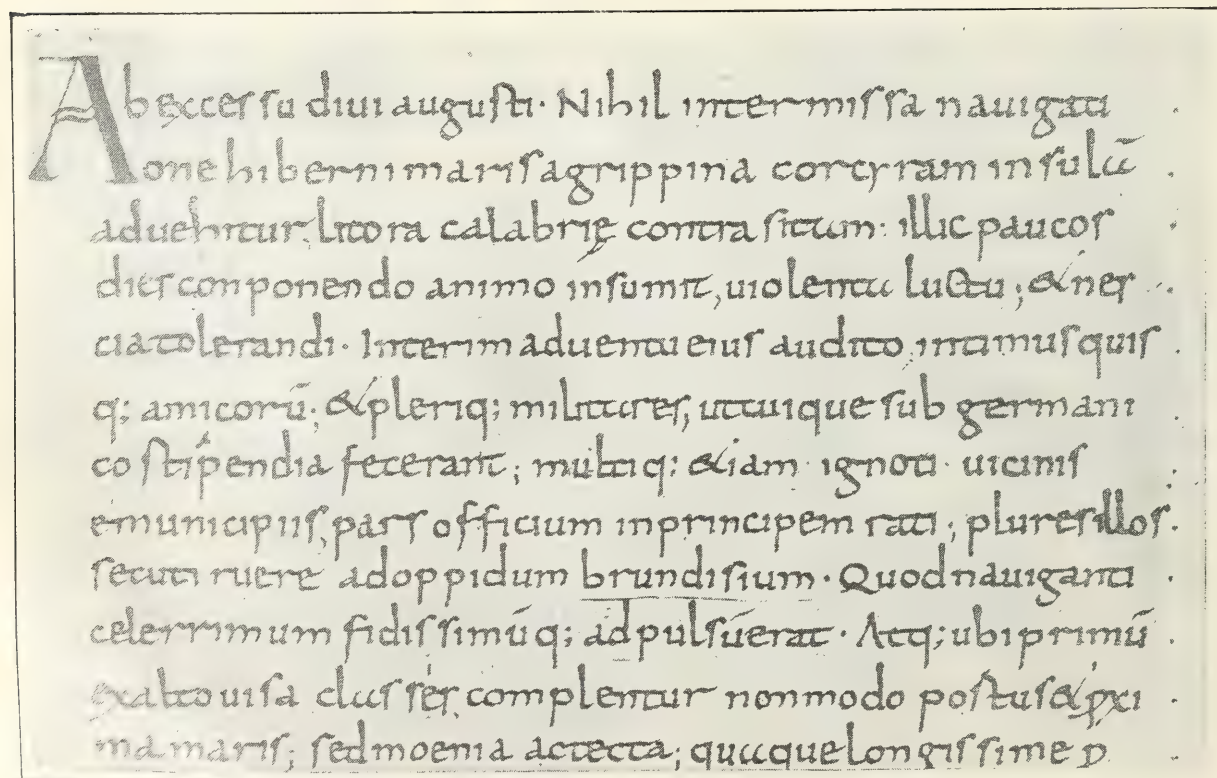


FIG. 4.—MINUSCULE MANUSCRIPT OF THE "ANNALES" OF TACITUS

revival of learning in Italy came a great eagerness to recover the ancient literature of Greece and Rome. Greek manuscripts were imported from the East, where the continued existence of the Byzantine Empire had kept alive the knowledge of the Greek language and some faint interest in its literature; Latin manuscripts were recovered from the monasteries of the West, where the Latin authors had not been wholly neglected in favor of mediæval theology. So

from these later centuries some scores of manuscripts may be found for most of the more important classical authors who have survived at all, while for a popular author like Virgil they may be reckoned in hundreds. Each of these is descended, no doubt, from ancestors of great age, and ultimately from the author's autograph; but in the course of their long descent the accuracy of the tradition has inevitably suffered much, and the editor who has a tenth or eleventh century copy of his author to rest upon will seldom find that he has much to learn from scores of copies of the fifteenth century.

For nearly all the works of classical literature, therefore, our knowledge of their text rests upon a slender and somewhat precarious basis. We may be satisfied that we possess the substance of them intact, but doubts as to their precise words must be frequent, and many a corrupt passage must be left to the very questionable resources of conjectural restoration. Some authors, indeed, we

have nearly lost altogether. Of the greater part of Tacitus we have only a single manuscript; for Catullus we have only three which are of any independent value, and even these are descended

from a single copy, probably not very much earlier than themselves. Still worse, many authors and many works have wholly perished. Sappho, universally judged the supreme lyric poet of Greece, and perhaps of the world, is known only by quotations and a few tiny scraps of MS.; one of these containing a scanty glean-

ing of precious lines, was recovered only a few months ago from an Egyptian rubbish heap. Of Alcæus we have still less. Stesichorus, Simonides, Phrynichus, Cratinus, Agathon, and many more survive only in tradition and a handful of unsatisfactory fragments. Fortune has been kind to us during the last half-century, and we can read to-day much classical literature which our grandfathers regarded as hopelessly lost; yet, with only the substitution of Egypt for Herculaneum as the land of hope, we can still echo the lines which Wordsworth wrote in 1819:

O ye who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculæan lore,
What rapture, could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides.

The historians Theopompus and Ephorus have perished. Even writers so comparatively late as Livy and Tacitus are but imperfectly preserved.

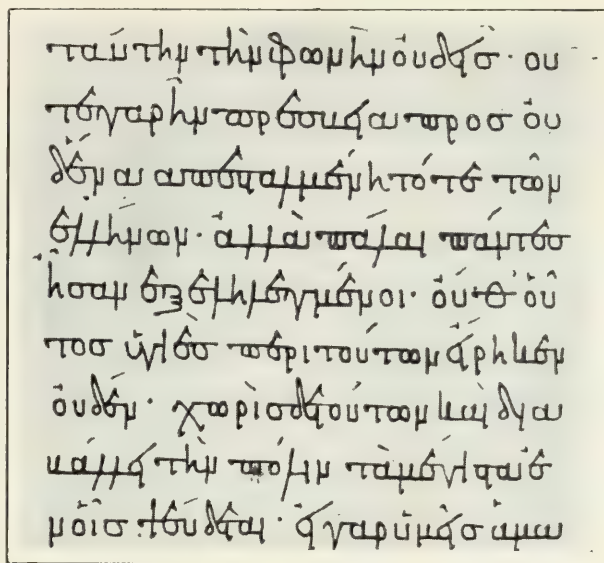


FIG. 5.—THE EARLIEST KNOWN MANUSCRIPT OF DEMOSTHENES



The Reckoning

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

“THE marriage law of the new dispensation will be: *Thou shalt not be unfaithful—to thyself.*”

A discreet murmur of approval filled the studio, and through the haze of cigarette smoke Mrs. Clement Westall, as her husband descended from his improvised platform, saw him merged in a congratulatory group of ladies. Westall's informal talks on “The New Ethics” had drawn about him an eager following of the mentally unemployed—those who, as he had once phrased it, liked to have their brain-food cut up for them. The talks had begun by accident. Westall's ideas were known to be “advanced,” but hitherto their advance had not been in the direction of publicity. He had been, in his wife's opinion, almost pusillanimously careful not to let his personal views endanger his professional standing. Of late, however, he had shown a puzzling tendency to dogmatize, to throw down the gauntlet, to flaunt his private code in the face of society; and the relation of the sexes being a topic always sure of an audience, a few admiring friends had persuaded him to give his after-dinner opinions a larger circulation by summing them up in a series of talks at the Van Sideren studio.

The Herbert Van Siderens were a couple who subsisted, socially, on the fact that they had a studio. Van Sideren's pictures were chiefly valuable as accessories to the *mise en scène* which differentiated his wife's “afternoons” from the blighting functions held in long New York drawing-rooms, and permitted her to offer their friends whiskey-and-soda instead of tea. Mrs. Van Sideren, for her part, was skilled in making the most of the kind of atmosphere which a lay-figure and an easel create; and if at times she found the illusion hard to maintain, and lost courage to the extent of almost wishing that Herbert could paint, she prompt-

ly overcame such moments of weakness by calling in some fresh talent, some extraneous re-enforcement of the “artistic” impression. It was in quest of such aid that she had seized on Westall, coaxing him, somewhat to his wife's surprise, into a flattered participation in her fraud. It was vaguely felt, in the Van Sideren circle, that all the audacities were artistic, and that a teacher who pronounced marriage immoral was somehow as distinguished as a painter who depicted purple grass and a green sky. The Van Sideren set were tired of the conventional color-scheme in art and conduct.

Julia Westall had long had her own views on the immorality of marriage; she might indeed have claimed her husband as a disciple. In the early days of their union she had secretly resented his disinclination to proclaim himself a follower of the new creed; had been inclined to tax him with moral cowardice, with a failure to live up to the convictions for which their marriage was supposed to stand. That was in the first burst of propagandism, when, womanlike, she wanted to turn her disobedience into a law. Now she felt differently. She could hardly account for the change, yet being a woman who never allowed her impulses to remain unaccounted for, she tried to do so by saying that she did not care to have the articles of her faith misinterpreted by the vulgar. In this connection, she was beginning to think that almost every one was vulgar; certainly there were few to whom she would have cared to intrust the defence of so esoteric a doctrine. And it was precisely at this point that Westall, discarding his unspoken principles, had chosen to descend from the heights of privacy, and stand hawking his convictions at the street-corner!

It was Una Van Sideren who, on this occasion, unconsciously focussed upon herself Mrs. Westall's wandering resentment. In the first place, the girl had no



UNA VAN SIDEREN

business to be there. It was "horrid"—Mrs. Westall found herself slipping back into the old feminine vocabulary—simply "horrid" to think of a young girl's being allowed to listen to such talk. The fact that Una smoked cigarettes and sipped an occasional cocktail did not in the least tarnish a certain radiant innocence which made her appear the victim, rather than the accomplice, of her parents' vulgarities. Julia Westall felt in a hot helpless way that something ought to be done—that some one ought to speak to the girl's mother. And just then Una glided up.

"Oh, Mrs. Westall, how beautiful it was!" Una fixed her with large limpid eyes. "You believe it all, I suppose?" she asked with seraphic gravity.

"All—what, my dear child?"

The girl shone on her. "About the higher life—the freer expansion of the individual—the law of fidelity to one's self," she glibly recited.

Mrs. Westall, to her own wonder, blushed a deep and burning blush.

"My dear Una," she said, "you don't in the least understand what it's all about!"

Miss Van Sideren stared, with a slowly answering blush. "Don't *you*, then?" she murmured.

Mrs. Westall laughed. "Not always—or altogether! But I should like some tea, please."

Una led her to the corner where innocent beverages were dispensed. As Julia received her cup she scrutinized the girl more carefully. It was not such a girlish face, after all—definite lines were forming under the rosy haze of youth. She reflected that Una must be six-and-twenty, and wondered why she had not married. A nice stock of ideas she would have as her dower! If *they* were to be a part of the modern girl's trousseau—

Mrs. Westall caught herself up with a start. It was as though some one else had been speaking—a stranger who had borrowed her own voice: she felt herself the dupe of some fantastic mental ventriloquism. Concluding suddenly that the room was stifling and Una's tea too sweet, she set down her cup, and looked about for Westall: to meet his eyes had long been her refuge from every uncertainty. She met them now, but only, as she felt,

in transit; they included her parenthetically in a larger flight. She followed the flight, and it carried her to a corner to which Una had withdrawn—one of the palmy nooks to which Mrs. Van Sideren attributed the success of her Saturdays. Westall, a moment later, had overtaken his look, and found a place at the girl's side. She bent forward, speaking eagerly; he leaned back, listening, with the depreciatory smile which acted as a filter to flattery, enabling him to swallow the strongest doses without apparent grossness of appetite. Julia winced at her own definition of the smile.

On the way home, in the deserted winter dusk, Westall surprised his wife by a sudden boyish pressure of her arm. "Did I open their eyes a bit? Did I tell them what you wanted me to?" he asked gaily.

Almost unconsciously, she let her arm slip from his. "What *I* wanted—?"

"Why, haven't you—all this time?" She caught the honest wonder of his tone. "I somehow fancied you'd rather blamed me for not talking more openly—before—. You've almost made me feel, at times, that I was sacrificing principles to expediency."

She paused a moment over her reply; then she asked quietly: "What made you decide not to—any longer?"

She felt again the vibration of a faint surprise. "Why—the wish to please you!" he answered, almost too simply.

"I wish you would not go on, then," she said abruptly.

He stopped in his quick walk, and she felt his stare through the darkness.

"Not go on—?"

"Call a hansom, please. I'm tired," broke from her with a sudden rush of physical weariness.

Instantly his solicitude enveloped her. The room had been infernally hot—and then that confounded cigarette smoke—he had noticed once or twice that she looked pale—she mustn't come to another Saturday. She felt herself yielding, as she always did, to the warm influence of his concern for her, the feminine in her leaning on the man in him with a conscious intensity of abandonment. He put her in the hansom, and her hand stole

into his in the darkness. A tear or two rose, and she let them fall. It was so delicious to cry over imaginary troubles!

That evening, after dinner, he surprised her by reverting to the subject of his talk. He combined a man's dislike of uncomfortable questions with an almost feminine skill in eluding them; and she knew that if he returned to the subject he must have some special reason for doing so.

"You seem not to have cared for what I said this afternoon. Did I put the case badly?"

"No—you put it very well."

"Then what did you mean by saying that you would rather not have me go on with it?"

She glanced at him nervously, her ignorance of his intention deepening her sense of helplessness.

"I don't think I care to hear such things discussed in public."

"I don't understand you," he exclaimed. Again the feeling that his surprise was genuine gave an air of obliquity to her own attitude. She was not sure that she understood herself.

"Won't you explain?" he said with a tinge of impatience.

Her eyes wandered about the familiar drawing-room which had been the scene of so many of their evening confidences. The shaded lamps, the quiet-colored walls hung with mezzotints, the pale spring flowers scattered here and there in Venice glasses and bowls of old Sèvres, recalled, she hardly knew why, the apartment in which the evenings of her first marriage had been passed—a wilderness of rose-wood and upholstery, with a picture of a Roman peasant above the mantel-piece, and a Greek slave in "statuary marble" between the folding-doors of the back drawing-room. It was a room with which she had never been able to establish any closer relation than that between a traveller and a railway station; and now, as she looked about at the surroundings which stood for her deepest affinities—the room for which she had left that other room—she was startled by the same sense of strangeness and unfamiliarity. The prints, the flowers, the subdued tones of the old porcelains, seemed to typify a superficial refinement that had no relation to the deeper significances of life.

Suddenly she heard her husband repeating his question.

"I don't know that I can explain," she faltered.

He drew his arm-chair forward so that he faced her across the hearth. The light of a reading-lamp fell on his finely drawn face, which had a kind of surface-sensitiveness akin to the surface-refinement of its setting.

"Is it that you no longer believe in our ideas?" he asked.

"In our ideas—?"

"The ideas I am trying to teach. The ideas you and I are supposed to stand for." He paused a moment. "The ideas on which our marriage was founded."

The blood rushed to her face. He had his reasons, then—she was sure now that he had his reasons! In the ten years of their marriage, how often had either of them stopped to consider the ideas on which it was founded? How often does a man dig about the basement of his house to examine its foundation? The foundation is there, of course—the house rests on it—but one lives abovestairs and not in the cellar. It was she, indeed, who in the beginning had insisted on reviewing the situation now and then, on recapitulating the reasons which justified her course, on proclaiming, from time to time, her adherence to the religion of personal independence; but she had long ceased to feel the need of any such ideal standards, and had accepted her marriage as frankly and naturally as though it had been based on the primitive needs of the heart, and needed no special sanction to explain or justify it.

"Of course I still believe in our ideas!" she exclaimed.

"Then I repeat that I don't understand. It was a part of your theory that the greatest possible publicity should be given to our view of marriage. Have you changed your mind in that respect?"

She hesitated. "It depends on circumstances—on the public one is addressing. The set of people that the Van Siderens get about them don't care for the truth or falseness of a doctrine. They are attracted simply by its novelty."

"And yet it was in just such a set of people that you and I met, and learned the truth from each other."

"That was different."

"In what way?"

"I was not a young girl, to begin with. It is perfectly unfitting that young girls should be present at—at such times—should hear such things discussed—"

"I thought you considered it one of the deepest social wrongs that such things never *are* discussed before young girls; but that is beside the point, for I don't remember seeing any young girl in my audience to-day—"

"Except Una Van Sideren!"

He turned slightly and pushed back the lamp at his elbow.

"Oh, Miss Van Sideren—naturally—"

"Why naturally?"

"The daughter of the house—would you have had her sent out with her governess?"

"If I had a daughter I should not allow such things to go on in my house!"

Westall, stroking his mustache, leaned back with a faint smile. "I fancy Miss Van Sideren is quite capable of taking care of herself."

"No girl knows how to take care of herself—till it's too late."

"And yet you would deliberately deny her the surest means of self-defence?"

"What do you call the surest means of self-defence?"

"Some preliminary knowledge of human nature in its relation to the marriage tie."

She made an impatient gesture. "How should you like to marry that kind of a girl?"

"Immensely—if she were my kind of girl in other respects."

She took up the argument at another point.

"You are quite mistaken if you think such talk does not affect young girls. Una was in a state of the most absurd exaltation—" She broke off, wondering why she had spoken.

Westall reopened a magazine which he had laid aside at the beginning of their discussion. "What you tell me is immensely flattering to my oratorical talent—but I fear you overrate its effect. I can assure you that Miss Van Sideren doesn't have to have her thinking done for her. She's quite capable of doing it herself."

"You seem very familiar with her

mental processes!" flashed unguardedly from his wife.

He looked up quietly from the pages he was cutting.

"I should like to be," he answered. "She interests me."

II

If there be a distinction in being misunderstood, it was one denied to Julia Westall when she left her first husband. Every one was ready to excuse and even to defend her. The world she adorned agreed that John Arment was "impossible," and hostesses gave a sigh of relief at the thought that it would no longer be necessary to ask him to dine.

There had been no scandal connected with the divorce: neither side had accused the other of the offence euphemistically described as "statutory." The Arments had indeed been obliged to transfer their allegiance to a State which recognized desertion as a cause for divorce, and construed the term so liberally that the seeds of desertion were shown to exist in every union. Even Mrs. Arment's second marriage did not make traditional morality stir in its sleep. It was known that she had not met her second husband till after she had parted from the first, and she had, moreover, replaced a rich man by a poor one. Though Clement Westall was acknowledged to be a rising lawyer, it was generally felt that his fortunes would not rise as rapidly as his reputation. The Westalls would probably always have to live quietly and go out to dinner in cabs. Could there be better evidence of Mrs. Arment's complete disinterestedness?

If the reasoning by which her friends justified her course was somewhat cruder and less complex than her own elucidation of the matter, both explanations led to the same conclusion: John Arment was impossible. The only difference was that, to his wife, his impossibility was something deeper than a social disqualification. She had once said, in ironical defence of her marriage, that it had at least preserved her from the necessity of sitting next to him at dinner; but she had not then realized at what cost the immunity was purchased. John Arment was impossible; but the sting of his impossibility lay in the fact that he made it

impossible for those about him to be other than himself. By an unconscious process of elimination he had excluded from the world everything of which he did not feel a personal need: had become, as it were, a climate in which only his own requirements survived. This might seem to imply a deliberate selfishness; but there was nothing deliberate about Arment. He was as instinctive as an animal or a child. It was this childish element in his nature which sometimes for a moment unsettled his wife's estimate of him. Was it possible that he was simply undeveloped, that he had delayed, somewhat longer than is usual, the laborious process of growing up? He had the kind of sporadic shrewdness which causes it to be said of a dull man that he is "no fool"; and it was this quality that his wife found most trying. Even to the naturalist it is annoying to have his deductions disturbed by some unforeseen aberrancy of form or function; and how much more so to the wife whose estimate of herself is inevitably bound up with her judgment of her husband!

Arment's shrewdness did not, indeed, imply any latent intellectual power; it suggested, rather, potentialities of feeling, of suffering, perhaps, in a blind rudimentary way, on which Julia's sensibilities naturally declined to linger. She so fully understood her own reasons for leaving him that she disliked to think they were not as comprehensible to her husband. She was haunted, in her analytic moments, by the look of perplexity, too inarticulate for words, with which he had acquiesced in her explanations.

These moments were rare with her, however. Her marriage had been too concrete a misery to be surveyed philosophically. If she had been unhappy for complex reasons, the unhappiness was as real as though it had been uncomplicated. Soul is more bruisable than flesh, and Julia was wounded in every fibre of her spirit. Her husband's personality seemed to be closing gradually in on her, obscuring the sky and cutting off the air, till she felt herself shut up among the decaying bodies of her starved hopes. A sense of having been decoyed by some world-old conspiracy into this bondage of body and soul filled her with despair. If marriage was the slow life-long acquittal

of a debt contracted in ignorance, then marriage was a crime against human nature. She, for one, would have no share in maintaining the pretence of which she had been a victim: the pretence that a man and a woman, forced into the narrowest of personal relations, must remain there till the end, though they may have outgrown the span of each other's natures as the mature tree outgrows the iron brace about the sapling.

It was in the first heat of her moral indignation that she had met Clement Westall. She had seen at once that he was "interested," and had fought off the discovery, dreading any influence that should draw her back into the bondage of conventional relations. To ward off the peril she had, with an almost crude precipitancy, revealed her opinions to him. To her surprise, she found that he shared them. She was attracted by the frankness of a suitor who, while pressing his suit, admitted that he did not believe in marriage. Her worst audacities did not seem to surprise him: he had thought out all that she had felt, and they had reached the same conclusion. People grew at varying rates, and the yoke that was an easy fit for the one might soon become galling to the other. That was what divorce was for: the readjustment of personal relations. As soon as their necessarily transitive nature was recognized they would gain in dignity as well as in harmony. There would be no farther need of the ignoble concessions and connivances, the perpetual sacrifice of personal delicacy and moral pride, by means of which imperfect marriages were now held together. Each partner to the contract would be on his mettle, forced to live up to the highest standard of self-development, on pain of losing the other's respect and affection. The low nature could no longer drag the higher down, but must struggle to rise, or remain alone on its inferior level. The only necessary condition to a harmonious marriage was a frank recognition of this truth, and a solemn agreement between the contracting parties to keep faith with themselves, and not to live together for a moment after complete accord had ceased to exist between them. The new adultery was unfaithfulness to self.

It was, as Westall had just reminded

her, on this understanding that they had married. The ceremony was an unimportant concession to social prejudice: now that the door of divorce stood open, no marriage need be an imprisonment, and the contract therefore no longer involved any diminution of self-respect. The nature of their attachment placed them so far beyond the reach of such contingencies that it was easy to discuss them with an open mind; and Julia's sense of security made her dwell with a tender insistence on Westall's promise to claim his release when he should cease to love her. The exchange of these vows seemed to make them, in a sense, champions of the new law, pioneers in the forbidden realm of individual freedom: they felt that they had somehow achieved beatitude without martyrdom.

This, as Julia now reviewed the past, she perceived to have been her theoretical attitude toward marriage. It was unconsciously, insidiously, that her ten years of happiness with Westall had developed another conception of the tie; a reversion, rather, to the old instinct of passionate dependency and possessorship that now made her blood revolt at the mere hint of change. Change? Renewal? Was that what they had called it, in their foolish jargon? Destruction, extermination rather—this rending of a myriad fibres interwoven with another's being! Another? But he was not other! He and she were one, one in the mystic sense which alone gave marriage its significance. The new law was not for them, but for the disunited creatures forced into a mockery of union. The gospel she had felt called on to proclaim had no bearing on her own case.... She sent for the doctor and told him she was sure she needed a nerve tonic.

She took the nerve tonic diligently, but it failed to act as a sedative to her fears. She did not know what she feared; but that made her anxiety the more pervasive. Her husband had not reverted to the subject of his Saturday talks. He was unusually kind and considerate, with a softening of his quick manner, a touch of shyness in his consideration, that sickened her with new fears. She told herself that it was because she looked badly—because he knew about the doctor and the nerve tonic—that he showed this

deference to her wishes, this eagerness to screen her from moral draughts; but the explanation simply cleared the way for fresh inferences.

The week passed slowly, vacantly, like a prolonged Sunday. On Saturday the morning post brought a note from Mrs. Van Sideren. Would dear Julia ask Mr. Westall to come half an hour earlier than usual, as there was to be some music after his "talk"? Westall was just leaving for his office when his wife read the note. She opened the drawing-room door and called him back to deliver the message.

He glanced at the note and tossed it aside. "What a bore! I shall have to cut my game of racquets. Well, I suppose it can't be helped. Will you write and say it's all right?"

Julia hesitated a moment, her hand stiffening on the chair-back against which she leaned.

"You mean to go on with these talks?" she asked.

"I—why not?" he returned; and this time it struck her that his surprise was not quite unfeigned. The discovery helped her to find words.

"You said you had started them with the idea of pleasing me—"

"Well?"

"I told you last week that they didn't please me."

"Last week? Oh—" He seemed to make an effort of memory. "I thought you were nervous then; you sent for the doctor the next day."

"It was not the doctor I needed; it was your assurance—"

"My assurance?"

Suddenly she felt the floor fail under her. She sank into the chair with a choking throat, her words, her reasons slipping away from her like straws down a whirling flood.

"Clement," she cried, "isn't it enough for you to know that I hate it?"

He turned to close the door behind them; then he walked toward her and sat down. "What is it that you hate?" he asked gently.

She had made a desperate effort to rally her routed argument.

"I can't bear to have you speak as if—as if—our marriage—were like the other kind—the wrong kind. When I heard you there, the other afternoon, be-

fore all those inquisitive gossiping people, proclaiming that husbands and wives had a right to leave each other whenever they were tired—or had seen some one else—”

Westall sat motionless, his eyes fixed on a pattern of the carpet.

“You *have* ceased to take this view, then?” he said as she broke off. “You no longer believe that husbands and wives *are* justified in separating—under such conditions?”

“Under such conditions?” she stammered. “Yes—I still believe that—but how can we judge for others? What can we know of the circumstances—?”

He interrupted her. “I thought it was a fundamental article of our creed that the special circumstances produced by marriage were not to interfere with the full assertion of individual liberty.” He paused a moment. “I thought that was your reason for leaving Arment.”

She flushed to the forehead. It was not like him to give a personal turn to the argument.

“It was my reason,” she said simply.

“Well, then—why do you refuse to recognize its validity now?”

“I don’t—I don’t—I only say that one can’t judge for others.”

He made an impatient movement. “This is mere hair-splitting. What you mean is that, the doctrine having served your purpose when you needed it, you now repudiate it.”

“Well,” she exclaimed, flushing again, “what if I do? What does it matter to us?”

Westall rose from his chair. He was excessively pale, and stood before his wife with something of the formality of a stranger.

“It matters to me,” he said in a low voice, “because I do *not* repudiate it.”

“Well—?”

“And because I had intended to invoke it as”—

He paused and drew his breath deeply. She sat silent, almost deafened by her heart-beats.

—“as a complete justification of the course I am about to take.”

Julia remained motionless. “What course is that?” she asked.

He cleared his throat. “I mean to claim the fulfilment of your promise.”

For an instant the room wavered and

darkened; then she recovered a torturing acuteness of vision. Every detail of her surroundings pressed upon her: the tick of the clock, the slant of sunlight on the wall, the hardness of the chair-arms that she grasped, were a separate wound to each sense.

“My promise—” she faltered.

“Your part of our mutual agreement to set each other free if one or the other should wish to be released.”

She was silent again. He waited a moment, shifting his position nervously; then he said, with a touch of irritability: “You acknowledge the agreement?”

The question went through her like a shock. She lifted her head to it proudly. “I acknowledge the agreement,” she said.

“And—you don’t mean to repudiate it?”

A log on the hearth fell forward, and mechanically he advanced and pushed it back.

“No,” she answered slowly, “I don’t mean to repudiate it.”

There was a pause. He remained near the hearth, his elbow resting on the mantel-shelf. Close to his hand stood a little cup of jade that he had given her on one of their wedding anniversaries. She wondered vaguely if he noticed it.

“You intend to leave me, then?” she said at length.

His gesture seemed to deprecate the crudeness of the allusion.

“To marry some one else?”

Again his eye and hand protested. She rose and stood before him.

“Why should you be afraid to tell me? Is it Una Van Sideren?”

He was silent.

“I wish you good luck,” she said.

III

She looked up, finding herself alone. She did not remember when or how he had left the room, or how long afterward she had sat there. The fire still smouldered on the hearth, but the slant of sunlight had left the wall.

Her first conscious thought was that she had not broken her word, that she had fulfilled the very letter of their bargain. There had been no crying out, no vain appeal to the past, no attempt at temporizing or evasion. She had marched straight up to the guns.

Now that it was over, she sickened to find herself alive. She looked about her, trying to recover her hold on reality. Her identity seemed to be slipping from her, as it disappears in a physical swoon. "This is my room—this is my house," she heard herself saying. Her room? Her house? She could almost hear the walls laugh back at her.

She stood up, a dull ache in every bone. The silence of the room frightened her. She remembered, now, having heard the front door close a long time ago: the sound suddenly re-echoed through her brain. Her husband must have left the house, then—her *husband*? She no longer knew in what terms to think: the simplest phrases had a poisoned edge. She sank back into her chair, overcome by a strange weakness. The clock struck ten—it was only ten o'clock! Suddenly she remembered that she had not ordered dinner... or were they dining out that evening? *Dinner—dining out*—the old meaningless phraseology pursued her! She must try to think of herself as she would think of some one else, a some one dissociated from all the familiar routine of the past, whose wants and habits must gradually be learned, as one might spy out the ways of a strange animal. . .

The clock struck another hour—eleven. She stood up again and walked to the door: she thought she would go up stairs to her room. *Her room*? Again the word derided her. She opened the door, crossed the narrow hall, and walked up the stairs. As she passed, she noticed Westall's sticks and umbrellas: a pair of his gloves lay on the hall table. The same stair-carpet mounted between the same walls; the same old French print, in its narrow black frame, faced her on the landing. This visual continuity was intolerable. Within, a gaping chasm; without, the same untroubled and familiar surface. She must get away from it before she could attempt to think. But, once in her room, she sat down on the lounge, a stupor creeping over her. . .

Gradually her vision cleared. A great deal had happened in the interval—a wild marching and countermarching of emotions, arguments, ideas—a fury of insurgent impulses that fell back spent upon themselves. She had tried, at first, to rally, to organize these chaotic forces. There

must be help somewhere, if only she could master the inner tumult. Life could not be broken off short like this, for a whim, a fancy; the law itself would side with her, would defend her. The law? What claim had she upon it? She was the prisoner of her own choice: she had been her own legislator, and she was the predestined victim of the code she had devised. But this was grotesque, intolerable—a mad mistake, for which she could not be held accountable! The law she had despised was still there, might still be invoked . . . invoked, but to what end? Could she ask it to chain Westall to her side? *She* had been allowed to go free when she claimed her freedom—should she show less magnanimity than she had exacted? Magnanimity? The word lashed her with its irony—one does not strike an attitude when one is fighting for life! She would threaten, grovel, cajole... she would yield anything to keep her hold on happiness. Ah, but the difficulty lay deeper! The law could not help her—her own apostasy could not help her. She was the victim of the theories she renounced. It was as though some giant machine of her own making had caught her up in its wheels and was grinding her to atoms. . .

It was afternoon when she found herself out-of-doors. She walked with an aimless haste, fearing to meet familiar faces. The day was radiant, metallic: one of those searching American days so calculated to reveal the shortcomings of our street-cleaning and the excesses of our architecture. The streets looked bare and hideous; everything stared and glittered. She called a passing hansom, and gave Mrs. Van Sideren's address. She did not know what had led up to the act; but she found herself suddenly resolved to speak, to cry out a warning. It was too late to save herself—but the girl might still be told. The hansom rattled up Fifth Avenue; she sat with her eyes fixed, avoiding recognition. At the Van Siderens' door she sprang out and rang the bell. Action had cleared her brain, and she felt calm and self-possessed. She knew now exactly what she meant to say.

The ladies were both out... the parlor-maid stood waiting for a card. Julia, with a vague murmur, turned away from the door and lingered a moment on the



"YOU INTEND TO LEAVE ME, THEN?" SHE SAID AT LENGTH

sidewalk. Then she remembered that she had not paid the cab-driver. She drew a dollar from her purse and handed it to him. He touched his hat and drove off, leaving her alone in the long empty street. She wandered away westward, toward strange thoroughfares, where she was not likely to meet acquaintances. The feeling of aimlessness had returned. Once she found herself in the afternoon torrent of Broadway, swept past tawdry shops and flaming theatrical posters, with a succession of meaningless faces gliding by in the opposite direction. . .

A feeling of faintness reminded her that she had not eaten since morning. She turned into a side street of shabby houses, with rows of ash-barrels behind bent area railings. In a basement window she saw the sign *Ladies' Restaurant*: a pie and a dish of doughnuts lay against the dusty pane like petrified food in an ethnological museum. She entered, and a young woman with a weak mouth and a brazen eye cleared a table for her near the window. The table was covered with a red and white cotton cloth and adorned with a bunch of celery in a thick tumbler and a salt-cellar full of grayish lumpy salt. Julia ordered tea, and sat a long time waiting for it. She was glad to be away from the noise and confusion of the streets. The low-ceilinged room was empty, and two or three waitresses with thin pert faces lounged in the background staring at her and whispering together. At last the tea was brought in a discolored metal teapot. Julia poured a cup and drank it hastily. It was black and bitter, but it flowed through her veins like an elixir. She was almost dizzy with exhilaration. Oh, how tired, how unutterably tired she had been!

She drank a second cup, blacker and bitterer, and now her mind was once more working clearly. She felt as vigorous, as decisive, as when she had stood on the Van Siderens' door-step—but the wish to return there had subsided. She saw now the futility of such an attempt—the humiliation to which it might have exposed her. . . The pity of it was that she did not know what to do next. The short winter day was fading, and she realized that she could not remain much longer in the restaurant without attracting notice. She paid for her tea and went out into

the street. The lamps were alight, and here and there a basement shop cast an oblong of gas-light across the fissured pavement. In the dusk there was something sinister about the aspect of the street, and she hastened back toward Fifth Avenue. She was not used to being out alone at that hour.

At the corner of Fifth Avenue she paused and stood watching the stream of carriages. At last a policeman caught sight of her and signed to her that he would take her across. She had not meant to cross the street, but she obeyed automatically, and presently found herself on the farther corner. There she paused again for a moment; but she fancied the policeman was watching her, and this sent her hastening down the nearest side street. . . After that she walked a long time, vaguely. . . Night had fallen, and now and then, through the windows of a passing carriage, she caught the expanse of an evening waistcoat or the shimmer of an opera cloak. . .

Suddenly she found herself in a familiar street. She stood still a moment, breathing quickly. She had turned the corner without noticing whither it led; but now, a few yards ahead of her, she saw the house in which she had once lived—her first husband's house. The blinds were drawn, and only a faint translucence marked the windows and the transom above the door. As she stood there she heard a step behind her, and a man walked by in the direction of the house. He walked slowly, with a heavy middle-aged gait, his head sunk a little between the shoulders, the red crease of his neck visible above the fur collar of his overcoat. He crossed the street, went up the steps of the house, drew forth a latchkey, and let himself in. . .

There was no one else in sight. Julia leaned for a long time against the area-rail at the corner, her eyes fixed on the front of the house. The feeling of physical weariness had returned, but the strong tea still throbbed in her veins and lit her brain with an unnatural clearness. Presently she heard another step draw near, and moving quickly away, she too crossed the street and mounted the steps of the house. The impulse which had carried her there prolonged itself in a quick pressure of the electric bell—

then she felt suddenly weak and tremulous, and grasped the balustrade for support. The door opened and a young footman with a fresh inexperienced face stood on the threshold. Julia knew in an instant that he would admit her.

"I saw Mr. Arment going in just now," she said. "Will you ask him to see me for a moment?"

The footman hesitated. "I think Mr. Arment has gone up to dress for dinner, madam."

Julia advanced into the hall. "I am sure he will see me—I will not detain him long," she said. She spoke quietly, authoritatively, in the tone which a good servant does not mistake. The footman had his hand on the drawing-room door.

"I will tell him, madam. What name, please?"

Julia trembled: she had not thought of that. "Merely say a lady," she returned carelessly.

The footman wavered and she fancied herself lost; but at that instant the door opened from within and John Arment stepped into the hall. He drew back sharply as he saw her, his florid face turning sallow with the shock; then the blood poured back to it, swelling the veins on his temples and reddening the lobes of his thick ears.

It was long since Julia had seen him, and she was startled at the change in his appearance. He had thickened, coarsened, settled down into the enclosing flesh. But she noted this insensibly: her one conscious thought was that, now she was face to face with him, she must not let him escape till he had heard her. Every pulse in her body throbbed with the urgency of her message.

She went up to him as he drew back. "I must speak to you," she said.

Arment hesitated, red and stammering. Julia glanced at the footman, and her look acted as a warning. The instinctive shrinking from a "scene" predominated over every other impulse, and Arment said slowly: "Will you come this way?"

He followed her into the drawing-room and closed the door. Julia, as she advanced, was vaguely aware that the room at least was unchanged: time had not mitigated its horrors. The contadina still lurched from the chimney-breast, and the Greek slave obstructed the threshold

of the inner room. The place was alive with memories: they started out from every fold of the yellow satin curtains and glided between the angles of the rose-wood furniture. But while some subordinate agency was carrying these impressions to her brain, her whole conscious effort was centred in the act of dominating Arment's will. The fear that he would refuse to hear her mounted like fever to her brain. She felt her purpose melt before it, words and arguments running into each other in the heat of her longing. For a moment her voice failed her, and she imagined herself thrust out before she could speak; but as she was struggling for a word, Arment pushed a chair forward, and said quietly: "You are not well."

The sound of his voice steadied her. It was neither kind nor unkind—a voice that suspended judgment, rather, awaiting unforeseen developments. She supported herself against the back of the chair and drew a deep breath. "Shall I send for something?" he continued, with a cold embarrassed politeness.

Julia raised an entreating hand. "No—no—thank you. I am quite well."

He paused midway toward the bell, and turned on her. "Then may I ask—?"

"Yes," she interrupted him. "I came here because I wanted to see you. There is something I must tell you."

Arment continued to scrutinize her. "I am surprised at that," he said. "I should have supposed that any communication you may wish to make could have been made through our lawyers."

"Our lawyers!" She burst into a little laugh. "I don't think they could help me—this time."

Arment's face took on a barricaded look. "If there is any question of help—of course—"

It struck her, whimsically, that she had seen that look when some shabby devil called with a subscription-book. Perhaps he thought she wanted him to put his name down for so much in sympathy—or even in money. . . . The thought made her laugh again. She saw his look change slowly to perplexity. All his facial changes were slow, and she remembered, suddenly, how it had once diverted her to shift that lumbering scenery with a word. For the first time it struck her



HE DREW BACK SHARPLY AS HE SAW HER

that she had been cruel. "There is a question of help," she said in a softer key; "you can help me; but only by listening. . . I want to tell you something. . ."

Arment's resistance was not yielding. "Would it not be easier to—write?" he suggested.

She shook her head. "There is no time to write. . . and it won't take long." She raised her head and their eyes met. "My husband has left me," she said.

"Westall—?" he stammered, reddening again.

"Yes. This morning. Just as I left you. Because he was tired of me."

The words, uttered scarcely above a whisper, seemed to dilate to the limit of the room. Arment looked toward the door; then his embarrassed glance returned to Julia.

"I am very sorry," he said awkwardly.

"Thank you," she murmured.

"But I don't see—"

"No—but you will—in a moment. Won't you listen to me? Please!" Instinctively she had shifted her position, putting herself between him and the door. "It happened this morning," she went on in short breathless phrases. "I never suspected anything—I thought we were—perfectly happy. . . Suddenly he told me he was tired of me. . . there is a girl he likes better. . . He has gone to her. . ." As she spoke, the lurking anguish rose upon her, possessing her once more to the exclusion of every other emotion. Her eyes ached, her throat swelled with it, and two painful tears burnt a way down her face.

Arment's constraint was increasing visibly. "This—this is very unfortunate," he began. "But I should say the law—"

"The law?" she echoed ironically. "When he asks for his freedom?"

"You are not obliged to give it."

"You were not obliged to give me mine—but you did."

He made a protesting gesture.

"You saw that the law couldn't help you—didn't you?" she went on. "That is what I see now. The law represents material rights—it can't go beyond. If we don't recognize an inner law . . . the obligation that love creates . . . being loved as well as loving . . . there is nothing

to prevent our spreading ruin unhindered . . . is there?" She raised her head plaintively, with the look of a bewildered child. "That is what I see now . . . what I wanted to tell you. He leaves me because he's tired . . . but *I* was not tired; and I don't understand why he is. That's the dreadful part of it—the not understanding: I hadn't realized what it meant. But I've been thinking of it all day, and things have come back to me—things I hadn't noticed . . . when you and I. . ." She moved closer to him, and fixed her eyes on his with the gaze that tries to reach beyond words. "I see now that *you* didn't understand—did you?"

Their eyes met in a sudden shock of comprehension: a veil seemed to be lifted between them. Arment's lip trembled.

"No," he said, "I didn't understand."

She gave a little cry, almost of triumph. "I knew it! I knew it! You wondered—you tried to tell me—but no words came. . . You saw your life falling in ruins. . . the world slipping from you. . . and you couldn't speak or move!"

She sank down on the chair against which she had been leaning. "Now I know—now I know," she repeated.

"I am very sorry for you," she heard Arment stammer.

She looked up quickly. "That's not what I came for. I don't want you to be sorry. I came to ask you to forgive me. . . for not understanding that *you* didn't understand. . . That's all I wanted to say." She rose with a vague sense that the end had come, and put out a groping hand toward the door.

Arment stood motionless. She turned to him with a faint smile.

"You forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive—"

"Then will you shake hands for good-by?" She felt his hand in hers: it was nerveless, reluctant.

"Good-by," she repeated. "I understand now."

She opened the door and passed out into the hall. As she did so, Arment took an impulsive step forward; but just then the footman, who was evidently alive to his obligations, advanced from the background to let her out. She heard Arment fall back. The footman threw open the door, and she found herself outside in the darkness.

Radio-Activity

A NEW PROPERTY OF MATTER

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Chemistry, Washington and Jefferson College

“**I**N the beginning God created,” and in the midst of His creation He set down man with a little spark of the Godhead in him to make him strive to know,—and in the striving, to grow, and to progress to some great, worthy, unknown end in this world. He gave him hands to do, a will to drive, and seven senses to apprehend,—just a working equipment; and so he has won his way, so far, out of the horrible conditions of pre-history.

To know, is to work and to do; and a new thing done is forever a rung in the ladder by which man climbs,—necessary, and good for all generations, until the summit is attained and the ladder can be cast aside.

The theme of this present article is of a new Thing Done—the discovery of a new property of matter. All we can do is simply to place it on its feet before you in a collection of experiments. It is hoped that outside of its extrinsic interest you will see deep within it the beauty and the poetry of reasoned Action.

If you questioned the discoverer—the doer of the work—about himself, he would probably tell you that his work, possibly, was something—he himself was nothing; and in a measure he is right; for in a few years he will pass, while his work will endure forever. Still, we wish to know him for his work’s sake, and surely it will not be amiss to say something at least about him.

Let us say, then, that Henri Becquerel, Membre de l’Institut, is the discoverer of Becquerel rays, the basis of the phenomena of radio-activity. He comes very honestly by his powers. His grandfather, Antoine-César (1788-1878), through sixty years of indefatigable la-

bor, contributed more than five hundred memoirs, works of note on mineralogy and electricity. His father, Alexandre-Edmond (1820-1891) was the author of so many memoirs that they constitute practically a history of the relations of optics to electricity through the past fifty years. Henri Becquerel, the son, was subjected to the training and influence of these honored men, and it is little wonder, then, that, through heredity and environment, he should bear the face of one who sends his soul into the invisible—for that, in good solid truth, is what every true experimenter literally does. In due time he succeeded to the Professorship of Physics, the chair of his fathers, and began his work in their laboratory in the quaint old home of Cuvier in the Jardin des Plantes,—“a laboratory to which I had gone,” he says, “from the time I was able to walk.” There he wrought nobly for the credit of his name, until Röntgen’s discovery of the X-rays initiated an investigation which culminated in the discovery of the Becquerel rays and radio-activity.

Now Becquerel did not discover his rays and their radio-activity out of nothing. Every scientific discovery has a genealogy of its own, going back to the primal ancestor of all thoughts; no discovery comes into the world parentless of previous conceptions. On the following page is a table showing a few steps in the genealogy of the Becquerel rays.

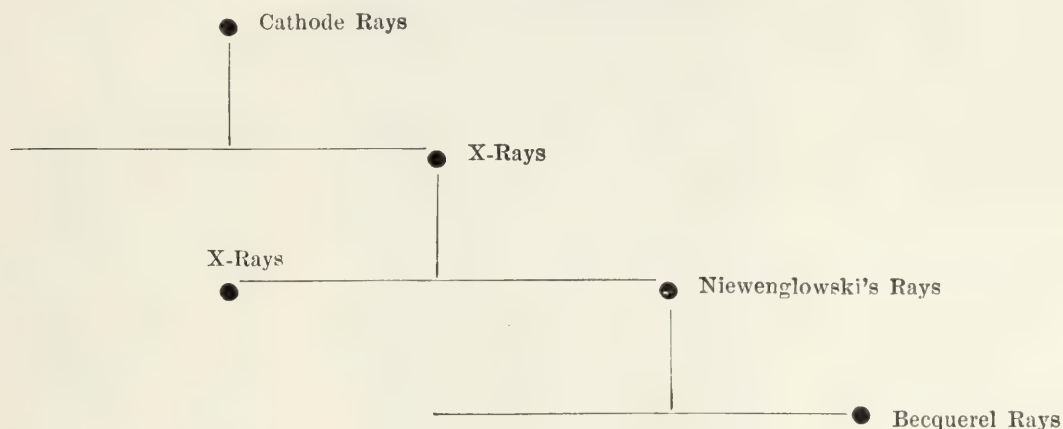
X-rays are in some way entangled with the phosphorescence in a Crookes tube. Consequently the discovery of Professor Röntgen set men wondering as to whether the power of emitting penetrating rays might not be a property of phosphorescent bodies in general. Thought always advances in waves; and

there are always several men on the top of the same wave. In this instance there was Niewenglowski, who made the interesting discovery that some such rays were actually emitted: that much at least. His experiment, as afterward repeated by Becquerel, is perfectly demon-

tographic plate?" And Nature answered, in her legible signature, "This substance will."

But men are children, and one question fathers another. Are these rays light? The answer is upon the same plate. It is affirmative. If you examine

GENEALOGY OF THE RAYS



strative. A certain compound of sulphur and calcium, calcium sulphide, which is the basis of luminous paint, shines in the dark after exposure to sunlight—that is, it is phosphorescent. Niewenglowski placed a photographic plate in a plate-holder, and, instead of a cover-slide, he inserted a thin sheet of aluminum. The plate was thus completely sheltered from the action of light. Upon the sheet of aluminum he placed squares of thin glass, and upon these, in turn, pieces of a certain calcium sulphide previously exposed to light, which were protected from external influences by dome-shaped clock-glasses. The arrangement of the experiment is seen in Fig. 1—the cover-slide of aluminum, the glass, the sulphide above them, and the clock-glasses covering all.

The apparatus was left in the dark for twenty-three hours. The plate was then developed. A print from the actual plate, which is here reproduced (Fig. 2) leaves no muddy obscurity for the reader. Upon the plate are imprinted the square of glass and the round section of the clock-glass cover. The rays had, necessarily, to pass straight through the aluminum cover-slide to print them there. It was thus, then, that the question was asked of Nature, "Does this substance, this calcium sulphide, emit rays which will penetrate glass and metal to affect a pho-

the imprint of the square of glass upon this plate, you will notice that it is bordered by a perfectly white line which has been left untouched by the rays. This can only be accounted for by supposing that they were bent, or refracted, on passing through the edges of the glass into the air.

Now rays that are made up of particles, such as cathode rays, cannot be refracted in the slightest degree. Light rays always are, and must be, from their very nature as wave motions. Niewenglowski therefore discovered penetrating rays of light capable of passing through a sheet of metal, a substance which anybody would consider opaque—not X-rays, nor cathode rays of a Crookes tube, but light rays of a most remarkable kind. It should be remembered, however, that these penetrating light rays were not given off by the sulphide in its natural condition. It had previously to be exposed to sunlight, whence it derived its energy.

But Becquerel was abreast of the same wave of investigative thought as Niewenglowski. He says, "For my part, from the day on which I first had knowledge of the discovery of Professor Röntgen, there came to me, too, the idea of seeing whether the property of emitting very penetrating rays was not intimately bound up with phosphorescence." His

thought was soon represented concretely; for, taking fragments of various phosphorescent substances, he placed them one after another on a photographic plate enveloped in black paper, and thus gave them an opportunity of telling their secrets by penetrating the paper and affecting the plate beneath.

In this his work resembled that of Niewenglowski; but the importance of it is, and the luck of it was, that he experimented with different substances. Out of all the different substances tried, there was one, a substance containing the metal uranium, that had waited æons for this one precious day. For one day of twenty-four hours this substance lay upon a photographic plate enveloped in black paper, and thus, after ages upon ages of waiting, found utterance. This plate *was* affected. A glance at Fig. 3 will make it evident; and a close examination will reveal the shadow of the copper cross through which the rays had to pass. The plate is obscure, as would be the picture of the approach of dawn; and it is equally significant. It reveals nothing but the presence of penetrating rays.

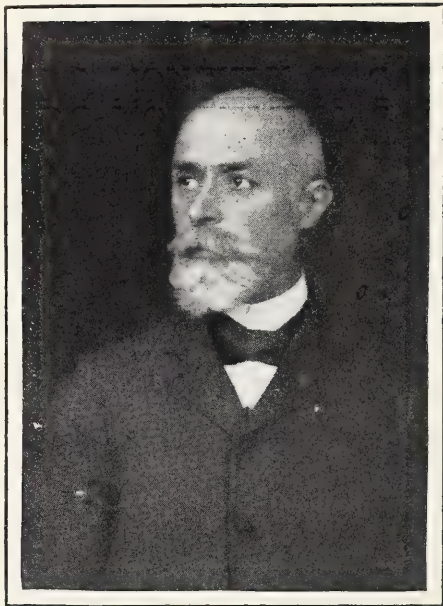
"Here I am," said Nature. "Now tell me, am I Niewenglowski's rays?"

A second experiment (Fig. 4), in which an aluminum medal was placed between the uranium salt and the plate, fairly shouts for an answer to the question, "Am I Niewenglowski's rays?"

"I thought, then," says Becquerel, "that it was necessary previously to expose the substance to light in order to provoke this penetrating emission, but a short time after *I recognized that the emission of the rays was produced spontaneously, even when the substance had been kept completely sheltered from any previous exposure to light.*"

This settles the question. Niewenglowski's rays were directly due to the action of the sun upon the substance which emitted them; Becque-

rel rays arise from a substance whose natural property it is not only to emit them, but, apparently, to manufacture them. It may be stated here that since this discovery the rays emitted by this particular fragment of uranium compound have shown no signs whatever of diminution. They are apparently a permanent property of this form of matter. Furthermore, it was soon seen to be a matter of indifference what uranium substance was employed. Any substance containing uranium gave



HENRI BECQUEREL



Fig. 1.—Niewenglowski's Experiment

off the rays. Metallic uranium itself, obtained in Moissan's electric furnace, gave out more rays than any of its compounds. More than that, the emission of the rays turned out to be altogether independent even of phosphorescence. Uranium bodies, whether phosphorescent or not, emitted rays. Here, then, was no stored-up, transformed sunlight, such as Niewenglow'ski's rays, but penetrating, continuous emissions from a substance having no relation to light. The emission of rays capable of passing straight through copper from a chemical substance in its normal condition constitutes to us a new property of matter,—a new thing in nature! So, as Becquerel stood in his laboratory that night, with this thought in his mind and the plate in his hand, he appears sharply silhouetted against the background of the ages; he is comparable with that Theophrastus who, two thousand years ago, rubbed a piece of amber on his coat sleeve and noticed that it attracted bits of paper, unknowing that his bit of amber was equal to the lamp of Aladdin,—or to that paleolithic savage who,

the first of all men, noticed the attractive powers of loadstone. New properties of matter are not so common that their significance can be exaggerated. This new property of matter was called *radio-activity*, and as such it takes its place beside magnetism, electricity, light, and heat.

Radio-activity, a new property of mat-

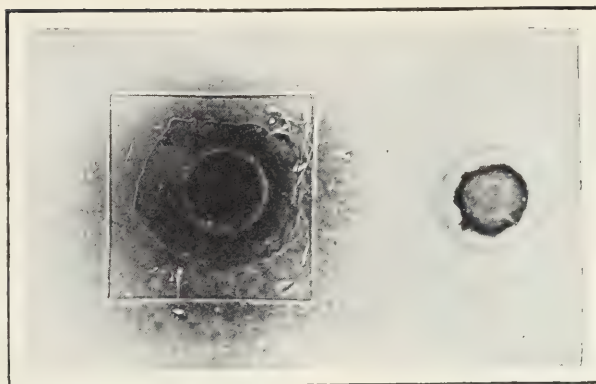


Fig. 2.—The result of Niewenglow'ski's Experiment

ter, had been discovered, but whence its source? "The metal uranium itself," you say, "since it gives off the rays." Yes; but still a doubt—a little, tiny doubt—remained.

Was it not possible that the power of emitting

rays, the radio-activity, was due to some small impurity present in the uranium? That doubt was the key which unlocked the door to a roomful of other discoveries.

It arose in the minds of two investigators who had been interested observers of Becquerel's work, M. Pierre Curie, Professor of Physics in the School of Physics and Industrial Chemistry at Paris, and Madame Sklodowska Curie, his wife. They resolved to investigate the ray-emitting power of pitchblende, the parent substance from which all uranium is extracted. To their gratification they discovered that selected specimens of pitchblende possessed a radio-activity four times greater than metallic uranium itself.

Nature never insults us by caprice, and consequently we find the Curies saying: "It becomes, then, very probable that if pitch-

blende has so strong an activity it is because the mineral contains, in small quantities, a substance wonderfully radio-active, different from uranium or any of the simple bodies actually known. We proposed to ourselves to extract this substance from pitchblende, and we have, in fact, been able to prove that it is

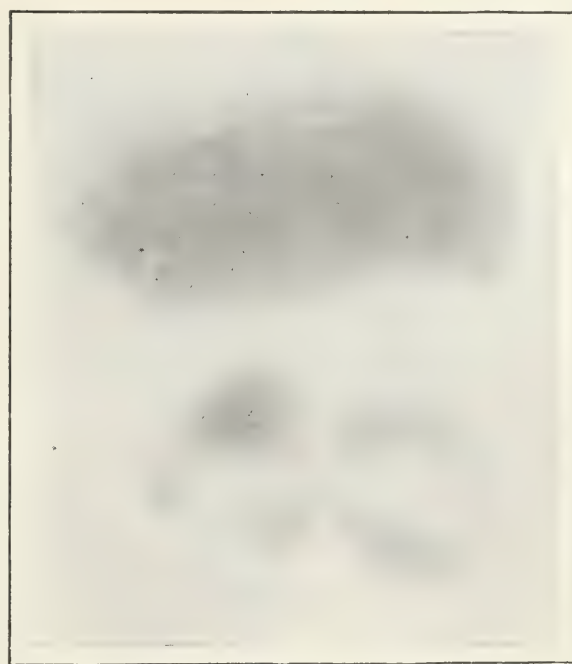


Fig. 3.—Becquerel's first Experiment

blende has so strong an activity it is because the mineral contains, in small quantities, a substance wonderfully radio-active, different from uranium or any of the simple bodies actually known. We proposed to ourselves to extract this substance from pitchblende, and we have, in fact, been able to prove that it is

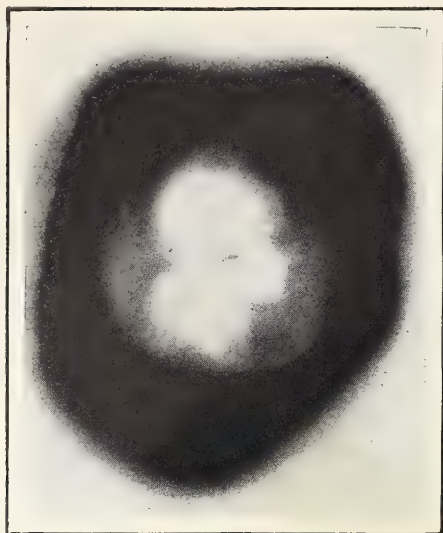


Fig. 4.—Becquerel's second Experiment with a Medal of Aluminum

possible, by the methods of ordinary chemical analysis, to extract from pitchblende *substances of which the radioactivity is in the neighborhood of 100,000 times greater than that of metallic uranium.*"

In this simple manner did the Curies announce their discovery of three new elements with transcendent ray-emitting powers—radium, polonium, actinium. Of these three strangers, radium has been selected for purposes of research into the character of Becquerel rays because it was most easily obtained. Its discovery, with its ray-emitting power 100,000 times greater than uranium, placed in the hands of Becquerel a mighty engine of research for determining the properties of his rays.

Radium has never been isolated. As a

free element it has never been seen, never been touched, never been handled, as gold and iron may be, but it is manifest in the properties of its compounds. It has been studied only in combination with other elements. We know that it exists as an element different from every other body in nature solely and completely through the fact that every element has its own sign-manual, or spectrum, by means of which it signifies its existence, whether it is found in the sun, the stars, or the laboratory. Fig. 5 is the spectrum of radium as obtained by M. Demarcay from a small quantity of chemically pure radium chloride provided by Professor Curie. The lines numbered at the top of the picture are caused by no other known element on the earth or in the heavens. Therefore radium is a new element. The amount of radium in pitchblende is less than one ten-millionth per cent., and the quantities of the much rarer polonium and actinium are literally infinitesimal.

Considering only the cost of the pitchblende from which it is extracted, the value of the radium would be at least \$10,000 a gram. As a matter of fact, less than a gram exists. M. Curie possesses about two to three hundredths of a gram of chemically pure radium chloride, which was utilized by M. Demarcay in obtaining the spectrum, and about three-tenths of a gram of a comparatively pure product containing barium chloride.

With the sample of impure radium chloride generously provided by M. and Madame Curie, Becquerel proceeded with the

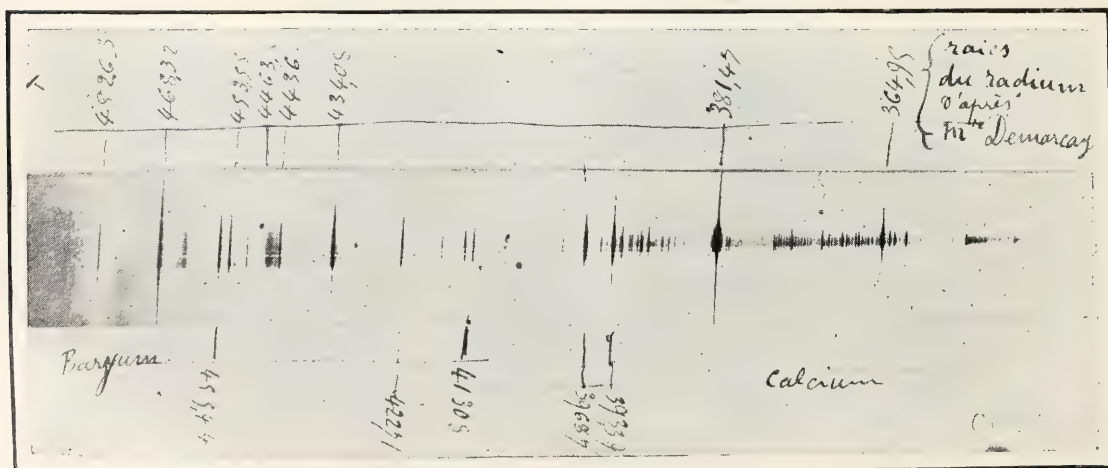
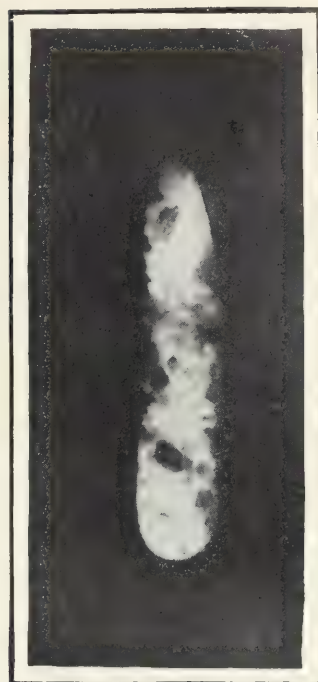


Fig. 5.—Spectrum of Radium obtained by M. Demarcay

Fig. 6 (a).—Radium chloride photographed by daylight, by M. Curie



Fig. 6 (b).—Radium chloride photographed in the dark by the light of its own phosphorescence



[To obtain the wonderful photographs shown in Fig. 6 (a and b), less than $\frac{2}{100}$ of a gram of chemically pure radium chloride was procured by M. Curie. The value of a gram of radium would be \$10,000 or more. Less than a gram exists.]

study of the properties of his rays. Their surpassing power of penetrating matter generally considered opaque led to their discovery, as we have seen, and it was therefore one of the first properties to be investigated. It soon became evident that this power was quite independent of the kind of matter through which they passed. It was influenced only by the density of the substance interposed. Aluminum, for example, being light in weight, is to Becquerel rays what glass is to light—comparatively transparent. Lead, on the contrary, being heavy, is comparatively opaque.

In the power to take radiographs, Becquerel rays resemble X-rays. Many substances when they are exposed to Becquerel rays shine in the dark—that is, they phosphoresce. The diamond and the ruby shine out vividly on being held up in the invisible rays emitted by a pinch of chloride of radium. So do fluor-spar, calcium sulphide, barium platino-cyanide, and many others. So powerful is the phosphorescence caused by Becquerel rays that if a tube of radium chloride be held to the forehead, and the experimenter close his eyes, he will still see light. The retina itself becomes phosphorescent. They even react upon the radium substance itself, so that it too becomes luminous, and shines vividly

with a light which, since the discovery of radium, has shown no shadow of variability. Becquerel rays will photograph the substance which emits them. Fig. 6 (a) is a picture of some radium chloride photographed by daylight, and Fig. 6 (b) shows radium chloride photographed in the dark by its own light—a life-size

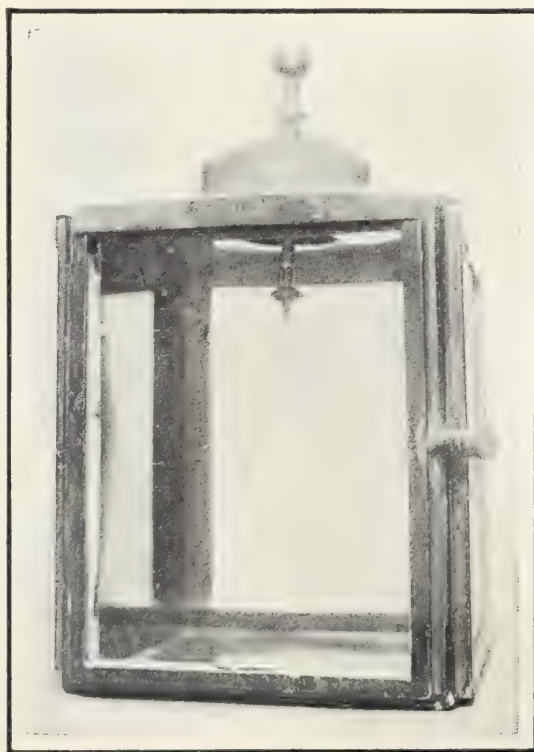


Fig. 7.—An Electroscope charged

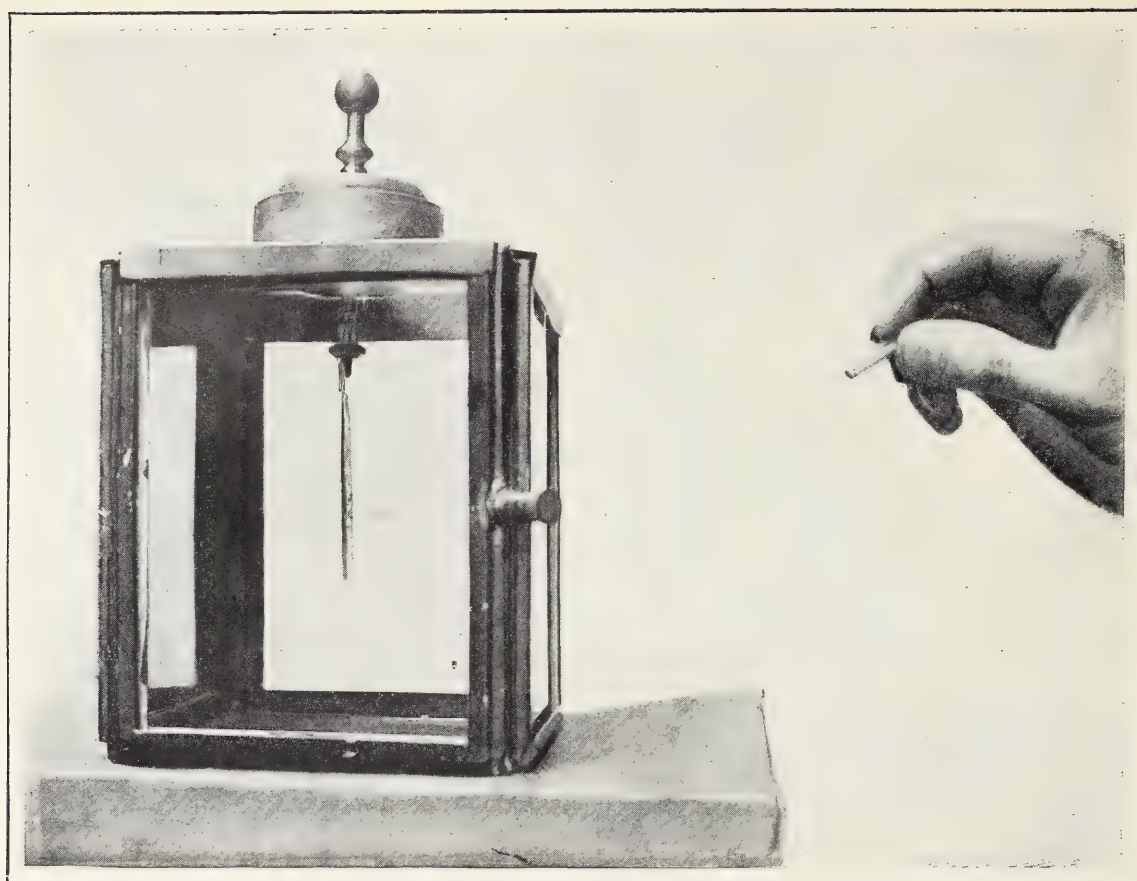


Fig. 8.—Electroscope discharged by the Approach of Radium

portrait of the only radium chloride in the world executed by itself! They are strange things, then, these Becquerel rays. The light which took the picture shone when the morning of creation broke, and will shine with the dawn of the last day of reckoning; for Becquerel rays are a property of the atom of the substance, and are therefore indestructible. It is a matter of indifference what physical stress is brought to bear, or what chemical transformation is effected. The light will shine, undiminished and undiminshable,—in the gram, a soft radiance; in the pound, if we could get it, a new sun.

The physiological effect of Becquerel rays is most intense—almost incredible. A pinch of radium salt, contained

in a sealed glass tube, was placed in a card-board box, which was then tied to the sleeve of Professor Curie for an hour and a half. An intense inflammation resulted, followed by a suppurating sore which took more than three months to heal.

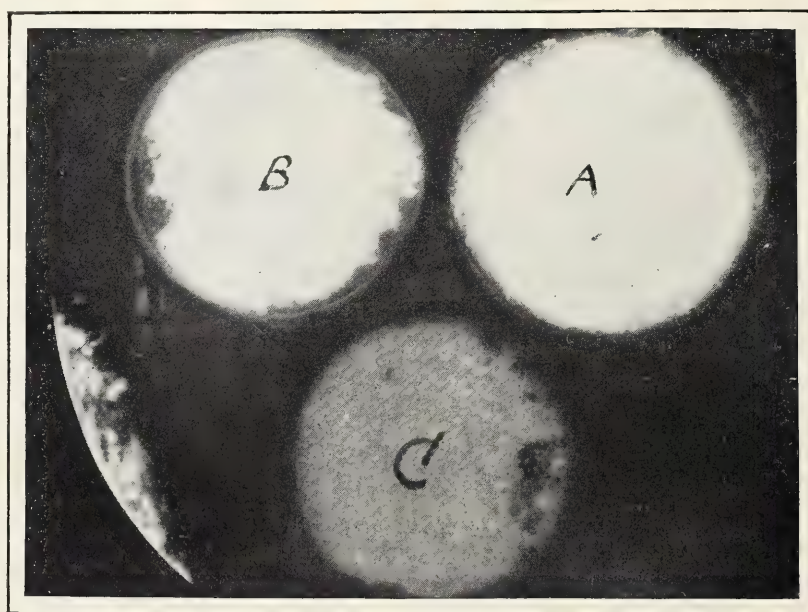


Fig. 9.—Phosphorescence caused by induced Radio-Activity, by Professor Curie



Fig. 10.—M. Becquerel and the Experiment with the Magnet

Professor Becquerel, as he went about his work one day, chanced to carry a sealed glass tube of radium salt in his pocket, placed there for convenience. He was sorry; for the sore was painful and most tedious in healing.

Photographic plates and electrified bodies are widely different. Yet Becquerel discovered, at about the same time, that they were both affected by his rays. A photographic plate was blackened; an electrified body was discharged: either was a detector of radio-activity. With the discovery of radium, the discharging effect became, of course, exceedingly apparent. Fig. 7 is an electroscope with its little gold leaves spread apart by electrification. On the approach of a glass tube containing a tiny amount of radium chloride, the leaves at once collapse through the discharge of their electrification (Fig. 8). The approach of radium

and the discharge of the leaves are simultaneous. Investigation showed that the effect was due to the fact that the rays emitted by the radium *spontaneously rendered the air a conductor of electricity*, and naturally the electrification of the leaves flew away with as much ease as if they had been touched by a copper wire. As a matter of fact, an electrified body is a more sensitive detector of radio-activity than a photographic plate.

Any substance placed near radium becomes itself a *false* radium. "We have found," say the Curies, "that any substance placed in the neighborhood of radium acquires a radio-activity which persists for many hours, and even many days, after the removal of the radium. This induced radio-activity increases with the time during which it is exposed to the action of the radium up to a certain limit. After the radium is removed, it decreases rapidly and tends to disappear. The kind of substance exposed to the action of the radium is almost a matter of indifference. They all acquire a radio-activity of their own." This fact has been verified over and over again by every experimenter in the field. The zinc, iron,

and lead fittings, the air of the laboratory, the water, the clothing of the workers, their very persons, in the presence of radium start into activity and give out rays comparable to radium in affecting a photographic plate and discharging



Fig. 11.—The Magnetic Deviation of Becquerel Rays

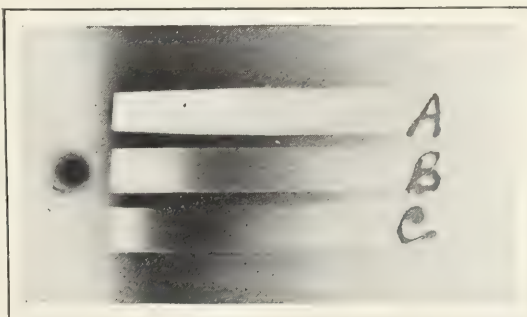


Fig. 12.—A Spectrum of Becquerel Rays

electricity. This becomes very vexatious and disconcerting, and extreme care is necessary to prevent the radium giving out rays altogether misdirected. For days Professor Curie was unable to approach his electrometers, or even enter his laboratory, owing to his acquired radio-activity. These secondary radiations, in the case of zinc, were four times as intense as in ordinary uranium. Moreover, this acquired radio-activity cannot be removed by washing, and the Becquerel rays from radium will impart it even after passing through metal screens. It must be remembered, however, that the radio-activity is only temporary. It vanishes sooner or later upon the removal from the neighborhood of the potent radium. Fig. 9 is a photograph, taken in Professor Curie's laboratory, of phosphorescent action caused by these induced secondary radiations. It was obtained in the following way: Two samples of zinc sulphide, A and B, and a sample of a salt of uranium, C, were placed in card-board pill-boxes, and these were laid on a metallic

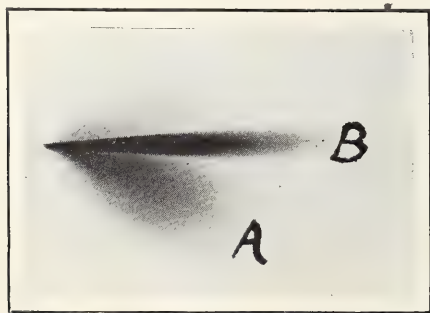


Fig. 13.—The deviable and the non-deviable Becquerel Rays

plate, under which was the radium chloride. The metallic plate was quite thick enough to be opaque to the Becquerel rays, but under their influence it gave off secondary radiations, which caused the salts within the pill-boxes to phosphoresce

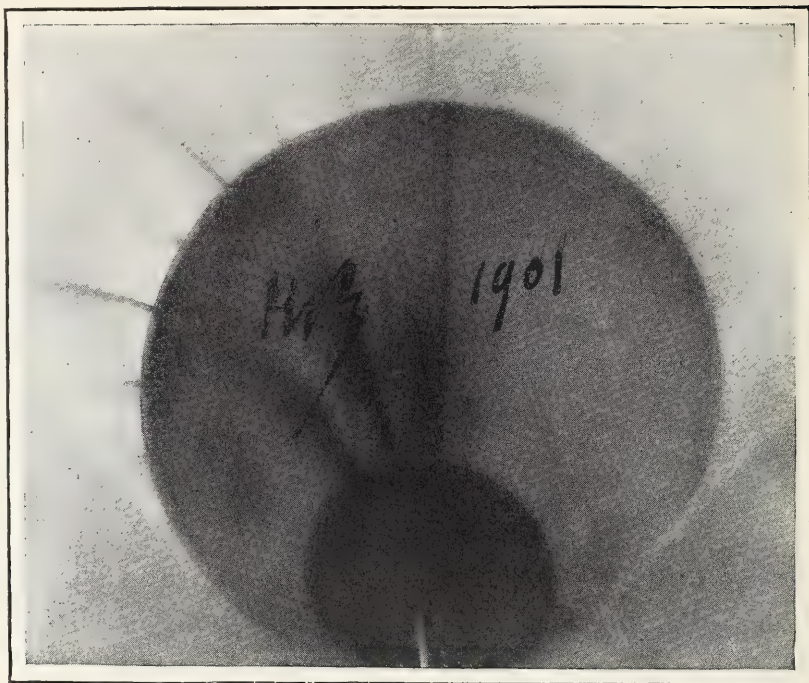


Fig. 14.—The deviable and the non-deviable Rays under the Magnet

The photographs were taken from above. They were caused by the induced light of induced radio-activity.

Becquerel rays cause chemical effects. Emitted from radium, they will discolor paper, cause glass to take a permanent violet tint, turn oxygen into ozone, yellow phosphorus into red phosphorus, mercury perchloride into calomel.

We have learned how Becquerel discovered his rays, we have studied their properties, and we are now face to face with the problem most important of all. What are they? Now Becquerel has discovered in some measure what they are; but before exposing his proofs and results it is necessary to describe one more strange property which he discovered them to possess, and which, as it turned out, appears to afford a master-key to their nature.

Becquerel rays are bent by a magnet. Let us follow him while he proves this by one of his characteristic, fecund, simple experiments. Taking a narrow photographic plate enveloped in black paper, he placed it horizontally between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet (Fig. 10). On the black envelope of the plate he then placed a little lead trough containing a small amount of the radium compound. The rays could thus affect the plate only by bending over, for the lead trough is opaque. He ener-



M. PIERRE AND MME. SKŁODOWSKA CURIE

gized the magnet; then, after a certain time, he reversed the polarity, thinking that, if the rays bent at all, they would then bend in the opposite direction. Fig. 11 is the answer—clear as sunlight. The plate shows two broad bands, proving that the rays must have been curved down to meet it; that there are two bands instead of one proves that reversing the polarity causes the rays to bend in the opposite direction. Becquerel rays are deviable by a magnet.

But are they all equally deviable? Are they homogeneous? Let us follow Becquerel. Upon another plate of the same kind he placed strips of platinum, aluminum, and paper, and at the end of the plate, as before, the little lead trough containing the radium compound. If they were all equally deviable, they would form a line where they bent to meet the plate; if not, they would form a band. After energizing the magnet and developing the plate, he obtained the result shown in Fig. 12. The rays are not equally deviable; they form a broad band, a veritable spectrum of an infinity of radiations unequally deviable. The same plate shows as well that the rays penetrate the screens in this order: the platinum least, the aluminum next, and the paper most of all.

Are they *all* deviable? Is it not possible that some of them are totally unaffected by the magnet, and do not bend at all? To find out, why not place the

narrow photographic plate vertically instead of horizontally between the poles of the magnet? The idea was carried out, and the result is plain beyond all question. The Becquerel rays consist of two distinct kinds of radiation. One kind, A (Fig. 13), is bent by the magnet; the other, B, is totally unaffected by it, and passes undeviatingly on. The print Fig. 14, taken under the magnet, shows still more clearly the existence of two distinct kinds of radiation. Whatever they are, Becquerel rays are a mixture of deviable and undeviable radiations.

But what are they? Examine the tabular statement (page 366) of the properties of the different kinds of rays, and you will see this curious fact: The properties of the deviable Becquerel rays are identical with those of the cathode rays of a Crookes tube, and the properties of the undeviable rays are identical with those of the X-rays of Röntgen. Identity of property means identity of nature, and we are therefore forced to conclude that the Becquerel rays from radium are nothing more nor less than a mixture of cathode and X-rays, their progenitors in the history of discovery.

"What an anti-climax!" says the reader. "We started out to study a new property of matter, and here we end up with an old one."

Not a bit of it. We called the new property of matter radio-activity—not Becquerel rays. "What is the differ-

Name of Ray.	Cathode Rays.	Devi-able Becquerel Rays.	X-Rays.	Undev-iable Becquerel Rays.	Niewenglowski's Rays.	Ultra-violet Light Rays.	Red Light Rays.
Existence of interference, polarization, reflection, refraction	o	o	o	o	x	x	x
Photographic effect.....	x	x	x	x	x	x	o
Excite phosphorescence	x	x	x	x	x	x	o
Render air conductive.....	x	x	x	x	x	x	o
Penetrate opaque bodies.....	x	x	x	x	x	o	o
Undergo deflection by a magnet.....	x	x	o	o	x	o	o
Velocity relative to that of light.....	1-7	12	1	?	?	1	1

Tabular statement of the properties of the different kind of rays.
x stands for the existence of the property.
o, for its non-existence.

ence?" All the difference between a natural intrinsic property and a property of condition. The light of an arc-lamp is a property of condition; suppose you found, deep in the earth, a substance blazing forever with a light as great, that would be a natural intrinsic property—and a very curious one—radio-activity. So with the cathode and X rays. They arise from a Crookes tube, a mechanism which is the complicated result of centuries of thought; they are a property of condition. The Becquerel rays from radium, on the contrary, arise from a substance dug out of the ground which emits them, apparently, forever and forever, as it has emitted them through the countless centuries of the past, without any extrinsic influence. It is their natural intrinsic property—a new property of matter—radio-activity.

The cathode rays are streams of material particles. These particles are projected from radium with a velocity anywhere from sixty millions to ninety millions of miles per second. They fly out laden with electricity, and hence naturally enough discharge an electroscope. They are so small that the atoms of the chemist are giants in comparison. Since these particles flying off from radium are decomposed atoms, their properties are not the properties of iron, or gold, or copper, but the properties of matter in general. These particles, or corpuscles, as they are called, appear to be the primary atoms of some parent form of matter out of which the elements, as we know them, have been evolved. It is interesting, in this connection, to recall the words of Huxley, written long ago, before Becquerel rays had entered into

the dreams of the wildest speculator. "It seems safe to assume," he wrote, "that the hypothesis of the evolution of the elements from a primitive form of matter will in the future play no less a part in the history of science than the atomic hypothesis, which, to begin with, had no greater, if as great, an empirical foundation." These words were written with the prescience of a master.

Possibly the most interesting thought in all the strange, eventful history of these interesting bodies is the question of their energy. Whence does it come? It is suggested by Madame Curie that the radium receives its energy from, and responds to, radiations which traverse all space, much as some article of bric-à-brac in a room will vibrate responsively to a certain tone of the piano. This may be. Heaven only *knows*. One thing we do know—space is all aquiver with waves of radiant energy, ranging in length from many feet to a size infinitesimally small. To only a few of these are our bodily senses fitted to correspond, or our mechanisms to detect. Waves of radiant energy constitute what has been called "the harp of life." We vibrate in sympathy with a few strings here and there—with the tiny X-rays, actinic waves, light waves, heat waves, in the treble, and the huge electro-magnetic waves of Hertz and Marconi, and the grand air waves of sound, in the bass; but there are great spaces, numberless strings, an infinity of possible radiations, to which we are deaf—stone-deaf. Some day, a thousand years hence, we shall know the full sweep of this magnificent harmony, and with it we shall vibrate in accord with the Master Musician of it all.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN



SCENE.—*An apartment on the first floor of a Japanese dwelling of the better class. At back, a large double window opening upon a court-yard and garden. The room is furnished with a cabinet, a tea-stand, and cushions. NARA is discovered sitting absorbed in thought at the large window at the back. She leans forward as though speaking to some one in the garden.*

NARA. For me? Then bring it up at once.

[She goes to the street door, opens it, and a large box is handed in, which she takes and opens eagerly.]

Cherry blossoms!

[She places the box on the tea-stand, kneels, and rapturously inhales the perfume of the flowers.]

From him! My love, my dearest love!

[A pause.]

How do I know? *(With a little laugh.)* What a foolish question! How does the blind beggar know that the sun is shining? Ah, my little sisters, is it not a part of our birthright to understand these things? Let Love but pass through the city street, and in every house there will be a woman who will turn her head for an instant and listen—listen until the retreating footsteps have died away. And when he stops at the appointed place, she to whom he was sent will await him at the door. Ah, yes, my sisters, we know—we know.

[She takes a hand-glass from the cabinet and arranges the spray of blossoms in her hair. Then with a quick movement she snatches up the box of flowers, and partly empties out its contents.]

No written message; not even a word of greeting. *(A moment's silence.)* But what does it matter? He has forgiven and is coming back to me; is not that enough to know? My pink and white cherry blossoms are better than a letter, for instead of one word I have a thousand and one.

[She again inhales the perfume of the flowers.]





I must put them in water.

[She claps her hands, calling loudly: Ito! Ito! Bring water and a vase, the large one with the rose-pink handles.]

[She places the box of flowers on the cabinet, and goes to the window, where she looks out.]

It is already long after four by the big clock on the university building, and at five o'clock he will be here—on his way up from the club.

[She sinks down on a pile of cushions, fanning herself slowly.]

How they adore their stupid club—these Englishmen. There is not much of what they call sport in Japan, and so they meet to kill time. It cannot be very amusing—nothing but pool and Nap and whiskey pegs all day long. My Justin told me all about it once, and I have forbidden him to go there, except just to glance over the foreign papers. And no pegs. A cup of tea is better, and it is always waiting for him here when the big clock counts off five.

[She beats up the cushions and changes her position.]

It is but just around the corner; in such a very few minutes he will be here in the garden, and under my window. It is open, and he will take the rose from his button-hole and toss it in. I look up; the rose is lying at my feet; he is here.

[She rises, goes over to the street door, and listens.] I hear his foot upon the landing, he stops, he knocks.

[She puts her hand to her heart, retreating a few steps and listening.]

Ah, my heart! It stops beating for a moment, and then begins again, so fast that I am shaken like a reed in the wind.

[She steadies herself with one hand on the wall.] There! it has passed, and he knocks again.

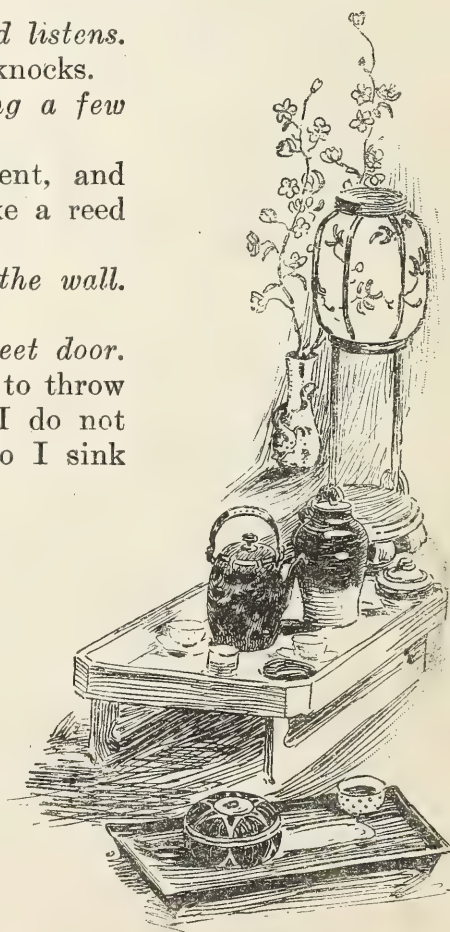
[She looks over at the street door.] I am dying to rush to the door, to fling it open, to throw myself at his feet. But I am a woman, and I do not forget that these things are forbidden. And so I sink down again among my cushions.

[She suits the action to the word.] I wait a little longer, and then I say, very quietly, Enter.

[She turns her head towards the street door, smiles, rises, and curtsies.]

Your honorable Excellency! Be pleased to illuminate with the radiance of your presence the darkness of my unworthy dwelling.

[She continues to bow and to walk backward, as though conducting the imaginary guest to the seat of honor.]



Let it be your honorable pleasure to step this way. Be content, O illustrious one—

[With an entire change of manner, and turning around.]

But it is always at this point that he bursts out laughing, and catches me up in his arms, and I can only look ashamed, and, I am afraid, so happy.

[She goes again to the cabinet, and bends for an instant over the box of cherry blossoms.]

Justin will not let me burn my little stick of incense before him. He says that it is he who should kneel and kiss my hand. It is strange.

[She stands meditating, with folded hands. With a little sigh:]

You see, it is so difficult for the East and the West to understand each other. As between a man and a woman it is hard enough, but I am Nara, born to the east of the sun, while Justin has blue eyes and yellow hair, and came to Japan for the first time only a year ago. *[She seats herself.]* And so it happens often that spoken words but confuse the more. We should never understand each other at all were it not for that other language which is older than either the East or the West. A look, the pressure of the hand, and all is made plain.

[Rising and reverting to her former manner.]

Will my lord have his tea?

[She claps her hands.]

Ito, the hot water.

[She arranges the tea things upon the stand.]

In a few minutes it will be ready.

[Crossing.]

My honorable friend is weary; it has been a long day at the office of the Embassy?

[Retreating a step or two.]

No, my Justin, you must not touch me. See! I have been inventing some new steps. They are pretty, but judge for yourself. The music—you know how it goes—
lá, lá, lá, lá—

[She dances a few steps, and ends by taking a submissive attitude, her head bent, and her arms crossed upon her breast.]

Is my lord pleased?

[A pause. She draws aside a little and smiles.]

And then—and then—he springs to his feet, he puts out his hand, he draws me—oh—

[She lets her hands fall as though suddenly weary, and turns away with a half sob.]

How foolish I am! A day-dream to be blotted out so soon by the coming of the night. And with the night, the dreadful "Hour of the Ox"—that hour before the dawn, when the blood runs chill and the pulse beats slowly and yet more slowly. Oh, Nara, foolish indeed!

[She sinks down among the cushions.]

It must be decided now—finally and for aye. My father





will never consent. He is bound in honor to Watairo, my cousin, and I am the pledge of their bargain; yes, I, Nara, who love Justin, the Western stranger, him with the fair hair and the big laugh.

And Justin, he is just as unreasonable; he will not brook to wait, as a woman learns so soon to do. He will have it that I go with him now before his priest, and then away over the black water, across the rim of the setting sun. And I—I am afraid.

[She rises and paces restlessly up and down the room.]

It is twice now that he has asked me to do this thing, and twice that I have refused. He went away angry that last

time; it is four whole days since I have had even a sign from him. Now he is coming to-day—for the third time. And I am still unready.

[She stops at the cabinet, and continues in a half whisper:] I had another message to-day. It was from my cousin Watairo, and until now I have not had the courage to read it.

[She takes a small lacquer box from a drawer in the cabinet, and looks at it in silence; then, with passionate vehemence:] It was for the advancement of family interests that we were affianced in infancy—my cousin Watairo and I. It was our parents who planned it all, and he was a dutiful son, and I a dutiful daughter. If afterwards he grew to desire what I was only willing to endure—was that my doing? Then came the day when Justin stood between us, and I knew that I had become a woman.

[She puts the box on the cabinet and comes down slowly.] A woman! Men say of us that we are incomprehensible creatures; they forget that we do not understand ourselves—until we have learned to suffer. It is curious, too, that my cousin Watairo has divined so surely what it is in my heart to do. And, unlike Justin, he knows how to wait.

[She shivers, and looks back over her shoulder.] Yes, it is Watairo who waits and who listens and who understands. Presently he will begin to speak.

[She covers her ears with her hands.] He is speaking now.

[She lets her hands fall with a despairing gesture.] And I must listen to what he says, whether I will or no.

[She goes resolutely to the cabinet and takes the box.] Since it is to be.

[She opens the box and draws out a small object wrapped in a square of silk, and a letter tied and sealed. She unwraps the former and discloses a gold bracelet fashioned in the form of a coiled serpent.]



It is pretty: my cousin Watairo has good taste.

[She lays it down and opens the letter. Reading:]

"You must choose between us—the bracelet and your unworthy servant. And the choice must be made before the falling of the cherry blossoms—remember that. I kiss your hand, and remain your cousin and ever faithful

WATAIRO."

[She again takes up the bracelet and examines it carefully.]

It is of the ancient make.

[She unclasps it.]

How beautifully the old goldsmiths did their work! But that pin point—it is just where it might scratch my arm, if I were in too great a hurry to snap down the clasp. An oversight on the jeweller's part? Perhaps the mistake of a careless apprentice? Only I know better; I know what it means.

[She opens and shuts the bracelet absently.]

Just a pin-prick—the merest scratch. Nothing in that of which to be afraid—oh, surely not! And my cousin Watairo is most generous to give me the choice between himself and—that little scratch from a pin.

[She springs to her feet, letting the bracelet fall.]

What was that?

[She recoils, trembling.]

The snake! It seemed to be alive; it was seeking to coil itself around my arm. *[She recovers herself, with a little laugh.]* I think that I must have been a little mad just now. I have not given the sacred words to my cousin Watairo; he has not yet the power or the right to strike. He can only wait, patiently wait for his hour to come.

[A distant clock strikes five. She listens, counting the strokes on her fan. Triumphantly:]

My cousin Watairo is very patient, but it is the hour of Justin that comes.

[She passes her hand over her eyes.]

It is gone—the cloud that darkened my eyes. The sun is shining again, and the cherry-trees are still in bloom.

[She goes up to the window.]

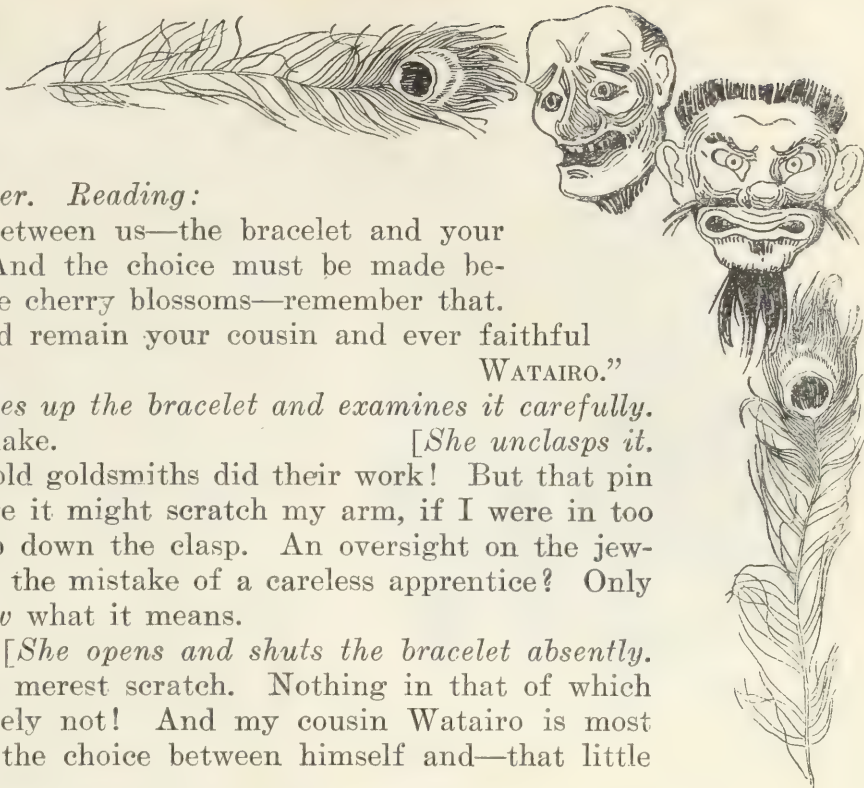
See! Not a single petal has fallen. Not to-day, then, shall I be obliged to choose between my cousin Watairo and his bracelet. And there is no to-morrow, for Justin is coming. Perhaps my lips will still say him nay, but he will not regard them; he will look into my eyes, where my soul is speaking, and he will understand; he will take me, and I shall be safe.

[She looks over towards the door of the interior apartment and nods.]

My honorable father, you must not be angry with little me. I am but a leaf in the north wind, and my cousin Watairo is waiting.

[She crosses to the cabinet and bends over the box of flowers.]

My dear cherry blossoms, they are still waiting for their water. Ito! Ito!





[She claps her hands impatiently.

Then, looking off:

O miserable one! is it thus that I am served in my father's house? Water, I say, and the vase with the rose-pink handles. Quickly, now!

[As she turns, the sleeve of her kimono sweeps the box of flowers to the floor, and the contents are scattered.

Oh! *[She kneels to pick up the flowers. A folded sheet of paper is among them, and she seizes it eagerly.*

Then he did write! How stupid of me not to have found it at the first!

[She unfolds the note and reads, slowly spelling out the unfamiliar words.

They take so long to read—these dreadful English words. Sit-u-a-tion, in-sup-port-a-ble, com-pre-hen-ded—What does all that mean? What does it mean?

[She turns over the page and scans it, her lips moving rapidly. Then aloud and slowly:

“The impossible—we have been trying to realize it, and we have failed. That was to have been expected, and we have now to face the truth. You cannot yield; no more can I. What remains, then, but to part, for Love may not work his will except through love, and the battle is lost the instant that the sword is drawn.

“I have not dared to come and tell you this by word of mouth; it would mean only a renewal of the ignoble struggle, the doubt, the pain, the tears. Is it not true that there can be no perfect understanding between you of the East and me of the West? The world itself lies between us. There was a time when I would not acknowledge this, but you saw clearly, and I know now that you were right.”

[She looks up for a moment.

To know that I was right! It is a woman's greatest triumph—and sorrow—to know *that*.

[She resumes her reading:

“What more is there to say? We cannot go forward; still less can we stand still. I am a coward, and so I am running away. The *Rangoon* sails for Hong-kong this afternoon at five o'clock, and I shall be a passenger—”

[She crumples up the letter in her hand and rises quickly.

At five! The steamer must be now passing the lower forts. I should see her smoke from the window.

[She goes to the window. I can see nothing. Surely it is unusually dark.

[She gazes at the sky.

The clouds have gathered; it is about to rain. There comes the wind; the trees are bending, the petals are drifting away—it is the falling of the cherry blossoms.



[She takes the spray of cherry blossoms from her hair and tosses it out of the window.]

It is the last one.

[She arches her hands above her eyes and looks out.]

It is raining now—out upon the bay. There is a little smudge of smoke just beyond the second light—perhaps the *Rangoon* going out.

[She comes down slowly and picks up the bracelet.]

It will be perhaps an hour before my cousin Watairo can arrive. If I could only be sure, little snake, that your poisoned tongue would do its work quickly. There are two or three things that I should like to attend to—my father—

[She considers a moment.]

Yet after all there is but one that is really important—my choice. The bracelet is here, and my cousin Watairo is coming. So it seems that the question is decided for me.

[She sits down and unclasps the bracelet and holds it up.] Courage, my heart! This pretty little golden snake bites but once, and then so gently that you may never feel it at all—so.

[She clasps the bracelet on her arm.] See, it was nothing! I have pricked my finger with my needle more sorely a score of times.

[She pushes up the bracelet as though to examine the wound.]

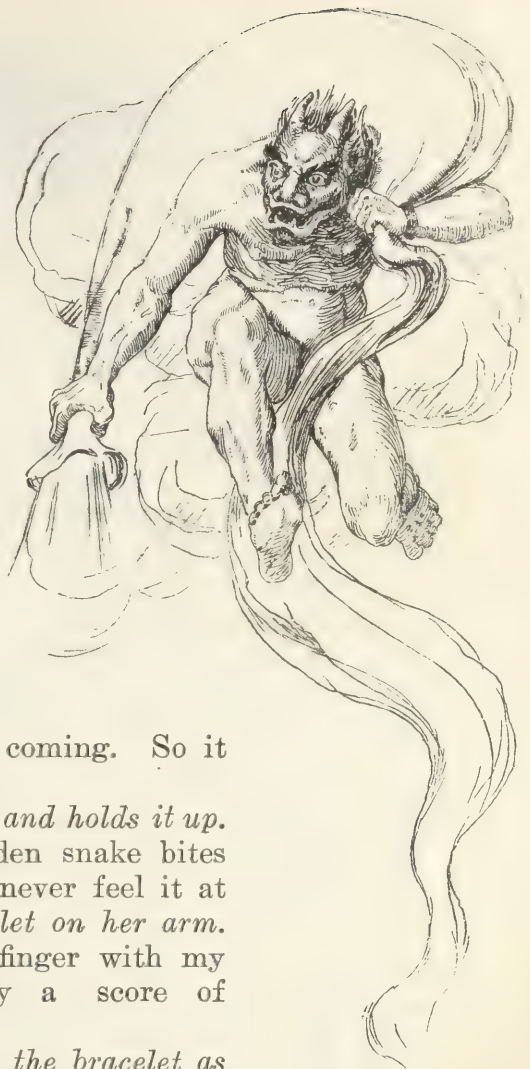
I can scarcely see it—a tiny dot of red. A small gateway surely for the entrance of the King of Terrors. But already it is growing wider; there is a purple circle now about the scratch, and it spreads even while I look at it. Bah! Why should I look at all? I must not be foolish.

[She draws down the sleeve of her kimono and shades her eyes for a moment with her fan. She looks around suddenly.]

The rain is passing by; there comes the sun.

[She rises and goes to the window.] So it was only April pouting for a moment. The smiles came back before the tears had a fair chance to flow. And the cherry blossoms? A few of the weaker petals have fallen, but the thousands yet remain. I could have waited a little longer, then,—until to-morrow, perhaps, or even the day after.

[She comes down, and once or twice sways to one side as though dizzy. She stands motionless for an instant.]





Only there was nothing for which to wait. I had forgotten that. So it does not matter if I were in a little bit of a hurry—no matter.

[She sinks down among the cushions.]

It is delicious to feel tired—so tired. I am satisfied just to lie here and wait. For what? I do not know—for whatever may come next.

[She remains silent. Then starting up with a little cry, her hand on her heart.]

Oh!

[She half-rises.]

What a coward I am! It was but for the moment; now I can breathe again. The air, though, is so heavy; if I could but get to the window.

[She turns to the window at the moment that a rose is thrown through the open casement, falling at her feet. She looks at it doubtfully; then, in a half whisper:]

A rose! Justin! *[She snatches it up and holds it to her lips.]*

It has been a mistake, then,—from the beginning. He is here; he is calling for me. *[She struggles to her feet, speaking breathlessly.]*

Perhaps, too, my cousin Watairo was but jesting. See! I can stand and walk, oh, so very well.

[She runs to the cabinet and catches up a small hand-mirror.] I am not really pale; I always go white like this—when he is coming. It is that horrible bracelet—it fits so tightly—it hurts—there!

[She snatches it off and throws it across the room. She listens.] He is coming! His foot is on the stair; now he is stopping at the door; he is about to knock.

[She advances a few steps and listens again.]

Yes; I am here.

[She falls. A knock is heard. She draws herself into a sitting posture, but falls back. A second knock. She drags herself a little way towards the door; then, in a whisper:]

Justin!

[She sinks down, one hand stretched out towards the rose lying just beyond. A third knock. A cloud of pink and white cherry blossoms drifts in at the open window. Silence. The curtain falls slowly.]





“TO the health of the ‘loups-garoux’!”

Arms stretch across the table. Glasses clink.

“To yours, ‘dévorants’!”

And “wolves” and “devourers” drain their glasses at a gulp.

The men who exchange these greetings are seated around a table of an inn, lined with bottles and filled with greasy smoke from the soup-pots. Half-famished mouths bend over the plates. The clinking of glasses accompanies the jingling of the forks and spoons. The men, sprawling their elbows over the table, eat and talk at the same time. Dishes are passed from one to the other.

.... “Eh! les dévorants, passez le plat!”

And these mighty appetites gorge the soups, massacre the ham-bones, and pillage the “ragoûts.” A big lamp hung from the ceiling projects the half-shadowed outlines of their heads across the plates. The “faïences” glisten; eyes and knives shine; and the black bottles sparkle like diamonds.

In the smoky room forms come and go. Sacks, packs, and heavy sticks are piled together near the fireplace, where a fagot crackles and snaps. The coppers gleam. A trap, half open, yawns like the entrance to a cavern. It is like a den of robbers who are feasting and dividing their spoils in the midst of drunken carousal.

In fact, it is only a band of jolly workmen—the “companions” of the “tour of France.” Their motto: No care till the morrow! To-morrow they will try again the luck of the highway; to-morrow they will shoulder again their packs and sticks. To-night—hey! ho! for a jolly good time!

The talk is animated. Something must have happened just now—outside—just before dinner. There are some black eyes; some of their clothes are torn. Evidently the fight was a fierce one!

For the “companions” are *fighters*—good fellows, but *fighters*. It is their tradition. Jealousies between the workmen’s corporations result in “Homeric” combats, bloody battles. It is the one bad side of an institution that is otherwise so truly fraternal.

They start out in companies, rarely alone, to make their “tour of France.”

Before coming back to continue their work in their own villages, the young apprentices go together from town to town, to study on the ground the masterpieces of their trade, and to see the best that the genius of their ancestors has produced. It is the poetic phase, the voyage of adventures, the “knight-errantry” of the workman.

He earns his living *en route*, perfects himself in his profession, learns from one master and another, sees, compares, studies, admires. He gathers his

humble harvest of souvenirs and impressions, enjoys the full vigor of his early years, and passes his youth along the sunny highways.

Unfortunately there is disagreement among the "societies." In everything there is found a pretext for quarrels. The society of the "Père Soubise" is jealous of that of "Maître Jacques"; and the "Enfants du Salomon" take part in the quarrel whenever possible.

Two companies meet on the road. The two leaders—the "master companions"—stop at twenty paces from each other.

"Halt!" says one.

"Halt!" cries the other.

"What trade?"

"Carpenter. And you?"

"Stone-cutter. Companion?"

"Companion!"

"Your society—country?"

And according to the reply they drink from the same gourd or—fight. The *mêlée* becomes general. They fight—fist and stick—until the road is littered with those who are wounded—sometimes even to the death.

The merry "companions" seated around the table of the inn had no murder on their conscience. They had simply "held firm" just now before coming in—just to limber their muscles. A band of carpenters had disputed their way—theirs, the "*loups-garoux*"! Ah, mais! People must learn, of course.



AN IDYL IN TOURAINE



. You saw how the “enfants du Maître Jacques” drove them back?
Envolés les charpentiers!

And now in the pipe-smoke and the peace that follow good digestion imagination is aroused, gestures become animated. The men talk of their adventures—according to their story *they* were always the winners—jokes and repartee go the rounds. . . .

“Allons, mes enfants, un peu de silence!”

It is the “patronne” of the inn, who comes, goes, looks after everything, and who asks, while turning the pancakes, whether the news from such a place is good, whether trade goes well in such another. She knows her “clientèle” thoroughly. She calls the “devourers” and the “wolves” her “children,” and they in turn address her as “mother.” It is a general rule. It is the name always given to the mistress of the inn where they lodge during their travels. She is selected by their societies. For her they have the affection of sons. And her own sons and daughters—are they not “brothers” and “sisters” of the “companions”? Truly it is a happy family!

And there comes one of the “sisters” up from the cellar through the trap in



ONE OF THE "SISTERS" COMES UP FROM THE CELLAR

the floor—all out of breath, her arms filled with bottles. She fills the glasses. The simple manners of the workmen please her. The rough wit of the “loup-garou,” the story of his wonderful adventures, make her turn toward him with admiration. This brother “loup-garou” she has known for a long time. She waits before serving him until he slips his arm around her waist and lifts his glass to her health with the air of a conqueror who drinks to the “most fair.”

“ ‘You start to-morrow for the ‘tour of France’?’” the “sister” demands of her “brother.”

“Oui, la sœur. . . . We have been here now three months, you know. . . . Time passes. . . . We must see what is going on elsewhere learn how to produce our masterpieces, and become masters in our turn.”

Then, flattered at the attention, he tells her their nicknames: the “loups,” the “chiens,” the “renards,” the “boucs.” . . . “The colors and ribbons vary in each society. . . . These colors are our flags. . . . Danger to the man that lays a hand on them! To wrest a cane from a rival is victory. . . . Many a time have I done it and for that I am called the ‘premier compagnon’!”

To be the hero that “wrests the cane” from his rivals, who settles every dispute by a simple blow of the fist! The “sister” regards her “brother” with admiration, while at the other end of the table, to the accompaniment of their glasses, the “companions” chant the legendary refrain of “Bernard de Sunder,” the stone-cutters’ patron:

“High o’er the clouds the swallow flies!
I, with my workman’s pick and cord,
With only toil as my reward,
Will reach the skies!”

She rests her soft hand lightly upon his hard, brawny fist.

“ ‘Why not stop here a little longer . . . there is still work to do . . . the clock-tower isn’t yet finished . . . and no one here can do it . . . they are afraid . . . it’s too high . . . see! there’s a niche where one of the statues is missing . . . make it.’”

He gazes admiringly at his “sister,”

charmed by her robust grace, by the innocence and sweetness of her face. What an opportunity here for him to achieve his *chef-d’œuvre*, to become a master-workman! He yearns to equal the accomplishments of sculptors who in other days wrought from the white marble the “vierges” of the clock-towers!

“High o’er the clouds the swallow flies!”

And upon his rough fist he feels the gentle pressure of the soft hand that seems to say, “Return!”

With the dawn the workmen start on their way, singing at the tops of their voices, their canes in their hands, their packs thrown over their shoulders. A cock crows as they pass along. The inn is already far behind. They pass through the village. Startled faces peer out at them through the windows. The “master-companion,” deep in thought, walks ahead. They pass by the foot of a clock-tower, where marble statues of saints stand as if in ecstasy, pure as the morning light, and where an empty niche is illumined by the glow of the rising sun.

They journeyed on; they fought other “battles” along the way, and camped in the heat of the mid-day sun, or at night under the stars. They stopped a month or two here and there at the inns along the route. They hired out in large factories that seemed villages in themselves, or in little country workshops, where the chickens scratched and clucked among the tools.

They travelled through the provinces. They roused the villages through which they passed, arm in arm, their colors waving from the ends of their canes. The children ran after them. The peasants gaped at them dumfounded. Their songs brought with them everywhere a feeling of gayety. The girls laughed. Flocks of geese and turkeys scattered at their approach. The dogs barked at their heels.

They visited Chartres, and saw its cathedral, that seems to shelter a covey of houses under its wings, and from the top of its triple towers to look out over the limitless plains of the Beauce.

At Etampes they repaired the gargoyles of a steeple that leaned like the Tower of Pisa.



FUNERAL OF A COMPAGNON

They crossed the Orléannais, where over the swaying fields of grain the hamlets look like ships at anchor.

Two "companions" left them there—sons of peasants, who, with the returning longing for the work of the field, hired out for the harvest.

Then, after the pointed roofs of Blois and its slate-covered palace, the Touraine country opened before them like a park. Above, as they walked gayly along through the fresh air of the valleys, they saw the châteaux, crowning the enclosing hills like battlements.

They studied the towns in detail, filled their eyes and memory with the marvels

of other days, felt the ever-growing desire to equal the achievements of their ancestors, and to be able themselves to bring out from the granite, copper, and iron masterpieces like these.

They visited the châteaux. At the ends of the gardens—centuries old—where statues, fountainlike, emptied their urns into vast basins, they climbed over the ivy-covered terraces. The imposing entrances led to double staircases upon which two persons could pass without seeing each other. It all seemed made for love and for war. Bronze goddesses stood at the foot of the marble balustrades; jesters laughed under the beams



A REST ON THE ROAD

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

of the gilded ceilings; windows opened upon mighty walls six feet thick. Pushing aside the tapestries, one beheld the long suites of rooms. Above, on the roof, a belvedere made one think of astrologers going at night to read the signs of the heavens and to consult the stars. Below, in the valley, the river sparkled in the green meadows, woods crowned the hills, the horizon fled.

At night, around the table, they told each other their impressions.

The locksmith described the fabulous monsters—the chimeras—the iron petals of the royal gates, the bolts in form of salamanders, hinges in arabesque, and keys designed like fleur-de-lis. The tanner told enthusiastically of old leather arm-chairs—as big as thrones! The blacksmith responded with praise of the caryatids around the fireplaces, and of the clocks of the campanile—all wrought in ancestral coats of arms.

The upholsterer told of the delicacy of the wood-carving, where ivory and ebony were wrought together in wonderful forms, and where strange flowers grew, under the skilled hand of the wood-carver, into the forms of lovely women.

And the sculptor boasted the jewelled cup, the delicacy of the mullions, and the half-lighted rose-windows whose light shone and glistened through the shadows of the oratories. He described the friezes that decorated the rain-spouts, that framed each story of the château, scaled the towers, and finally burst, like rockets, into fantastic designs above the high pinions.

All exchanged their ideas. To have seen them talking together one would have said they were the masters of the old societies discussing the value of a *chef-d'œuvre* that conferred the title of "master." Each told his story. All were interested in every trade. They cited the structure of the dome of St. Mark at Venice; that of the old grain-market at Paris; they discussed the "Chasse au Lièvre" by Siebmacher at Nürnberg. They talked of everything, instructed each other, and opened to each other new horizons, broader views.

Through the pipe-smoke one could hear occasionally bits of the conversation:

... "Do you remember, at the Palais

de Rennes, the decorations of the Maître Gillet?" . . .

... "Yes . . . and at Bourges, eh? The house of the 'Lallemand' brothers . . . with its friezes, and its chapel covered with a ceiling made from a single stone? *There is work for you!*" . . .

The "master" companion had taken notes like these:

... "Saw at Bourges the fireplace of Jacques Cœur, representing the gates of a city guarded by warriors . . . took a sketch of it." . . .

... "Studied, in the doorway of the cathedral, a figure of a saint . . . cut in stone . . . must have been worked down first with the chisel . . . then with the pick . . . finished with chisel and mallet . . . after drawings, as is indicated by the flat relief. . . . What feeling in the ecstasy of the face and in the clasped hands!" . . .

It was this artistic appreciation, always present, that ennobled their task and refined their work. Their life-interests were broad, universal. They were interested in Giro of Italy, in the "camarades" of the German Hütten, and in the "brothers" of Belgium, who, like themselves, travelled as apprentices through the country.

As their boisterous band passed along, all singing at the tops of their voices, and imitating with their canes the gyrations of drum-majors, one would hardly have recognized in them the peaceful workmen who the night before were discussing "art."

At times, as they entered a village, they met a rival company. The usual salutations were exchanged:

... "Tôpe!"

... "Tôpe!"

... "Ton pays?" . . .

And, as always, they drank together or fought—according to the reply.

They visited Bretagne, the country of granite whose clock-towers, corroded by time, and whose simple oratories seemed to have been beaten away by storm and tempest. In the flat country of Charente the sea shone like a mirror in the distance, and the salt-marshes looked like windows stretching over the flat swamps and reflecting the sky.



Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

PASSING THROUGH A VILLAGE



A TEMPERANCE BREAKFAST

There they lost another companion, who was killed in a quarrel. At the funeral four "brothers" carried the coffin. It was wrapped in the colors of the society, with their emblem—a compass, a square, and canes interwoven in the form of a cross—laid upon it.

The "companions" marched in rank to the cemetery, carrying heavy staffs draped in black. A "Maître Jacques" delivered the funeral oration. All knelt at the tomb, and upon it laid two canes in the form of a cross. Then they joined

hands in a circle, and in low voices chanted in unison a song to the dead.

Only a few of the "companions" were left to cross the Bordelais country together. There one of the "companions" stayed, giving up wood-carving to become a cooper.

The three who remained continued on their way, traversed Auvergne, reached the Jura, where, beyond the roar of the torrents that turned the mill-wheels, the Swiss chalets offered the hospitality of their vast fireplaces, where a whole family may find shelter.



THE LONG JOURNEY OVER

At Nancy they disbanded, and the master "companion" remained alone.

He continued as far as Strasbourg, and from the top of the cathedral, above the flight of the swallows, he leaned his head on his hand—and dreamed. He seemed to see, as on a map stretched before him, every incident of the journey.

In spite of the loss of his comrades, in spite of the grief and sorrow he had seen, the enthusiasm for his art increased. He remembered the old workmen he had seen, who, out of work, seated on the road-sides with their wornout packs, had watched with envy as the merry "companions" went by. *Pauvres diables!* Destined to die of hunger and cold some winter day along the highway! . . .

And now his "tour of France" is ended. He is ready for work, he knows his trade thoroughly, and he feels himself strong and invincible.

He looks above him.

He knows the legend of his patron, Bernard de Sunder, the artist who was in love with the daughter of Erwin—

the one that carved in marble the form of his *fiancée* 'way, 'way up there in the blue heavens, on the dizzy summit of the tower. . . .

Among all the generations that helped to build this cathedral, nothing remains but these two names . . . everything is forgotten but this legend of love that the young peasant girls of Germany tell to their circle of friends at night around the stove. . . .

The long journey over, he comes back to the inn. His "sister" awaits him, happy at his return. He is radiant. He has *lived*. He knows that there is nothing in life beyond work—and love. He is eager to take up his mallet and chisel. He feels the soul of the old master-workmen pass into his own.

As he sees again the clock-tower of the village, a refrain comes to his lips. It is that of *Bernard de Sunder*, who carved in marble the form of his sweetheart 'way, 'way up there in the blue heavens, her face turned toward the rising sun, far, far above the flight of the swallows. . . .

A decorative border of stylized flowers and vines surrounds the text. The border is composed of repeating floral motifs connected by a delicate vine, framing the entire page.

Of the Leaves

BY A. HUGH FISHER

O LEAVES with little language sweet,
I entreat, entreat:

O leaves with little language gay,

What saw you to-day?

“We saw a stranger that pleaded naught
Look long at a lady that needed naught
As she passed on her way and heeded naught—
That’s what we saw to-day.”

O leaves with pretty whispering speech,

I beseech, beseech:

O leaves with little language gay,

What more saw you to-day?

“We saw the man’s heart bleed awhile,
We saw him play on a reed awhile,
And he laid him down on the mead awhile,
Till death took him away.”

O leaves that make my heart so sore,

I implore, implore:

To-day you saw such things of sorrow,

What will you see to-morrow?

“To-morrow the lady will linger there,
She’ll touch the reed with her finger there,
And smile at a sweet bird singer there
That learnt new notes to-day.”

Eglantina

BY MARY E. WILKINS

E GLANTINA, tall and fair,
Queen of Beauty and of Grace,
All my darkened house of life
Is illumined by thy face.

Shineth thou unto my heart
As the dew in morning field,
When beneath the eastern sun
Gems of Zion blaze revealed.

Sweeteneth thou my every thought
Like the bud when night hath passed
And she breaks her seal of bloom
To become a rose at last.

Though in gloom thy lover sighs,
Eglantina, tall and fair,
Love the Blind hath touched his eyes,
And he sees thee past compare!

These verses were cut and skilfully colored, illuminated after a simple fashion, on a window-shutter in the east parlor of the old Litchfield house, in Litchfield Village.

That was Eglantina's favorite room, and there she used to sit with Roger Proctor. Eglantina's father had married for the second time when her mother had been dead ten years, and she was eleven. The new wife had been a widow with one child, Roger Proctor, a year younger than Eglantina. Doctor Eliphalet Litchfield had been jealous of this son by a former husband, and had insisted upon the mother's practically separating from him upon her marriage with himself.

So the boy, who had been blind from scarlet fever ever since his infancy, was put to board with a distant relative of his mother's, and was seldom seen by her.

The new wife was scarcely more than a girl, although a widow with a son of ten. She was a mild and delicate creature, whose only force of character lay in loving devotion, and that proved too strenuous for her fragile constitution. She died a year after her marriage, and her little daughter died with her.

Then Doctor Litchfield sent for the

blind son of the dead woman, and lavished upon him a curious affection, which was at first not so much affection as a sentiment of duty and remorse. This man, given to fierce strains of mood, chose to fancy that his young wife's untimely death was a judgment of God for their desertion of her blind son. From the time that Roger Proctor came to live in the Litchfield house his lines were cast in pleasant places. Doctor Litchfield enjoined upon his daughter Eglantina that she was to treat the strange little boy as her own brother, and he himself showed more indulgence toward him than toward her. However, Eglantina needed no such reminding. From the minute that the blind child entered the house, the other child was his willing slave. Nothing was ever seen more appealing to old and young than that little blind boy, Roger Proctor. His hair, which hung in straight smooth lengths, had a wonderful high light around his head which suggested an aureole. His young face between these lines of gold was an oval so pure that it had an effect of majesty and peace, even in the child. His blind eyes, large and blue, seeming to give instead of receive light, gazed with unswerving directness from under a high forehead of innocent seriousness. Although his forehead seemed almost frowning with gravity, Roger's mouth was always smiling with a wonderful smile, before which people shrank a little. "He looks like an angel," they said. The blind boy gave, as no seeing child could have done, an impression of light and clearness. Soon his stepfather adored him, and as for Eglantina, she worshipped him from the first.

No greater contrast could have been imagined than there was between the girl and the boy. They were of about the same age, but Eglantina was head and shoulders above Roger, though he was not below the usual height. But Eglantina was abnormally tall; her stature was almost a

deformity, especially since she was exceedingly slender. And that was not all—crowning that slim height was a head and face unfortunate not so much from lack of beauty, as from a mark on one cheek which had been there from birth. A story was told in the village of how Doctor Litchfield's wife had longed for roses in winter when there were none, and talked of the rose which climbed over the front porch in the summer-time, and declared that she could smell them when none were there; and how at last, when Eglantina was born, there on one little cheek was that hideous travesty of a red rose, which she must bear until the day of her death. The mother, who had a strong vein of romance, had called the child Eglantina, and mourned until she died, not long after, because of her disfigurement, and often kissed, with tears of self-reproach and the most passionate tenderness and pity, the mark on the little cheek, as if she would kiss it away.

Doctor Litchfield ever after hated roses; he would have none in his garden, and the eglantine over the front porch was rooted up. Eglantina herself had an antipathy to roses, and never could she have a whiff of rose scent but that she turned faint and ill. Nothing could exceed the child's sensitiveness with regard to the mark on her cheek. She never looked in her glass without seeing that, and that only. That dreadful blur of youth and beauty seemed all her face; she was blind to all else. She shrank from strangers with a shyness that was almost panic. Eyes upon her face seemed to scorch her very heart. But as she grew older, although the inward suffering was much the same, she learned to give less outward evidence of it. She no longer shrank so openly from strangers, she even endured pitying glances, or repulsion, with a certain gentleness, which gave evidence to enormous patience rather than bravery. When Roger had been in her father's house some years, she became conscious of a feeling which filled her with horror. She strove against it, she tried to imagine that it was not so, that she could not be such a monster, but she knew all of a sudden that she was glad that Roger was blind. Whenever she looked at him came the wild selfish triumph and joy that he could not see her. Her con-

sciousness of this came upon her in full force for the first time one afternoon in August, when she was eighteen and Roger a few months younger. They were crossing a field behind the house, hand in hand as usual, when Roger turned his sightless eyes toward the sorrel, and nodded and smiled as if he saw. "I have made a poem to you, Eglantina," said he.

Eglantina colored until the rest of her face was as red as the rose-mark on her left cheek; then she turned pale, and that brought it into stronger relief. "You must not," she said, faintly.

"Why not? There is no one in the whole world as beautiful as you are, Eglantina."

"No, I am not," she returned, in a pitiful, hesitating voice, as if the truth were stifling her.

"Yes."

"You do not know; you never saw me."

"I have seen you with my whole soul. You are the most beautiful girl in the whole world, Eglantina."

Eglantina shut her mouth hard. She pulled her broad-brimmed hat over her face by the green bridle-ribbon, and cast her disfigured cheek into a deep shadow.

Roger looked at her anxiously. "What is the matter, Eglantina?" he asked, softly.

"Nothing," said she.

When they reached home, she ran up to her own chamber. She went to her little mirror over her white-draped dressing-table, and gazed long in it. Then she sank down before it on the floor, in an agony of self-abasement. After a while she rose, and pulled the muslin drapery over the glass, and did not look in it again. When she went down stairs there was Roger's poem cut skilfully on the shutter in the east parlor. Roger could not use pen or pencil to much advantage, but he could cut the letters plainly, feeling them with his long sensitive fingers. Eglantina held her cambric pocket-handkerchief over her marred cheek, and read every word, smiling tenderly. Then she put the handkerchief to her eyes, and leaned against the shutter and sobbed softly. Then Roger came into the room, feeling his way toward her, and she choked her sobs back and

dried her eyes. Roger wished to color the letters of his poem, and Eglantina sorted out the colors from her paint-box, and he painted them.

Then whenever she saw that poem to Eglantina tall and fair, she tried to picture herself as Roger saw her, and not as she really was. She tried to forget the birth-mark, she tried not to think of it when she spoke to Roger, lest the consciousness of it be evident in her voice, but that she could not compass. She thought of it always, and the more she strove against it, the more she was conscious of it, until she grew to feel as if the mark were on her very soul. But her patience grew and grew to keep pace with it. There was in her heart ceaseless torture, and suffering, but never rebellion.

Everybody who knew Eglantina spoke well of her. They said what a pity that such a good girl should be under such an affliction, and they also said, when they saw the piteous couple together, the man who could not see, and the woman who should not be seen, that there was an ideal match. Eglantina's father began also to have that fancy. He had grown old of late years, and had the troubled persistency of a child for his way when once he had begun to dwell upon it. It was not long after Roger had cut his verses to Eglantina tall and fair, on the shutter, that he called Eglantina back one evening after she had started up stairs with her candle. "Eglantina, come here a moment," he said, "I want to speak to you."

Eglantina returned and stood before him, the candle-light illuminating her poor face, which her father had never seen without a qualm of pain and rebellion. That mark was for him like a blot on the fair face of love itself, and his will rose up against it in futile revolt. Her father looked at her, his forehead contracted, then he turned toward the shutter, and again toward her with a half smile, while one long finger pointed to the verses. "Have you seen these, Eglantina?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Eglantina, gravely. She looked full at her father with a look which was fairly eloquent. "See what I am," it said. "What have I to do with love-verses? Why do you mock me by speaking of this?"

But her father shook his head stubbornly, as if in direct answer to such unspoken speech of hers. "If," he said, with a sort of stern abashedness, for he had never spoken of such things to his daughter—"if your own heart leads you in that direction, Eglantina, there is no possible objection, and I should like to see you settled. I am growing old."

Eglantina, still speechless, raised one arm, her lace sleeve falling back from her wrist, and pointed to her marred left cheek. There was in the gesture utmost resignation and pride, and her eyes reproved her father mutely.

Her father frowned and continued shaking his head in denial. "I still say that under the circumstances there can be no possible objection," he said. "What difference can that make to a blind man who has learned to esteem you for your own true worth, and has invested you in his own mind with the graces of person to correspond with those of your character?"

Eglantina looked at him. After all, she was eager to be persuaded. "I cannot keep it secret from him," she faltered.

"How can you do aught else? How can you describe your face to a blind man?"

Eglantina continued to regard her father with eyes of painful searching, as one who would discover hope against conviction, and find refutation for her own argument.

"Roger has been told repeatedly," said her father.

Eglantina nodded. She herself had told him, and he had laughed at her.

"And the telling conveys no meaning to him," said her father. "What does beauty or deformity of the flesh signify to a blind man?"

"I can see, and I can see that which he loves mistakenly," replied Eglantina, in a pitiful voice.

The two stood facing each other, both the father and daughter above middle height, for Eglantina got her height from her father. The two faces were on a level.

"Do as your heart dictates, my daughter," said her father, "and have no fear."

The next day in the afternoon when seated in the arbor in the garden with

her embroidery work, she saw Roger coming, walking almost as if he saw, with no outstretching of feeling hands. In fact, he knew his way well enough between the flower-beds, being guided by their various odors. Eglantina, watching him approach, swept a great bunch of brown curls completely over her disfigured cheek, and sat so when he entered.

"Pass all the other lesser flowers by until you find the rose," he said, laughing tenderly.

"I am no rose," said Eglantina.

"The rose does not know she is herself, else she would be no rose," said Roger.

"I am a poor mockery of a rose, from this dreadful mark on my cheek," said Eglantina, and she felt as if she were about to die, for it seemed to her that such brutal frankness must convince.

But Roger only laughed. "The rose has a scratch from a thorn on one of her petals," he returned, "or a bee has sucked too greedily for honey. What of it? Is there not enough beauty left? There is no one in the whole world so beautiful as you, Eglantina. A mark on your cheek! What is a mark on your cheek but a beauty, since it is a part of you? Fret no more about it, sweetheart."

Eglantina looked at him, at the beautiful face in a cloud of golden beard, at the sightless blue eyes, and she pulled the curls closer over her cheek, and resisted no longer.

It was then the first of September, and it was decided to have the marriage the next month; there was no reason why they should wait, and Doctor Litchfield was disposed to hasten the wedding. Soon the simple preparations were nearly finished. Roger's chamber had been newly papered with a pale green satin paper, sprinkled with bouquets of flowers. Roger's wedding suit was ready, and Eglantina's gown. The gown was a peach-blow silk, and it lay in shimmering folds on the high bed in the spare chamber, and from the tester floated the veil, and a pair of little rose-colored slippers toed out daintily beside the dimity dresser, and in a little box thereon was a brooch which Roger had given her—a knot of his fair hair set in a ring of pearls.

One evening, after a very warm day, Roger and Eglantina returned from a long walk down the country road and

went into the house. They kissed each other in the front entry, then Roger went up stairs, in the dark, and Eglantina lighted her chamber candle.

But her father called her again, and she went into the east parlor as before, with the candle throwing an upward light upon her face. This time Doctor Litchfield hesitated long before speaking, so long that she looked at him in surprise, thinking that she had perhaps not understood, and he had not called her. "Did you want to see me, father?" she asked.

"Yes, Eglantina," he replied; but still he hesitated, and she waited in growing wonder and alarm.

"Eglantina," Doctor Litchfield said presently.

"Yes, father."

"Doctor David Lyman is in the South Village. He has been attending the daughter of Squire Eggleston, who lost her sight from scarlet fever," her father said abruptly. Eglantina turned white, and gave a quick gasp.

"He will restore her sight," said her father, and he paused. Eglantina was silent and motionless. She stood with her mouth set hard and her eyes averted.

"It might be well to have him see Roger," said her father. He did not look at her.

Eglantina turned and went out of the room without a word. She was awake all night, pleading pitilessly for and against herself, as if she had been a stranger. Monstrous as it might seem, there was something to be said in favor of letting the physician who might restore Roger's sight pass by, and keeping her lover blind until the day of his death. "If Roger gains his sight, he loses love," she said; "and he is one who, if love go amiss, will come to harm in himself." And that was quite true, for Roger Proctor was a man to be made or marred by love.

"Will he not lose more than he gains?" Eglantina asked herself, and though her judgment told her yes, yet she dared not trust to her judgment when her inclination so swayed her. Then, moreover, to such strength her love had grown that all the old guilty secret gladness over his blindness was gone, and instead was a great tenderness and pity for her lover



EGLANTINA, STILL SPEECHLESS, . . . POINTED TO HER MARRED LEFT CHEEK

that he must go blind, and miss so much. "He can see a plenty that is beautiful if he miss the beauty in me," thought Eglantina; "and who am I to say that no other woman besides me can make him happy?"

But always she went back to the fear as to how he would endure the awful shock when, after his eyesight was restored, he should look for the first time on her face, and see what he had loved and kissed. She thought truly not then of her own distress and humiliation, but of him, and what he would suffer, and she could not argue that away. Then all at once her mind was at rest, for a great and unselfish, though fantastic, plan had occurred to her, and she knew what she could do to spare him.

The next morning there was a strange expression in her face which dominated all disfigurement, and would have dominated beauty as well.

"When will he come?" she asked her father, when Roger was not within hearing.

"This afternoon, if I go for him," replied her father, with his eyes still on her face, "but you had best not tell Roger until the doctor has pronounced on the case. You had best not hold up hope that may come to naught."

"It will not come to naught," she replied, and after breakfast she told Roger that a doctor was coming who would cure his eyes and he would see.

Roger received the news with a curious calmness at first, but as he reflected a great joy grew and strengthened in his face. Then he cried out suddenly, "Then I shall see you, I shall see you!"

"Yes," said Eglantina.

"Why do you speak so, Eglantina? Your voice sounds strange."

There was a peculiar quality in Eglantina's voice, a peculiarity of intonation, which made it unmistakable among others, and just then it had disappeared.

"Why strange?" said she.

"It is strange now. Are you not glad that I am to see, to see you, sweetheart?"

"I am more than glad," replied Eglantina. Then she went away hurriedly, though Roger called wonderingly and in a hurt fashion after her.

That afternoon, before the doctor came, Eglantina sent a letter to her cousin,

Charlotte Wyatt, who lived in Boston, and who was to be present at the wedding, to hasten her coming. The two were great friends, though Charlotte had visited Eglantina but once, when Roger was away, and so had never seen him, but Eglantina had often visited Boston, and the two wrote frequent letters.

"Come if you can in a fortnight's time, dear Charlotte," wrote Eglantina, "though that be a fortnight before the day set for the wedding, for I am in sore trouble, and distress of mind, and only you can comfort and help me." And she wrote not a word with regard to Roger's eyes. And she did not mention Charlotte's coming to Roger.

That afternoon Doctor David Lyman came at Doctor Litchfield's bidding, and the operation on Roger's eyes was performed with great hope of success, though the result could not be certainly known for the space of two weeks, when Doctor Lyman would return and the bandages would be removed. During those two weeks Eglantina nursed Roger tenderly, and let no trace of her own sadness appear. Indeed, she began to feel that she should have joy enough if Roger regained his sight, even if she lost him thereby, for the blind man was full of delight, and for the first time revealed how he had suffered in his mind because of his loss of sight.

Then, the day before the one appointed for the removing of the bandages, came Charlotte Wyatt, stepping out of the stage-coach at the door, a tall and stately maiden, who was held in great renown for her beauty. Charlotte Wyatt with all her beauty bore a certain family resemblance to her cousin. She was of the same height, she was shaped like her, she moved and spoke like her, having the same trick of intonation in her grave, sweet voice. But this resemblance only served to make Eglantina's defects a more lamentable contrast to the other's beauty. It was like a perfect and a deformed rose on the same bush. The deformed flower was the worse deformed for being a rose beside the other.

That night the two girls lay awake all night in bed and talked, and Eglantina told the other her trouble, and yet not all, for she did not discover to her the plan which she had made. Charlotte



SHE PUSHED CHARLOTTE TOWARD THE STUDY DOOR, AND WHISPERED SHARPLY IN HER EAR

held her cousin in her arms, and wept over her, and pitied her with a pity which bore a cruel sting in it. "I do not wonder that your heart aches, sweetheart, for surely never was a man like Roger, and you might well love him better blind than any other man with his sight," said Charlotte Wyatt, fervently. She had not spoken to Roger, but she had peeped into the room where he sat with his eyes bandaged, with Eglantina reading to him. Eglantina shrank from her suddenly when she said that. "What is the matter? What have I said to hurt you, sweet?" cried Charlotte.

"Nothing, dear," replied Eglantina, and held the other girl close in her arms.

"I never loved any man overmuch, though so many have said that they loved me, but I can see how you love Roger," Charlotte said, innocently.

"There is no one like him," Eglantina agreed, and she began sobbing in a despairing fashion, and Charlotte strove to comfort her.

"He will love you just the same when he can see," she said. "Beauty is but skin-deep, sweetheart."

"I care not, oh, I care not, so he is not hurt," sobbed Eglantina.

"How you love him!" whispered the other girl. "If he be not true to love like yours, he is more blind when he sees than when he saw not."

It was the next afternoon that the bandages were to be removed from Roger Proctor's eyes, and it would then be known if the operation were a success. The great doctor and Eglantina's father and the nurse were in the room with Roger. Eglantina and Charlotte waited outside. Charlotte was dressed in a lilac satin gown falling in soft folds around her lovely height, and her fair hair was twisted into a great knot, from which fell a shower of loose curls around her rosy face; and since she had come away without a certain tucker of wrought lace which she much affected, Eglantina had dressed her in one of her own, taking a sachet of lavender, and she had fastened it with her brooch of Roger's hair set in pearls. The two moved about uneasily.

They listened to every sound from the next room, the doctor's study, where Roger and the two physicians were, and



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

ROGER GAVE ONE GREAT GLAD CRY OF RECOGNITION

presently out came Doctor Eliphalet Litchfield, not with the gladness of his profession after a successful operation, but falteringly, with pitiful eyes upon his daughter.

"Well?" said Eglantina to him.

"He sees," replied Doctor Litchfield in a husky voice. He looked hesitatingly at Eglantina.

The door was opened again, and Doctor David Lyman looked out. "He is asking for your daughter," he said to Eliphalet Litchfield.

"Eglantina, Eglantina," called Roger's voice, high with nervousness. He was too weak to stir; the strain had been severe, and he was of a delicate physique.

"You had best come at once," whispered the doctor. "He has been under a great stress, and it is not advisable to cross him; even his sight may depend upon it."

Eglantina laid a hand with a weight of steel on her cousin's arm. "Go," she said.

Charlotte stared, pale and scared.

"Go," said Eglantina.

Doctor Litchfield made a motion forward, but Eglantina stopped him with a look. She pushed Charlotte toward the study door, and whispered sharply in her ear. "You heard what the doctor said. Don't let him know. Go."

Charlotte went into the room half by force, half with bewildered acquiescence. Then the three outside heard a great cry of rapture from Roger, and Eglantina went away hurriedly, leaving the men looking at each other.

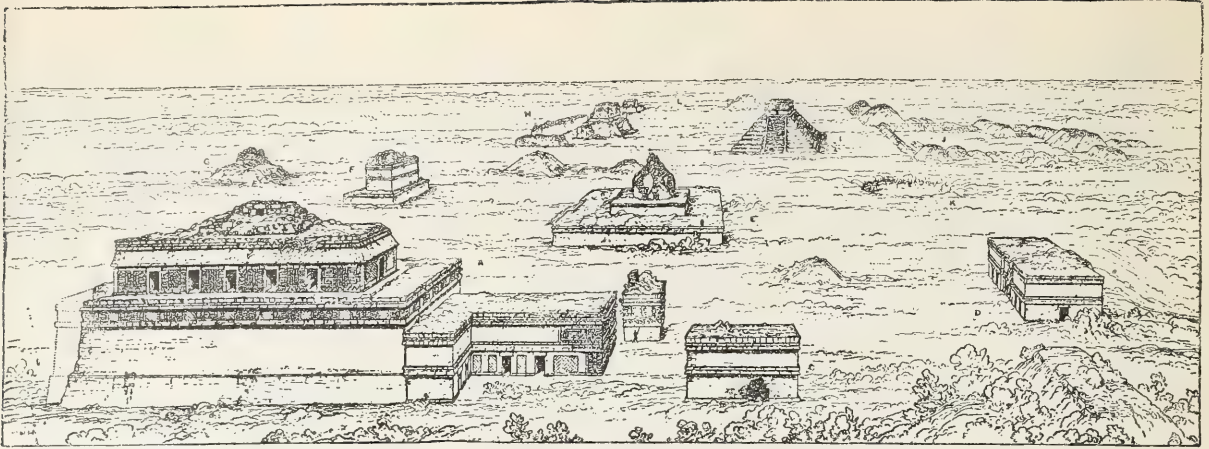
It was nearly time for the stage-coach. Eglantina was waiting for it at the turn of the road. No one had seen her leave the house. An hour later Doctor Litchfield found a letter pinned to his cloak, which hung in the entry. It was very brief: "Dear father, this is to inform you that I have gone to Aunt Pamela's. Do not undeceive Roger at present, and do not let Charlotte. Your respectful and obedient daughter to command, Eglantina."

Eglantina had been with her Aunt Pamela a week, when one afternoon came Charlotte riding in the doctor's chaise, herself driving with a pretty skill, hold-

ing the reins high, slapping the white horse's back with them, and clucking to him like a bird to hasten his pace. And she, running into Miss Pamela Litchfield's house, and finding Eglantina by herself embroidering in the parlor, in the deep window-seat, caught her round the waist, and talked fast, half laughing and half crying. "He will have none of me," she said. "This morning he told me, with as near tears as a man may, that he accounted himself as worthy of great blame, but held that he might be worthy of more did he dissemble. This to me; and to my uncle, your father, he said more. This he said of me—of me, who has had some praise, whether deserved or not, for her looks—that he was disappointed in my poor face, that it was not what he had deemed it to be, that it was less fair. And then I, having heard what he said to my uncle, and being, I will admit, something taken aback by such slighting—I told him that it was all a deception, that I was my poor self instead of his beloved Eglantina, that she had been unexpectedly called away, and that we had deceived him for his health's sake; and, Lord! had you but seen how he brightened! And now you must go to him, sweetheart."

It was evening when Eglantina and Charlotte rode into the yard of the Litchfield house, and the next morning Eglantina went into the east parlor, and stood before Roger Proctor; and a sunbeam from the east window, the lettered shutter of which had been thrown open, fell upon her poor face with the monstrous travesty of a rose disfiguring her cheek; and Roger gave one great glad cry of recognition, and she was in his arms, and he was covering her face with kisses, and looking at it with ecstasy as if it were the face of an angel. "Oh, Eglantina," he said. "It is you, sweetheart, you and no other. No other could have such beauty as thine, the beauty I have seen with my soul, and now see with my twice-blessed eyes."

Eglantina lived and died, and her long grave is in the graveyard of Litchfield Village, and at the head is a marble stone on which are cut the verses beginning—"Eglantina, tall and fair."



From "Records of the Past"

UXMAL, CENTRAL AMERICA (PARTLY RESTORED)

Pyramids of the kind shown exist in Arkansas and elsewhere in the southwestern part of the United States

The Primeval North-American

BY CHARLES HALLOCK, M.A.

THE problem of how the continent of North America came to be peopled is easily solved if we accept the popular belief that the Old World creation antedates the New, which is based on the Biblical record of Genesis. But Scriptural testimony is not at all controverted by the hypothesis of autogenous and contemporaneous groups of men, with their associated flora and fauna, inasmuch as the results of any explorations or intercourse which may have extended across the Atlantic before the Noachian deluge must have been lost sight of after the Flood, and so been unknown to writers of the Mosaic period. Abundant proofs have been exhumed from buried cities in Central America by Stephens, Le Plongeon, and other archaeologists of intercontinental and interoceanic communications in prehistoric times, and added proofs are constantly accumulating. If these testimonies are accepted (and they are given on tablets of stone), it is the easiest thing in the world to admit a primitive congenital relationship between the people of America and the people of Asia and Africa; and following this admission, correspondences and analogues in arts and architecture, physiognomy, mortuary and religious customs, dress and particles

of speech, are quite satisfactorily accounted for.

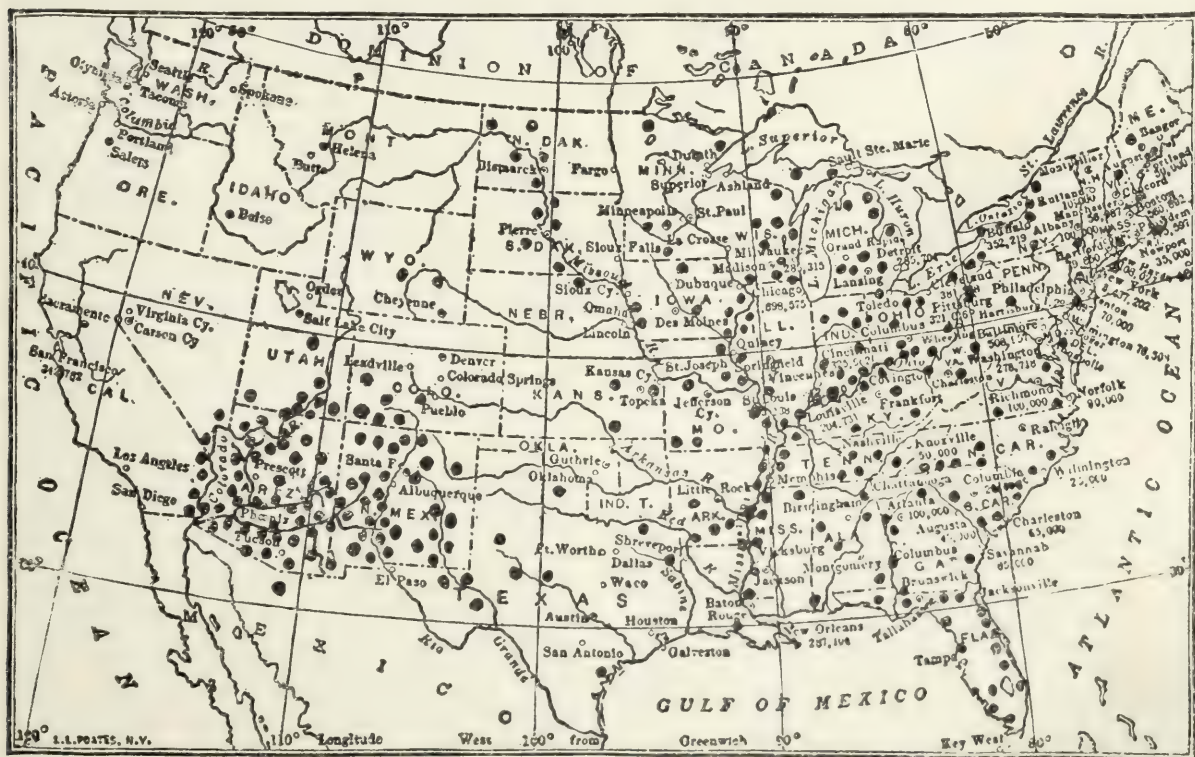
As to the antiquity of mankind, in either hemisphere, his birth and beginning must necessarily have been subsequent to the several formative periods outlined in Genesis and declared by archaic geology, though long anterior to the second glacial epoch. During the natural processes of terrestrial adaptation for man's abode great climatic changes took place in all parts of the globe, involving corresponding fertility or sterility, with their natural concomitants. When regions were habitable they were inhabited; when they would not support life, it departed. So it came to pass, during the second glacial epoch, when the great boreal ice sheet covered one-half of the North-American continent, reaching as far south as the present cities of Philadelphia and St. Louis, and the glaciated portions were as unfit for human occupation as the snow cap of Greenland is to-day, that aggregations of population clustered around the equatorial zone, because the climatic conditions were congenial. And inasmuch as civilization the world over clings to the temperate climates and thrives there best, we are not surprised to learn that communities far advanced in arts and archi-

ecture built and occupied those great cities in Yucatan, Honduras, Guatemala, and other Central-American states, whose populations once numbered hundreds of thousands. Explorations have opened out the secrets of these mural wastes, and archæologists have coincidentally been excavating their desert counterparts in the Old World to verify their relationship. Anaglyphs of a long-forgotten people have been deciphered, and the revelation is like an open book.

An approximate date when this civilization was at the acme of its glory would be about 10,000 years ago. This is established by observations upon the recession of the existing glacier fronts, which are known to drop back twelve miles in one hundred years. How many centuries previously this civilization had endured is a problem hard to solve, because it is not within mortal ken to know how long the ice sheet remained in bulk before it began to melt faster than it accumulated.

Hence the popular assumption that America was originally peopled by migrations from the north is erroneous on the face of it, though within the past 1500 years racial injections from Europe and eastern Asia have largely over-

spread the higher latitudes. Ethnologists have made a mistake in drawing inferences from superficial signs which sequentially must be recent. If we wish to learn *ancient* history, we must dig. Ruins of sufficient antiquity to be considered ancient by comparison with recent architecture overlie mural and ceramic deposits of ages long forgotten, the excavation of which discloses dates, events, notable names and places, and monuments of art, which the practised archæologist could interpret with a considerable degree of accuracy, even if graven tablets and monumental inscriptions did not invariably turn up to assist and confirm his deductions. So whether we work at Ur of Chaldea or at Chichen-Itza of Central America we are not liable to err if careful and consistent. It is by some such intelligent adjustment of coefficients that we are enabled to solve the racial problem of the Western Hemisphere, not only as respects the origin of the American Indigenes (miscalled Indians), but approximately the antiquity of their progenitors, whose ruined and silent cities, like those of Asia Minor, long since passed out of history, and whose massive pyramids, temples,



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MAP SHOWING GENERAL DISTRIBUTION OF PREHISTORIC RUINS SO FAR AS KNOWN IN THE UNITED STATES



By courtesy of the Bureau of Forestry

ANCIENT PICTOGRAPHS, MADE ABOUT 5000 YEARS AGO, KERN RIVER CAÑON, CALIFORNIA

and palaces vie with those of the Old World, and are inferentially not only coeval with them, but closely related.

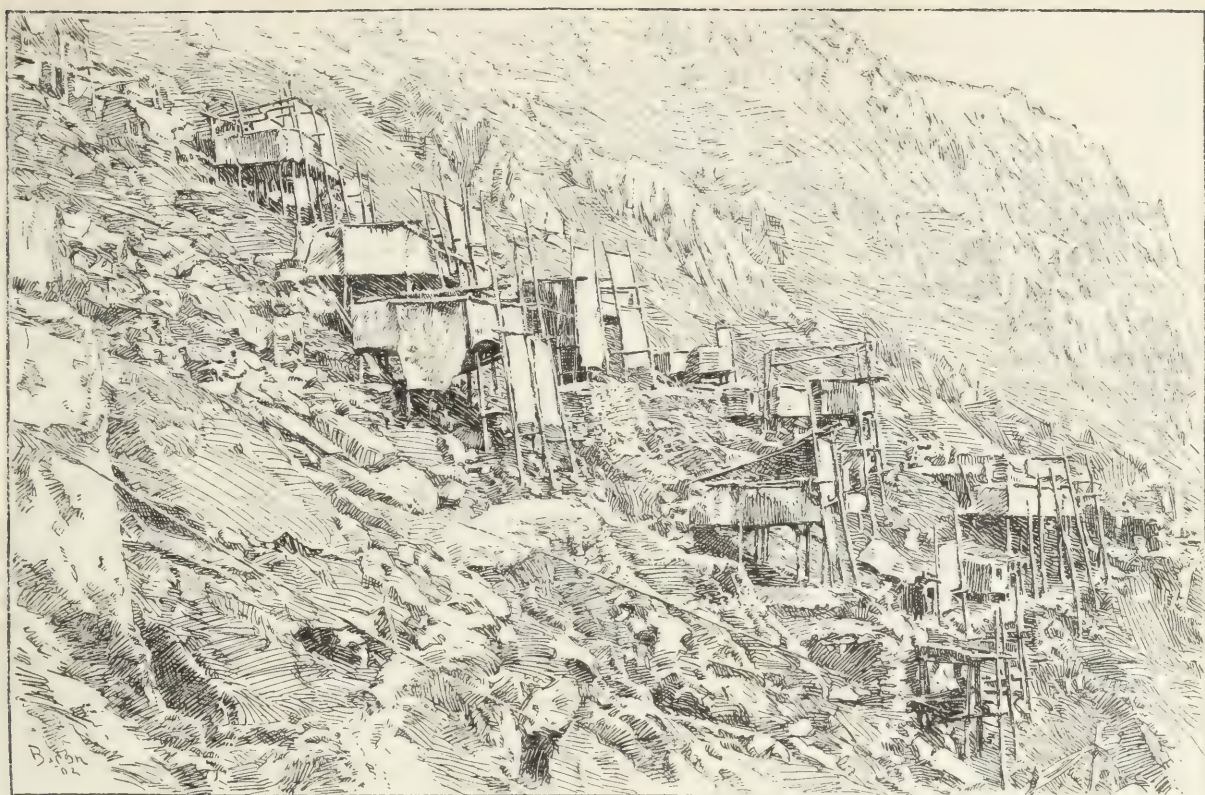
The nicety with which the parts fit is proof of the correctness of a thesis which not only indicates the birthplace of the people from which the early inhabitants of North America sprung, but locates their point of departure (in Central America), and the several divergent routes of exodus therefrom northward, which eventuated in the distribution of the population over the greater part of the continent. And it is able to trace and establish these designated routes by mural inscriptions, petroglyphs, stone tablets, writings, and traditions, the authenticity of which is self-evident and self-contained. Pictographs and painted rocks to the number of over 3000, all located and listed, are scattered all over the country, from the Dighton Rock in Massachusetts Bay to the Kern River Cañon in California, and from the Florida cape to the Mouse River in Manitoba, which, if translated, would give us a current history of migrations and events which have transpired since the glacial sheet was uncovered. The identity of the Indians with their ancient progenitors is further proven by relics, mortuary customs, linguistic similarities, plants and vegetables, and primitive industrial and mechanical arts which have remained constant throughout the ages. And not only is the progress of migration and distribution intelligently traced, but also the incidental metamorphoses and degeneration* which, in the course of the

long period of transformation, ultimately touched the level of savagery in many instances.

With the gradual withdrawal of the glacial sheet the climate grew proportionately milder, and flora and fauna moved simultaneously northward. Coincidentally the solar heat at the equator, which had before been tolerable, became oppressive; large areas of agricultural land became desiccated; quarrels and jealousies arose; the overcrowded population grew restless, and an impulse of extradition supervened which has probably had no parallel. Some emigrants went to South America and settled there, carrying their customs, arts, ceremonial rites, hieroglyphs, architecture, etc.; and an immense exodus took place into Mexico and Arizona, which ultimately extended westward up the Pacific coast. Coincidentally a northward migration took place through New Mexico to southeastern Colorado, and another exodus still more direct across the Gulf of Mexico in flotillas from Yucatan to the mainland, and thence due northward between the 87th and the 97th meridians, extending at last as far up as Lake Superior, the progressive trend being punctuated at succeeding stages by defensive earth-works, whose construction

the sea islands along the coast of South Carolina, whose gibberish in the course of only three generations has become unintelligible, and it is further illustrated and strengthened in modern history by the mountaineers of Kentucky and West Virginia, who are the descendants of some of the best Virginia families since only a century ago, and who forgot in their transplanting to establish with their homes the schools and churches which their forefathers had considered indispensable to mental and moral culture. And this barbarism is in the heart of an educated and progressive country.

* This theory of degeneration from the high civilization of ancient Central America to the breech-clout Indians of the Plains, which is not popular with evolutionists, is manifested in the case of negroes on



THE SETTLEMENT AT KING'S ISLAND, ALASKA

[The King's Island settlement was in existence when Captain Cook, in circumnavigating the globe, visited Bering Sea, and how much older it is no one can tell. There are no outer platforms or vestibules of the cave dwellings. When, in summer, the caves become too damp for health, the people move out, and construct of driftwood and walrus-skins the summer houses or tents which are prominent in the picture. The driftwood probably comes from the Yukon River, and is thrown up against the rocks and carefully gathered by the people. The floor is made of these driftwood trees hewn to be fairly level, and laid side by side. Then a light frame of driftwood is made over the floor, and covered with walrus-skins or the skins of the large seal. The rear end of the platform rests upon the ground, and the front of the summer tent is oftentimes twenty or thirty feet above the ground. In the picture may be seen some small holes in the side of the hill with layers of stone around the openings. These are the entrances to the caves. Inside the opening there is a small hallway from ten to twenty feet in length, and that opens through a small hole into the main living-room of the cave.]

was attributed until recently to a hypothetical people termed Mound-Builders. Great numbers of emigrants also went to the Antilles, the Bahamas, and other neighboring islands, where colonies had already been planted, and thence to Florida, and from there were disseminated all over the eastern part of the continent as fast as it became habitable.

These initial migrations took place in the early history of the glacial period. In subsequent epochs, when the ice sheet had withdrawn from large areas, as far at least as up to the latitude of the Great Lakes, there were immense influxes of people from Asia *viâ* Bering Strait and the Kamtchatkan Peninsula on the Pacific side, and from northwestern Europe *viâ* Greenland on the Atlantic side (that subarctic tract being hospitable then),

and these continued, *pari passu*, as the earth became uncovered, distributing themselves over the country by available watercourses, which were then larger and more numerous than now, until large communities occupied its most attractive uplands, notably the region south of Lakes Erie and Ontario, as is made evident by the abandoned copper-mines of Lake Superior and the many mounds and defensive earth-works in Ohio and contiguous territory.

Early migrants from Central America into Mexico and beyond were able to maintain the high civilization of their forebears as long as their basic relation and environment remained unchanged, a postulate which is abundantly attested by archæological evidence, as well as by the enduring testimony of petroglyphs. But

finally came those stupendous terrestrial dislocations, upheavals, emergencies, droughts, denudations, and associated dynamic phenomena which punctuated the lapse of geological time and changed the contour of the continent. By the same great cataclysm which broke up the "fountains of the great deep," according to the Scripture, and inundated so large a part of the globe and its antediluvian fauna and flora, the fructifying rivers of Central America were engulfed, and the acequias, aqueducts, and irrigating canals were destroyed or rendered useless. Some disjointed records of this overwhelming catastrophe are inscribed upon pyramids, temple walls, monoliths, and porticos of those massive ruins which attest to their extinguished greatness, while oral traditions, next in historical value to the libraries which Cortez destroyed, have been transmitted down the centuries, even to Southwestern Indians of the present day. Drought, famine, malignant diseases, persistent internecine wars, and ultimate depopulation supervened, and after efforts to maintain themselves on the home sites, the discomfited survivors scattered.

For many centuries large communities tarried in Mexico, New Mexico, and Arizona, sections of which were populous up to the arrival of Coronado in 1540, but finally aridity of the soil, caused in large part by forest denudation, frequent tidal waves, the deflection of surface waters into subterranean rock fissures, the merciless raids of the Spaniards, and internecine wars scattered them over the lava beds and alkaline wastes of sagebush and cactus, to eke out a precarious livelihood with their starveling flocks. The remnants ultimately betook themselves to the cliffs and mesas, which they fortified, and attempted to subsist on crops forced from scantily irrigated gardens on the arid plains below. This for a distressful period, and then northward again to more peaceful and fertile localities in eastern Colorado, where melting snows from the uplifted continental divide afforded perennial moisture. Here they maintained a long-protracted status as agriculturists and shepherds, establishing thrifty towns and villages, of which a few remain to this day as "pueblos." Records of their vicissitudes and

dire extremity are pecked upon many a neighboring rock—of the continued attacks and defences, and how the cliff-dwellers were finally cut off by their enemies, and how few escaped. The advent of the Spaniards and their ruthless quest for gold broke into the bucolic life of the pueblos. Many were exterminated, while others, harassed and impoverished, abandoned agriculture in despair and took to the chase for a livelihood. From that to semi-savagery the lapse was easy.

The introduction of horses by Coronado at this juncture was a godsend to the afflicted people, for it not only enabled them to chase the big game of the Rocky Mountain foot-hills, but it made long journeys possible. It enabled them to follow the erratic movements of the buffalo into the Great Plains, whose interior until then had been unoccupied by men. Eventually they reached their eastern border, where they encountered the forest Indians, who had also followed the migrations of the buffalo westward from Ohio, Virginia, and Illinois, which were its favorite habitat at the period when America was colonized by England.

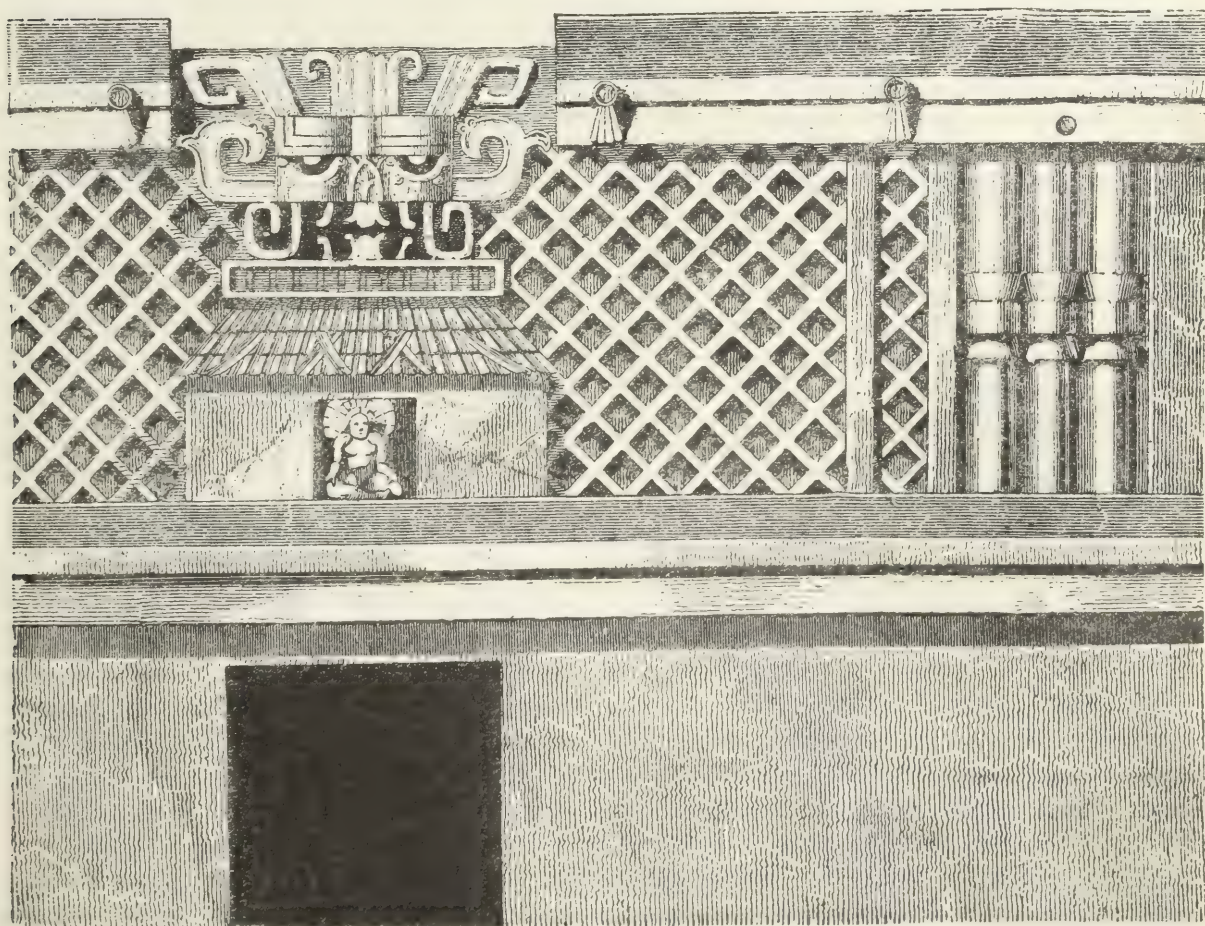
The collision of these nomadic horse Indians with the more sedentary forest tribes, who clustered in villages and had no horses, and have not had to this day, and the continuous struggle for territorial possession and hunting prerogatives which followed, account in large part for the suggestive zone of mounds which spans the width of ten meridians, and extends from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Superior. Outside of this zone there are no similar mounds east of the Rio Grande. For three hundred and fifty years this broad territorial strip was disputed ground, the principal seat of the struggle being in Ohio, where there is every evidence of pitched battles having been fought in front of intrenchments, and in whose vicinity there are still great tumuli where hosts of the slain were buried. Distributively the mounds show quite exactly the area of territory fought over, their sinuous or waving lines or series indicating the varying fortunes of the combatants. Mounds are of diverse sizes and shapes, from five to thirty feet high, and were used for burial and sacrificial purposes, for dykes, as sites for temples and dwellings, as

refuges from inundations, as amphitheatres for ball games, and for ornamental purposes, as in public parks and gardens of the present day. Many in the semblance of elephants, leopards, turtles, rats, snakes, deer, and the like, were copied from the Aztec and Toltec gardens, and from others extant in the Zuñi and Mohave country. They were reproduced just as we copy patterns from the Old World.

Memorabilia of permanent occupancy in bass-relief, sculpture, and hieroglyphs occur everywhere among the ruins of the exhumed cities of Yucatan, and are repeated all over Central America and parts of South America, while pictographs and rock inscriptions of later periods mark the exodus and advances of the emigrants along the trails which diverge from the point of departure through Mexico and Arizona, and thence northwestward up the Pacific, or due north to Colorado, and thence eastward along the Arkansas River across the Great Plains, or northeasterly across the Rio Grande through

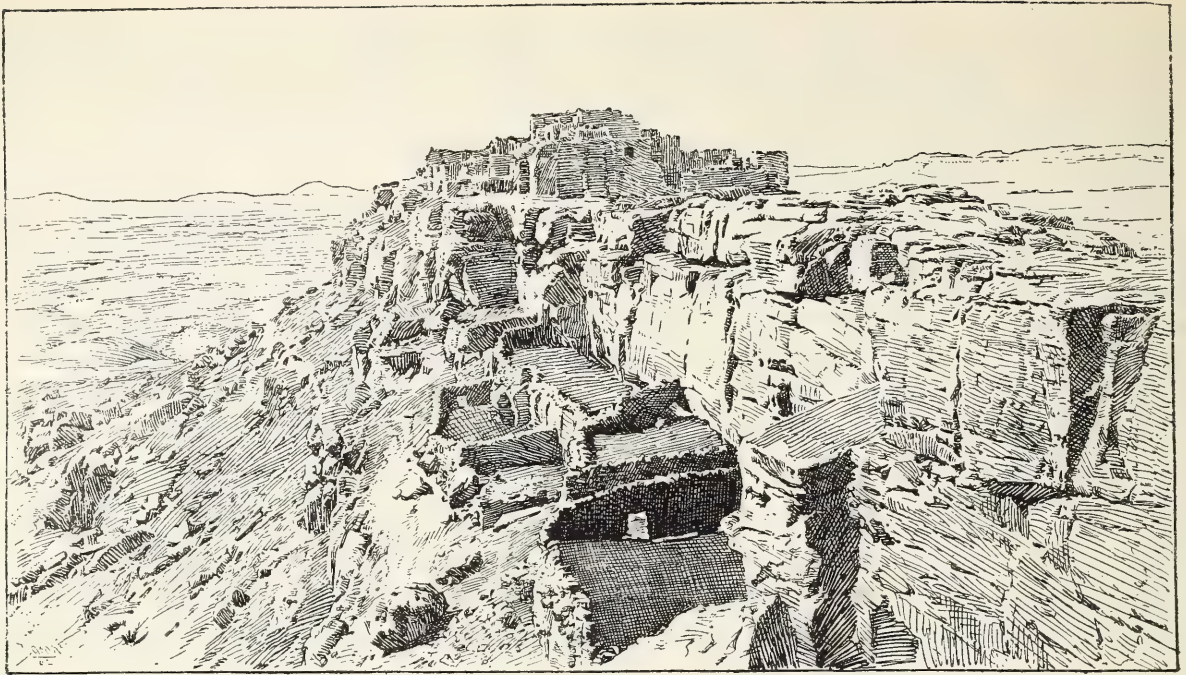
southern Texas to Arkansas. The hieroglyphs* include outlines of animals, clan marks, totems, secret-society insignia, challenges, defiances, taunts (since practised by all Indian tribes), cautions against ambushes and natural obstacles, directions to water-holes, camping-grounds, and rendezvous, as well as mention of skirmishes, forced marches, misadventures, and special events, practices which were in vogue in Palestine and Egypt in Biblical times. Every new archæological discovery adds testimony to establish the more than hypothetical origin of our American aborigines, and the close relationship between their ancestors of Central America and the peoples of Egypt and Asia. The Bureau of Ethnography at Washington has remarked

* Pictographs on inaccessible rock cliffs and walls of cañons were made from canoes when the permanent stage of water at all points was thirty-five feet higher than now. This is illustrated at Red Rock on Lake Superior, the level of all the Great Lakes being at one time in the past that much higher than it is now.



By courtesy of "The Antiquarian"

HUT AND MANITOU FACE ON THE FAÇADE OF A TEMPLE AT PALENQUE



By courtesy of "Records of the Past" Exploration Society

CLIFF DWELLINGS AT WALPI, ARIZONA (CONTEMPORANEOUS WITH ANCIENT BABYLON)

the identity of certain American hieroglyphics in form and significance with those of Egypt and the East. The calendar of Mexico duplicates in essential features the calendars of India and Arabia; some social customs of America resemble those of Africa and Australia; and the beliefs and ceremonials of the American aborigines simulate and sometimes exactly repeat those of India, China, and other countries. The sundance of the plains Indians is a relic of the sun-worship of Peru and Mexico and back to the worship of Baal Peor; and all the altars and sacrificial stones, the human sacrifices, the passing through fire, and those horrid abominations which were bewailed and denounced by the Bible prophets in Asia Minor 5000 years ago, were doubtless contemporary and in simultaneous practice on both hemispheres up to the advent of the Spaniards and the overthrow of the Montezumas. They obtain even now in isolated regions of this continent.

The entire proposition contained in this paper may be synoptically stated as follows: The primeval peoples of both North and South America originated from a civilization of high degree which occupied the sub-equatorial belt some 10,000 years ago, while the glacial sheet

was still on. Population spread northward as the ice receded. Routes of exodus diverging from the central point of departure are plainly marked by ruins and records. The subsequent settlements in Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and California indicate the successive stages of advance, as well as the persistent struggle to maintain the ancient civilization against reversion and the catastrophes of nature. The varying architecture of the valleys, cliffs, and mesas is an intelligible expression of the exigencies which stimulated the builders. The gradual distribution of population over the higher latitudes in after-years was supplemented by accretions from Europe and northern Asia centuries before the coming of Columbus. Wars and reprisals were the natural and inevitable results of a mixed and degenerating population with different dialects. The mounds which cover the mid-continental areas, isolated and in groups, tell the story thereof. The Korean immigration of the year 544, historically cited, which led to the founding of the Mexican Empire in 1325, was but an incidental contribution to the growing population of North America. So also were the very much earlier migrations from Central America across the Gulf of Mexico.

Little Sister

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

IN the beginning, when you first discovered that you were you, there was a little girl who lived in the same house with you.

In the daytime she played with you, and believed all you said, and was always ready to cry. At night she slept with you and the four dolls. She was your little sister, Lizbeth.

"Whose little girl are you?" they would ask her. If she were sitting in Father's lap, she would doubtless reply.

"Father's little girl."

But—

"Oh, *Lizbeth*," Mother would cry.

"—and Mother's," Lizbeth would add, to keep peace in the family. Though she never mentioned you at such times, she told you privately that she would marry you when you grew to be a man, and publicly she remembered you in her prayers. Kneeling down at Mother's knee, you and Lizbeth, in your little white nighties, before you went to bed, you said "Now I lay me" in unison, and ended with blessing every one, only at the very end *you* said,

"—and God bless Captain Jinks," for even a wooden soldier needed God in those long dark nights of childhood, while Lizbeth said,

"—and God bless all my dollies, and send my Sally doll a new leg."

But though God sent three new legs, in turn, Sally was always losing them, so that finally Lizbeth confided in Mother:

"Pretty soon God 'll be tired of sending Sally new legs, I guess. *You* speak to Him next time, Mother, 'cause I'm 'shamed to any more."

And when Mother asked Him, He sent a new Sally instead of a new leg. It would be cheaper, Mother told Father, in the long-run.

In the diplomatic precedence of Lizbeth's prayers, Father and Mother were blessed first, and you came between

"Grandfather and Grandmother" and "God bless my dollies." Thus was your family rank established for all time by a little girl in a white night-gown. You were a little lower than your elders, it is true, but you were higher than the legless Sally or the waxen blonde.

When Lizbeth and you were good, you loved each other, and when you were bad, both of you at the same time, you loved each other too, *very* dearly. But sometimes it happened that Lizbeth was good and you were bad, and then she only loved Mother, and ran and told tales on you. And you—well, you did not love anybody at all.

When your insides said it would be a long time before dinner, and your mouth watered, and you stood on a chair by the pantry shelf with your hand in a brown jar, and when Lizbeth found you there, you could tell by just looking at her face that she was very good that day, and that she loved Mother better than she did you. So you knew without even thinking about it that you were very bad, and you did not love anybody at all, and your heart quaked within you at Lizbeth's sanctity. But there was always a last resort.

"Lizbeth, if you tell"—you mumbled awfully, pointing at her an uncanny forefinger dripping preserves—"if you tell, a great big black Gummy-gum 'll get you when it's dark, and he'll pick out your eyes and gnaw your ears off, and he'll keep one paw over your mouth, so you can't holler, and when the blood comes—"

Lizbeth quailed before you. She began to cry.

"You won't tell, *will* you?" you demanded, fiercely, making eyes like a Gummy-gum and showing your white teeth.

"No—o—o," wailed Lizbeth.

"Well, stop crying, then," you commanded, sucking your syrupy fingers.

"If you cry, the Gummy-gum 'll come and get you *now*."

Lizbeth looked fearfully over her shoulder and stopped. By that time your fingers were all sucked, and the cover was back on the jar, and you were saved. But that night, when Mother and Father came home, you watched Lizbeth, and lest she should forget, you made the eyes of a Gummy-gum when no one but Lizbeth saw. Mother tucked you both into bed and kissed you and put out the light. Then Lizbeth whimpered.

"Why, Lizbeth," said Mother from the dark.

Quick as a flash you snuggled up to Lizbeth's side. "The Gummy-gum 'll get you if you don't stop," you whispered, warningly—but with one dismal wail Lizbeth was out of bed and in Mother's arms. Then you knew all was over. Desperately you awaited retribution, humming a little song, and so it was to the tune of "I want to be an angel" that you heard Lizbeth sob out her awful tale:

"Harry...he...he said the Gummy-gum 'd get me...if I told about the p'serves."

And it was *you* the Gummy-gum got that time, and your blood, you thought, almost came.

But other nights when you went to bed—nights after days when you had both been good and loved each other—it was fine to lie there in the dark with Lizbeth, playing Make-Believe before you fell asleep.

"I tell you," you said, putting up your foot so that the covers rose upon it, making a little tent—"I tell you; let's be Indians."

"Let's," said Lizbeth.

"And this is our little tent, and there's bears outside what 'll eat you up if you don't look out."

Lizbeth shivered and drew her knees up to her chin, so that she was nothing but a little warm roll under the wigwam.

"And now the bears are coming—wow! wow! wow!"

And as the great hungry beasts pushed their snouts under the canvas and growled and gnashed their teeth, Lizbeth, little squaw, squealed with terror, and seized you as you lay there helpless in your triple rôle of tent and bears and Indian brave; seized you in the ticklish

ribs so that the wigwam came tumbling about your ears, and the Indian brave rolled and shrieked with laughter, and the brute bears fled to their mountain caves.

"Children!"

"W—what?"

"Stop that noise and go right to sleep. Do you hear me?"

Was it not the voice of the mamma bear? Stealthily you crept under the fallen canvas, which had grown smaller, somehow, in the *mêlée*, so that when you pulled it up to your chin and tucked it in around you, Lizbeth was out in the cold; and when Lizbeth tucked herself in, then you were shivering. But by-and-by you huddled close in the twisted sheets and talked low beneath the edge of the coverlet, so that no one heard you—not even the Gummy-gum, who spent his nights on the back stairs.

"Does the Gummy-gum eat little folks while they're asleep?" asked Lizbeth, with a precautionary snuggle-up.

"No; 'cause the Gummy-gum is afraid of the little black gnomes what live in the pillows."

"Well, if the little black gnomes live in the pillows, why can't you feel them then?"

"'Cause, now, they're so teenty-weenty and so soft."

"And can't you ever see them at all?"

"No; 'cause they don't come out till you're asleep."

"Oh . . . Well, Harry—now—if a Gummy-gum had a head like a horse, and a tail like a cow, and a bill like a duck, what?"

"Why—why, he *wouldn't*, 'cause he *isn't*."

"Oh . . . Well, is the Gummy-gum just afraid of the little gnomes, and that's all?"

"Um-hm; 'cause the little gnomes have little knives, all sharp and shiny, what they got on the Christmas tree."

"Our Christmas tree?"

"No; the little gnomes's Christmas tree."

"The little gnomes's Christmas tree?"

"Um-hm."

"Why?"

"'Cause . . . why, there ain't any why . . . just Christmas tree."

"Just . . . just Christmas tree?"



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

YOU SAID "NOW I LAY ME," IN UNISON



MOTHER TUCKED YOU BOTH INTO BED AND KISSED YOU

"Um."

"Why . . . I thought . . . I . . ."

And you and Lizbeth never felt Mother smooth out the covers at all, though she lifted you up to straighten them; and so you slept, spoon-fashion, warm as toast, with the little black gnomes watching in the pillows, and the Gummy-gum, hungry but afraid, in the dark of the back stairs.

The pear-tree on the edge of the enchanted garden, green with summer and tremulous with breeze, sheltered a little girl and her dolls. On the cool turf she sat alone, preoccupied, her dress starched and white like the frill of a valentine, her fat little legs straight out before her, her bright little curls straight down behind, her lips parted, her eyes gentle with a dream of motherhood — Mamma Lizbeth crooning lullabies to her four children cradled in the soft grass.

"I'll tell you just one more story," she was saying, "just one and that's all, and then you children must go to sleep. Sally, lie still! Ain't you 'shamed, kicking all the covers off and catching cold? Naughty girl. Now you must listen. Well . . . Once upon a time there was a fairy what lived in a rose, and she had beautiful wings—oh, all colors—and she could go wherever she wanted to without any body ever seeing her, 'cause she was iwisi-

ble, which is when you can't see anybody at all. Well, one day the fairy saw a little girl carrying her father's dinner, and she turned herself into an old witch and said to the little girl, 'Come to me, pretty one, and I will give thee a stick of peppermint candy.' Now the little girl, she just loved candy, and peppermint was her favorite, but she was a good little girl and minded her mother

most dut'fly, and never told any lies or anything, so she curtsied to the old witch and said, 'Thank you kindly, but I must hurry with my father's dinner, or he will be hungry waiting.' *And what do you think?* Just then the old witch turned into the beautiful fairy again, and she kissed the little girl, and gave her a whole bag of peppermint candy, and a doll what talked, and a velocipede for her little brother. And what does this story teach us, children? . . . Yes. That's right. It teaches us to be good little boys and girls and mind our parents. And that's all."

The dolls fell asleep. Lizbeth

whispered lest they should awake, and tiptoed through the grass. A blue-jay called harshly from a neighboring tree. Lizbeth frowned and glanced anxiously at the grassy trundle-bed. "'Sh!" she said, warningly, her finger on her lip, whenever you came near.

Suddenly there was a rustle in the leaves above, and out of their greenness a little pear dropped to the grass at Lizbeth's feet.

"It's mine," you cried, reaching out your hand.

"No—o," screamed Lizbeth. "It's for my dollies' breakfast," and she hugged the stunted, speckled fruit to her bosom so tightly that its brown, soft side was crushed in her hands. You tried to snatch it from her, but she struck you with her little clinched fist.

"No—o," she cried again. "It's my dollies' pear." Her lip quivered. Tears sprang into her eyes. You straightened yourself.

"All right," you muttered, fiercely. "All right for you. I'll run away, I will, and I'll never come back—never!"

You climbed the stone wall.

"No," cried Lizbeth.

"I'll never come back," you called defiantly as you stood on the top of the wall.

"No," Lizbeth screamed, scrambling to her feet and turning to you a face wet with tears and white with terror.

"Never, never!" was your farewell to her as you jumped. Deaf to the pitiful little

wail behind you, you ran out across the meadow, muttering to yourself your fateful parting cry.

Lizbeth stood for a moment looking at the wall where you had stood. Then she ran, sobbing, after you, around through the gate, for the wall was too high for her, and out into the field, where to her blurred vision you were only a distant figure now, never, never to return.

"Harry!" she screamed, and the wind



IT WOULD BE A LONG TIME BEFORE DINNER

blew her cry to you across the meadow, but you ran on, unheeding. She struggled after you. The daisies brushed her skirt. Creeping vines caught at her little shoes and she fell. Scratched by briars, she scrambled to her feet again and stumbled on, blind with tears, crying ever "Harry, Harry!" but so faintly now in her sobs and breathlessness that you did not hear. At the top of a weary, weary slope she sank helpless and heart-broken in the grass, a little huddle of curls and pinafore, so that your conscience smote you as you stood waiting, half hidden by the hedge.

"Don't be a cry-baby. I was only fooling," you said, and at the sound of your voice Lizbeth lifted her face from the grasses and put out her arms to you with a cry. In one hand was the little pear.

"Oh, I don't want the old thing," you cried, throwing yourself beside her on the turf. Smiling again through her tears, Lizbeth reached out a little hand scratched by briars, and patted your cheek.

"Harry," she said, "you can have all

my animal crackers for your m'nagerie, if you want to, and my little brown donkey; and I'll play horse with you *any* time you want me to, Harry, I will."

So, after all, you did not run away, and you and Lizbeth went home at last across the meadow, hand in hand. Behind you, hidden and forgotten in the red clover, lay your quarrel and the little pear. You never loved each other half so much, somehow, as when you had quarrelled a little and made up again.

When Lizbeth loved you, there were stars in her brown eyes; when you looked more closely, so that you were very near their shining, you saw in their round black pupils, smiling back at you, the face of a little boy; and then in your own eyes, Lizbeth, holding your cheeks between her hands, found the face of a little girl.

"Why, it's *me!*" she cried.

And when you looked again into Lizbeth's eyes, you saw yourself; and "Oh, Mother," you said afterward, for you had thought deeply, "I think it's the *good* Harry that's in Lizbeth's eyes, 'cause when I look at him, he's always smiling." That was as far as you thought about it then; but once, long afterward, it came to you that little boys never find their pictures in a sister's eyes unless they are good, and love her, and hold her cheeks between their hands.

Lizbeth's cheeks were softer than yours, and when she played horse, or the day was windy, so that the grass rippled and the trees sang, or when it was tub-day with soap and towels upstairs, her cheeks were pink as the roses in Mother's garden. That is how you came to tell Mother a great secret, one evening in summer, as you sat with her and Lizbeth on the front steps, watching the sun go down:

"I guess it's tub-day in the sky, Mother."

"Tub-day?"

"Why, yes. All the little clouds have been having their bath, I think, 'cause they're all pink and shiny, like Lizbeth."

But once Lizbeth's cheeks were white, and she stayed in bed every day, and you played by yourself.



WHEN YOU LOOKED IN LIZBETH'S EYES YOU SAW YOURSELF



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

THEY TOOK YOU AS FAR AS THE BEDROOM DOOR TO SEE HER

Twice a day they took you as far as the bed-room door to see her.

"H'lo," you said, as you peeked.

"H'lo," she whispered back, very softly, for she was almost asleep, and she did not even smile at you, and before you could tell her what the Pussy-cat did they took you away—but not till you had seen the two glasses on the table with the silver spoon on top.

There was no noise in the days then. Even the trees stopped singing, and the wind walked on tiptoe and whispered into people's ears, like you.

"Is it to-day Lizbeth comes down stairs?" you asked every morning.

"Do you think Lizbeth will play with me to-morrow?" you asked every night. Night came a long time after morning in the days when Lizbeth could not play.

"Oh dear, I don't think I feel very well," you told Mother. Tears spilled out of your eyes and rolled down your cheeks. Mother felt your brow and looked at your tongue.

"I know what's the matter with my little boy," she said, and kissed you; but she did not put you to bed.

One day when no one was near you peeked and saw Lizbeth. She was alone and very little and very white.

"H'lo," you said.

"H'lo," she whispered back and smiled at you, and when she smiled you could not wait any longer. You went in very softly and kissed her where she lay and gave her a little hug. She patted your cheek.

"I'd like my dollies," she whispered. You brought them to her, all four—the two china ones and the rag brunette and the waxen blonde.

"Dollies are sick," she said. "They most died, I guess. Play you're sick, too."

Mother found you there—Lizbeth and you and the four dolls, side by side on the bed, all in a little sick row. And from the very moment that you kissed Lizbeth and gave her the little hug, she grew better, so that by-and-by the wind blew louder and the trees sang lustily, and all Our Yard was bright with flowers and sun and voices and play, for you and Lizbeth and the four dolls were well again.

Music

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

IN the wide-moving Sea
Is hid a mystery
That the ever-sounding swell
Whispers of, but may not tell—
With its deathless melody
Guarding the secret well.

And the wind, in its sweep
Above the mighty deep,
Breathes a meaning few may know;
Sings it in a cadence low;
Thunders it from steep to steep—
Farther than thought can go.

The Spirit hath no way
Its master-word to say.
But that chanting of the Sea—
And the wind's high harmony?
With immortal phrases they
Invest the mystery!



AS THOUGH SHE LISTENED STILL TO WORDS IN HER EARS

Lady Rose's Daughter

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART IV

CHAPTER VII

JULIE LE BRETON was sitting alone in her own small sitting-room. It was the morning of the Tuesday following her Sunday scene with Lady Henry, and she was busy with various household affairs. A small hamper of flowers newly arrived from Lady Henry's Surrey garden, and not yet unpacked, was standing open on the table, with various empty flower-glasses beside it. Julie was at the moment occupied with the "Stores order" for the month; and Lady Henry's cook-housekeeper had but just left the room after delivering an urgent statement on the need for "re-lining" a large number of Lady Henry's copper saucepans.

The room was plain and threadbare. It had been the school-room of various generations of Delafields in the past. But for an observant eye it contained a good many objects which threw light upon its present occupant's character and history. In a small bookcase beside the fire were a number of volumes in French bindings. They represented either the French classics—Racine, Bossuet, Châteaubriand, Lamartine,—which had formed the study of Julie's convent days,—or those other books, George Sand, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Mazzini, Leopardi, together with the poets and novelists of revolutionary Russia, or Polish nationalism, or Irish rebellion,—which had been the favorite reading of both Lady Rose and her lover. They were but a hundred in all; but for Julie Le Breton they stood for the bridge by which, at will, memory and dreamful pity might carry her back into that vanished life she had once shared with her parents,—those strange beings, so calm and yet so passionate in their beliefs, so wilful and yet so patient in their deeds, by whose acts her own experience was still wholly

conditioned. In her little room there were no portraits of them visible. But on a side table stood a small carved triptych. The oblong wings, which were open, contained photographs of figures from one of the great Bruges Memlings. The centre was covered by two wooden leaves delicately carved; and the leaves were locked. The inquisitive house-maid who dusted the room had once tried to open them—in vain.

On a stand near the fire lay two or three yellow volumes—some recent French essays, a volume of Memoirs, a tale of Bourget's, and so forth. These were flanked by Sir Henry Maine's *Popular Government*, and a recent brilliant study of English policy in Egypt—both of them with the name "Richard J. Montresor" on the title-page. The last number of Dr. Meredith's paper, *The New Rambler*, was there also; and—with the paper-knife still in its leaves—the journal of the latest French traveller in Mokembé, a small "H. W." inscribed in the top right-hand corner of its grey cover.

Julie finished her Stores order, with a sigh of relief. Then she wrote half a dozen business notes, and prepared a few cheques for Lady Henry's signature. When this was done the two dachshunds, who had been lying on the rug spying out her every movement, began to jump upon her.

But Julie laughed in their faces. "It's raining!" she said, pointing to the window,—"*raining!* So there! Either you won't go out at all, or you'll go with John!"

John was the second footman, whom the dogs hated. They returned crest-fallen to the rug, and to a hungry waiting on Providence. Julie took up a letter on foreign paper which had reached her that morning, glanced at the door, and began to re-read its closely written sheets.

It was from an English diplomat on a visit to Egypt, a man on whom the eyes of Europe were at that moment fixed. That he should write to a woman at all, on the subjects of the letter, involved a compliment *hors ligne*; that he should write with this ease, this abandonment, was indeed remarkable. Julie flushed a little as she read. But when she came to the end, she put it aside with a look of worry. "I *wish* he'd write to Lady Henry!" was her thought. "She hasn't had a line from him for weeks. I shouldn't wonder if she suspects already. When any one talks of Egypt, I daren't open my lips"—

—for fear of betraying the very minute and first-hand information that was possessed by Lady Henry's companion? With a smile and a shrug she locked the letter away in one of the drawers of her writing-table, and took up an envelope which had lain beneath it. From this—again with a look round her—she half drew out a photograph. The grizzled head and spectacled eyes of Dr. Meredith emerged. Julie's expression softened; her eyebrows went up a little; then she slightly shook her head, like one who protests that if something has gone wrong, it isn't—isn't—his fault! Unwillingly, she looked at the last words of the letter:

"So remember,—I can give you work if you want it—and paying work. I would rather give you my life and my all. But these, it seems, are commodities for which you have no use. So be it. But if you refuse to let me serve you, when the time comes, in such ways as I have suggested in this letter, then indeed you would be unkind,—I would almost dare to say—ungrateful!

Yours always

F. M."

This letter also she locked away. But her hand lingered on the last of all. She had read it three times already, and knew it practically by heart. So she left the sheets undisturbed in their envelope. But she raised the whole to her lips, and pressed it there, while her eyes, as they slowly filled with tears, travelled—unseeing—to the wintry street beyond the window. Eyes and face wore the same expression as Wilfrid Bury had surprised there—the dumb utterance of a woman

hard pressed, not so much by the world without as by some wild force within.

In that still moment the postman's knock was heard in the street outside. Julie Le Breton started, for no one whose life is dependent on a daily letter can hear that common sound without a thrill. Then she smiled sadly at herself. "My joy is over for to-day!" And she turned away with the letter in her hand.

But she did not place it in the same drawer with the others. She moved across to the little carved triptych, and after listening a moment to the sounds in the house, she opened its closed doors, with a gold key that hung on her watch-chain, and had been hidden in the bosom of her dress.

The doors fell open. Inside, on a background of dark velvet, hung two miniatures, lightly framed in gold and linked together by a graceful scroll-work in gold. They were of fine French work, and they represented a man and woman, both handsome, young, and of a remarkable distinction of aspect. The faces, nevertheless, hardly gave pleasure. There was in each of them a look at once absent and eager,—the look of those who have cared much and ardently for "man"; and very little, comparatively, for men.

The miniatures had not been meant for the triptych, nor the triptych for them. It had been adapted to them by loving hands; but there was room for other things in the velvet-lined hollow, and a packet of letters was already reposing there. Julie slipped the letter of the morning inside the elastic band which held the packet; then she closed and locked the doors, returning the key to its place in her dress. Both the lock and hinges of this little hiding-place were well and strongly made; and when the wings also were shut and locked, one saw nothing but a massively framed photograph of the Bruges belfry, resting on a wooden support.

She had hardly completed her little task when there was a sudden noise of footsteps in the passage outside.

"Julie!" said a light voice, subdued to a laughing whisper. "May I come in?"

The Duchess stood on the threshold, her small shell-pink face emerging from a masterly study in gray,—presented by a most engaging costume.

Julie in surprise advanced to meet her visitor, and the old butler, who was Miss Le Breton's very good friend, quickly and discreetly shut the door upon the two ladies.

"Oh, my dear!" said the Duchess, throwing herself into Julie's arms—"I came up so quietly! I told Hutton not to disturb Lady Henry; and I just crept up stairs, holding my skirts. Wasn't it heroic of me to put my poor little head into the lion's den like this? But when I got your letter this morning saying you couldn't come to me, I vowed I would just see for myself how you were, and whether there was anything left of you—oh! you poor pale thing!"

And drawing Julie to a chair, the little Duchess sat down beside her, holding her friend's hands and studying her face.

"Tell me what's been happening,—I believe you've been crying! Oh! the old wretch!"

"You're quite mistaken," said Julie, smiling. "Lady Henry says I may help you with the bazar."

"No!" The Duchess threw up her hands in amazement. "How have you managed that?"

"By giving in. But, Evelyn—I'm not coming."

"Oh!—Julie!" The Duchess threw herself back in her chair, and fixed a pair of very blue and very reproachful eyes on Miss Le Breton.

"No, I'm not coming. If I'm to stay here, even for a time, I mustn't provoke her any more. She says I may come—but she doesn't mean it."

"She couldn't mean anything civil or agreeable! How has she been behaving—since Sunday?"

Julie looked uncertain.

"Oh! there is an armed truce. I was made to have a fire in my bed-room last night. And Hutton took the dogs out yesterday."

The Duchess laughed.

"And there was quite a scene on Sunday? You don't tell me much about it in your letter. But—Julie!"—her voice dropped to a whisper—"was anything said about Jacob?"

Julie looked down. A bitterness crept into her face.

"Yes. I can't forgive myself. I was provoked into telling the truth."

"You did! Well? I suppose Aunt Flora thought it was all your fault that he proposed—and an impertinence that you refused!"

"She was complimentary at the time," said Julie, half smiling. "But since—No! I don't feel that she is appeased."

"Of course not. Affronted!—more likely."

There was a silence. The Duchess was looking at Julie, but her thoughts were far away. And presently she broke out, with the *étourderie* that became her—

"I wish I understood it myself, Julie! I know you like him."

"Immensely. But—we should fight!"

Miss Le Breton looked up with animation.

"Oh! that's not a reason!" said the Duchess, rather annoyed.

"It's *the* reason. I don't know—there is something of *iron* in Mr. Delafield;" and Julie emphasized the words with a shrug, which was almost a shiver. "And as I'm not in love with him—I'm afraid of him!"

"That's the best way of being in love!" cried the Duchess. "And then, Julie"—she paused, and at last added naïvely, as she laid her little hands on her friend's knee—"haven't you got *any* ambitions?"

"Plenty. Oh! I should like very well to play the Duchess,—with you to instruct me," said Julie, caressing the hands. "But I must choose my Duke. And till the right one appears, I prefer my own wild ways."

"Afraid of Jacob Delafield? How odd!" said the Duchess, with her chin on her hands.

"It may be odd to you," said Julie, with vivacity. "In reality, it's not in the least odd. There's the same quality in him that there is in Lady Henry,—something that beats you down," she added, under her breath. "There—that's enough about Mr. Delafield—quite enough!"

And rising, Julie threw up her arms and clasped her hands above her head. The gesture was all strength and will—like the stretching of a sea-bird's wings.

The Duchess looked at her with eyes that had begun to waver.

"Julie, I heard such an odd piece of news last night."

Julie turned.

"You remember the questions you asked me about Aileen Moffatt?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, I saw a man last night who had just come home from Simla. He saw a great deal of her, and he says that she and her mother were adored in India. They were thought so quaint and sweet—unlike other people—and the girl so lovely, in a sort of gossamer way. And who do you think was always about with them, at Peshawar first, and then at Simla—so that everybody talked? Captain Warkworth! My man believed there was an understanding between them."

Julie had begun to fill the flower-glasses with water and unpack the flower-basket. Her back was towards the Duchess. After a moment she replied—her hands full of forced narcissus—

"Well—that would be a *coup* for him."

"I should think so! She is supposed to have half a million—in coal-mines alone—besides land. Has Captain Warkworth ever said anything to you about them?"

"No. He has never mentioned them."

The Duchess reflected, her eyes still on Julie's back.

"Everybody wants money nowadays. And the soldiers are just as bad as anybody else. They don't *look* money—as the City men do—that's why we women fall in love with them—but they *think* it, all the same."

Julie made no reply. The Duchess could see nothing of her. But the little lady's face showed the flutter of one determined to venture yet a little further on thin ice.

"Julie—I've done everything you've asked me. I sent a card, for the 20th, to that *rather* dreadful woman, Lady Fros-wick. I was very clever with Bertie about that living; and I've talked to Mr. Montresor. But—Julie—if you don't mind—I really should like to know why you're so keen about it?"

The Duchess's cheeks were by now one flush. She had a romantic affection for Julie, and would not have offended her for the world.

Julie turned round. She was always pale, and the Duchess saw nothing unusual.

"Am I so keen?"

"Julie!—you have done everything in

the world for this man since he came home."

"Well, he interested me," said Julie, stepping back to look at the effect of one of the vases. "The first evening he was here, he saved me from Lady Henry—twice. He's alone in the world, too, which attracts me. You see—I happen to know what it's like. An only son—and an orphan—and no family interest to push him—"

"So you thought you'd push him? Oh! Julie, you're a darling—but you're rather a wire-puller—aren't you?"

Julie smiled faintly.

"Well—perhaps I like to feel sometimes—that I have a little power. I haven't much else."

The Duchess seized one of her hands and pressed it to her cheek.

"You have power, because every one loves and admires you. As for me, I would cut myself in little bits to please you! . . . Well, I only hope, when he's married his heiress, if he does marry her, they'll remember what they owe to you!"

Did she feel the hand lying in her own shake? At any rate it was brusquely withdrawn, and Julie walked to the end of the table to fetch some more flowers.

"I don't want any gratitude," she said, abruptly,—“from any one. Well, now, Evelyn, you understand about the bazar? I wish I could—but I can't!"

"Yes, I understand. Julie!" The Duchess rose impulsively, and threw herself into a chair beside the table where she could watch the face and movements of Mademoiselle Le Breton. "Julie, I want so much to talk to you—about *business*. You're not to be offended! Julie—if you leave Lady Henry, how will you manage?"

"How shall I live, you mean?" said Julie, smiling at the euphemism in which this little person, for whom existence had rained gold and flowers since her cradle, had enwrapped the hard facts of bread and butter—facts with which she was so little acquainted that she approached them with a certain delicate mystery.

"You must have some money, you know, Julie," said the Duchess, timidly, her upraised face and Paris hat well matched by the gay poinsettias, the delicate eucharis and arums, with which the table was now covered.

"I shall earn some," said Julie, quietly.

"Oh! but, Julie, you can't be bothered with any other tiresome old lady!"

"No. I should keep my freedom. But Dr. Meredith has offered me work—and got me a promise of more."

The Duchess opened her eyes.

"Writing! Well, of course we all know you can do anything you want to do! And you won't let anybody help you at all?"

"I won't let anybody give me money, if that's what you mean," said Julie, smiling. But it was a smile without accent, without gayety.

The Duchess, watching her, said to herself, "Since I came in, she is changed—quite changed!"

"Julie, you're horribly proud!"

Julie's face contracted a little.

"How much 'power' should I have left, do you think—how much self-respect—if I took money from my friends?"

"Well, not money, perhaps. But—Julie!—you know all about Bertie's London property. It's abominable how much he has! There are always a few houses he keeps in his own hands. If Lady Henry *does* quarrel with you—and we could lend you a little house—for a time—*wouldn't* you take it, Julie?"

Her voice had the coaxing inflections of a child. Julie hesitated.

"Only if the Duke himself offered it," she said finally, with a brusque stiffening of her whole attitude.

The Duchess flushed and stood up.

"Oh, well, that's all right," she said, but no longer in the same voice. "Remember—I have your promise. I must go. Oh! this abominable bazar. It's the first thing I've ever done for the poor—and I knew I should repent it!"

And as Julie put her into her furs, the fresh pouting lips went chattering on: "The day after Bertie proposed to me, he said to me he hoped I should take 'an intelligent interest in the poor!' And I put his own hand over his mouth, and made him listen to me. 'Bertie! I won't do anything for the poor—not *anything*—that I don't like, anyway—till I'm forty. I'll pet my servants and be nice to my children,'—well, I didn't say quite that to him, of course,—'but if you want a *gorm* for a wife, just say so, and we'll break it off!'"

"A gorm?—what's that?" said Julie, unable at the same time to resist the temptation of kissing the pretty face so close to her.

"A creature that goes to Committees—and knows all about the rules of public meeting—and dresses—well, you know how they dress," said the Duchess, gathering up her glorious chinchilla muff and dainty gloves.

"On the contrary, nowadays, they dress extremely well."

"Oh! but that's worse than anything! People take them for the proper sort of thing, and all the while they're just—gorms! Good-by, Julie—you darling! . . . Oh! by-the-way, what an idiot I am! Here am I forgetting the chief thing I came about. Will you come with me to Lady Hubert's to-night? Do! Bertie's away, and I hate going by myself."

"To Lady Hubert's?" said Julie, starting a little. "I wonder what Lady Henry would say?"

"Tell her Jacob won't be there!" said the Duchess, laughing. "Then she won't make any difficulties."

"Shall I go and ask her?"

"Gracious! let me get out of the house first. Give her a message from me that I will come and see her to-morrow morning. We've got to make it up, Bertie says; so the sooner it's over, the better. Say all the civil things you can to her, about to-night—and wire me this afternoon. If all's well, I come for you at eleven."

The Duchess rustled away. Julie was left standing by the table, alone. Her face was very still, but her eyes shone, her teeth pressed her lip. Unconsciously her hand closed upon a delicate blossom of eucharis and crushed it.

"I'll go!" she said to herself; "I'll go!" Her letter of the morning, as it happened, had included the following sentences:

"I think to-night I must put in an appearance at the Hubert Delafields',—though I own that neither the house nor the son of the house is very much to my liking. But I hear that he has gone back to the country. And there are a few people who frequent Lady Hubert's, who might just now be of use."

Lady Henry gave her consent that Mademoiselle Le Breton should accompany the Duchess to Lady Hubert's

party, almost with effusion. "It will be very dull," she said. "My sister-in-law makes a desert and calls it society. But if you want to go, go.—As to Evelyn Crowborough, I am engaged to my dentist to-morrow morning."

When at night this message was reported to the Duchess, as she and Julie were on their way to Rutland Gate, she laughed.

"How much leek shall I have to swallow? What's to-morrow? Wednesday. Hm—cards in the afternoon—in the evening I appear, sit on a stool at Lady Henry's feet, and look at you through my glasses as though I had never seen you before. On Thursday I leave a French book; on Friday I send the baby to see her. Goodness! what a time it takes!" said the Duchess, raising her very white and very small shoulders. "Well!—for my life, I mustn't fail to-morrow night."

At Lady Hubert's they found a very tolerable, not to say lively, gathering, which quite belied Lady Henry's slanders. There was not the same conscious brilliance, the same thrill in the air, as pertained to the gatherings in Bruton Street. But there was a more solid social comfort, such as befits people untroubled by the certainty that the world is looking on. The guests of Bruton Street laughed, as well-bred people should, at the estimation in which Lady Henry's salon was held, by those especially who did not belong to it. Still, the mere knowledge of this outside estimate kept up a certain tension. At Lady Hubert's there was no tension; and the agreeable nobodies who found their way in were not made to blush for the agreeable nothings of their conversation.

Lady Hubert herself made for ease—partly no doubt for stupidity. She was fair, sleepy, and substantial. Her husband had spent her fortune, and ruffled all the temper she had. The Hubert Delafields were now, however, better off than they had been; investments had recovered; and Lady Hubert's temper was once more placid, as Providence had meant it to be. During the coming season it was her firm intention to marry her daughter, who now stood beside her as she received her guests—a blond, sweet-featured girl, given, however, so it

was said, to good works, and not at all inclined to trouble herself overmuch about a husband.

The rooms were fairly full; and the entry of the Duchess and Mademoiselle Le Breton was one of the incidents of the evening, and visibly quickened the pulses of the assembly. The little Dresden-china Duchess, with her clothes, her jewels, and her smiles, had been, since her marriage, one of the chief favorites of fashion. She had been brought up in the depths of the country, and married at eighteen. After six years she was not in the least tired of her popularity or its penalties. All the life in her dainty person, her glancing eyes, and small, smiling lips rose, as it were, to meet the stir that she evoked. She vaguely saw herself as Titania, and played the part with childish glee. And like Titania, as she had more than once ruefully reflected, she was liable to be chidden by her lord.

But the Duke was on this particular evening debating high subjects in the House of Lords, and the Duchess was amusing herself. Sir Wilfrid Bury, who arrived not long after his goddaughter, found her the centre first of a body-guard of cousins, including amongst them apparently a great many handsome young men, and then of a small crowd, whose vaguely smiling faces reflected the pleasure that was to be got, even at a distance, out of her young and merry beauty.

Julie Le Breton was not with her. But in the next room Sir Wilfrid soon perceived the form and face which in their own way exacted quite as much attention from the world as those of the Duchess. She was talking with many people, and, as usual, he could not help watching her. Never yet had he seen her wide black eyes more vivid than they were to-night. Now, as on his first sight of her, he could not bring himself to call them beautiful. Yet beautiful they were, by every canon of form and color. No doubt it was something in their expression that offended his own well-drilled instincts.

He found himself thinking suspicious thoughts about most of the conversations in which he saw her engaged. Why was she bestowing those careful smiles on that intolerable woman, Lady Froswick?

And what an acquaintance she seemed to have among these elderly soldiers, who might at all times be reckoned on at Lady Hubert's parties! One gray-haired veteran after another recalled himself to her attention, got his few minutes with her, and passed on smiling. Certain high officials, too, were no less friendly. Her court, it seemed to him, was mainly composed of the middle-aged; to-night, at any rate, she left the young to the Duchess. And it was, on the whole, a court of men. The women, as he now perceived, were a trifle more reserved. There was not, indeed, a trace of exclusion. They were glad to see her; glad, he thought, to be noticed by her. But they did not yield themselves—or so he fancied—with the same wholeness as their husbands.

"How old is she?" he asked himself. "About nine-and-twenty? . . . Jacob's age, or a trifle older."

After a time he lost sight of her, and, in the amusement of his own evening, forgot her. But as the rooms were beginning to thin he walked through them, looking for a famous collection of miniatures that belonged to Lady Hubert. English family history was one of his hobbies, and he was far better acquainted with the Delafield statesmen and the Delafield beauties of the past than were any of their modern descendants. Lady Hubert's Cosways and Plimers had made a lively impression upon him in days gone by, and he meant to renew acquaintance with them.

But they had been moved from the room in which he remembered them, and he was led on through a series of drawing-rooms, now nearly empty, till on the threshold of the last he paused suddenly.

A lady and gentleman rose from a sofa on which they had been sitting. Captain Warkworth stood still. Mademoiselle Le Breton advanced to the new-comer.

"Is it very late?" she said, gathering up her fan and gloves. "We have been looking at Lady Hubert's miniatures. That lady with the muff"—she pointed to the case which occupied a conspicuous position in the room—"is really wonderful! Can you tell me, Sir Wilfrid, where the Duchess is?"

"No, but I can help you to find her," said that gentleman, forgetting the

miniatures, and endeavoring to look at neither of his companions.

"And I must rush!" said Captain Warkworth, looking at his watch. "I told a man to come to my rooms at twelve—heavens!"

He shook hands with Miss Le Breton, and hurried away.

Sir Wilfrid and Julie moved on together. That he had disturbed a most intimate and critical conversation was somehow borne in upon Sir Wilfrid. But kind and even romantic as was the old man's inmost nature—his feelings were not friendly.

"How does the biography get on?" he asked his companion, with a smile.

A bright flush appeared in Mademoiselle Le Breton's cheek.

"I think Lady Henry has dropped it."

"Ah, well—I don't imagine she will regret it," he said, dryly.

She made no reply. He mentally accused himself for a brute, and then shook off the charge. Surely a few pin-pricks were her desert! That she should defend her own secrets was, as Delafield had said, legitimate enough. But when a man offers you his services, you should not befool him beyond a certain point.

She must be aware of what he was thinking! He glanced at her curiously, at the stately dress gleaming with jet, which no longer affected anything of the girl, at the fine but old-fashioned necklace of pearls and diamonds—no doubt her mother's—which clasped her singularly slender throat. At any rate, she showed nothing. She began to talk again of the Delafield miniatures, using her fan the while with graceful deliberation; and presently they found the Duchess.

"Is she an adventuress, or is she not?" thought Bury, as his hansom carried him away from Rutland Gate. "If she marries Jacob, it will be a queer business!"

CHAPTER VIII

MEANWHILE the Duchess had dropped Julie Le Breton at Lady Henry's door. Julie groped her way up stairs through the sleeping house. She found her room in darkness, and she turned on no light. There was still a last glimmer of fire, and she sank down

by it, her long arms clasped round her knees, her head thrown back as though she listened still to words in her ears.

"Oh! such a child!—such a dear, simple-minded child! Report engaged her to at least ten different people at Simla. She had a crowd of cavaliers there—I was one of them. The whole place adored her—and her mother. She is a very rare little creature,—but well looked after, I can tell you—a whole array of guardians in the background!"

How was it possible not to trust that aspect and that smile? Her mind travelled back to the autumn days when she had seen them first; reviewed the steps, so little noticed at first, so rapid lately and full of fate, by which she had come into this bondage wherein she stood. She saw the first appearance of the young soldier in Lady Henry's drawing-room; her first conversation with him; and all the subtle development of that singular relation between them, into which so many elements had entered. The flattering sense of social power implied both in the homage of this young and successful man, and in the very services that she, on her side, was able to render him; impulsive gratitude for that homage, at a time when her very soul was smarting under Lady Henry's contemptuous hostility; and then the sweet advances of a "friendship" that was to unite them in a bond secret and unique, a bond that took no account of the commonplaces of love and marriage, the link of equal and kindred souls in a common struggle with hard and sordid circumstance.

"I have neither family nor powerful friends," he had written to her a few weeks after their first meeting;—"all that I have won, I have won for myself. Nobody ever made 'interest' for me but you. You too are alone in the world. You too have to struggle for yourself. Let us unite our forces—cheer each other, care for each other—and keep our friendship a sacred secret from the world that would misunderstand it. I will not fail you. I will give you all my confidence; and I will try and understand that noble, wounded heart of yours, with its memories, and all those singular prides and isolations that have been imposed on it by circumstance. I will not say, let me be your brother; there is something *banal*

in that; 'friend' is good enough for us both; and there is between us a community of intellectual and spiritual interest which will enable us to add new meaning even to that sacred word. I will write to you every day; you shall know all that happens to me; and whatever grateful devotion can do to make your life smoother, shall be done."—

Five months ago, was it, that that letter was written?

Its remembered phrases already rang bitterly in an aching heart. Since it reached her she had put out all her powers as a woman, all her influence as an intelligence, in the service of the writer.

And now, here she sat in the dark, tortured by a passion of which she was ashamed, before which she was beginning to stand helpless in a kind of terror. The situation was developing; and she found herself wondering how much longer she would be able to control herself or it. Very miserably conscious, too, was she all the time that she was now playing for a reward that was secretly, tacitly, humiliatingly denied her. How could a poor man, with Harry Warkworth's ambitions, think for a moment of marriage with a woman in her ambiguous and dependent position? Her common-sense told her that the very notion was absurd. And yet since the Duchess's gossip had given point and body to a hundred vague suspicions, she was no longer able to calm, to master herself.

Suddenly a thought of another kind occurred to her. It added to her smart that Sir Wilfrid, in their meeting at Lady Hubert's, had spoken to her and looked at her with that slight touch of laughing contempt. There had been no insincerity in that emotion with which she had first appealed to him as her mother's friend; she did truly value the old man's good opinion. And yet she had told him lies.

"I can't help it," she said to herself, with a little shiver. The story about the biography had been the invention of a moment. It had made things easy, and it had a small foundation in the fact that Lady Henry had talked vaguely of using the letters lent her by Captain Warkworth for the elucidation—perhaps in a *Nineteenth Century* article—of certain passages in her husband's Indian career.



—Gladstone's Picture—

"I THINK I SHOULD RECEIVE VERY WELL—IN MY OWN HOUSE"

Jacob Delafield, too. There also it was no less clear to her than to Sir Wilfrid that she had "overdone it." It was true, then, what Lady Henry said of her—that she had an overmastering tendency to intrigue—to a perpetual tampering with the plain fact?

"Well—it is the way in which such people as I defend themselves!" she said, obstinately repeating to herself what she had said to Sir Wilfrid Bury.

And then she set against it, proudly, that disinterestedness of which, as she vowed to herself, no one but she knew the facts. It was true, what she had said to the Duchess and to Sir Wilfrid. Plenty of people would give her money, would make her life comfortable, without the need for any daily slavery. She would not take it. Jacob Delafield would marry her, if she lifted her finger; and she would not lift it. Dr. Meredith would marry her; and she had said him nay. She hugged the thought of her own unknown and unapplauded integrity. It comforted her pride. It drew a veil over that wounding laughter which had gleamed for a moment through those long lashes of Sir Wilfrid Bury.

Last of all, as she sank into her restless sleep, came the remembrance that she was still under Lady Henry's roof. In the silence of the night the difficulties of her situation pressed upon and tormented her. What was she to do? Whom was she to trust?

"Dixon, how is Lady Henry?"

"Much too ill to come down stairs, miss. She's very much put out,—in fact, miss" (the maid lowered her voice), "you hardly dare go near her. But she says herself it would be absurd to attempt it."

"Has Hutton had any orders?"

"Yes, miss. I've just told him what her Ladyship wishes. He's to tell everybody that Lady Henry's very sorry, and hoped up to the last moment to be able to come down as usual."

"Has Lady Henry all she wants, Dixon? Have you taken her the evening papers?"

"Oh yes, miss. But if you go in to her much, her Ladyship says you're disturbing her; and if you don't go, why of course everybody's neglecting her!"

"Do you think I may go and say good-night to her, Dixon?"

The maid hesitated.

"I'll ask her, miss—I'll certainly ask her."

The door closed, and Julie was left alone in the great drawing-room of the Bruton Street house. It had been prepared as usual for the Wednesday evening party. The flowers were fresh; the chairs had been arranged as Lady Henry liked to have them; the parquet floor shone under the electric light; the Gainsboroughs seemed to look down from the walls with a gay and friendly expectancy.

For herself, Julie had just finished her solitary dinner, still buoyed up while she was eating it by the hope that Lady Henry would be able to come down. The bitter winds of the two previous days, however, had much aggravated her chronic rheumatism. She was certainly ill and suffering; but Julie had known her make such heroic efforts before this to keep her Wednesdays going, that not till Dixon appeared with her verdict did she give up hope.

So everybody would be turned away. Julie paced the drawing-room a solitary figure amid its lights and flowers—solitary and dejected. In a couple of hours' time all her particular friends would come to the door and it would be shut against them. "Of course expect me to-night," had been the concluding words of her letter of the morning. Several people also had announced themselves for this evening whom it was extremely desirable she should see. A certain eminent Colonel, Professor at the Staff-College, was being freely named in the papers for the Mokembé Mission. Never was it more necessary for her to keep all the threads of her influence in good working order. And these Wednesday evenings offered her the occasions when she was most successful, most at her ease,—especially whenever Lady Henry was not well enough to leave the comparatively limited sphere of the back drawing-room.

Moreover, the gatherings themselves ministered to a veritable craving in Julie Le Breton,—the craving for society and conversation. She shared it with Lady Henry, but in her it was even more deeply rooted. Lady Henry had ten talents

in the Scriptural sense—money, rank, all sorts of inherited bonds and associations; Julie Le Breton had but this one. Society was with her both an instinct and an art. With the subtlest and most intelligent ambition she had trained and improved her natural gift for it during the last few years. And now, to the excitement of society was added the excitement of a new and tyrannous feeling, for which society was henceforth a mere weapon to be used.

She fumed and fretted for a while in silence. Every now and then she would pause in front of one of the great mirrors of the room, and look at the reflection of her tall thinness, and the trailing satin of her gown.

"The girl—so pretty, in a gossamer sort of way." The words echoed in her mind; and vaguely beside her own image in the glass there rose a vision of girlhood—pale gold hair, pink cheeks, white frock; and she turned away, miserable, from that conscious, that intellectual distinction, with which in general she could persuade herself to be very fairly satisfied.

Hutton, the butler, came in to look at the fire.

"Will you be sitting here to-night, miss?"

"Oh no, Hutton. I shall go back to the library. I think the fire in my own room is out."

"I had better put out these lights, anyway," said the man, looking round the brilliant room.

"Oh, certainly," said Julie; and she began to assist him to do so.

Suddenly a thought occurred to her.

"Hutton!" She went up to him and spoke in a lower tone. "If the Duchess of Crowborough comes to-night, I should very much like to see her; and I know she wants to see me. Do you think it could possibly disturb Lady Henry, if you were to show her into the library—for twenty minutes?"

The man considered.

"I don't think there could be anything heard upstairs, miss. I should, of course, warn her Grace that her Ladyship was ill."

"Well, then—Hutton—please ask her to come in," said Miss Le Breton, hurriedly. "And, Hutton, Dr. Meredith and

Mr. Montresor—you know how disappointed they'll be not to find Lady Henry at home?"

"Yes, miss. They'll want to know how her Ladyship is, no doubt. I'll tell them you're in the library. And Captain Warkworth, miss?—he's never missed a Wednesday evening for weeks."

"Oh, well, if he comes—you must judge for yourself, Hutton," said Miss Le Breton, occupying herself with the electric switches. "I should like to tell them all—the old friends—how Lady Henry is."

The butler's face was respectful discretion itself.

"Of course, miss. And shall I bring tea and coffee?"

"Oh no!" said Miss Le Breton, hastily; and then, after reflection: "Well—have it ready—but I don't suppose anybody will ask for it. Is there a good fire in the library?"

"Oh! yes, miss. I thought you would be coming down there again. Shall I take some of these flowers down?—the room looks rather bare, if anybody's coming in."

Julie colored a little.

"Well, you might,—not many. And, Hutton—you're sure—we can't disturb Lady Henry?"

Hutton's expression was not wholly confident.

"Her Ladyship's very quick of hearing, miss. But I'll shut these doors at the foot of the back stairs, and I'll ask every one to come in quietly."

"Thank you, Hutton—thank you. That 'll be very good of you. And, Hutton—"

"Yes, miss." The man paused, with a large vase of white arums in his hand.

"You'll say a word to Dixon, won't you? If anybody comes in, there'll be no need to trouble Lady Henry about it. I can tell her to-morrow."

"Very good, miss. Dixon will be down to her supper presently."

The butler departed. Julie was left alone in the now darkened room, lighted only by one lamp and the bright glow of the fire. She caught her breath—suddenly struck with the audacity of what she had been doing. Eight or ten of these people certainly would come in—eight or ten of Lady Henry's "inti-

mates." If Lady Henry discovered it?—after this precarious truce between them had just been patched up.

Julie made a step towards the door as though to recall the butler—then stopped herself. The thought that in an hour's time Harry Warkworth might be within a few yards of her and she not permitted to see him worked intolerably in heart and brain, dulling the shrewd intelligence by which she was ordinarily governed. She was conscious, indeed, of some profound inner change. Life had been difficult enough before the Duchess had said those few words to her. But since!

Suppose he had deceived her, at Lady Hubert's party? Through all her mounting passion her acute sense of character did not fail her. She secretly knew that it was quite possible he had deceived her. But the knowledge merely added to the sense of danger, which in this case was one of the elements of passion itself.

"He must have money—of course he must have money," she was saying feverishly to herself. "But I'll find ways. Why should he marry yet—for years? It would be only hampering him."

Again she paused before the mirrored wall; and again imagination evoked upon the glass the same white and threatening image,—her own near kinswoman,—the child of her mother's sister! How strange! Where was the little gossamer creature now—in what safe haven of money and family affection, and all the spoiling that money brings? From the climbing paths of her own difficult and personal struggle Julie Le Breton looked down with sore contempt on such a degenerate ease of circumstance. She had heard it said that the mother and daughter were lingering abroad for a time on their way home from India. Yet was the girl all the while pining for England, thinking not of her garden, her horse, her pets,—but only of this slim young soldier who in a few minutes, perhaps, would knock at Lady Henry's door, in quest of Aileen Moffatt's unknown, unguessed-of cousin? These thoughts sent wild combative thrills through Julie's pulses. She turned to one of the old French clocks. How much longer now?—till he came?

"Her Ladyship would like to see you, miss."

The voice was Dixon's, and Julie turn-

ed hurriedly, recalling all her self-possession. She climbed some steep stairs, still unmodernized, to Lady Henry's floor. That lady slept at the back of the house, so as to be out of noise. Her room was an old-fashioned apartment, furnished about the year Queen Victoria came to the throne, with furniture, chintzes, and carpet of the most approved early Victorian pattern. What had been ugly then was dingy now; and its strong mistress, who had known so well how to assimilate and guard the fine decorations and noble pictures of the drawing-rooms, would not have a thing in it touched. "It suits me," she would say impatiently when her stout sister-in-law pleaded placidly for white paint and bright colors. "If it's ugly, so am I."

Fierce certainly, and forbidding, she was, on this February evening. She lay high on her pillow, tormented by her chronic bronchitis and by rheumatic pain, her brows drawn together, her vigorous hands clasped before her in an evident tension, as though she only restrained herself with difficulty from defying maid, doctor, and her own sense of prudence.

"Well—you have dressed?" she said sharply, as Julie Le Breton entered her room.

"I did not get your message till I had finished dinner. And I dressed before dinner."

Lady Henry looked her up and down, like a cat ready to pounce.

"You didn't bring me those letters to sign?"

"No—I thought you were not fit for it."

"I said they were to go to-night. Kindly bring them at once."

Julie brought them. With groans and flinchings that she could not repress, Lady Henry read and signed them. Then she demanded to be read to. Julie sat down, trembling. How fast the hands of Lady Henry's clock were moving on!

Mercifully Lady Henry was already somewhat sleepy, partly from weakness, partly from a dose of bromide.

"I hear nothing," she said, putting out an impatient hand. "You should raise your voice. I didn't mean you to shout, of course! Thank you—that'll do. Good-night. Tell Hutton to keep the

house as quiet as he can. People must knock and ring, I suppose; but if all the doors are properly shut it oughtn't to bother me. Are you going to bed?"

"I shall sit up a little to write some letters. But—I sha'n't be late."

"Why should you be late?" said Lady Henry tartly, as she turned away.

Julie made her way down stairs, with a beating heart. All the doors were carefully shut behind her. When she reached the hall, it was already half past ten o'clock. She hurried to the library, the large panelled room behind the dining-room. How bright Hutton had made it look! Up shot her spirits. With a gay and dancing step she went from chair to chair, arranging everything instinctively as she was accustomed to do in the drawing-room. She made the flowers less stiff; she put on another light; she drew one table forward and pushed its fellow back against the wall. What a charming old room, after all! What a pity Lady Henry so seldom used it! It was panelled in dark oak, while the drawing-room was white. But the pictures, of which there were two or three, looked even better here than upstairs. That beautiful Lawrence—a "red boy" in gleaming satin,—that pair of Hoppners, fine studies in blue,—why—who had ever seen them before! And another light or two would show them still better.

A loud knock and ring. Julie held her breath. Ah! a distant voice in the hall. She moved to the fire, and stood quietly reading an evening paper.

"Captain Warkworth would be glad if you would see him for a few minutes, miss. He would like to ask you himself about her Ladyship."

"Please ask him to come in, Hutton."

Hutton effaced himself and the young man entered. Then Julie raised her voice:

"Remember please, Hutton, that I *particularly* want to see the Duchess."

Hutton bowed and retired. Warkworth came forward.

"What luck to find you like this!"

He threw her one look,—Julie knew it to be a look of scrutiny,—and then, as she held out her hand, he stooped and kissed it.

"He wants to know that my suspi-

cions are gone," she thought. "At any rate, he should believe it."

"The great thing," she said, with her finger to her lip, "is that Lady Henry should hear nothing!"

She motioned her somewhat puzzled guest to a seat on one side of the fire, and, herself, fell into another opposite. A wild vivacity was in her face and manner.

"Isn't this amusing? Isn't the room charming? I think I should receive very well,"—she looked round her,—"*in my own house.*"

"You would receive well in a garret—a stable!" he said. "But what is the meaning of this? Explain."

"Lady Henry is ill and is gone to bed. That made her very cross—poor Lady Henry! She thinks I too am in bed. But you see—you forced your way in—didn't you?—to inquire with greater minuteness after Lady Henry's health."

She bent towards him, her eyes dancing.

"Of course I did! Will there presently be a swarm on my heels, all possessed with a similar eagerness, or—"

He drew his chair, smiling, a little closer to her. She, on the contrary, withdrew hers.

"There will no doubt be six or seven," she said, demurely, "who will want personal news. But now, before they come,"—her tone changed,—"*is there anything to tell me?*"

"Plenty!" he said, drawing a letter out of his pocket. "Your writ, my dear lady, runs as easily in the City as elsewhere." And he held up an envelope.

She flushed.

"You have got your allotment? But I knew you would. Lady Froswick promised."

"And a large allotment too!" he said, joyously. "I am the envy of all my friends. Some of them have got a few shares, and have already sold them—grumbling. I keep mine three days more, on the best advice,—the price may go higher yet. But, anyway, there"—he shook the envelope—"there it is—deliverance from debt—peace of mind for the first time since I was a lad at school,—the power of going, properly fitted out and equipped, to Africa—if I go!—and not like a beggar:—all in that bit of

aper, and all the work of—some one you and I know! Fairy godmother!—tell me, please, how to say a proper thank you.”

The young soldier dropped his voice. Those blue eyes which had done him excellent service in many different parts of the globe were fixed with brilliance on his companion; the lines of a full-lipped mouth quivered with what seemed a boyish pleasure. The comfort of money relief was never acknowledged more frankly or more handsomely.

Julie hurriedly repressed him. Did she feel instinctively that there are thanks which it sometimes humiliates a man to remember, lavishly as he may have poured them out at the moment,—thanks which may easily count in the long-run, not for, but against the donor? She rather haughtily asked what she had done but say a chance word to Lady Froswick? The shares had to be allotted to somebody. She was glad, of course, very glad, if he were relieved from anxiety. . . .

So did she free herself and him from burdensome gratitude; and they passed on discussing the latest chances of the Tokembé appointment.

The Staff-College Colonel was no doubt formidable; the Commander-in-Chief, who had hitherto allowed himself to be much talked to on the subject of young Warkworth's claims by several men in high place,—General McGill among them, well known in Lady Henry's drawing-room, was perhaps inclining to the new suggestion, which was strongly supported by important people in Egypt; he had one or two recent appointments on his conscience not quite of the highest order; and the Staff-College man, in addition to a fine military record, was virtue, poverty, and industry embodied; was nobody's cousin; and would altogether produce a good effect.

Could anything more be done—any fresh threads set in motion?

They bandied names a little, Julie quite as subtly and minutely informed as the man, with regard to all the sources of patronage. New devices, fresh modes of approach, revealed themselves to the woman's quick brain. Yet she did not chatter about them; still less parade her own resources. Only in talking with her, dead walls seemed to give way; vistas of

hope and possibility opened in the very heart of discouragement. She found the right word, the right jest, the right spur to invention or effort; while all the time she was caressing and appeasing her companion's self-love—placing it like a hothouse plant in an atmosphere of expansion and content—with that art of hers, which for the ambitious and irritable man, more conscious of the kicks than of the kisses of fortune, made conversation with her an active and delightful pleasure.

“I don't know how it is,” Warkworth presently declared, “but after I have been talking to you for ten minutes the whole world seems changed. The sky was ink,—and you have turned it rosy. But suppose it is all mirage—and you the enchanter?”

He smiled at her—consciously, superabundantly. It was not easy to keep quite cool with Julie Le Breton; the self-satisfaction she could excite in the man she wished to please recoiled upon the woman offering the incense. The flattered one was apt to be foolishly responsive.

“That is my risk!” she said, with a little shrug. “If I make you confident—and nothing comes of it—”

“I hope I shall know how to behave myself,” cried Warkworth.—“You see, you hardly understand—forgive me!—your own personal effect. When people are face to face with you, they want to please you, to say what will please you, and then they go away, and—”

“Resolve not to be made fools of?” she said, smiling. “But isn't that the whole art—when you're guessing what will happen—to be able to strike the balance of half a dozen different attractions?”

“Montresor, as the ocean?” said Warkworth, musing—“with half a dozen different forces tugging at him? Well, dear lady, be the moon to these tides—while this humble mortal looks on, and hopes!”

He bent forward, and across the glowing fire their eyes met. She looked so cool, so handsome, so little yielding at that moment, that, in addition to gratitude and flattered vanity, Warkworth was suddenly conscious of a new stir in the blood. It begat, however, instant recoil. Wariness!—let that be the word,

both for her sake and his own. What had he to reproach himself with so far? Nothing. He had never offered himself as the lover, as the possible husband. They were both *esprits faits*,—they understood each other. As for little Aileen—well, whatever had happened or might happen, that was not his secret to give away. And a woman in Julie Le Breton's position, and with her intelligence, knows very well what the difficulties of her case are. Poor Julie! If she had been Lady Henry—what a career she would have made for herself! He was very curious as to her birth and antecedents, of which he knew little or nothing; with him she had always avoided the subject. She was the child, he understood, of English parents who had lived abroad; Lady Henry had come across her by chance. But there must be something in her past to account for this distinction, this ease, with which she held her own in what passes as the best of English society.

And Julie as their eyes crossed guessed something of all this, as she met his gaze fixed upon her,—so reflective, eager, tenderly observant. She flushed a little and began to talk of other things.

"Everybody surely is unusually late! It will be annoying indeed if the Duchess doesn't come!"

"The Duchess is a delicious creature,

—but not for me!" said Warkworth, with a laugh. "She dislikes me. Ah! not then, for the fray!"

For the outer bell rang loudly, there were steps in the hall.

"Oh, Julie!"—in swept a white wind, with the smallest white satin skirt twinkling in front of it—"how clever you—you naughty angel! Aunt Fanny in bed—and you down here! And I came prepared for such a dose of humble-pie—What a relief! Oh! How do you do?"

The last words were spoken in quite another tone, as the Duchess, for the first time perceiving the young officer, turned to the more shaded side of the fireplace, and extended to him a very high wrist and a very stiff hand. Then she turned again to Julie—

"My dear, there's a small mob in the hall! Mr. Montresor, and General Scrooby—and Jacob—and Dr. Merebald with a Frenchman,—oh! and old Lackington,—and Heaven knows who else! Hutton told me I might come in—promised to come first and reconnoitre. But what's Hutton to do? You must take a line. The carriages are driving up at a fine rate."

"I'll go and speak to Hutton," said Julie.

And she hurried into the hall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Sea-Song

BY HELEN TURNER

YEO ho! Down below! Is your spirit aglow
 With the scud and the spume and the fret of the sea?
 The salt air is keen on your brown cheek, I ween,
 And the heart in your bosom's a-dancing with glee!
 Then up with the sail to the freshening gale,
 And joy to our sailing,—right seamen are we;
 At the first gleam of morning we'll laugh at the warning
 Of the jolly red sun peeping up from the sea.

Our hearts are in tune to the magical rune
 Of the life-giving wind as it strains at the sheet;
 The wild airs will scatter our troubles—what matter!
 When the brine's in our nostrils the world's at our feet.
 Then up with the sail to the freshening gale,
 And joy to our sailing,—right seamen are we;
 We will sing to the daring of hardy seafaring,
 And welcome a fight with our brother, the sea!

The Fox's Understudy

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Of course I'm only a small boy. That's drummed into me forty times a day, and anyway I know it's one of the facts they call self-evident, and, like all of those, a shameful lie. I suppose I've got as good a chance of being a centurion, in time, as any mean citizen, yet it's constantly being rubbed in my teeth that I'm only a small boy. But it isn't a fault, and I have feelings, and also I'm badly treated I get even when I tell the truth. This story is about one of the times I was treated. I heard my sister Margaret remark—she's my sister-in-law, but she's not my sister, and Walter says it gives the impression of a united family, so I call her sister—I heard her say hell had no respect for a woman scorned. Well, now, I want to tell you that if they want an-ger just as good, they had better look around among the small boys scorned. It was my cousin Reggie that scorned me, and he won't again.

Reggie is twenty-six years old, which is not an advantage. But what I sustain is that it's mean to be rubbing it in all the time that I'm a kid. After all, the greatest men have gone through the same trouble and come out unskinned. I know that the comparative values of ages is an important study, and one well worth the attention of the most learned scavenger. But I'm not writing about that. I'm writing about a tragedy that I lived through, and brought to a glorious termination, and the way it all began was by my being chased off the tennis-court. I was playing with Dick Ely, who is quite a new and old boy of fourteen, and outed my cousin Reggie with that. He's crazy over, Miss Annie Cary. He didn't waste a minute on politeness or to say, "Finish your set, boys," but a little extravaganza of that sort. He said, "We boys are used to being out of class; we'd have gone quietly if you'd given us half a chance; but he

didn't. He just fell over himself shouting:

"Clear the deck for action, children! Great international tennis tournament about to begin! Hurry up and get your things out of the way, boys—we don't want to wait." Now the set stood five to four, and I had Dick forty-love on the game, and I'd never got a set from Dick. You can see if that wasn't exciting. I stopped with my racket up to serve, and said, as politely as I knew how:

"Could you wait till we finish this set, Reggie? It won't take more than five minutes."

Miss Cary was decent, I'll say that for her, and she giggled her eyes and pushed down her belt, the way she does, and



"Oh yes! Let them finish. Pray do!"

peeped out: "Oh yes! Let them finish. Pray do! I'm in no hurry."

But Reggie waved his racket around his head and insisted: "Nonsense! They would take hours! I won't have you imposed on—you are too sweet and gentle. Get out, boys!"

My brother Walter says a gentleman is to be treated as such irrespectful of age, and he does it. But Reggie seems not to have been instructed in that maxiom. We picked up our balls and walked off the court with silent yet boiling hearts. Dick Ely is quite old, you know, and he was my guest, and it embarrassed me a lot. He went home, but I was so angry I couldn't walk, and I dropped on a bench under a tree by the court and picked up a magazine some one had left, and apparently read. But I watched their foolish playing and sizzled with madness. I didn't know a word I read, and all I thought of was how to get even. Now if you're mad enough, and think hard, you can usually get your enemy delivered into your hand, as is shown in *Stalky and Co.* My mother, not having read it, gave me that book, but I don't consider it, and Walter doesn't, a model for every-day conduct, yet some of its points gave me ideas that day. In about fifteen minutes their great international tournament began to run down—they can't either of them play—and they stopped longer and longer, and talked over the net each time. The first thing I noticed was Miss Cary saying:

"Be careful! That youngster may hear."

And Reggie answered: "No danger. He's only an infant. He's thinking about his blocks and mud pies."

That mollyfied me, perhaps you think. "Blocks and mud pies," and I thirteen! My blood boiled at such unjustness, but I sat all the stiller, with my eyes glued on that magazine upside down. They were arranging something Reggie seemed awfully keen about.

"I must see you to-morrow," he said. "I can't get through the day without you." Now did you ever hear anything as idiotic as that? But that's what he said, though I don't blame anybody who won't believe it. Miss Cary chewed the top of her racket and looked pleased.

"Is it just that old Hunt Club meet?"

"That's all," said Reggie, "but it takes the whole bloomin' day. And they must have me because I've had experience here and in England, and they want me to get their baby Hunt Club going. You see, it's their first ride with the hounds." Reggie was putting on airs—I knew that. But Miss Cary said, "Oh!" and looked very respectful, and Reggie went perambulating on: "I wonder if I couldn't cut some of it? I wonder if I couldn't lose them, perhaps? Or be taken ill and have to leave them? Jove!" He stopped as if he'd struck something in that large, resounding, empty cavern he calls his mind. "I have it! We lay the scent in the morning, and I'll see that it goes near your place, and when we're riding in the afternoon I'll be ill and start back for home, and then branch up the other road to the Manor. That's it. It's all right. I won't have to go through another long, lonely twenty-four hours without you." I almost dislocated my left eye trying to watch them, and I saw him grab her hand. What the fun is in that I can't imagine, but it's done a good deal. Even Walter—but Margaret will kill me if I circumscribe those events. Anyway, as I cocked one eye up and saw them being silly, the outlines of the stirring deed that was to be my just revenge flashed upon me.

Our Hunt Club is brand-new—only four months old—and the single iota I have against it is that I am not in it. Age limit, as usual. It's a regular scourge, this being young. But I'm riding my pony and practising a lot, so as to be able to go in the minute I'm eighteen, and Walter says I could keep up with the push right now. They have only two hounds as yet, and they don't appear to be certain what they're for, but the M. F. H. says that they will learn all right if we'll give them time. The ride to which my cousin Reggie was planning to be a deserter was the first in which the club were to follow the hounds, and the question was if they could get the hounds to go in front. But the M. F. H., who in my opinion is a cracker-jack, and got up this whole affair, and does all the work—the M. F. H. said he reckoned they would. So he and Walter procured a fox from two boys who trapped him. Now when Margaret heard there was a fox,



Walked off the Court with silent yet boiling Hearts

she had a fit, and said how cruel, and she didn't believe she would ride. But the M. F. H. said, "Bless you, Mrs. Morgan, no cruelty about it; this fox has got to last two years." So there was a laugh on Margaret.

The plan was this: the Highs and Mightys of the club, which was the M. F. H. and Walter and Reggie and a groom, were to take Brer Fox in the morning and lead him by a string over the course they'd laid, and then shut him up safely in a farmer's pig-pen, and come back and hunt him with the hounds. They talked it all over and over at dinner, and I listened and thought adjacent thoughts of my own. Reggie made himself still

more beloved to me by saying before all the family,

"Too bad our little tootsy-wootsy Bobby can't go, but he must stay home and play horse with the baby till he gets bigger."

I suppose he thought he was propounding a witticism. But I smiled an icelated smile to myself as I thought of his approaching ruins.

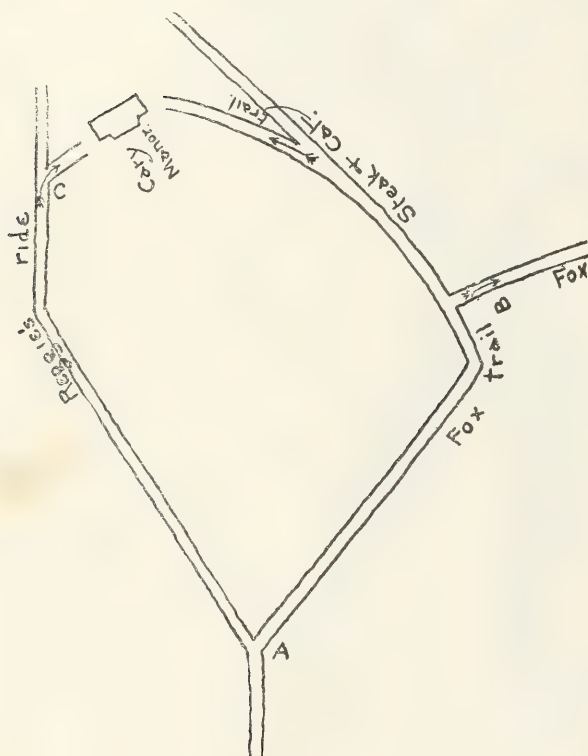
When they started out with the fox next morning I was on my pony, and hovered on their flank and deployed after them, 'way behind. But the M. F. H. saw me and wigwagged me to come up, and called out, when I was near enough:

"Come along, Bob. You're as good a

sport as anybody. Glad to have you ride with us."

He is a cracker-jack, you know. And he wears leather puttees. He's stunning on a horse. I heard him say to Walter, "That young chap rides well." How different the world would be if all men were like that!

They trotted Foxy over the course they had arranged, and this was it:



You'll see how it is if you look at it hard. Two roads run around Cary Manor farm, and the course followed the one to the right—A B—as far as B, and then led away at a right angle. That angle I chose as the turning-point of my manœver (though I'm not quite sure that word is spelled right). I thought this campagne out like a general, I tell you that. And if some generals would take the same trouble they wouldn't have had to fuss so long with those Boers. It's work and intelligence that get there, I know that from experience. You'll see.

After I'd seen the fox led over the course—and it was some trouble—I lost the others around the turn in a road, and took a short-cut to Cary Manor. The cook there was our house-maid two years ago, and she's crazy about me—you know women get these fads. However, she's a

sort of matron saint of mine, and I go to see her at times, and also she makes gluttonous ginger cookies. I shunted Issachar, the pony, into the stable and made for the kitchen, and there was Mary as eggstatic as ever and overflowing with cookies. I ate a few to soften her, and then I said, just to lead up to the subject,

"Mary, where's Tomasino?"

That's the Carys' big cat. Mary looked under the table and gave a sort of whistle—it's queer girls can't whistle without groaning an accompaniment—and out stalked old Tomasino, big and fat and lazy.

"There's the pretty Bird of Paradise, the brute," ejaculated Mary. "He's been afther eatin' two of me quail for dinner, and Tim's got to drop wurrk an' ride to town for more, all along of his Highness' appetite."

I took another ginger cooky, and I said, "Mary, I'll get the quail if you'll lend me Tomasino for a while."

But Mary is a suspicious character, and she sniffed something. "What are ye wantin' of the cat, thin, ye young limb—I mean Mither Bobby, dear? Ye'll be up to some divilmint—I know ye, thin, bless ye," and she looked tickled to death to think how wicked I was. But I got Tomasino by dint of eating cookies, and Mary promised not to tell the family, and a sweet time I had with him when we both arrived on Issachar. Tomasino is a strikingly poor horseman, and he scratched and he squealed and he wriggled, and also Issachar seemed to know it was the chance of his life to be unpleasant, and went like a locomotive jumping fences, and pulled till I thought sadly of that text of Scripture—"Issachar is a wild ass bending beneath two burdens." It was the work of two men to hold on to the cat and hold on to the reins, but I did it, and landed all three of us beasts in the wood by the angle of the road—see B on map. Then I deduced from my pocket a long, strong cord, one end of which I tied to Tomasino's fancy brass collar, and the other to a tree. If you ever saw an insulted cat! It was a lesson in bad language to hear him miaouw. So I left the elegant Tomasino, tied in a wood by a pirate crew, and waiting he knew not what desperate fate, and galloped home to lunch.

Before enjoying that "sweet restorer" I had one business engagement, which I did, namely, I went to the ice-box, considered the contents, and helped myself to a large chunk of steak which lay on a plate. I stuffed it into my coat pocket, as it was not destined to be eaten by human jaw, and as wrapping it up seemed nonsense. But simple as that act appears, it was the cause of peril to the whole gigantic operation. In fact, lunch was very vicissitudinous. First the dogs came snuffing around me and wouldn't be driven off. There is the baby's dachshund, and my fox-terrier, and old Wullie, the Irish setter, and all three of them were jumping on me so that everybody at the table noticed it. I thought the brutes were crazy at first, but suddenly the memory flashed over me of that steak in my pocket. Of course I couldn't explain, so I simply had to keep on kicking the dogs, and it left very little time for eating. As fast as they were turned out, they would come in again with the

servants, and make a bee-line for me and begin that joyous, eager snuffing. Then suddenly mother exclaimed:

"Why, Bob, what on earth have you been doing to your hands?" And everybody looked at them.

It was Tomasino, you know—he'd scratched them pretty much all over. I said, carelessly:

"Oh, that's nothing. That's a cat I was—I was inspecting."

And Margaret rejoindered, "You must have inspected him quite thoroughly. I should say, at a guess, that you'd been taming tigers."

Well, that subsided, thank goodness, but all the time the dogs were snuffing and I was kicking. And in a minute the butler came in very hurriedly and whispered something to mother, and mother said, "For mercy's sake!" and looked thunder-struck, and of course everybody stopped talking and stared at her. "Awful catastrophe," explained mother. "The baby's steak has disappeared."



I ate a few to soften her

"Feed him this," suggested Walter.

"Cold duck and salad—for a baby!" said mother scornfully, and everybody laughed at Walter, though I'll bet they didn't know the difference.

Now it makes me mad to see the way they spoil that baby. He's four years old, and he has to have steak, steak, steak, and potatoes, potatoes, potatoes, till it's enough to ruin the family. There he was yelling bloody murder up in his nursery so you could hear him all over, just because he couldn't get his dinner as usual. Why can't he deny himself sometimes and improve his character? I think over-eating is a mistake, and he simply stuffs, every day. It does him good to go without for once. But it made me nervous to have the dogs snuffing and the butler complaining and the baby crying and all this fuss over nothing, so I said I wasn't hungry and got up to leave. No pleasure in a meal like that. And as I got up of course my cousin Reggie had

to have a dig—we can all do something to make others a little happier.

"What *have* you got in your pocket, Bob?" he asked in his horrid, airy way—like a perfect lady, you know. "Watermelon, or apple pie? Ugh! you're all moist." I'd just touched his hand in passing. "Go to your nurse, child, and be dried out."

I thought I'd stop and choke him, the first second, and then I suddenly remembered what I had on ice for him, and I whooped with joy, and skedaddled, for fear I'd tell.

The meet was at half past two, so I went straight and mounted Issachar. As I trotted past the piazza they were coming out from lunch, and I pulled up and called, "Reggie, you're going to follow the hounds too, aren't you?"

Reggie said, "Oh yes, I suppose so, though I'm feeling rather seedy. I'll start with the meet, anyway." Then I knew what his plans were.



I helped myself to a large Chunk of Steak



There he was yelling

Walter stuck his hands in his pockets and gazed at me thoughtfully.

"Why, Cub?" he inquired, but I didn't answer, and as I cantered away I heard him remark, "That cub has something up his sleeve."

I was glad it wasn't up my sleeve; it was clammy and horrid enough in my pocket.

I stopped for Mary's quail and put them in the other pocket, so that I was like a travelling butchery, and then I rode on to my rendezvous with Sir Tomasino in the wood. I don't suppose most people have any idea how difficult it is to anchor a chunk of steak to a cat's tail. The trouble is in the tail—it wags so. If there had been two of me, one could have held the tail, but, being sole, I tried all kinds of ways. I put my foot on it, and gripped it between my knees,

and knelt on it, and after a while I took it in my teeth, and that tasted nasty. I was scratched to imitate a map of Europe, mountains and rivers and all complete. But I got the meat on tight, and Tomasino was under the impression that I'd put his dinner on the wrong end through ignorance. He was as crazy for that meat as the dogs. I suppose he was hungry. Did him good. I could see the road for a mile towards town, and pretty soon I saw a bunch of flies, which they looked like, moving up it. They stopped a second near where the turn was that went around the other side of Cary Manor farm, and I knew Reggie was explaining how his head ached and he would have to leave them, and how awfully sorry he was, but to hurry on and not lose the dogs—I could imagine just how he was stuffing them, with



Then the Bunch of Dots came tearing towards me

that perfidious untruthfulness which is so shining a characteriskit of my cousin Reggie. Then the bunch of dots came tearing towards me, and my fancy's eye squinted around the corner and saw the traitorous Reggie galloping up the other road to a long, quiet afternoon, as he expected, with the lady he couldn't live without. But I hadn't much time for fancy eyes now, for behold! it was the turning-point of my destiny. I could see the dogs plainer every second, racing straight for me. The real fox trail lay around an angle, you remember (see B on map), and I knew that my chance was in mixing them as they turned the corner. So, cat in hand, I crouched on the town side of the road, where the hunt was coming, and, like the other heroes at Bunker Hill, I waited till I could see the whites of their eyes. Only pups don't have any whites. Then, with a screech and a whack, I let loose the horrified Tomasino bang in front of the yelling pack, and waited for glory or despair. Glory it was—first-class glory. The wind was towards the hounds, and they sniffed the meat, and as Tomasino fled three-cornered up the road, they went crazy with excitement, jumped clean over the old fox trail, and fled after him on the steak trail, without a second's break. Tomasino made a bee-line, as I thought he would, for the Carys' happy home, and dogs and riders followed like a quotation from Sir Walter Scott—"The chase swept up the sylvan glen." I retired to Issachar, tied in the wood, and

as I watched from my border fortress, it reminded me again of the "Lady of the Lake":

An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong;
Clattered an hundred steeds along;
Their peal the merry horns rang out;
An hundred voices joined the shout.

But the most really descriptive part was,

Far from the tumult fled the roe [Tomasino],
Close in its covert covered the doe [me].

I cowered closer as Walter came up with the M. F. H. and gave a glance toward the forest depths where Issachar and I lurked. My, but the M. F. H. is a stunner on a horse! Did I say before that he wears leather puttees?

The riders were quite far back of the dogs because of the stop with Reggie, and there was some delay and calling out about losing the scent and the wrong course, when they came to the angle where the fox had turned and the dogs hadn't. I felt my fate swaying in the ballunce, but the M. F. H. shouted out to "Follow the hounds," so they all went piling up the road after Tomasino.

Then I jumped on Issachar and took a short-cut I knew across the fields, and as I got near the Manor House there issued out a hullabaloo. It was like Dante's Infernal. There was snarling and shouting and barking and laughing at the top of the lungs of man and beast, as if the lily and the rose strove for the mastery. It seems that Tomasino had made for the

library door which opens on the big piazza, and Reggie and Miss Cary, who were spooning in there, heard his miaouwing and scratching and opened the door, and the dogs came up about then and the foremost riders soon after, and the tangle was awful. When I got there it was something like this: the door was wide open and people were jumping off horses and tying them to posts and rushing inside, and as I did the same I caught sight, at the far end of a volcanic-struck room, enthroned on the high mantel-piece, and beleaguered by shrieking, jumping dogs, of the distracted Tomasino, mad and scared and trying to get a warlike wiggle on his steaky tail. Miss Cary was saying "Pretty doggie! Here, pup!" and whistling sort of weak sounds at the dogs, who, meantime, were filling the air with deafening screechings and leaping like rubber balls at the spitting Tomasino. Everybody else was drooping over chairs and clinging to walls, limp and helpless with laughing. Only Reggie, and his voice could be heard in interstices through the din, explaining and explaining why he was there. He had got behind a chair in a corner, as if to protect himself, and while the dogs

danced and yelled, he steadily addressed first Walter, then the M. F. H., then Margaret, then any person who looked at him.

"I lost my way," I heard him say once, "and the road was turning—and turning. And I—" Then the dogs drowned him. Next time I caught a word, he was saying,

"There was a runaway, and I rode after them, hoping to be of some assistance, and suddenly to my great surprise I found myself at Cary Manor gate, and so—" The dogs took up the tale.

And once again I gasped with astonishment to hear him announce, in a second of comparative quiet, that he had seen from far, far away, smoke issuing in masses from hereabouts, and had ridden like mad to warn the Carys. Walter stopped laughing and spoke up then:

"Reggie, for Heaven's sake be still. When you have settled on a story, stick to it, but I'd stop now, if I were you."

Reggie stopped, and a more sheep-fallen man of twenty-six I never saw.

After a while they got the dogs out, and then Mary came in from the kitchen and coaxed down poor old Tom. When she got him safely in her arms, she leaned



The M. F. H. came up and shook Hands



She stood in her Riding-Habit

over and examined his anchor, which the baby wouldn't have wanted to eat, by now.

"Oh, wurra, wurra!" she said. "The sufferin' baste! 'Tis a fine Hunt Club ye have, huntin' me cat!" Then she looked up quick. "Where's that b'y? Where's that limb? 'Tis his wurrk this."

I'd made myself immotional in a dark corner, but I happened to remember the quail. I extradited them from my pocket hurriedly.

"Here, Mary," I said. "Give these to Tomasino, and maybe he'll feel better."

They all laughed some more, and I was feeling quite cocky, but I wasn't to get off so easily. The M. F. H.—and I like

him, you know—said in his gentle sort of deep voice:

"Well, Bob did this trick—that's plain. And I'll have to forgive him, because he's a friend of mine, and because he's Bob. But I'm a good deal disappointed about the run, and I would like to know why Bob did it."

I tell you I felt mean and sorry; I never thought about disappointing the M. F. H. —I tried to slink off, but Walter got me by the ear, and I finally had to explain. I said:

"I'm sorry about the run. I wouldn't spoil the M. F. H.'s fun for anything. *He* treats me like a gentleman. I was only just getting even with Reggie. Reggie chased Dick Ely and me off the tennis-court, and I could have beaten Dick Ely in two minutes, if Reggie had let us play it out. So I was bound I'd get even, you see. And I heard Reggie planning to sham sick on the ride and come here to spoon Miss Cary, and I thought I'd show him up—" Then they all howled at me and stopped me. But I managed to annex, "I'm awfully sorry about spoiling the run."

The M. F. H. came up and shook hands and said "All right, Bob," and Walter said I was a "young cuss," so I knew they didn't mind much. Margaret took me by the collar and shook me a little, which is so much pleasanter than kissing, and means the same thing, and then she suddenly hopped up on a chair and waved her crop and called out "Listen!"

And they all stopped talking and did, and there she stood in her riding-habit like a clergyman in a black gown.

"I want to point a moral," and then she turned and looked straight at Reggie. "Don't abuse the helpless, because they may not be helpless. And besides, it's mean. And also, 'Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you'—especially small boys."





PERDITA'S LOVERS

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE



WHEN I say "Perdita's Lovers" I should explain that I don't mean all the men who have loved Perdita, and been refused—for my sake! Heavens! I am not going to write a History of My Own Times. I am thinking only of two young lovers whom Perdita took under her young matronly wing last summer, and whom—unless they have pleasanter things to do—we hope to have with us once more this July.

"Why, who do you think is married?" said Perdita, reading her letters one August morning at breakfast.

"Julie Fay!" I answered, with exasperating promptitude.

"I hate you," answered Perdita. "Why do you always guess right away—just as

though you were a scientist? You leave nothing to the imagination. You have no idea of the pretty pretences of life. Surely you could have pretended a little interested surprise, connived at a little mystery, for my sake. The longer I live with you the more I realize that you are hopelessly prosaic and matter-of-fact."

"It is Julie Fay, then?" I said, rather proud of having guessed right. But Perdita was once more deep in sixteen prettily covered pages of note-paper, and I waited humbly till she felt the need of my existence once more.

"Dear little people! brave little people!" she cried, as she set down the letter by her teacup. "I am so glad! It was the only thing to do—and they have done it."

"Really irrevocably done it?" I asked.

"Yes! Listen to some of Julie's letter—and I wouldn't read it to you if I

wasn't dying for sympathy. Oh, how can you be so cynical and middle-aged—at your age!”

“Oh, Perdita—oh, Perdita, kiss me—I am so happy! At last Lloyd and I are married. We ran away last Wednesday, and we've been married just four days. We couldn't bear it any longer. You know how dear home is to me, but Lloyd is dearer; and you know I've been a good girl, and waited and waited and tried to win father round; but it was no use. Mother has all along done her best for us—that dear naughty wise old mother of mine—but for once she couldn't get her way. You know father's ambitions for me—and I think you once met Lord ——. Of course I can see father's point of view—dear, good thing. What right-minded father, with the good of his daughter at heart, would willingly see her reject a foolish young lord for a wonderful young musician? The worst of father is that he forgets he was young once and had his romance too. Didn't he run away with mother—when he was quite as poor as Lloyd? But mother remembers, and I know she'll forgive us; and, indeed, though she wouldn't have felt it loyal to father to tell us to do what we have done, yet I don't think it will surprise her a great deal; and I don't think she'll grieve at all—for she'll be quite sure of father taking us back—now that it is actually done. For you know father always liked Lloyd for himself. The only fault he had to find with him was that he was a musician—it was not so much that he was poor. He was a musician! Isn't it strange, dear, how fathers hate musicians?”

So the happy letter ran on.

Presently I interrupted, perhaps unnecessarily anxious to vindicate myself against Perdita's suggestions of hard-heartedness. “Perdita,” said I, “what do you say to these little people spending some of their honey-moon with us?”

“You dear!” cried Perdita, changing her opinion of me with illogical suddenness. “Do you really mean it?”

“Of course I do,” I replied. “Why should you think otherwise? What's this new idea you have of me? When have you known me deaf to romance, and for how long have I been so prosaic and matter-of-fact?”

“You would really like them to come?” asked Perdita again.

“Certainly,” I answered. “Wouldn't you? For one thing, it will be the greatest fun in the world to have a newly married couple to study.”

“Cynic! What do you call newly married couple to study?”

“How old is Joyce?” I retorted.

Joyce, I may add—as Perdita declined to answer—is eight, and is just gone to boarding-school.

So it befell, as a result of this breakfast-table dialogue, that Perdita's Lovers came down to stay with us three or four days later.

II

The two “little people”—though both old friends of Perdita's—were as yet strangers to me. I looked forward with a certain amused curiosity to making their acquaintance. Why, by-the-way, do married people, though they have perhaps only been married a year or two, and are not exactly such Methuselahs themselves, always speak of young lovers such as ours as “little people,” and also contemplate them with a lurking sense of looking at a comedy?

“What dear little people!” said Perdita and I once more to each other, as, shortly after their arrival, they had gone up to their room to dress for dinner.

“Let me show you to your room,” Perdita had said, with, I thought, the most imperceptible of sly smiles. I watched their young faces. *Their* room! Bless them! Oh, God of Love! Oh, Seventh Heaven! Oh, Julie! Oh, Lloyd! Think of it—*their* room!

“Aren't they perfectly dear?” cried Perdita, with that curious happy elation which a woman—though she be merely a bridesmaid, or a maiden aunt—feels in any participation, however indirect, in the hymeneal mysteries.

“And how fascinatingly young!” I chimed in.

“Aren't they? And don't you think she's pretty; and isn't he a fine fellow?”

All of which was quite true, though, as I said to Perdita, it was absurd to call them “little people,” seeing that the musician must stand at least six feet two in his stockings—a very viking of the violin—and that Julie stood far higher than his heart.

"Never mind; they are 'little people' all the same—just babies."

"Aren't we?" I asked.

"I didn't say we weren't," Perdita answered.

"Meanwhile, Perdita," I said, "they are looking at each other just like this, and saying, 'Isn't it wonderful!'"

"Ah, poor children! they little know," retorted Perdita, maliciously.

"But you forget that Julie has not married a prosaic being like me," I answered. "Think, dear, if you had only married a musician—how different your life might have been!"

"I do hope he has brought his violin," said Perdita.

Then we too went to dress for dinner; and when I was dressed I tapped on Perdita's door, and being allowed admission, I took her hands, and looking into her eyes, said, softly,

"Perdita, is it wonderful?"

"Idiot, is it wonderful?" she asked as I kissed her.

"And how old did you say Joyce was?" I asked, and I added, "It will never do for them to think themselves the only young married couple in the house, will it?" . . . Then holding her at arm's-length, and critically admiring the new evening gown which I knew she had practically made for herself, "How dear you look!" I said.

III

If I had really been cynical—and of course I hadn't been—my last show of cynicism must surely have passed away with the happy sight of our two young people at dinner. Oh, it was a fair sight! How radiantly reliant they looked in all the pride and perfume of their blossoming lives! Their joy shone about them, literally filling the room with light; it made a sweet atmosphere of spring-time, like a hawthorn-bush in its first milky abundance of bloom. Yes, it is a wonderful thing to marry the woman you love. No wonder the musician looked like a newly crowned king, and Julie, like her name, a fay with the morning star in her hair. But it was soon evident that she had the sprightliness as well as the beauty of her race. She was not one of your sad little sighing fairies who can only talk moonbeams. By no means. She had the humor as well as the beauty of a fairy.

And she had, too, an impulsive naïveté of appeal which made her at home with you in a moment, and caused me to ask her if she were not an Irish woman—which it turned out she was, on that dear naughty wise old mother's side.

It made us both happy to see how evidently our young lovers felt themselves in their own atmosphere. Almost literally you could see them taking long breaths of it. Poor children! It was so wonderful, I dare say, to find themselves with two grown-up people who knew all about it—two old-established dreamers, who had not forgotten their dreams. They were as eagerly grateful to us as though they had taken sanctuary with us from a pursuing unsympathetic world.

With the most winning grace, Julie impulsively stretched out her hand and laid it on Perdita's. "Don't laugh at us, dear, for being so happy—but really we are so happy! And you know what we've gone through—haven't we, Lloyd?"

At this the serious young-husband lines already forming about the musician's mouth deepened a moment. Then he smiled at her—a smile to break your heart. Is there anything more terribly beautiful than the love of two young people who are literally all the earth and all the heaven to each other?

"Yes, dear," said Perdita, sympathetically, "but it will all come right."

"It *has* come right, don't you think?" I added, with my eyes on the Two Shining Ones—a remark which won me a beaming smile of gratitude from Julie.

"Indeed it has," she said; "hasn't it, Lloyd?"

It was pretty to see how the young bride nearly always concluded her remarks with some such deferential appeal to "Lloyd": "Isn't it so, Lloyd?" or, "Don't you agree with me, Lloyd?" or, "Lloyd thinks so too—don't you, Lloyd?"

Ah! the present writer was once a similar Rock of All Strength and Well of All Wisdom for a brief enchanted season in a certain young wife's eyes. But since then the deferential formula has changed sides, and nowadays it runs: "I think Perdita agrees with me too," or, "What do you say, Perdita?" or, "This is, of course, only my opinion. Ask Perdita!"

Presently, as we grew more and more at home together, we encouraged our little



LOOK HOW THE FLOOR OF HEAVEN IS THICK INLAID
WITH PATENS OF BRIGHT GOLD

people to tell us of their plans, and I wouldn't be surprised if there were tears in our eyes as Julie explained to us the wondrous life they proposed to live on some three hundred pounds a year.

"You know we are exquisitely poor," she said. "But then, after all, if two people who love each other cannot be happy on three hundred pounds a year, they don't deserve to be happy," she added, with decision.

I couldn't help thinking, "It depends how happy you want to be!" But I kept so base a thought to myself.

"Of course," Julie continued, "our little flat is the tiniest thing in the world. Poor Lloyd can hardly stand up in it, can you, Lloyd? Just love in a cottage—or rather, love in a four-roomed flat—with a bath. Lloyd had to have a room to do his work in, you know, or we might have managed with three. . ."

At this Lloyd looked unutterable masterpieces,—and so the happy dream-talk prattled on and on.

"I hope Lloyd has brought his violin," suggested Perdita, presently.

"Indeed he has!" said Julie, with adoring eyes upon the young maestro. "He couldn't be happy anywhere without it."

So, of course, Lloyd played for us in the drawing-room after dinner, and Perdita assured me that he played with something like genius. As for me, to my own shame, I must confess a limitation. Music is one of the many languages which I don't understand. I am sure that Lloyd played divinely, but, like Julie's father, I'm afraid I don't properly appreciate musicians—I mean, of course, as musicians. As a mere man, Lloyd was all you could wish. The only barrier between us was his music, and as, after the manner of true artists, his interests were almost entirely confined to his art—and, of course, Julie—our intercourse was not as intimate as I should have wished. To have a musician as your guest, when you yourself know nothing of music, is much as though you should invite a Russian to spend a few days with you—without knowing a word of Russian. Yet, as people speaking different languages manage to communicate with each other by means of signs, so Lloyd and I managed to pick

up a sort of acquaintance, and I venture to believe took quite a hearty liking for each other. And I need not say that I listened to Lloyd's performances in his unknown tongue with all those airs of eager reverence which the non-musical auditor of music invariably assumes—in pathetic ignorance of the fact that no true lover of music ever looks so uncomfortably enraptured. It is curious how difficult it is to lie successfully about the arts. It takes an exceedingly clever man to look as though he has read a book which he really hasn't read, and I almost think it still harder to look as if you are enjoying music when really you are not.

Of course I knew that Lloyd was not taken in by my painful attitudes of appreciation, any more than I would have been had he pretended to admire some fine passage in my favorite poet. I felt half inclined to try him, say, with one of Shakspeare's sonnets, and see how he would listen to *that* music.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a
date. . .

"Ah, what is a violin compared with that?" I would have liked to ask. In fact, later on, I did make just that quotation and ask that very question of Perdita. My insensibility to music is perhaps our only dividing-line.

She replied: "You have no ear for music, dear! Why parade your infirmity?" Then suddenly she remarked, "Listen . . ."

The violin was somewhere in the garden, out under the harvest-moon. We had thought our young people safe in bed, for they had taken their candles fully half an hour ago.

Perdita threw open the lattice and listened. I looked over her shoulder. The garden lay in a dream, all shadows and silver. There was no one to be seen, but, hidden somewhere in one of the shrubberies, a violin was singing like a night-ingale. I confess that it sounded mysteriously beautiful, and I listened as intently as Perdita. Presently it ceased, and two figures came out of the shadow and stood looking up at the stars.

"Shall I tell you what they are saying?" I whispered to Perdita—

"On such a night. . ."

and

. . . "Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold."

IV

Next evening, in the high-strung moments just before the dinner-gong, I chanced to be alone with Julie in Perdita's study. Perdita and Lloyd had not yet come down.

Julie had been looking over Perdita's bookshelves with natural envy. "Don't you think," she said, "it would be worth while marrying if only just to read aloud of an evening in the lamplight?"

"It depends which of you reads aloud," I couldn't help saying.

"No, but really don't you like reading aloud?" asked Julie, smiling, to show that she had not missed the joke.

"Very much."

"Doesn't Perdita?"

"Not quite so much as I do—for the simple reason that I always do the reading. Haven't you noticed, Julie, that the world is divided into two classes: those who love reading aloud, and those who don't? Those who don't are those who are compelled to listen."

"Hush!" said Julie, with a charming gesture of disapproval. "You know well enough what I mean. . . . Perdita will agree with me, I know, and here she is!"

Of course Perdita agreed—bless her!—and, so encouraged, Julie continued:

"Lloyd and I have started to read Chaucer aloud together. We are just in the middle of the Prologue. Of course we haven't had much time—" she continued, with a blush.

"How far did we get with Dante?" I asked Perdita, gravely.

In the nick of time Lloyd entered the room, and we went in to dinner.

This little conversation was but one of many which made Perdita and me look at each other furtively now and again, with a look which I can only call the "initiated look"—a look which said, "Do you remember?" and which said, too, "Is our love any less because it has changed, developed, lost some of its self-consciousness, made itself more at home

with us, become day by day more of a certainty, less and less a mere promise, more and more a promise fulfilled?"

We sometimes thought we saw a look in the eyes of our young lovers which seemed to say that we were perhaps a little casual with the mysteries, took them too much for granted, didn't appreciate with sufficient awe the heaven we lived in. So an acolyte may criticise an old priest for his familiar way with the sacred vessels, or remark upon an omitted genuflection. But not till the acolyte has been a servant of the altar as long as the old priest will he understand that the old priest's way with the vessels means but a deeper knowledge of and reverence for the mysteries they represent.

Young married people are naturally ritualistic in their manners towards each other. To marry has been a very solemn thing to them—as it is to all of us—and they are still a little frightened; particularly when, like our two young lovers, they have run away from established authority. Besides, their happiness is such that they dare not believe it real. If they speak above a hushed whisper, who knows but that it will suddenly vanish away? It seems a thing intended for heaven. How, then, can they assume that it has every chance of becoming prosperously established on earth, and that, indeed, in course of time it may go abroad in a carriage and pair?

Young lovers, like all dreamers, fear the world. They hold each other close and listen. Any moment may bring the lightning. As, after a while, the lightning doesn't come, and as, after repeated cross-examination, they have become comparatively sure that they really do love each other still—well, Julie dares leave Lloyd's arms long enough to pay a visit to the kitchen, and Lloyd thinks that perhaps he may practise half an hour on his violin without any risk of Julie's being spirited away. So at length, day by day, the leisurely processes of lasting love become revealed to these young people, who once used to kiss in such a hurry that you might have thought the end of the world was due in five minutes.

Perdita and I knew all this, for we had been servants of the altar for nine years. So if occasionally, as I shall admit, the



VLIE HAD BEEN LOOKING OVER PERDITA'S BOOKSHELVES WITH NATURAL ENVY

somewhat brand-newness of this young blessedness jarred on our nerves, we took each other's hands on the sly, and smiled understandingly at each other. As, for example, at Lloyd's pontifical way of saying "my wife"! You would have thought that no one in the world had ever owned a wife before. "My *wife*," he was always saying, as though he were saying the responses in the litany. Now Perdita and I call each other casually by our Christian names, and I don't think that, except in occasional legal documents, do I ever refer to Perdita as my wife. But with Lloyd, of course, it was different. He had only been married a week.

The other night we sat out in the garden a little late, and it grew somewhat chilly. Lloyd disappeared into the house a moment, and reappeared with a shawl for Julie.

"Forgive me," he said, "but my wife soon takes cold."

Indeed, he was always running around with wraps and things for "my wife." I know it was childish of me to feel irritated, and Perdita and I laughed over it later on.

"You know you used to be just the same," she said, slyly.

"Would you like me to be like that now?" I asked.

"No!" she answered, promptly.

"What does it begin with?" I said in a whisper.

"W," she answered, putting her head on my shoulder.

"And end with?"

"E."

Then presently she asked, shyly, of me, "What does it begin with?"

"H," I answered, manfully.

"And end with?"

"D."

Many another such incident during the visit of our young people illustrated the kind of imaginative pleasure, apart from the social pleasure of four people who liked each other being together, which our guests found in staying with us, and which we found in their being with us. They enjoyed us because, in a relative way, we embodied their future; we enjoyed them because they brought back our past. We had done what they were still dreaming of, and that dream-look in

their eyes took us back to the days when all was a dream with us as well, and all was still to do.

As they walked our garden they said to each other, "We too will have a garden some day."

And, as we watched them, we said to each other, "Do you remember how once we dreamed of a garden, and how wonderful it was to have our own crocuses?"

As they took part in the nursery revels, their eyes said to each other, "We too will have a nursery some day."

And, as we watched them, our eyes said to each other: "Do you remember? How strange it would be if there were no Joyce and no Freya!"

So all the while we were unconsciously exchanging our dreams—their dreams of the future for our dreams of the past.

There are few more delightful services done by one friend to another than such rejuvenation of the past as our young people brought us. Dreams, however wonderful and close to the heart, have a terrible way of forgetting they were once dreams, as soon as they are fulfilled. They either petrify into duties, or settle down into habits. The most vital dream is to some degree subject to the operation of use and wont. Dreams rest on their laurels, and even nod over them. Most welcome, therefore, is the reveille of some young dreamer, who, when maybe the somnolence of accomplishment is stealing over you, suddenly takes you by the shoulder and awakens you to all the marvel of your lot—so that again, like the old poet, you exclaim,

"What wondrous life is this I lead!"

To be married—instead of stolen meetings, or other inadequate superintended intercourse—to have all your days and hours and minutes to spend together as you please; not to have to think, "To-day is Monday, we can't meet again till Wednesday," but to know that you have only to open your eyes and she is there, but to reach out your hand and you can touch her; to know that, though she is out of your sight, she is still to be found in the next room; to know that your love, after many wanderings and vicissitudes, has at last come to live under the same roof. Ah, to be married! To marry the woman you love!

But then, after a miracle has gone on for nine years, it is only human of you if you sometimes take it a little for granted, without meaning any irreverence, and, as Carlyle said, "live at ease in the midst of wonders."

Since our friends have left us, Perdita and I—in the absurdity of our young hearts—have invented a new game, which we call the game of the Clandestine Meetings. You play it like this (of course you understand that it is only a game for old married people):

With the utmost secrecy I arrange for the delivery of a letter which shall be given into Perdita's own hands—and on no account fall into mine—a letter running something like this:

"LITTLE STAR-GIRL,—Can you meet me at nine to-night in the meadow, under our elm-tree? Take care how you come, for I have reason to think that we are watched. I will wait an hour. Don't be unhappy if you cannot come—I mean unhappy for keeping me waiting. I shall know you are prevented, for I know you will come if you can. But, oh, be there, won't you? YOUR OWN TRUE LOVER."

This letter being duly delivered, Perdita and I meet together over dinner, as usual, but, as the clock turns half past eight, we grow a little nervous and consequently fidgety.

"I'm so sorry, dear, but I think I must go and finish that chapter," I may say. "I had bad luck with it to-day."

"Never mind, dear," Perdita will say, with unspeakable cunning; "I have to go up into the nursery for a while. Freya's chest is making me quite anxious."

"Poor little thing!" say I. "Shall I come and kiss her?"

"No, dear; she's a little feverish; it will only excite her. Go and get on with your chapter."

So we part.

Half an hour later, Perdita, inhumanly neglectful of her motherly duties, may be perceived stealing along the shadowy edges of the moonlit garden. She opens the little wicket into the park, and soon, with a cry of joy, we are in each other's arms there under the great elm-tree.

"Oh, I hope you won't catch cold, dear. What have you got on your feet? Your



in-door slippers! Oh, you baby! Why, your stockings must be wet through. Oh, Perdita, Perdita! How wonderful it is to see you again! But, child, how long is this to go on? I can't bear it."

"Nor can I," sighs Perdita.

Then presently Perdita adds: "I think we might dine together to-morrow night, if you care. I have to go to town to do some shopping, and I shall be staying with dear Sissie—you know? Couldn't we manage it?"

"You darling! Where shall we meet? The Comedy? At seven? Oh, what a surprise! Oh, Perdita! Are you quite sure, sure you will be there—sure it will be all right?"

"Perfectly. And now you must let me go. Listen—the church clock is striking ten. Good-by, dear—oh, good-by. To-morrow—don't forget—seven at the Comedy. Good-night."

"Let me carry you over the grass—just over to that shadow—please do. It will be all the better for—your slippers."

"All right, little child. Now, good-night! . . . O love! good-morrow!"

A little later I will sleepily stroll into Perdita's study, and find her innocently occupied with a book.

"How is poor little Freya?" I will ask.

"Oh, she is much better. I think she will be all right to-morrow. . . And how about the chapter?" Perdita will ask, with what I may perhaps call the delicate threat of a smile.

"All but finished," I will answer. Then, somewhat timorously, I will add, "I don't think, dear, that I told you that I am going to town to-morrow."

"No, you didn't," Perdita will answer, somewhat frostily. "But," she will continue, "I didn't tell you that I am going too."

"Oh, that's fortunate!" I will retort, with a feeble effort at dissimulation. "Suppose we go together. We can part at Waterloo, you know—if you wish it."

So next afternoon, both of us being a little in need of the town, we catch the 3.40 train together, and as soon as we arrive at Waterloo we ostentatiously take cabs in opposite directions.

"Give my love to Sissie," I will say.

"Please remember me to Jim," Perdita will answer.

I will first drive to our little Comedy

restaurant, and reserve our own historical little corner table, and then go on to the florist for a bunch of our own flowers. Punctually at seven I will be seated at our table, cutting the leaves of some new *édition de luxe*, which I have brought as a souvenir for Perdita—just as we used to do. She will come in, ten or twelve minutes late, with a flush of escape in her face.

"Do forgive me, dear," she will say. "I had such a time getting away. I almost thought I wouldn't be able to come at all."

Then the waiter, who has watched our love at dinner for something like ten years, will come to us, with one of those smiles with which a waiter who is at the same time an old friend knows so well to make you feel at home in the world. Of course he doesn't know about our little play-acting. He assumes that we are married.

"We have one of madame's favorite dishes to-night," he will say.

"Don't speak too loud, William," I will say, with a smile; and you may be sure that I am not going to tell here what Perdita loves to eat better than anything in the world.

"What shall we drink, dear?" I ask. "Suppose we try some Rudesheimer?"

"Yes, let us," Perdita will answer.

"You are quite sure you wouldn't like some champagne?"

"Not for the world. I thought you knew that I hate champagne."

"Forgive me, dear. Rudesheimer, then. I like nothing better."

Rudesheimer, I may add, is, so to say, our sacerdotal wine. We have said for ten years that we have never drunk it with any one else, and that we never will.

So, like children, we make-believe together a past which, thank God, is still a living, loving present—a present which we know will grow into a future—a future that we pray may some day become an eternity.

Before we part I will say to Perdita: "I bought this book for you to-day. You know it, of course; but it is such a pretty edition. May I give it to you in memory of to-night?"

"Oh, you dear!" she will answer; "but you know you cannot afford it—any more than I can resist it. Isn't it beautiful?"



How good of you! You dear boy! How good you are to me—and I don't believe I ever gave you a thing!"

I look the only possible answer, and Perdita, thereupon giving me one of her golden smiles—all for nothing—says,

"But you must write my name in it."

"Do you think it wise?" I ask. "Your people are sure to see."

"Nice people don't read inscriptions in gift-books."

"It's true they don't—if they can help it. But they might by accident; and you know, little impulsive child, I have to think of you."

"Well, don't write our names, but write something."

"Suppose *you* write what *I* mean—and then nobody can be sure—though they may guess. You know they know my writing at home, don't they?"

"All right. What shall I write?"

"Would you like a poem?"

"I have no objection."

"Have you a pencil?"

"No."

"Never mind. William will lend us one. . . . Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"For the Princess of the New-born Heart:

"Princess of the new-born heart,
Of the new-born heart of me . . ."

Then I shall stop short, hunting for rhymes, and perhaps finally give up the chase.

"It is so hard to write in the immediate presence of the Muse," I may offer as a feeble excuse.

"Never mind. Finish it later, and bring it to me to-morrow."

"To-morrow—do you really mean we can meet again to-morrow? Don't tease me, Perdita—you really mean it?"

"Of course. But how about our theatre? I'm sure we have missed the first act. . . ."

So Perdita and I play truant from each other—together.

VI

A few days after our young people left us, Perdita, with an air of mystery, came to me holding two or three crumpled pages of manuscript in her hand.

"I have just made a terrible discovery," she said.

"My dear!"

"Or rather, John" (the gardener) "has just made it."

"Go on."

"He came to me just now with these—which he had found in the garden; and he said that he thought they might be 'the master's,' but, dear, it is worse than that. What do you think—Lloyd is not only a musician; he is a poet as well! Isn't it terrible? Listen!"

Thereupon Perdita read from a tattered, rain-soaked manuscript as follows:

*"Grace o' God,
Flower face,
Silver feet,
In what place,
Heaven or earth,
Did we meet?
At what time
Of the day?
In what way?
Was it near,
Was it far,
In some star,
Or just here,
Quite, quite near?"*

*"Tell me, dear,—
Grace o' God,
Tell me, dear."*

*"Grace o' God,
I know well
When we met;
It was first,
Grace o' God,
When I knew*

*I loved you—
Then we met—
That was just,
Grace o' God,
Flower face,
Silver feet;
When I first
Looked—oh looked—
On your face,—
Silver feet,
Golden heart,
Grace o' God."*

"Read another," I said, critically. Then Perdita read this:

*"Dear little hand in mine I hold,
Dear little hand of molten gold,
Dear great big eyes of berry brown—
The brownest eyes in all the town;
Dear pattering walk, the timid bride
Of my long slouching manly stride;
Dear head, dear hair, dear hands, dear
feet,
Dear love—dear everything complete!"*

"I wish people wouldn't leave poetry lying about like that—such good poetry, I mean. I'd no idea that Lloyd had it in him," I said, as Perdita finished, with evident pleasure in the verses.

I didn't tell her—till some time after—that the verses were a part of our Clandestine Meetings game, and that I had got Lloyd to write them out for me on the backs of envelopes addressed: "Lloyd —, Esq.," and that our old friend John, the gardener, was also in the plot. I wish, for the sake of my reputation with the reader, that they were really Lloyd's verses, instead of mine.





"YOU WILL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW, SIR, THAT I AM ENGAGED"

A Disguised Providence

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

"YOU will be interested to know, sir, that I am engaged."

"Engaged to be married?"

"That was the understanding."

"Why, Henry?"

"Why not, father?"

"You haven't got my consent, for one thing, and—my boy, what are you getting engaged on?"

"I supposed it would strike you as rather speculative."

"Rather."

"But, after all, I am twenty-seven years old."

"Oh no, Henry: twenty-seven years young. Twenty-seven years impecunious; twenty-seven years rash and improvident!"

"And I am a practising lawyer, with

my name on an office door, a fourth interest in a stenographer, and some clients."

"Clients! *Quorum pars maxima fui.*"

"And an allowance made me by my father, who is a generous man, though not rich."

"An old, precarious man who works for his living, and has a wife to provide for. A reed shaken regularly by the wind every spring, and driven to Lakewood and sometimes to Florida. A poor propped-up ruin, liable to fall in any day, and not over-well insured. A dotting parent, of course, and yet one whose allowances may not safely be regarded as perpetual annuities. Allowances should be made for the young, Henry. Allowances must often be made for engaged

persons; but, Lord! Henry, what are you going to marry on?"

"Now, father, don't take it so hard. I'll bet I could scrape along if you turned me loose. I took in nearly a hundred dollars last month, and it is less than two years since I began practice. Besides, I only said I was engaged; I'm not married yet. You'll see it in the papers when I'm married, so be easy. It is not such a terrible expense to be engaged, though, if you have a mind to make some temporary enlargement of my resources, I can use the money."

"I have no doubt, if you really are engaged, that you've run in debt somewhere for a ring."

"Not yet, but I'm going to. I haven't got your consent yet."

"Have you told your mother?"

"I thought I would first give you an opportunity to consent of your own free will. Besides, mother is an observant person, and goes out a good deal between breakfast and dinner, and reads the papers, and it is hard to surprise her with news."

"By thunder! Henry, I believe you really are engaged."

"Aren't you ever going to ask me who is the girl?"

"Of course, if it is so, it's some nice girl. I hadn't got to the girl. A mind stunned by a general proposition must clear before it can grasp details. Twenty-seven years young, belongs to one or two clubs, has a fair collection of outstanding bills, has an allowance from an impaired father, earned nearly a hundred dollars last month, and is engaged to be married, and expects to owe for a ring! Well, Henry, who is the fortunate lady?"

"Jane Templeton is the lady, sir."

"Jane Templeton! Jane Templeton! I seem to know the name. I've seen Jane Templeton somewhere, haven't I?"

"Don't you remember a dinner we had here last month?"

"Yes; that's it. A juvenile dinner, that you got up, and you let your mother and me come to the table, and your mother thought it was so considerate of you. Now Jane was there, wasn't she? And she sat— Where did she sit, Henry?"

"Why, father, she sat on your right!"

"Lord bless me! so she did; so she

did! And that's the girl. Dark hair and light blue eyes. Extraordinarily nice eyes. I don't notice the color of eyes once a year. Why, that's a dear girl, Henry. Let's see! She was going to the opera, and she talked about Corots, and scarabæi, and old tapestries, and yachts, and Newport, and dahabeeyahs, and hospitals, and slum settlements, and expensive subjects of that sort; and she had on— What did she have on? Somehow I only remember how lovely she looked, and that I thought so, and that I was thankful I wasn't supporting her. Why, Henry, what bait did you use? Jane Templeton! Who's her father? Has she no mother, no friends? What did you tell him?"

"Her father was James Templeton, of Templeton and Condit. You know the firm. He's dead. He worked too hard. Her mother's dead too. I blush to say that Jane is an orphan, and an only child, and lives with her aunt."

"James Templeton's only child! You have imposed upon that young woman. She must have a very respectable fortune. Has her aunt no control over her? Has she no guardian?"

"Why, dear father, what ails her? It isn't only that I am going to get *her*. She is going to get *me*. She's doing well. The aunt doesn't greatly mind, and, for that matter, doesn't greatly count, though she is a competent aunt and a good lady. The guardian's responsibility ceased two years ago. There is a trustee; that's all. There probably is a good deal of money, but I can't help it!"

"I suppose not. You'll just have to live it down. But I had not at all foreseen such an accident, and you must excuse me if I feel the shock. The gold-brick stratagem is nothing to it. What do you think she sees in you, Henry?"

"My dear dad's likeness, I dare say. She as good as said so the night she dined here."

"A fortune and a sweet gift of speech. Maybe I shall get a daughter out of this— let alone grandchildren. We must make the best of it, but it grieves me to think how much better she might have done!"

"No such thing, father. Of course there has been a squad of willing souls that she might have had, but—oh—some were too fat, and some too rich, and some

too old, and some incapable of domestication, and most of them had impediments of one kind or another, and I really couldn't see where she could do much better. And besides, I told her that if she took me she would get the best father-in-law in town, and the most sympathetic mother-in-law; and that settled it."

"You are a very smooth young man, Henry. You have imposed on that nice girl. But if you are really going to marry into affluence, I am going to take your mother up the Nile next winter. I have put by nearly enough for her and me, and why shouldn't we enjoy life? Perhaps your Jane will give me a cup of tea about five o'clock to-morrow? Yes? I naturally wish to pay my respects to so altruistic a lady. Meet me there? No, thank you! If you will just say I'm coming, that will be all."

"She has nice hands, Henry; good, strong, competent hands."

"I understood that you held one of them."

"I dare say. Her mind seemed fairly composed so far as you were concerned."

"I looked in myself at six, and was glad to find you had not unsettled it. Did you congratulate her?"

"I didn't seem to find words for that, knowing you as I do, but I welcomed her. I had no trouble about that."

"She said you seemed hospitably inclined towards her. Did you ask for a settlement?"

"No; you'll have to send your solicitor if you want a settlement. I don't think she is over-well posted on fiscal concerns, anyway. Nothing that I said about the market seemed to take hold at all. She got so far once as to say 'Mr. Pelton says so and so.' Who's Mr. Pelton?"

"He's Samuel Pelton, who succeeded his father as trustee of her father's estate. You've met him, haven't you?"

"I don't remember him. The old man was an upright, conservative old party. Now you speak of it, it seems to me that there was some gossip about the son being caught in the May panic, and rather hard hit. If that's so, I trust he lost his own money. I dare say, Henry, you may get some business out of that estate."

"In time, no doubt. Meanwhile the

proposition is for a wedding after Easter and a few months abroad."

"And leave a teething law practice in charge of a trained nurse, I suppose. By George! Henry, that'll be mighty inconvenient for you, and not over-timely for me. Well, you can sell the bonds your grandfather left you. The wash of these ample fortunes is very upsetting to small craft. We have sat on those poor old bonds, or their predecessors, ever since you were a baby, and over they go in a bread-cast-upon-the-waters investment that smacks a little too much of pleasure to be business, and a little too much of business to be perfect pleasure. But then, no pleasure is perfect. It's terribly like false pretences and bunco, but I suppose the end justifies the means."

"If you really think—"

"I don't really think. I'm not going to think, I'm not going to meddle, I'm not even going to croak any more. I threw away your leading-strings five years ago. That nice girl seems to have rather too much money; much more than you are used to; rather more, I judge, than she is used to yet, for she has barely come into it. But life is full of perils, and as between the anxieties of dearth, and the hazards of superabundance, I suppose we all prefer to take our chances with superfluity."

A month later. The same to the same.

"Well, father! Have you read the evening papers?"

"Not the late editions. I saw the six-o'clock edition of something about noon, but it had no news in it. Anything up?"

"A good deal. Most interesting. Sam Pelton's killed!"

"Pelton? So? Our Jane's trustee?"

"Just that."

"Run over by an automobile?"

"No; safe at home in his own apartment at the Pelion, just after noon. They're digging a cellar across the street, and the noon blast sent a five-ton chunk of rock through Pelton's window and caught him as he stood before the window shaving. Poor man! it made a pancake of him."

"Shocking! Why, Henry, the perils of this town are awful. Folks who value their lives will soon be hiring cells in bomb-proof lodging-houses. How did

Pelton come to be dressing so late in the morning? Doesn't he go to his office?"

"I don't know. Up late last night, maybe; or perhaps he wasn't well. Anyhow, he's done for, poor man. He had no partner, and as Jane's concerns were altogether in his hands, I dare say it will be an interesting job to transfer them. She is much shocked, naturally."

"What's to be done?"

"That is what she has been asking me. Of course there will have to be an accounting by Pelton's estate, and a transfer of the trust, which has a number of years to run yet. I told her she ought to have first-rate advice at once, and we telephoned over to Judge Holly, and he is coming to see her to-night."

"She knows the Judge, does she?"

"Oh yes; she has always known him. He knew her father. I'm going over there to dinner."

"My gracious! Think of that unlucky Pelton, flattened out so in his own bedroom. Henry, if you will go out, go carefully. Don't fall into the subway; avoid cabs—you can't afford them, and they're dangerous, anyhow; keep your weather eye out for automobiles. It's a couple of days since they killed any one, and they must be hungry. If you must ride in the street cars, sit as near the door as you can without getting in the draught. I saw a street car burn clean up on the track this afternoon. They had to get the fire department out and play on it: a most curious and highly scandalous sight. Still, the street cars with all their risks are safer than the other vehicles, for the company pays for what it runs over. Remember that you are an only son, and the affianced of an orphan whose trustee is dead, and step gingerly."

The fifth week in Lent.

"You're quite a stranger, Henry. You've dined out every night this week. I only see you at breakfast, and a man isn't much comfort at breakfast. I wish I had raised some girls, but I always did wish that. Are you going out to-night, son?"

"I'm going over to dine with Jane. There are matters of moment to be discussed."

"No doubt, and your impending marriage only a fortnight off."

"Judge Holly sent for me this afternoon."

"And how was the Judge?"

"A good deal flustered, and he had a good deal to say."

"Ah?"

"Yes; since his appointment a week ago as Jane's trustee in Pelton's place, he has been forgathering with Pelton's administrator, and they have got the seals off Pelton's books and various receptacles, and have been trying to find Jane's estate."

"Well, didn't Pelton keep his accounts straight?"

"Yes; there's plenty of accounts. His clerks did that. The accounts are satisfactory. The trouble is with the securities. They couldn't find them."

"Wasn't there a list of them?"

"Oh yes; they found the list. The list is splendid; most exemplary. But they haven't got the securities."

"Where did Pelton keep them?"

"He had a big safe-deposit box. They have found that and opened it. The box is safe, but it was empty."

"Had Pelton pledged them?"

"That's it. There were a lot of bonds that they haven't run down yet, but they have traced stocks enough through the transfer-books of various railways to get a pretty clear idea of what has happened. As trustee, Pelton had complete power. He evidently went into a big gamble in the spring, pledged a lot of Jane's papers, was caught in the May crush, and sold out. He bet what was left in an effort to get even, and the corn failure and the steel strike finished him. No wonder he kept away from his office! He was done. There is some real estate, and on that he has managed to raise enough to pay Jane her income. It was Heaven's mercy to him that that rock came through his window before the bigger one that hung over him had time to drop."

"Is there nothing left?"

"Certainly nothing compared with what is gone. The Judge says there is the house, and some other real estate that is valuable. None of it is clear, but the blast that cut Pelton off before he was quite ready seems to have saved Jane some equities and other remnants that are worth something."

"But you don't know what they are worth?"

"No; the tangle is too bad, the Judge says, for any estimate to be worth anything yet. There is no record of what Pelton did. Some mortgages are recorded; there may be others that are not."

"Does Jane know it?"

"Not yet. The question is, who is to tell her, and when? Am I to tell her to-night? The invitations are out to her wedding. Must it be put off? The only thing I have done yet is to give up my steamer rooms. We can't go abroad, anyhow."

"Henry, this is getting too complicated for you and me. Ask for some tea, and see if your mother has come in yet. I think I heard her. Here she is. Come, Fanny, and have some tea. Henry's got a tale. The barque that carries his hopes is aground, and seems stove in. We need help to get her off. Tell her, Henry."

"The short of it is, mother, that our Jane has gone broke, and doesn't know it yet. Her trustee had stolen pretty much all her fortune."

"Mercy!"

"And the question is, Fanny, whether the wedding can go on, and whether Jane shall be told this tale of disaster before or after it."

"Is it really true, Charles?"

"Strictly, absolutely true. At least, so Henry says."

"Then of course she must know it. She may not want Henry if she has lost her money."

"There, Henry: that's a consideration. Jane may feel that you are a luxury beyond her present means. She may feel constrained to marry a richer man now. You'll have to tell her. If you don't, Judge Holly will. He's bound to. But, Fanny, how about putting the wedding off?"

"That's for Jane to say. It's bad luck to put off weddings. I hope she won't. She's got her gown, and I've got mine, and I don't want to see either of them put away to get out of fashion. Then there are her presents."

"But, Fanny, Henry's only earning—How much was it last month, Henry?"

"A hundred and thirty, father, but really the practice is picking up."

"If Henry can't support her, Charles, you've got to. There's nothing the matter with Henry except that he's a beginner. Starting out to marry a poor girl on a very small income is one thing. This is a different case entirely. Jane is a dear girl, and will make the loveliest bride you ever saw. I'll share anything you've got with her."

"Very well, Fanny, but we won't be able to go up the Nile—not this year."

"The Nile will keep. The frocks won't. Karnak will be just as good style ten years from now as it is to-day."

"How do, Henry? Good man to have come early. Come and see the new presents."

"More?"

"Oh yes, lots more to-day. Some beautiful ones."

"Where's the good aunt?"

"Not down yet. Here they are. Look at these topazes. Aren't they lovely?"

"Put them on! There, now they *are* lovely. Are they real?"

"Surely. Look who sent them!"

"With the love of the Jarvises, eh? Oh yes, I guess they're real. And you too, Jane. You are real too—a real person, who won't vanish into thin air when the clock strikes twelve and the fairy palace crumbles?"

"I a real person? Yes, Henry. Why not? Henry! What's got into your voice? Let me look at you! Why did you say that?"

"Jane Hawkshaw, the detective and mind-reader! Look hard, Jane! Look deep. What do you see?"

"Nothing but what I love, dear. And yet—What's happened, Henry? Have you brought some news?"

"Yes!"

"And not good news?"

"No, not exactly. Disconcerting sort of news, but not killing. The late Pelton stole a lot of your money, dear Jane. That's my news. There may be some left, but I fear not very much. It looks just now as though he had made a pretty clean sweep."

"How do you know about it, Henry?"

"I got it from Judge Holly this afternoon. I dare say he'll be here soon himself; this evening, perhaps. He's very low-spirited over it."

"But I had my income up to a month ago. How could it all go at once?"

"The Judge will tell you. I fear you won't get any more income from your own estate for some time to come. Have you got some money in the bank?"

"Some; not a great deal. What does it all mean to me?"

"It means a great deal. It means being rather a poor woman instead of a rich one. It means living in a small house instead of a big one, thinking what you can afford instead of what you want, going without quantities of things you have been used to having. It means all sorts of superficial changes, and it makes a poor man a worse match for you than he was before."

"But that's not all, Henry. That's not all!"

"That's enough. We can't unpack the whole of Pandora's box before dinner."

"Yes, but, Henry. It makes me a much worse match for a poor man than I was before."

"Do you think you can do better, Jane?"

"I am sure you could do better, Henry!"

"Oh, you flatter me. I don't think it. Who'd have me but you? Who'd take me second-hand? And if any one would have me, do you think I'm going to let the labor of years come to nothing, and go to work and court some new girl? Money's handy, dear Jane, but no particular lot of it is essential."

"N-no, Henry. But I had planned such pleasant uses for it, and I had hoped to do so many things for you. Besides, dear Henry, what are we to live on?"

"I hope there'll be salvage enough from your wreck to keep you from want, but, anyhow, it's for me to find means of support for both of us, and I have found them already."

"Where, Henry?"

"Chiefly at home, in the second-story front room, sitting in front of a wood fire, taking tea with mother. Also, in an office downtown."

"Your father!"

"Yes, Jane. Father and I. As for father, dear man, he's used to it. He has supported most of me these many years. Don't pity him. He likes it. It won't be for long, for I expect to be a prodigious

wage-earner right away. Mother says, 'Oh, don't put off the wedding!' Cheer up, Jane. Set a storm-sail and head for port. And oh, don't throw me over! After all the ballast you've lost you can't spare another pound; and oh, dear Jane! I would hate it so!"

"You absurd Henry, you make me laugh. Here comes Aunt Felicia. Don't tell her yet. And here's William to say dinner's ready. William, please send word to Judge Holly that if he can come in this evening I should like to see him. And say Mr. Warden is here."

—
Ten days later.

"How goes the inquest, Henry?"

"Pretty well, father. There's going to be something left."

"Wasn't Pelton quite thorough?"

"Oh, he did his best. The quick assets are cleaned out absolutely. Everything that had gilt on its edge is gone, but, as I told you, there are some equities, and we have found a boxful of the old man's bad investments that Pelton never meddled with much. There's a collection of deeds to Western and Southern lands in half a dozen different States that must have looked like waste paper ten years ago, but the Judge thinks they make interesting reading now. Father, I'm going to move my office!"

"So?"

"Yes; the Judge says Jane's matters are going to be a long job, and that anyway there's room on his office door for another name, and that mine will look as well there as anywhere else."

"Great news! You'll get your office rent paid; anyhow."

"Much better than that. He was able to demonstrate that there is several times as much present income waiting for me in his office as I have been able to find so far in my own, and he talked hopefully about the future. He is a very pretty speaker, the Judge is, when he has a mind to talk."

"There's no better office in town. You'll make a living yet. It's no very great trick for a well-equipped man, if you once get started. A little knowledge, a little talent, a little gumption, all the character you've got, and a day's work every day. The rest is a matter of opportunity, and that comes,"



"I AM SURE YOU COULD DO BETTER, HENRY!"



“WHAT’S THE USE OF HAVING AN ONLY SON IF YOU CAN’T SPOIL HIM?”

And so they were married, and the wedding was no less lively than weddings ought to be, and the newspapers told all about it, and, as usual, somewhat more; and some of them, distressing but inevitable to tell, printed the bride’s picture, besides making generous estimates of the value of the gifts. Every one knew that the bride was no longer an heiress of distinction, and everybody talked about it in private and ignored it in public. Everybody sympathized with her, and some persons pitied her, but many who were quite ready with pity, and even carried a supply of it with them to the wedding, were constrained to the conclusion that they had brought it to the wrong market. Somehow it wasn’t that kind of a wedding, for though it was fairly tearful at the church, and a good many women made furtive dabs with their handkerchiefs at their eyes and

noses, and some elderly gentlemen snuffled, Major Brace, who was present, declared that he never was at a wedding which was less qualified by misgivings, or where the atmosphere was so heavily charged with affection and good-will. “We sunk the shop for the whole of two hours,” said the Major. “It was like real old times,” and the intrepid man snuffled again and called for a cocktail, though it was barely five o’clock.

“Well, Charles, do you still expect to see the pyramids?”

“Give me time, Fanny, a little time. I’m not sixty yet, and there’s lots of work in me. We’ll see the pyramids at our leisure. Let them wait. I’d rather see my grandchildren than the pyramids any day. I’m glad you didn’t put that wedding off. What’s the use of having an only son if you can’t spoil him?”

THE
DESERTED
VILLAGE

PICTURES BY
EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.
[CONCLUSION]

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

O luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee;
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe—
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:

Down, where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail



1. Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Brothers

Down, where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move—a melancholy band—
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand;
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there—
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame—
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride—
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so—

Downward they move—a melancholy band—

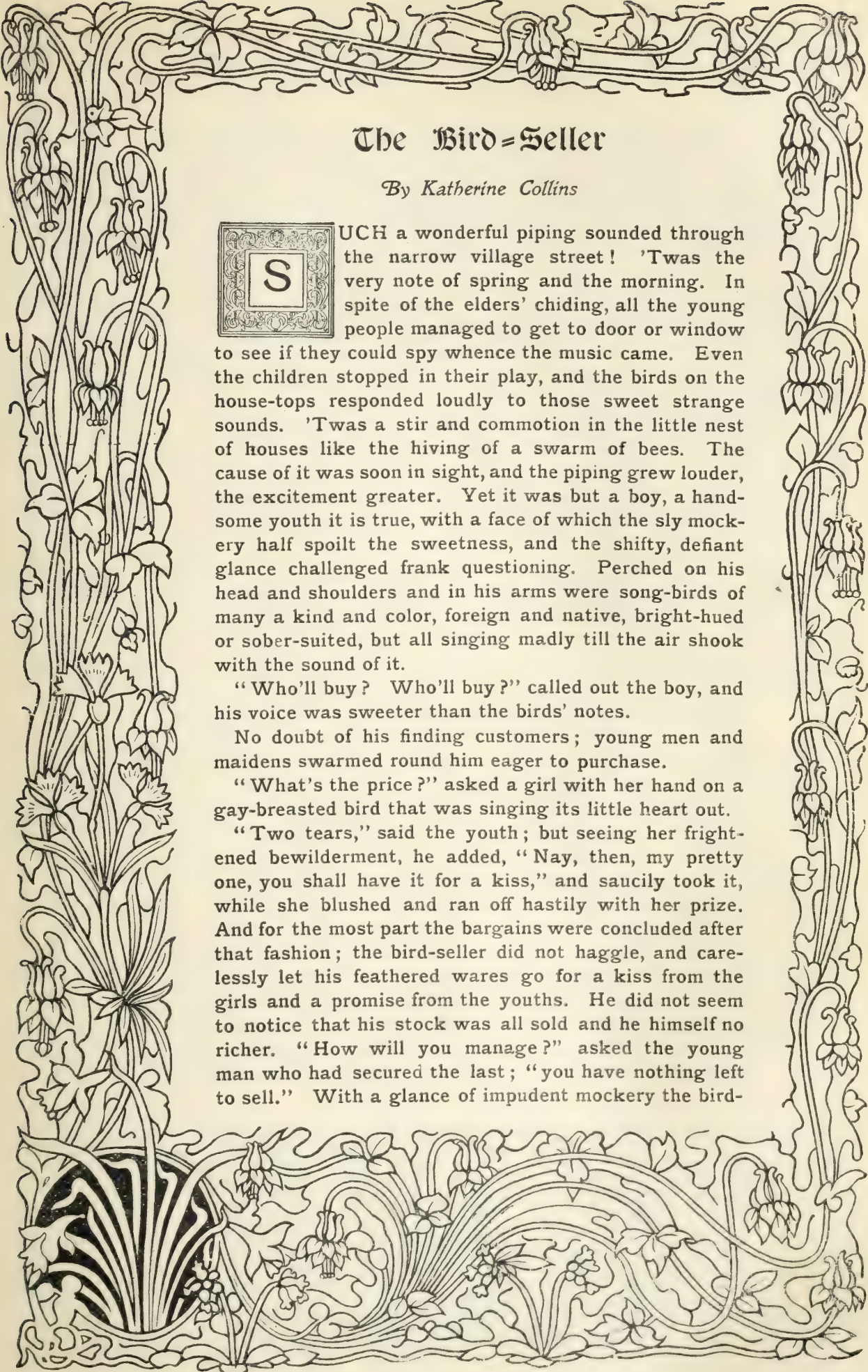


Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well.
Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Tornea's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime.
Aid slighted truth: with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away—
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

That found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so



THE END

A decorative border of stylized flowers and vines surrounds the text. The border is composed of various floral motifs, including tulips, daisies, and leafy vines, arranged in a symmetrical pattern around the central text area.

The Bird-Seller

By Katherine Collins



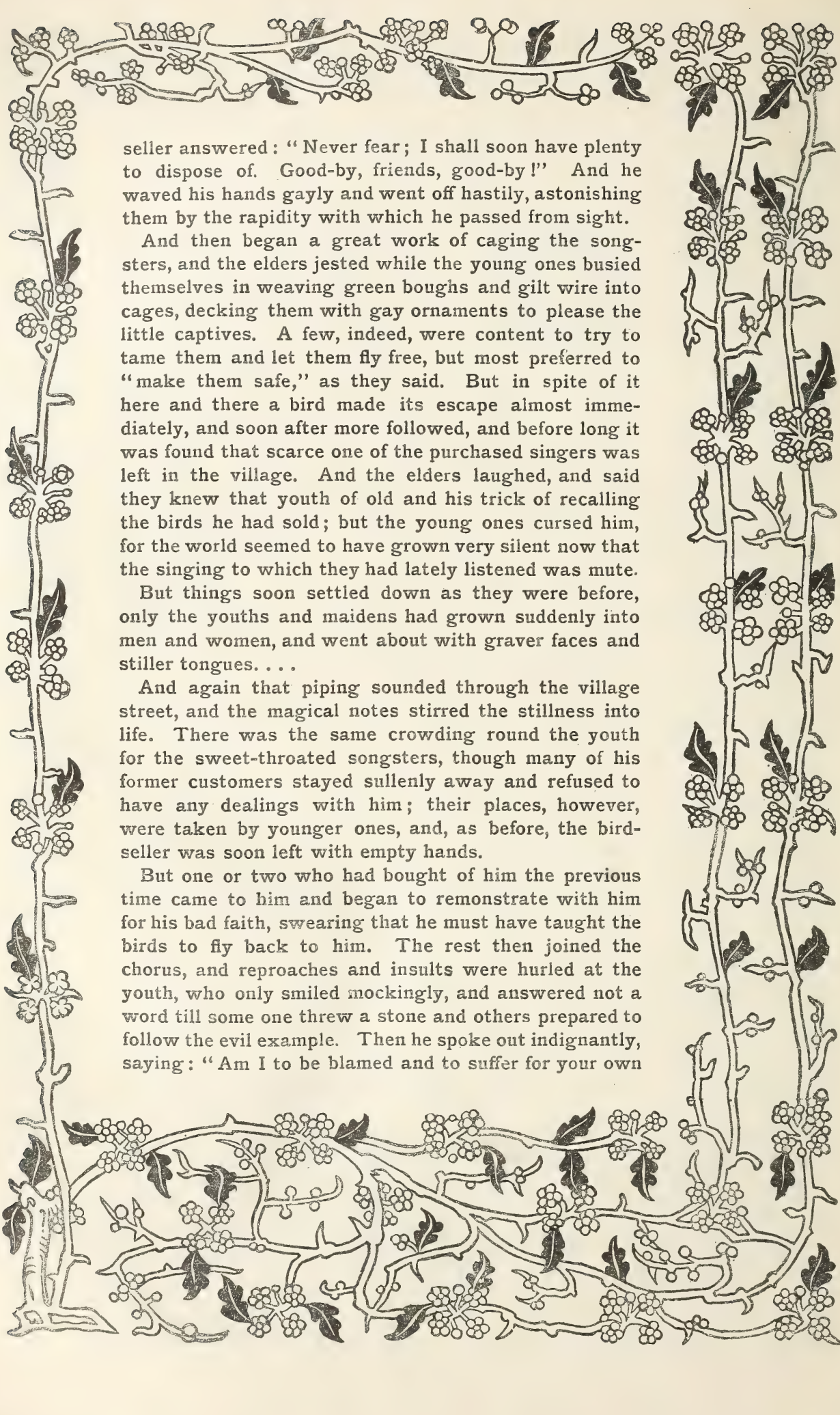
UCH a wonderful piping sounded through the narrow village street! 'Twas the very note of spring and the morning. In spite of the elders' chiding, all the young people managed to get to door or window to see if they could spy whence the music came. Even the children stopped in their play, and the birds on the house-tops responded loudly to those sweet strange sounds. 'Twas a stir and commotion in the little nest of houses like the hiving of a swarm of bees. The cause of it was soon in sight, and the piping grew louder, the excitement greater. Yet it was but a boy, a handsome youth it is true, with a face of which the sly mockery half spoilt the sweetness, and the shifty, defiant glance challenged frank questioning. Perched on his head and shoulders and in his arms were song-birds of many a kind and color, foreign and native, bright-hued or sober-suited, but all singing madly till the air shook with the sound of it.

"Who'll buy? Who'll buy?" called out the boy, and his voice was sweeter than the birds' notes.

No doubt of his finding customers; young men and maidens swarmed round him eager to purchase.

"What's the price?" asked a girl with her hand on a gay-breasted bird that was singing its little heart out.

"Two tears," said the youth; but seeing her frightened bewilderment, he added, "Nay, then, my pretty one, you shall have it for a kiss," and saucily took it, while she blushed and ran off hastily with her prize. And for the most part the bargains were concluded after that fashion; the bird-seller did not haggle, and carelessly let his feathered wares go for a kiss from the girls and a promise from the youths. He did not seem to notice that his stock was all sold and he himself no richer. "How will you manage?" asked the young man who had secured the last; "you have nothing left to sell." With a glance of impudent mockery the bird-



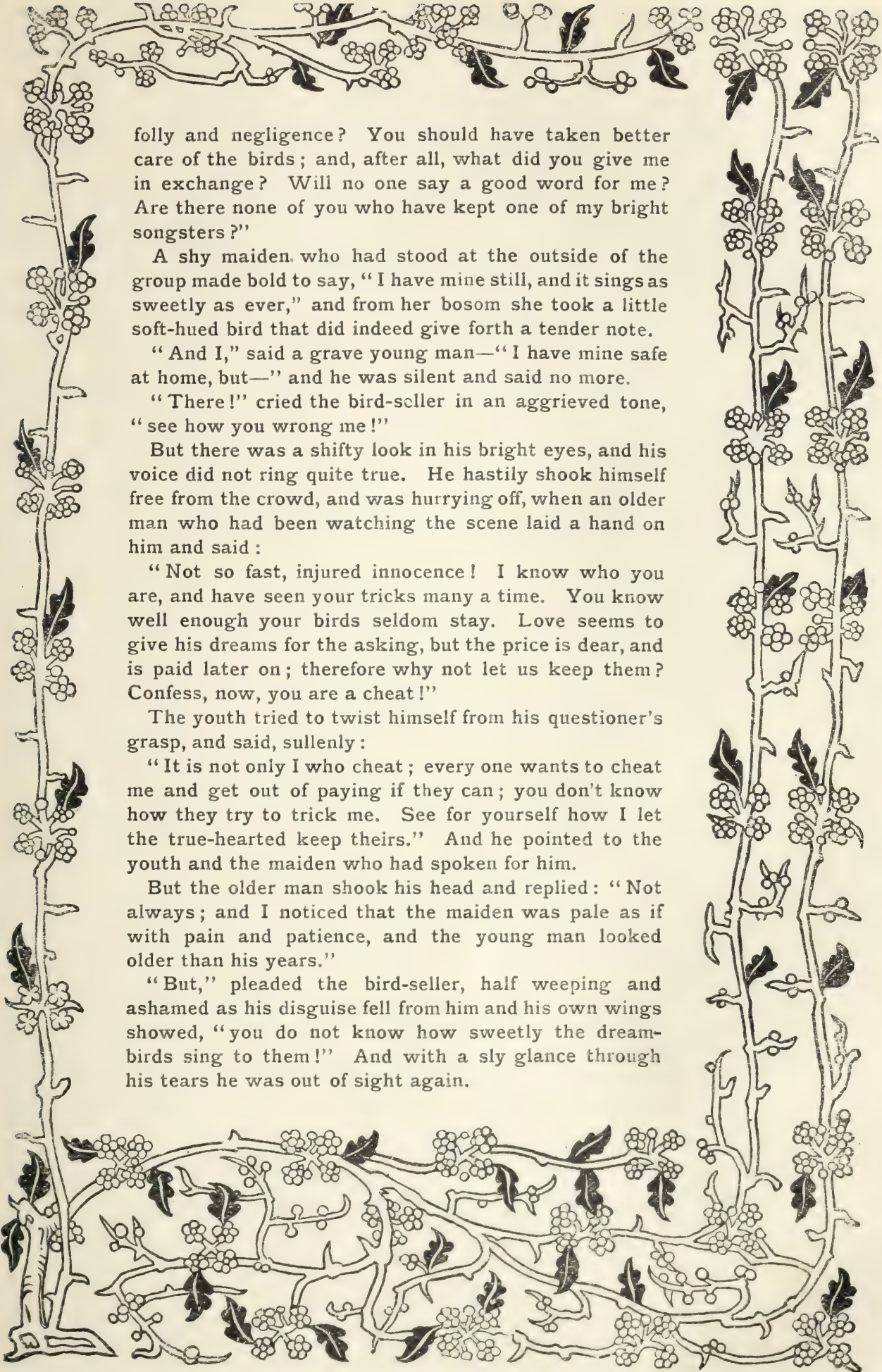
seller answered: "Never fear; I shall soon have plenty to dispose of. Good-by, friends, good-by!" And he waved his hands gayly and went off hastily, astonishing them by the rapidity with which he passed from sight.

And then began a great work of caging the songsters, and the elders jested while the young ones busied themselves in weaving green boughs and gilt wire into cages, decking them with gay ornaments to please the little captives. A few, indeed, were content to try to tame them and let them fly free, but most preferred to "make them safe," as they said. But in spite of it here and there a bird made its escape almost immediately, and soon after more followed, and before long it was found that scarce one of the purchased singers was left in the village. And the elders laughed, and said they knew that youth of old and his trick of recalling the birds he had sold; but the young ones cursed him, for the world seemed to have grown very silent now that the singing to which they had lately listened was mute.

But things soon settled down as they were before, only the youths and maidens had grown suddenly into men and women, and went about with graver faces and stiller tongues. . . .

And again that piping sounded through the village street, and the magical notes stirred the stillness into life. There was the same crowding round the youth for the sweet-throated songsters, though many of his former customers stayed sullenly away and refused to have any dealings with him; their places, however, were taken by younger ones, and, as before, the bird-seller was soon left with empty hands.

But one or two who had bought of him the previous time came to him and began to remonstrate with him for his bad faith, swearing that he must have taught the birds to fly back to him. The rest then joined the chorus, and reproaches and insults were hurled at the youth, who only smiled mockingly, and answered not a word till some one threw a stone and others prepared to follow the evil example. Then he spoke out indignantly, saying: "Am I to be blamed and to suffer for your own



folly and negligence? You should have taken better care of the birds; and, after all, what did you give me in exchange? Will no one say a good word for me? Are there none of you who have kept one of my bright songsters?"

A shy maiden who had stood at the outside of the group made bold to say, "I have mine still, and it sings as sweetly as ever," and from her bosom she took a little soft-hued bird that did indeed give forth a tender note.

"And I," said a grave young man—"I have mine safe at home, but—" and he was silent and said no more.

"There!" cried the bird-seller in an aggrieved tone, "see how you wrong me!"

But there was a shifty look in his bright eyes, and his voice did not ring quite true. He hastily shook himself free from the crowd, and was hurrying off, when an older man who had been watching the scene laid a hand on him and said:

"Not so fast, injured innocence! I know who you are, and have seen your tricks many a time. You know well enough your birds seldom stay. Love seems to give his dreams for the asking, but the price is dear, and is paid later on; therefore why not let us keep them? Confess, now, you are a cheat!"

The youth tried to twist himself from his questioner's grasp, and said, sullenly:

"It is not only I who cheat; every one wants to cheat me and get out of paying if they can; you don't know how they try to trick me. See for yourself how I let the true-hearted keep theirs." And he pointed to the youth and the maiden who had spoken for him.

But the older man shook his head and replied: "Not always; and I noticed that the maiden was pale as if with pain and patience, and the young man looked older than his years."

"But," pleaded the bird-seller, half weeping and ashamed as his disguise fell from him and his own wings showed, "you do not know how sweetly the dream-birds sing to them!" And with a sly glance through his tears he was out of sight again.

Life's Harvest

BY ROSAMOND MARRIOTT WATSON

THEY are mowing the meadows now, and the whispering, sighing
Song of the scythe breathes sweet on mine idle ear,—

Songs of old summers dead, and of this one dying,—

Roses on roses fallen, and year on year.

Softly as swathes that sink while the long scythe, swinging,

Passes and pauses and sweeps through the deep green grass:

Strange how this song of the scythe sets the old days singing—

Echoes of seasons gone, and of these that pass.

Fair ghost of Youth—from your sea-fragrant orchard-closes

Called by the voice of the scythe as it sighs and swings—

Tell me now as you toss me your phantom roses,

What was the dream you dreamed through those vagrant Springs?

What that forgotten air when the heart went maying?

What was the perfume blowing afar, anear?

“Youth—Youth—Youth”—the Scythe keeps sighing and saying—

“The rose you saw not—the tune that you could not hear.”

The Wrath of the Bee

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

[A peasant while inspecting his beehives, as is the custom early in March, was set upon by a great swarm of bees and stung to death.—FRENCH NEWSPAPER.]

SINCE the publication of my book on the *Life of the Bee*, I have, somewhat in spite of myself, become a kind of high-priest of elementary apiculture; and this accident, which, its cruel consequences notwithstanding, conveys to us an indefinite fragrance of eclogues and spring, has been the cause of my receiving disconsolate and bewildered letters from my ignorant disciples (for it is the ignorant that have confidence in me), in which I am asked whether I believe that the thing can have actually occurred, and whether really they can cause our death, the artful virgins that, in the month of March, awake from their slumbers to go, with wings diaphanous, to gather among the violets, primroses and anemones what is, perhaps, life's purest essence, next to man's thought and the light of the sun and stars: the scent and beauty of the flowers.

Yes, indeed it is possible, and man can look for death in a sunbeam or bunch of roses. Death is everywhere, nor does aught more resemble life. It is the projected shadow—a shadow that our childish eyes picture as something dreadful—of a signal that life makes to life. But I think that to meet with it thus, "to the rippling murmur of a flight of bees," requires a little more than ordinary fatality or unhandiness.

I do not know the circumstances of the dramatic idyl, and to reconstruct these circumstances it is necessary to examine the somewhat curious psychology of the wrath of the bee.

The bee, essentially so pacific, so long-suffering, the bee which never stings (unless you crush her) when looting among the flowers, once she has returned to her kingdom with the waxen monu-

ments, retains her mild and tolerant character, or grows aggressive and deadly dangerous, according to whether her maternal city be opulent or poor. Here again, as often happens when we study the manners of this spirited and mysterious little people, the previsions of human logic are utterly at fault. It would be natural that the bees should defend desperately treasures so laboriously amassed, a city such as we find in good apiaries, where the nectar, overflowing the numberless cells that represent thousands of casks piled from cellar to garret, streams in golden stalactites along the rustling walls, and sends far afield, in glad response to the ephemeral perfumes of calyces that are opening, the more lasting perfume of the honey that keeps alive the memory of calyces that time has closed. Now this is not the case. The richer their abode the less eagerness they display to fight around it. Open or turn over a wealthy hive: if you take care to drive the sentries from the entrance with a puff of smoke, it will be extremely rare for the other bees to contend with you for the liquid booty conquered from the smiles, from all the charms of the beautiful azure months. Try the experiment: I promise you impunity, if you touch only the heaviest hives. You can turn them over and handle them: those throbbing flagons are perfectly harmless. What does it mean? Have the fierce amazons lost courage? Has abundance unnerved them, and have they, after the manner of the too fortunate inhabitants of luxurious towns, delegated the dangerous duties to the unhappy mercenaries that keep watch at the gates? No, it has never been observed that the greatest good fortune relaxes the valor of the bee. On the contrary, the more the republic prospers the more harshly and severely are its laws applied, and the worker in a hive where superfluity accumulates labors much more zealously and

much more pitilessly than her sister in an indigent hive. There are other reasons which we cannot wholly fathom, but which are likely reasons, if only we take into account the wild interpretation that the poor bee must place on our inordinate doings. Seeing suddenly her huge dwelling-place upheaved, overturned, half opened, she probably imagines that an inevitable, a natural catastrophe is occurring, against which it were madness to struggle. She no longer resists, but neither does she flee. Admitting the ruin, it looks as though already, in her instinct, she saw the future dwelling that she hopes to build with the materials of the gutted town. She leaves the present defenceless to save the hereafter. Or else, perhaps, does she, like the dog in the fable, "the dog that carried his master's dinner round his neck," knowing that all is irreparably lost, prefer to die taking her share of the pillage, and to pass from life to death in one prodigious orgy? We do not know for certain. How should we penetrate the motives of the bee, when those of the simplest actions of our brothers are beyond our ken?

Still, the fact is that, at each great proof to which the city is put, at each trouble that appears to them to possess an inevitable character, no sooner has the infatuation spread from one to the other among the densely quivering people than the bees fling themselves upon their combs, violently tear the sacred lids from the provisions for the winter, topple headforemost and plunge their whole bodies into the sweet-smelling vats, imbibe with long draughts the chaste wine of the flowers, gorge themselves with it, intoxicate themselves with it, till their bronze-ringed forms lengthen and distend like compressed leather bottles. Now the bee, when swollen with honey, can no longer curve her abdomen at the angle required to draw her sting. She becomes from that moment, so to speak, harmless. It is generally imagined that the bee-keeper employs the fumigator to stun, to half-asphyxiate the warriors that gather their treasure in the blue, and thus to effect an entrance, by favor of a defenceless sleep, into the palace of the numberless "swooning beauties." This is a mistake: the smoke serves first to drive back the guardians of the threshold, which are

ever on the alert and most aggressive; then, two or three puffs come to spread panic among the workers: the panic provokes the mysterious orgy, and the orgy helplessness. Thus is the fact explained that, with bare arms and unprotected face, one can open the most populous hives, examine their combs, shake off the bees, spread them at one's feet, heap them up, pour them out like grains of corn, and quietly gather the honey, in the midst of the deafening cloud of ousted workers, without having to suffer a single sting.

But woe to him who touches the poor hives! It was apparently while violating one of these destitute homes that the unhappy man of whom the paper speaks must have met with his death. In fact, at the end of winter, most hives have exhausted their stores and become dangerous. Here, smoke has lost its spell, and you shall scarce have emitted the first puffs before twenty thousand acrid and enraged demons will dart from within the walls, overwhelm your hands, blind your eyes and blacken your face. No living being, except, they say, the bear and the Sphinx Atropos, can resist the rage of the mailed legions. Above all, do not struggle: the fury would overtake the neighboring colonies. There is no means of safety other than instant flight through the bushes. The bee is less rancorous, less implacable than the wasp, and rarely pursues her enemy. If flight be impossible, absolute immobility alone might calm her or put her off the scent. She fears and attacks any too sudden movement, but at once forgives that which no longer stirs.

The poor hives live, or rather die from day to day, and it is because they have no honey in their cellars that smoke makes no impression on them. They cannot gorge themselves like their sisters that belong to happier tribes; the possibilities of a future city are not there to divert their ardor. Their only thought is to perish on the outraged threshold, and, lean, shrunk, nimble, unrestrained, they defend it with unheard-of heroism and desperation. Therefore the cautious bee-keeper never displaces the indigent hives without making a preliminary sacrifice to the hungry Furies. His offering is a honey-comb. They come hastening

up, and then, the smoke assisting, they distend and intoxicate themselves: behold them reduced to helplessness like the rich burgesses of the plentiful cells.

One could find much more to tell of the wrath of the bees and their singular antipathies. These antipathies are often so strange that they were for long attributed, that they are still attributed, by the peasants, to moral causes, to profound and mystic intuitions. There is the conviction, for instance, that the vestal vintagers cannot endure the approach of the unchaste, above all of the adulterous. It would be surprising if the most rational beings that live with us on this incomprehensible globe were to attach as much importance as man to the least hurtful of trespasses. In reality, they give it no

thought; but they, whose whole life sways to the nuptial and sumptuous breath of the flowers, abhor the perfumes that we steal from them. Perhaps Don Juan uses these perfumes more than does a virtuous man, perhaps he brings, in his regretful hands, the intimate but still too burning memory of the long tresses that his fingers have caressed. And hence the rancor of the jealous bees, and hence the legend that avenges virtues as jealous as they.

However, be this as it may, it is high time to close the door that the fairies have permitted us to open on flowering gardens and our present spring-time, which is advancing with all its splendors, where are the only joys and the only beauties that tire not and leave no bitterness behind.

A Song of Sidon

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

HER pageantry parted from her, she sits by the sobbing sea,
 Begirt by the green of gardens where the bloom of the citron-tree
 Attars the too brief twilight with its heavy spicery.

Never the great-oared galleys ride in from the ocean's rim,
 Laden with store of treasure from the utmost isles and dim;
 Never the homing sailors lift skyward the thankful hymn.

Never the morning's splendor strikes slant upon crowded quays;
 Never the blaze of noontide to gold burns the marble frieze;
 Never the planet of lovers lights the rose-twined balconies.

Never from outland regions do the strange-faced merchants fare,
 And fill with their curious chaffer the girth of the market-square,
 Envyng Sidon's riches that once were the world's despair.

No more do the maids at midnight to the rapt Astarte raise,
 Through the noiseless plash of the moonshine, their psalm of prayer and praise;
 No more do the youths to Thammuz vow worship all their days.

Aye, perished the pillared places, the towering and templed heights,
 The garlanded sacrifices, and the old tumultuous rites,
 The revel of wine and music through the passionate pagan nights!

Once she was queen of cities, though now but a memory,—
 A wraith of the time departed through all of the time to be,—
 Sitting sad in her fallen splendor by the bright Sidonian sea.

Gerard Dow's Portrait of Himself

EVERY great portrait-painter combines two elements in his work—external characteristics of his sitter, and those inner qualities which, for want of a better name, we term personality. In painting his own portrait the artist of perception looks upon himself not only from the outside, but within as well, and while presenting his best qualities, he also puts into the rendering his own view of life.

The handsome face and grace of manner shown in this portrait of Gerard Dow appeal to our sense of beauty, and at once tell us that its original was a man of taste and fine perception, and awaken our interest in his work. In few of Dow's pictures do we find any action, yet in vigor of brush-work and in mellowness and transparency of coloring he is close to his master, Rembrandt, while in precision of execution and in truthfulness of observation he rivals him.

When Dow became a pupil of Rembrandt in 1628 he was fifteen years of age, but he had already had six years' training under other masters. It was after this apprenticeship that the present portrait was painted, showing him in his early manhood. In composition it is simple and admirable, and in color tender and exquisite. The expression is one of nobility and sweetness, while the finish of details is remarkable and true. It resembles a work of Rembrandt in the management of light and shade, and is not below that master in the rich golden tone and poetic character and expression. Dow never painted a crowd, and generally shows his figures only in half-length.

This portrait, in the collection of George A. Hearn, Esq., was acquired in 1894 from the collection of the Marquis de Santurce in London, and has not been hitherto reproduced. It is in a most marvellous state of preservation.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



GERARD DOW, 1613-75

PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

The Economy of Jane Stebbins

BY E. AYRTON

THE neighbors called her stingy, and even her best friends owned that Miss Stebbins was an economist, as they partook of her bread and margarine and thrice-watered tea. To some people, indeed, the terms thrift and extravagance would seem out of place when associated with a weekly income which, in shillings, does not reach a double figure. In the village, however, such means were considered as an elegant affluence. "Eight shillings a week, let alone a trifle by needle-work, do seem a tidy bit for a single 'ooman,"—so ran the general opinion.

It was not to Miss Stebbins's daily pinching and scraping that the neighbors objected. They all had to burn the candle ends and even consider the cheese parings. What shocked them was her omission to "do the thing handsome on occasion." They had never forgotten her appearance at the Squire's yearly treat in her every-day bonnet. To be sure, the weather had looked "a bit threatensome," but every self-respecting woman had defied the elements in a much beribboned and befeathered head-gear. Perhaps a rueful recollection of spoilt finery added a bitterness to the contempt.

So it was probably only owing to the extreme paucity of heiresses in the neighborhood that Tobias Ling, the hoary village reprobate, ever conceived the desperate idea of laying siege to Miss Stebbins's elderly heart. "Now 'is darter's married and gone to furrin parts, 'ee be looking out for some un else to keep 'im like, but 'ee'll meet 'is match in Jane Stebbins,"—so chuckled the gossips with an unintentional truth.

For, to every one's amazement, Miss Stebbins seemed to look favorably on her undesirable admirer. She was seen walking out with him one Sunday afternoon,—the regular method of progression in a country courtship, although, in this case, instead of showing an obvious attach-

ment, the lovers were as far removed as the six-foot lane would allow.

"Eh, but that's a rom couple surely," ejaculated Jessop the carpenter, as he watched them passing out of sight, Miss Stebbins delicately picking her way, a refinement of genteel poverty, while old Tobias slouched along, unashamedly dirty and out at elbows, with an audacious crimson scarf and unvenerable gray curls. Perhaps, as Jessop's worthy spouse affirmed on hearing of the incident, Jane Stebbins was only giving Tobias a lesson. "It b'aint likely," Mrs. Jessop said, "that sot as Jane be in her natty ways, she'd fash herself wi' a man about the house, not to speak o' the expense."

From the two parties chiefly concerned little could be learnt. Many were the times that Miss Stebbins was approached, but with unfailing ill success. As for old Ling, when plied with half pints and queries at the familiar bar of the Griffin, he only wagged his head and chuckled hoarsely, "We be a-doing nicely, thank'ee; this beer do seem to be uncommon good-flavored like to-day."

Consequently, when, on Whit-Sunday, the parson announced that the banns were put up between Tobias Ling, widower, and Jane Stebbins, spinster, both of this parish, something like an electric shock was given to the congregation.

"You might ha' telled me the pig was in the flower-garden, and I couldn't ha' stirred," said the carpenter's wife.

However much the news may have overwhelmed Mrs. Jessop for the moment, by the time the service was over it only seemed to give her an additional activity. She fairly raced down the aisle; but Miss Stebbins had, that day, taken a back seat, physically, and so was already making good her escape. Mrs. Jessop, however, was not a woman to be easily balked. When she got home she refused to divest herself of her bonnet

and mantle, and sat eating her dinner in grim readiness. "Now I be a-going to give Jane Stebbins a piece o' my mind," she announced, as Mr. Jessop settled himself for his weekly devotional snooze over the family Bible.

Probably Miss Stebbins was not unprepared for the visit, for she showed no surprise when she opened the door of her little cottage, in response to an imperious knocking.

"Well, what be this piece o' folly I hear?" was Mrs. Jessop's greeting as she stalked in. She sank creakingly into the wooden arm-chair, and then, loosening her purple velvet bonnet-strings, began to flap her Sunday clean handkerchief. She looked very large and determined.

"I don't know what you mean," began Miss Stebbins, nervously; but Mrs. Jessop took no notice of the interruption.

"You must be gone clean dafty," she went on. "You can't be really a-meaning to take up with this old good-for-nothing?"

Miss Stebbins cleared her throat. "Yes, I am," she answered, a trifle sharply. She was as precise in her English as in her person, and did not deign to use the common village "be," save in the subjunctive.

Mrs. Jessop looked at her carefully. "But what ever can you be a-seeing in him?" she asked, her surprise getting the better of her anger.

There was no answer, so Mrs. Jessop started on a new tack. "'Ee'll be a terrible expense," she said.

Miss Stebbins's face changed. "Yes," she assented, with a sigh. "Howsoever, what must be must." There was a certain forced cheerfulness about her tone.

Mrs. Jessop stared. "'Ee 'ain't done a hand's turn o' work, nor earned a penny, these twenty years," she said, pursuing her advantage unrelentingly.

"We all have our crosses," moaned Miss Stebbins.

"Bless the woman! but you aren't bound to be a-marrying 'im!" cried Mrs. Jessop; "and you won't, not without being wishful to make a laughing-stock o' yourself for all the country-side."

There was a pause; then Miss Stebbins rose icily.

"The marriage is to be in three weeks time, and I don't know that any one 'as

asked for your interference, Mrs. Jessop," she said.

Mrs. Jessop ponderously got to her feet; her face was flaming. For a moment she was speechless with indignation. "Well, I wish you joy of 'im," she snorted. "If I couldn't 'ave found nobody to marry me in forty-nine years, I wouldn't ha' ended by picking up an old scarecrow out o' the gutter as only wants to fill 'is belly, an' no self-respecting woman 'ud touch wi'out the tongs. And so good-day to you, Miss Stebbins," and Mrs. Jessop marched out of the house with the tread of an outraged elephant.

When she had gone, Jane Stebbins's composure somewhat deserted her. Probably she was mentally reviewing the very plain speaking that she had heard, for she sat there nervously twisting her fingers. At last she got up. "No, it ull be the last chance for sure," she murmured, and walked into the adjoining bed-room.

She locked the door after she had passed through, which seemed an unnecessary precaution for the sole occupant of the cottage; then she turned to a large oaken box that stood against the wall. Hanging on a ribbon round her wrinkled old neck was a key; this she drew out and unfastened the oak chest. A sudden fragrance of lavender filled the room, as from under the rustling paper she drew layer after layer of dainty under-wear, linen that was almost transparent in its fineness, with innumerable tucks and hand-made lace and narrow ribbon of tender tints.

At last it was all unpacked and spread about the room. Miss Stebbins sat down rather suddenly on the one vacant chair, a little shabby black figure amid the billows of soft girlish whiteness. She pressed her hand to her flat bosom with a sharp indrawing of breath. "How stooping do seem to catch one," she gasped.

It was at this moment that another and a timider knock was heard at the cottage door. Miss Stebbins flushed guiltily. "Who ever can it be?" she said. "Tobias never comes this early. But there, I'm having quite a batch o' visitors to-day," and her lips formed an unpleasantly hard line.

Although Miss Stebbins had braced

herself to meet any of the indignant village matrons, she certainly did not expect to be again confronted by Mrs. Jessop's bulky form.

"I've been a-thinking I spoke a bit sharp just now," that lady remarked, almost apologetically, "but I do hate to see a woman make a fool of herself; it seems more against natur', some'ow, than fur a man."

It was not a very promising beginning, but Miss Stebbins appeared to be mollified. Perhaps she realized what an effort at graciousness it meant on the part of the carpenter's wife. "It don't seem fitting," Mrs. Jessop went on, "that such a one as Tobias Ling, that's a poor creature, say what you will, should come atwixt you an' me, what ha' known one another these forty years and more. Why, I was just a-calling to mind that when we first played wi' dolls together, you couldn't ha' been older than my little Peggy, and not so unlike neither, being fair and nice-looking enough. It's surprising how folks do change."

"Come in," said Miss Stebbins, gently. Every one knew that little Peggy Jessop, the only girl after a long line of much-slapped brothers, had found a warm place in her mother's heart.

As they got inside, the conversation came to an abrupt end, for Miss Stebbins was seized with a recurrence of breathlessness. She was accustomed to these attacks, but this was worse than usual, owing, no doubt, to the excitement of the moment.

"The drops," she said, faintly, "in the other room." Then she remembered herself, but Mrs. Jessop had already started to fetch them.

There came a sudden astonished exclamation from the bed-room as Mrs. Jessop found herself in the midst of the soft white sea of fine linen. She brought back the drops without comment, however, only from her seat at the other side of the room she eyed her friend from time to time curiously.

"I suppose you think I'm fair doited?" Miss Stebbins asked at last, defiantly.

"They must ha' taken a powerful long time i' the making," Mrs. Jessop replied.

Suddenly, to her surprise, Miss Stebbins began to cry. "They were all I seemed to have to live for," she said, weakly.

"Eh, but what put it into your head to start 'em?" Mrs. Jessop enquired. Her tone was curious, but not unkind.

"It was when you were wed," Miss Stebbins sobbed, with a sudden burst of long-pent confidence, "and you were fair pushed to get your things done i' the time. So I thought it 'ud be as well to be forrard, never dreaming but that I'd be marrying soon. Besides, I was glad enough of a bit o' needle-work in my hand, for mother had died the winter afore, and father was mostly out at night. Then, one day, some un told me of a grand wedding, and they spoke of the bride's trousseau, as they called it, and how she'd had two dozen of every mortal thing, and that's what I set before me; not that I ever thought to reach it, but it was something to work for like. But when I came to doing them, it seemed to grow on me, for each thing had to be finer than the last, and that's why I learnt to make the lace.

"I know you held me to be close, but it was this I was always saving for, penny by penny, till I didn't seem to think of aught else. Why, I didn't have time for lovers nor courting, nor miss 'em either, when such things passed out o' my life. But then last spring, when it was done, all done, it seemed to ha' all gone to waste."

Mrs. Jessop got up. She moved with ponderous care across the room to where Miss Stebbins sat. "Thirty year," she murmured, under her breath. Perhaps she was thinking of her row of stalwart sons and her rosy little Peggy. Her face looked strangely gentle.

"Well, we won't say no more about Tobias. I dessay 'ee aren't worse nor another," she said. "And, as you say, it would ha' been an awful waste."

She laid her hand for a moment on Miss Stebbins's shoulder, and then hurried off, as if ashamed of the unaccustomed caress. Miss Stebbins rose too; it was to contemplate the beauty of the fulfilled trousseau.

Parallel Growth of Bird and Human Music

BY HENRY W. OLDYS

Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture

BIRD music presents a fascinating field for exploration. What seems to the careless glance only a mass of unrelated tones becomes under the more intense gaze of the student a coherent and systematic structure. The gradual development from simple cries and ejaculations of the remote past to the elaborate combinations of different notes that the present offers to the ear has not moved in a chance direction, but has been under the guidance of a law that apparently shapes its course towards a fixed ideal.

Such general laws are never perfectly uniform in their operation, or we should miss that variety which makes nature so attractive. Hence it is not surprising that we find in some quarters development of mere vocalism paramount. Birds often have beautiful voices and great skill in using them whose songs show little appreciation of musical form. The mocking-bird and canary are striking examples of this class. On the other hand, many birds, such as the wood-thrush and chewink, with perhaps smaller compass and less brilliant execution, must be ranked higher when judged by the composition of their songs.

It will doubtless occur to the critical reader that it is incorrect to judge bird music by the standard by which human music is tested. The student of the philosophy of music, in particular, will feel satisfied that from the apparently fortuitous manner in which we have acquired our present musical standard the development of bird music must necessarily be moving in another direction and along different lines. But however cogent the grounds for this belief may seem, investigation shows that *there is striking*

evidence that the evolution of bird music has paralleled the evolution of human music, and that both are tending toward the same ideal.

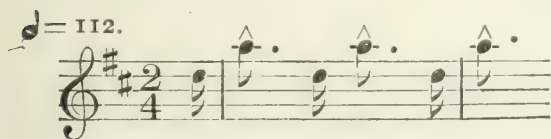
The history of human melody discloses that the pleasing features of songs which appeal to the æsthetic taste of civilized man have been gradual accretions during the progress of music from its starting-point. Rhythm, or the metrical division of musical utterances; tones of fixed pitch, which, passing through various stages, have become limited to those that constitute our present scale—seven in the diatonic and twelve in the chromatic; the sense of modern tonality—the constant mental reference throughout a melody to a tonic, or key-note,—all these have developed at different stages of progress. Other æsthetic rules have also become established, prominent among which is that of repetition. Repetition of single notes, of single phrases (on the same or a different pitch), and of combinations of phrases, all have their pleasurable effect.

Now if we find many of these features characterizing bird music, or any part of it, remembering that the modern complex structure of bird songs has grown from a very simple beginning, and that this evolution is unquestionably independent of our own, we shall have good reason to believe that the development of bird music has been along lines similar to those on which human music has developed. If it can be shown that various species of birds use the intervals of our modern scale, and utter their notes in such sequence as to produce melodies that are pleasing to our ears (which test them by the rules by which human melodies are

tested), the conclusion seems strong that bird music and human music have much closer relationship than has heretofore been suspected.

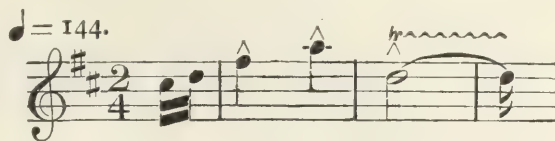
It has been denied and affirmed frequently that the birds use the intervals of our melodic scale. Most writers that hold to the negative are inclined to except one or two birds, such as the European cuckoo, which, they usually state, sings a true third. If this were the only case noted, it would still go far to support the idea of a relationship between the development of human and avian music; but to the cuckoo must be added various other birds. The Carolina wren, song-sparrow, field-sparrow, chickadee, wood-thrush, chewink, wood-pewee, tufted titmouse, blue-gray gnat-catcher, and robin are a random few of those that, occasionally at least, use the intervals of our scale. I do not mean by this to assert that their notes never vary by a shade from the exact tones of which our scale is scientifically constructed—that tried, for example, by a resonator such as is used to test overtones they would be found to correspond identically in number of vibrations with the notes of the true scale; but I do mean to say that their tones are usually so close to the tones of our scale as to satisfy the ordinary requirements of a musical ear. They are quite as true as those generally uttered by human throats. Hence it may be stated with confidence that in their choice of intervals such birds as I have mentioned are often governed by the requirements of our modern scale.

As I write, the song of a song-sparrow enters the window beside which I sit at work, the first part of which consists of a perfect fifth repeated thrice:



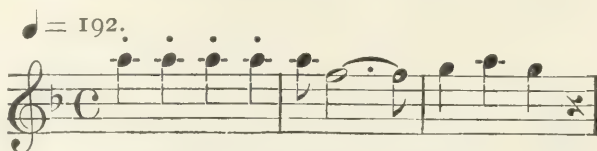
The sense of rhythm, like the use of diatonic intervals, is variously developed among birds. Perhaps the Carolina wren is the strictest timist that I have listened to, though one chewink song showed an almost absurd attention to time. It was uttered with an emphasis on each

beat so marked as to convey the fanciful impression that the singer was a most unwilling performer:



It has been my custom latterly, where it is possible, to give the metronome number with each notation that I make in the field (which is, of course, not feasible unless the song can be divided into regular beats), and very few notations made within the past three or four years are without this indication of appreciation of time on the part of the singer.

The use of repetition among birds is very common with some species; and whether it be in the repetition of a single note, with which the song-sparrow frequently begins its song, as in the following example:



or in the repetition of a phrase, as in one from a tufted titmouse:



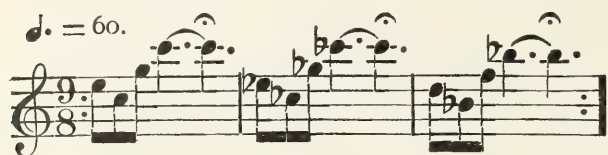
or in a few selected from the many and varied utterances of the Carolina wren:



or many other repetitions of single notes or phrases, which could just as readily

be adduced for illustration were it necessary, we find the same evidence that the birds, like ourselves, are apparently pleased by these rhythmic recurrences.

Repetition of the same phrase on another pitch is an effect commonly used by human composers. Examples may be found in the old English song "Down among the Dead Men," Grieg's "Arabische Tanz," Pinsuti's "Duschinka," and many other compositions for voice or instrument. I have noted two instances of this effect in bird music—this beautiful example from a wood-thrush:



and this remarkable and melodious utterance of a blue-gray gnatcatcher, a bird whose ordinary songs have little of the coherent or rhythmical in their structure:



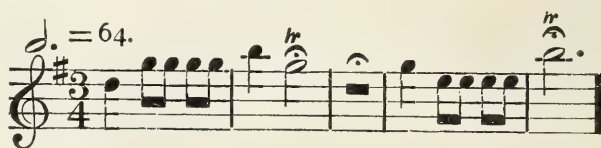
(It should be explained that the phrases of the gnatcatcher were not rendered in the sequence here shown, but that each was given indiscriminately on one of the three different degrees of pitch indicated, never, however, moving more than one tone up or down from the last uttered.

The wood-thrush is justly praised as one of our most charming singers. This estimate is no doubt largely owing to the beautiful quality of its tones, but a reference to the example of wood-thrush music just given will show that in some part at least it is due to the beauty of the melodic arrangement of notes. I have, too, among my notations a sprightly bit of melody from a song-sparrow

that would do credit to a composer endowed with human heart and brain and sympathy:



More attractive still, from the standpoint of sentiment, was the following combination of two phrases uttered by a particularly accomplished chewink:



It regularly alternated these phrases, leaving a pause between sufficient to effectively disconnect them, yet not so great as to destroy the proper sequence.

I cannot refrain from quoting, as a further example, a little field-sparrow theme which, simple though it be, has a charming grace when it steals over a meadow on which lingers the last trace of golden light from the setting sun:



I know of no sound in nature more completely harmonious with the serenity of a summer evening than this simple vesper hymn of the field-sparrow.

Effective combinations are frequently produced by separate birds singing antiphonal phrases. Simeon Pease Cheney gives an example of this form of responsive singing taken from chickadees.* I have heard Carolina chickadees thus combining their songs, and have noted other examples of antiphonal music in the singing of field-sparrows, song-sparrows, meadow-larks, and chewinks. A few are given here and on the next page:

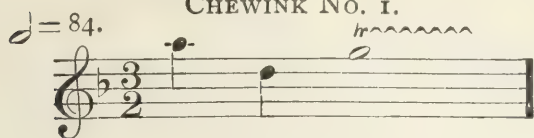


* *Wood Notes Wild*, p. 28, 1891.

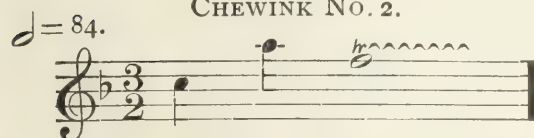
FIELD-SPARROW No. 2.



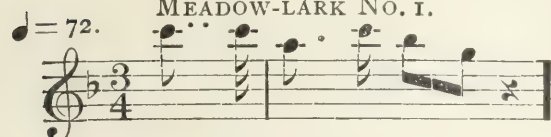
CHEWINK No. 1.



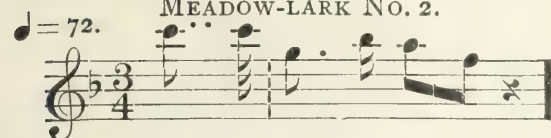
CHEWINK No. 2.



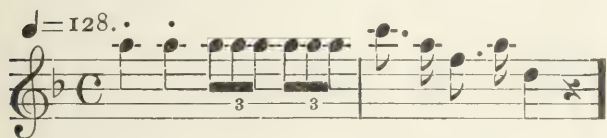
MEADOW-LARK No. 1.



MEADOW-LARK No. 2.



A noteworthy incident was connected with the duet of the meadow-larks. After they had sung responsively as here shown for a while, both began singing slightly out of tune, and in a short time, by gradual degrees, they had exchanged parts, so that No. 1 sang the phrase originally sung by No. 2, while No. 2 sang that originally uttered by No. 1. This was a musical feat that human singers would doubtless find it difficult to imitate. I have also heard a musical answer to the bit of melody just now quoted from the song-sparrow:



and although this could hardly be said to be antiphonal singing, as I heard it, since the answering phrase was sung a year later than the original phrase, and at a point forty miles distant, yet I am strongly inclined to believe that the

second phrase originated as a direct response to the first. The same may be said of an example from the chewink:



The second phrase was separated from the first by a year of time, although it was delivered in the same locality. Both may have been given by the same bird, the later being merely a variation of the earlier; but in view of the antiphonal practice among certain species, including the chewink, it is also possible that the later form was originally derived from the other as a direct answer. In these instances of antiphonal singing the second phrase is not merely an *answer* to the first; it is a *musical answer*. It seems probable that the birds derive æsthetic enjoyment from such singing, much the same as we should ourselves obtain from it.

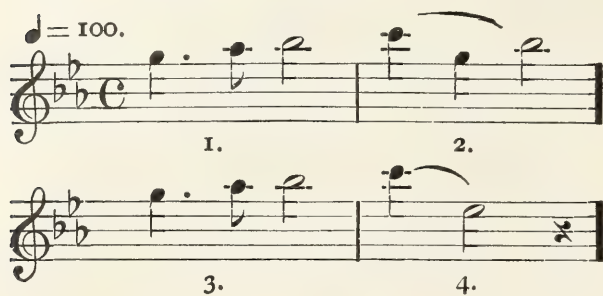
But the most remarkable instance of appreciation of form in music that I have noted comes from the wood-pewee, a bird whose structural development is not sufficiently advanced to bring its possessor within the class technically known as singing birds. Analysis of the ballad form in human music shows that repetition plays an important part, and that the few phrases that are required to build up a song have a certain symmetrical arrangement. There is, in the simplest form, a first theme, an answering theme ending with a note that leaves the musical satisfaction suspended, a repetition of the first theme, and a repetition of the second theme (exactly or in general character), ending with a satisfying note, the key-note. The notation of "Home, Sweet Home" at the top of the next page will serve to illustrate both the systematic arrangement of themes and the meagreness of material used.

Many of our hymn tunes follow this form, either exactly or approximately.

Now the wood-pewee, with no other material than those few plaintive, dis-



connected phrases that haunt the mid-summer woods, has constructed on this same plan a set devotional piece for its morning and evening orisons, which I have often heard it sing over and over in strict time, as though there were so many verses that had to be rendered before it could utter the final amen:



Here, it will be observed, all the requirements mentioned above are fulfilled. The first and third phrases are identical; the second and fourth similar in character, the second leaving the musical satisfaction suspended, the fourth appropriately finishing the verse. Different birds vary the construction of this song, but every rendition I have heard contains more or less of the adherence to form here displayed, and contrasts strikingly with the character of the usual utterances of the bird.

I have also heard an individual wood-thrush utter a triple-phrased song that, while not showing the strict conventionality of that of the wood-pewee, yet exhibited a certain degree of formality in its construction:



This combination of musically related phrases was repeated many times without variation or addition.

In the very formal wood-pewee composition there is apparently a distinct appreciation of modern tonality. But I scarcely feel warranted yet in crediting

any of the birds with a complete understanding of the nature of this æsthetic requirement. In the variations I have mentioned the wood-pewee frequently substitutes the second of the scale for the tonic as a closing note, and in songs of other birds I have not been able to perceive with certainty any preference for a definite key-note. Omitting the question of tonality, as yet doubtful, we find in bird music use of the intervals of our scale, appreciation of regular rhythm, repetition of single notes and phrases, the latter on the same or a different pitch, antiphonal effects, and finally a combination of themes in set form.

Now in view of these numerous and certainly remarkable instances of conformity to the æsthetic rules that govern our music, an explanation based on coincidence seems scarcely tenable. Yet, on the other hand, if we credit the birds with intelligent performances, we can hardly escape the idea that in the evolution of their music they are closely paralleling our advance. And when we consider the comparatively recent date at which we have developed some of the formal rules of melodic structure with which their most advanced musicians seem to be familiar—rules that are not yet appreciated by a large proportion of humanity—we can but feel that we have hitherto scarcely accorded these humble minstrels of wood and field their due. Perhaps we have not given sufficient significance to the fact that man and bird are the only creatures that use separate notes of determinate pitch in their music. Perhaps, too, we have missed the importance of the fact that the birds alone of the entire animal kingdom are capable of being taught to reproduce human melodies. But if the principle here tentatively suggested should prove unimpeachable—and I am well aware how greatly it conflicts with the conclusions of many leading investigators of evolution—we must accord a tardy recognition to the musical rank of our fellow-musician of the tree-top.

My Rosary

BY JOHN W. FINLEY

A CHILD of the sky on a spring-time day,
Pleasing her fancy in childish play,
Made her a necklace of beads of clay,
Colored in all of the hues of light.

Argent and garnet and gold and green,
And beads of her radiance incarnadine,
Fashioned of earth, but of heaven's sheen,
Fairest of gems in her fingers white.

She wove her her necklace that spring-time day
Till the shadows came creeping and stopped her play;
Then putting the little earth beads away,
She waited the morning to make them bright.

The dawnlight came and the gray beads kissed
To ruby and sapphire and amethyst,
Spectrum of hope through my grief's tear mist—
The child woke not with the passing night.

The beads she wove are my rosary now,
Not beads that are sombre of penance and vow,
But counting my thoughts of the day when Thou
Wilt give her back to our loving sight.

Editor's Easy Chair.

A QUESTION which vexed this seat of judgment last month with respect to the revival of Dickens recurs in the presence of the fine new edition of Samuel Richardson's novels which Professor William Lyon Phelps is editing so interestingly, with many outward effects of assisting at a renaissance. Is it a renaissance, or is it only the continuance of a mood, a taste, a feeling, such as in other branches of art brings now the Chippendale forms, and now the Louis Quinze, upon the carpet? Does the reading world care more at this moment for the great master of realistic moralism than it has cared at any other moment of the hundred and fifty years since it cared so enormously, so almost exclusively, for him? Hardly; yet Mr. Phelps is not wrong in recognizing the existence of a sort of eclectic interest, somewhat peculiarly characteristic of our time, which invites

a fresh appeal in all cases apparently adjudicated, and to which he confidently comes with an author declined indeed from his primal pre-eminence, but never forgotten, or wholly neglected. The Richardson incident was never really closed; it was rather put aside for future settlement, while criticism agreed upon a sort of *modus vivendi* into which its consideration did not enter. During the century that passed from the great day when Professor Gellert of the University of Leipsic pronounced "Homer immortal, but . . . Richardson *more immortal still*", to the fateful hour when English India was officially convulsed over a copy of *Clarissa Harlowe*, lent the Governor-General, the commander-in-chief, and their wives by her adorer Macaulay, who testifies that the Chief Justice could not read her story for weeping, there has not been a period of literary consciousness

when the cultivated reader has not felt himself called on to examine anew the grounds of his liking or disliking of Richardson.

I

Richardson has never yet been a negligible quantity, but as for his present editor, he wisely forbears trying to make up your mind for you about him; and in the introductions which he has supplied to the two novels so far published, the *Pamela* and the *Clarissa Harlowe*, he has added to the sum of good criticism which the scholars of Yale are just now doing in several departments almost as much by what he forbears to say as by what he says. The charming command of his own admiration for his author, the graceful ease with which he manages his learning in the matter, the liberal yet strong conviction as to the bases of literary art which he so amiably expresses, are traits of a generous criticism which we are not afraid to find ourselves overpraising. He wishes more that you should understand Richardson than like him, feeling safe that your appreciation will come with your understanding; and he is even anxious that you should be sensible of his limitations by origin, education, and environment. These limitations, he is aware, imply Richardson's strength as well as his weakness; and Mr. Phelps is not, for instance, dismayed for him in view of his incorrect drawing of high life, since he can trust for his defence as an artist to his pictures of human life. He wishes you to know him just as he was in himself, and in his ambient of flattering, fluttering women, who when they had wept over his creations wished to weep over the author the tears of a grateful sensibility.

The fat little elderly printer was the centre of a personal curiosity and a literary idolatry which we can scarcely now realize, even with the very efficient help of such an editor as Mr. Phelps; and all the good things came to him in life that follow most authors in their deaths. With a wand something too like a schoolmaster's rod he divined the copious sources of Sentiment; and as Mr. Phelps, who is always owning the secret of his power, says, that "rising tide from the not too clear well in *Pamela*" became, after *Clarissa*, "a veritable flood, overrun-

ning with resistless force not only England, but France and Germany." The poet Klopstock, then the greatest in Germany, wrote an ode on *Clarissa's* death; the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Göttingen translated her heart-breaking story in eight volumes; and we have read how the Leipsic rhetorician Gellert was inspired to invent a comparative of immortal especially for the author. Wieland made a play out of the fortunes of Clementina in *Sir Charles Grandison*; Lessing was strongly influenced by Richardson's novels; and Goethe attested the deep hold they had taken upon him not only in his *Sorrows of Werther*, but in the sobered æsthetical inquiries of *Wilhelm Meister*, where all three of his novels are made the subject of debate on the nature of the romance and the drama.

In France, Crébillon, to read whose novels forever, lying on a sofa, was the poet Gray's ideal of bliss, declared, "But for *Pamela* we should not know here what to read or to say." The Abbé Prévost, the author of *Manon Lescaut* (of all men!), translated *Clarissa*, veiling some of the frankest and softening some of the most poignant passages, but treating his author with profound veneration; and the philosophic Diderot, in his eulogy of Richardson after his death, could not forbear crying out, "O Richardson, Richardson, first of men in my eyes, you shall be my reading on all occasions! . . . You shall remain on my shelf with Moses, Euripides, and Sophocles; and I will read you by turns." Rousseau, the greatest French genius of the eighteenth century, paid Richardson the tribute of imitation in his *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and Alfred de Musset, one of the greatest French poets of the nineteenth century, proclaimed *Clarissa* the greatest novel in the world (*le premier roman du monde*). While *Clarissa* was appearing in numbers, and the English public was still uncertain of the heroine's fate, Colley Cibber was wrought up to a frenzy of profanity, and when told that she must die, unpacked his own heart in words, saying, "G—d d—n him, if she should; and that he should no longer believe Providence or Eternal Wisdom or Goodness governed the world, if merit, innocence, and beauty were to be so destroyed." Many others who did not fall a-cursing, fell a-weeping, and clung about

the printer's plump knees, as it were, beseeching him in tear-stained pages not to let *Clarissa* perish. The incomparable worldling, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was forced to confess: "This Richardson is a strange fellow. I heartily despise him and eagerly read him, nay, sob over his works in a most scandalous manner."

II

Where there was so much smoke there must have been some fire, and what the new editor of Richardson now proposes to do is to let us see how much fire there really was, now that the smoke has cleared away. No one need be surprised not to find the conflagration so vast as it seemed when it was first kindled, but we think no one can honestly deny that there always was and still is a good deal of fire. If one may not claim much vital heat for the characters and events of *Sir Charles Grandison*, one cannot approach *Pamela* or *Clarissa Harlowe* without feeling it. In these there is life, there is human nature, there is the eternal veracity, which catches from the author's to the reader's mind and clothes them in one flame.

The admirer of Richardson, who has more to endure from the god of his idolatry than any who simply deny him, may allow all that his blasphemers say against him, and yet have far more than enough of him left to swear by, not to say, swear at. He is as preposterous as you please; he is insufferably verbose; he is ignorant of manners; he is as formless, as sentimental, as philistine, as commonplace, as any that hate him have ever said. He has all the faults there are, except the prime fault of writing for writing's sake, of contriving a work of art which shall not live again in conduct. He never even imagined a thing so vain and stupid as that; he was not a man of the sort of imagination which begins and ends in its own foolish toys. There was something quite comically simple in the origin of his first novel, in his meaning to compose a complete letter-writer for the use of people in humble life, and presently finding himself in the heart of one of the most affecting and fatiguing fictions in the language. There is something almost as comical in the intention of his last novel, where, without knowing the manners of high life, he proposed to himself the crea-

tion of examples to be imitated and avoided in the best society, and ended in realizing for his readers a truer ideal of a gentleman than existed anywhere in the great world of his day. *Pamela* was impossible, and *Sir Charles Grandison* was ridiculous, and yet both were paradoxically true to human nature, though there never was any such servant as she, and never any such gentleman as he. To verify this fact one must go to the books themselves, and not content one's self with what has been said about them; for criticism copies criticism, and at each remove from the fact gives a feebler and falser impression of it. When one takes up either novel, one is astonished at the sense of reality which it imparts: here is something palpitant at once; and the author justifies the adoration of his contemporaries by bringing his latest reader under the same spell.

If this is so with *Pamela* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, it is incomparably more so with *Clarissa Harlowe*, which formed the dramatic middle between the beginning and the ending of his work, and marked the highest rise of his art. It was equally remote from his first novel and his last; it struck and kept throughout that level of life to which he was native, and which he knew best, in all its motives and principles. Its action passes now in the upper and now in the lower middle class, and as rarely ascends into the luminous ether of titles as it sinks into the thick vapors of servility. The family of *Clarissa* is almost ideally bourgeois, and she has her finest relief, her most convincing actuality, in her personal distinction from her father and mother, her brothers and sisters, her uncles and aunts; in lifting herself above the law of their social being, while they remain under it. Without some such differentiation of the individual from the species, the species would never advance, and if the English middle class is more refined to-day than it was a hundred and fifty years ago, it is because from time to time some *Clarissa* has risen from it in suffering, and left her story for the inspiration of those who knew her superiority too late for her happiness. It was Richardson's immense good fortune to imagine a *Clarissa* so typical, so universal, in import that her story, when confided to the

whole world, could move the human family as it finally moved the Harlowe family.

III

Another reason for the ascendancy of the *Clarissa Harlowe* over the *Pamela* and the *Sir Charles Grandison* is doubtless through the author's greater mastery, in that story, of the form he employs in all his novels. He was far from the first to employ the epistolary form in English fiction, as he was far from the last, but he was the first and last to triumph over its reluctances so signally as to make the reader forget it. Especially in the *Clarissa Harlowe* it almost ceases to be of that artificiality which it elsewhere confesses, after all its specious professions of being, next to the autobiographic form, the most natural, and its promises of doing its work with all but dramatic effect. It is apt to be of the quality of a stage-play which helps itself out with soliloquies and asides, and does not allow the spectator to suppose that he is assisting at a scene in real life. It is possible that in the hands of a yet more consummate artist than Richardson it might achieve unconsciousness, but as yet it has not achieved even such make-believe unconsciousness as rewarded the artist in such high examples of the autobiographic form as *Henry Esmond* and *David Copperfield*.

Richardson did not choose it for *Pamela* because he liked it, but because he first intended writing those exemplary letters. Then, apparently, he thought of telling a story all in Pamela's letters, but apparently the scheme broke under him, and after a long succession of her letters he adopted the form of a journal, for the purpose of continuing her narrative with more naturalness and probability. When he had carried this as far as he could make it go, he fell back upon the epistolary form; but now he invented the letters of a number of more or less immediate witnesses of her experience. The method was artless and elementary, but it was saved from the final effect of crudity by the truth to nature which triumphed through it over all the untruth to conditions and conventions, both of life and of art. No one can now contend that *Pamela* was faithful to these, and its unfaithfulness must have infused a great deal of laughter with the sighs and tears

into which the whole world was surprised by the heroic sufferings of the virtuous house-maid, when the story of them was new. If people could not deny that there might be a girl in low life so heroically brave and good, still they could save their self-respect by chuckling at the vast difference between her language and manners and those of any house-maid they had known. Yet even to the superior persons who read *Pamela* because *Pamela* was "the book of the year" there must have come a wholesome doubt, then more novel than now, whether a poor girl was fitly the prey of any gentleman who took the fancy to make her so. Richardson arranged the facts in a perspective which enabled the average mole-mind to see them for the first time and to realize their ugliness, and he did a service to the world which we, of a later and wiser if not better world, can scarcely conceive of.

In the story of *Clarissa* he went farther, ethically and æsthetically, than he went in the *Pamela*. He attacked the venerable principles upon which good society rested, and denied in the example of Lovelace and *Clarissa* that, when he will, any man, however corrupt, can be the fit mate of any woman, however pure, and that a woman whose purity has been outraged may personally feel herself restored to peace of mind and unsullied consciousness by marriage with her wrong-doer. That was a vast moral advance, and though society has not yet reached the point at which Richardson rested in the first postulate, it has pretty well conceded the ground of his second. It was a great thing to have established in the moral sense of the novel-reading world the fact that no woman can be so low in station but that she may be consecrated by the purity which hallows a man's mother and sister to his imagination, and that if her purity is violated the sacrilege cannot be atoned through the old way of making her an honest woman. It is pathetic, as well as a little comic, that Richardson did not achieve this beneficent result without laying himself open to the charge of impropriety in his method of dealing with immorality.

IV

In *Pamela* and in *Clarissa Harlowe* it was not more the absorbing interest of

the tale than the potent appeal to the common-sense of common humanity that rendered the reader indifferent to the inherent defects of the form, or inattentive to the artifices that repaired them.

Richardson's nature was so generous, his dramatic force was so constant, that the epistolary form prospered through his hands to an acceptance which once made it seem the most acceptable form for fiction. When he wrote, no novels nearly so great as his had been written; and when so original a mind as Rousseau's wished to impart its first revolutionizing inspirations to the world, it chose almost perforce the form which the master of it can hardly be said to have chosen. The *Nouvelle Héloïse* was written in letters, and in letters was written the charmingly true and vivacious story of *Evelina* by that dear Fanny Burney who first gave to literature the emotions of a young girl in their ingenuous freshness. The far different adventures and experiences of Humphrey Clinker found their way to favor that Thackeray would fain have justified; and following the imitative example of Smollett, a tribe of minor novelists obeyed the law of form which they found in force, and rendered it in the nineteenth century the allegiance it accidentally won in the eighteenth. After the epistolary form ceased to be recognized as that of the great novel, and the historical had quite pushed it from its stool, there were many in various polite languages who indulged in it as a caprice, or as a relaxation from the shape that had usurped its sovereignty. Among such experiments it cannot be matter of surprise that several by American authors have been the most interesting. Mr. Brander Matthews's ingenuity has amused itself with at least one of these, and Mr. Aldrich's *Margery Daw* almost naturalized to our conditions a method which but for his mastery might have seemed inexorably alien to our time and place. *A Bundle of Letters*, by Mr. James, was something not to be forgotten by any reader who enjoys the delicate and effectual study of character in a series of little epistles which speak for their supposed authors as characteristically as so many passages of dialogue on the stage. There have been other fictions in letters, which

have appealed far more widely; but they have not had the charm which these skilfuler novelists have known how to give their work, if it is not rather their play, in that guise.

With Richardson it never was play when he adopted the epistolary form, and subdued its undramatic instincts to his essentially dramatic purposes. It was often by very rough magic that he bent it to his will. The letters were often impossibly long, and impossibly detailed and minute; and when he found that he could not get an episode into a given letter, he did not blush to have the imaginary writer say that he or she must now lay down the pen and resume it in another letter. This happens often enough in *Clarissa Harlowe*; when it comes to *Sir Charles Grandison*, his effrontery is such that he boldly prints over the successive epistolary impulses of Harriet Byron, "The same subject continued," and the like. It is very artless and artificial and laughable; but the subjective art, if we may so throw language out at the object, is so potent that the story lives through in separate divisions with an unsevered continuity and an unimpaired activity. There is little or no attempt to distinguish one person from another by diction that may be called characteristic. If there is ever an endeavor to mark the different writers according to a convention of social inferiority or superiority, the convention is promptly violated at the first exigency of the author. For the most part the women and the men use the same vocabulary, and they all talk like Richardson. But there is a huge body of drama moving irresistibly through the literary form, and carrying to the reader a conviction of life and truth, not dependent upon the slighter modes of motion. This is so in all the Richardson novels, and in the *Clarissa Harlowe* it is so in such measure that whenever you open on a letter of the heroine's, the tragedy (Shaksperean in its reliefs of comedy) begins afresh, and with a fullness and perfection of portraiture and self-portraiture which you will hardly find in any novel again till you come to Tolstoy's, so inexpressibly unlike Richardson's in everything but the greatness of the humanity and the nobleness of the intention.

Editor's Study.

THE readers of the Magazine will excuse the editor if often in this Study he seems to pay his regards chiefly to contributors. It is the contributors who are most in evidence in the pages of the Magazine, and who are most in the readers' thoughts, even to the displacement of editor and manager. The writers and the artists weave the fabric that is a visible delight from month to month to more than a million of readers. The contribution of the artist appeals directly to the eye, and works its happy spell at once, and even at the first glance over the pages of a new number the reader, in addition to such charm as may attract him in the suggestiveness of the varied themes signified in the titles, catches familiar names of writers already cherished and become part of his very culture, and sees also many new or almost new names, arousing fresh interest and curiosity. The closer acquaintance with the number deepens the intimacy between the reader and the writers. The orchestration is developed, and the leader's bâton seems a comparatively insignificant factor in the whole presentment.

The readers are just as invisible to the editor as the management is to them. They are felt rather than seen; *rapport* with them savors of the mystical, on the editor's side. Their eyes are open wide enough, and it is their privilege to view and to approve or deprecate the entire spectacle; but as regards them his eyes are bandaged.

How is a magazine to be conducted at such a disadvantage? How is the sure note to be struck to which the sensibility of this invisible audience will respond? That has been the question since the beginning of magazine literature. Occasionally the editor sees one of his audience, catches him in the very act of reading his magazine; and, remaining incognito himself, he may be permitted now and then to hear a frankly expressed opinion of this or that feature of the harmony he has in a way organized. This is always an interesting experience to the editor, and sometimes a disappointing one, for likely as not the particular

reader's perspective differs widely from his own, and what he thought the finest notes in his harmony prosper not in this one ear at least.

Often, too, a reader, though not seen, is heard from. He writes to the editor; and the latter lends a willing ear, because here is an opportunity of definite acquaintance with that mysterious unknown, the Magazine's Constituency. But the disclosures made in this way are rather confusing, showing great divergences of judgment. It is a pleasant thing to hear from any of our dear readers that we are doing just the right thing—that is reassuring. It is of greater value to us, if not so gratifying, to be reminded of our defects; thus the reader—no less the “dear reader” because he finds fault—may co-operate with us in our efforts for improvement, helping us to do that better thing we are always aiming to do. He may only confirm our own feeling as to desirable attainments, not knowing, perhaps, the difficulties that make them in the immediate present impracticable; he may, on the other hand, convince us of a wrong way taken, or throw a really new light upon the right way. Too often, unfortunately, he is unreasonable and captious, and so ignorant of our inevitable procedure that if we listen to him we must surrender not merely our cherished illusions but our essential standards; he is not properly one of our readers and has evidently got into the wrong fold, where he is bound to be uncomfortable. The catholicity of our scheme does not imply the satisfaction of every taste, though the scheme must be broad enough to meet the wants of all cultivated readers.

In the culture-camp itself there are widely differing tastes as to both art and literature. Essential standards are there maintained, but tolerance is bred, and much indulgence is allowed to mood and temperament. The really cultivated reader must appreciate poetry, but he may read Tennyson with pleasure and not enjoy Browning; he is cultivated but not catholic. So in fiction there are many cultivated readers who do not care for

stories that lack definite plot and a strong dramatic movement, however true these may be in local color or as pictures of real life, past or present, or however impressive in atmosphere and artistic suggestiveness. Yet they insist upon excellence of style and diction. Their taste is not a survival of the primitive and barbaric love of mere action, they demand reflection, and relish that speculation which is a following light in the wake of a fervent creative moment of action or passion, just as they enjoy this as a distinctive feature in Shakspeare's plays. The evolution of their sensibility to imaginative effects, while it is far advanced, has stopped short of a catholic sensibility or appreciation. On the other hand, those readers whose over-refined sensibility rejects the downright story with a dramatic effect, however complex and subtle their development, have in the line of their extreme advance unhappily dropped something on the way—something necessary to a normal appreciation of fiction. Therefore when a reader writes to the editor that he does not care for Maurice Hewlett, we confess to some degree of surprise, but we do not say to ourselves that this reader is lacking in general culture. How many points of silence are there in the Whispering Gallery in this House of Imagination where readers stand and hear no note? How many of our readers find some, to them, wholly waste spaces in each number of the Magazine?

The selection of every individual contribution in a magazine with the desire to please all readers would result in a collection wholly pleasing to none. Though the editor may enjoy a peep now and then at the Unknown, it is well on the whole that his eyes are bandaged, and that he should go his mystical way.

That way also would the contributors better go. Rather than seek the signs of the time in journalistic intimation or any other casual expression, they should utter themselves, being mystical to this extent—that they should shut their eyes to their audience and to every outward motive or goal, feeling their way from their own hearts to the hearts of their readers.

The relation of the editor to his contributors is most interesting. In his midsummer reverie they present them-

selves in a long procession, entering not only into the fabric of the magazine, but into the texture of his personal life as well—so many of them have been in various degrees of intimacy his friends. The retrospect reaches back to the previous generation, so that many whose literary career began under his own personal notice have become veterans, and passed away.

Always there is for the editor the remote circle of aspirants who never become real contributors—the throng of the rejected, but nevertheless perennially interesting. These skirmishers about the camp have many and varied attractions, often arresting attention and commanding respect, often only just failing of the coveted place and unwillingly parted with by the editor, whose glance lingers upon their vanishing brightness. He shares their disappointment. Some show but the crude effort, with an almost amusing hardness of venture, as in the case of a young girl who desires to make her literary contributions the means of securing for herself an education!

Then there are the once-accepted, like the "one-speech Hamilton." In the war-time, nearly forty years ago, a Western woman, who had lost her husband in the field, and who hoped to win a livelihood for herself and her little ones by writing, sent to this Magazine a story which had no special distinction and was returned. In the desperate mood that followed this rejection she sat down with pen aflame and told "Why I wrote it," and her story under that title was accepted and published, winning a sympathetic response from all its readers. But this production, the echo of a vital moment, was her one story in the Magazine. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that anybody could write one interesting novel if he could truly tell the story of his own life.

There are contributors who look upon the Magazine as a caravansary for casual or occasional lodging. Somewhat akin to these bright bedouins were the New York bohemians of the early sixties, like Fitz-James O'Brien, George Arnold, and N. G. Shepherd—nomads of picturesque personality and of brief continuance. O'Brien's stories made a mark, and were as striking as Edgar Allen Poe's.

Though the Magazine has contained the contributions of the most eminent English novelists for half a century, the American writers contributing to it have mainly determined its character. The readers and the contributors have met on the ground of a common culture; or rather it has been this common culture that has established the *rapprochement* between them, and therefrom also the genius of the Magazine had its native emergence in the evolution of American literature. The editor's mystical relation to his contributors therefore resolves itself into one that is spontaneous and inevitable. The related elements are gathered together by a law of development into an equation, the known terms of which—the conductors and contributors of the Magazine—stand respondent to the unknown—the invisible body of readers: respondent not to the expressed wishes of these readers, which might easily confound and mislead, but to their unformulated expectation.

As the editor looks back upon the large company of contributors who have been associated with him and with the management in shaping the destiny of the Magazine, the most gratifying feature of the retrospect is the amenity of the relationship. The ablest writers are always, as a rule, most amenable to the natural demands of editorial management, and the most ready to admit their reasonableness. Such demands necessarily arise, the most frequent one being that for the curtailment of a contribution. The very fervor of genius leads to expansion—often to undue expansion, beyond the natural scope of the story's *motif*, excepting in the rare cases where a vigorous contractility accompanies and regulates the expansion, being an intuitive reflex thereof, an instinctive reserve. If the editor sees that a story is over-long and suggests stricter economy, the author must of course be the judge as to the demands of his art, but we have always found the lesser writers the most unwilling to see the possibility of any abbreviation.

Sometimes, too, a contribution from the best of writers must be declined, and the strain upon the relation between editor and contributor is in such a case reduced to the minimum; it is much more

difficult for the ordinary writer to understand the reasonableness of the rejection. Within a few months the editor has found it necessary to decline three short stories from a writer whose work is in eager demand and difficult to secure upon an absolute order. She writes to us with no complaint or acerbity, or even surprise, but asking for suggestions that may be of service to her in meeting the wants of our readers. Another author, one of our best, to whom the editor has been frank in the expression of his judgment, writes: "The first question with me is whether you think that you like the sketch well enough to print it—whether it belongs to the Magazine."

It is a pleasure to be able to say, as the result of a long experience, that usually writers of all degrees of excellence receive the unfavorable verdict in the most friendly spirit; too often the modesty of the contributor would be surprised by an acceptance rather than by a rejection.

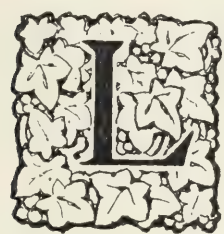
The familiar names of those who for many years have been represented in these pages make the Magazine seem homelike to those who constantly read it; they deepen the associative sentiment which strengthens co-operation in the advancement of culture and conserves the best ideals.

The question arises in every generation, who in the next will take the place of the leaders in this? Sometimes, as in the cases of poetry, we are in doubt, for we know that the most advanced civilization is not favorable to the production of great poetry. Now and then a work of imaginative value and cast in the classic mould—something like Stephen Phillips's *Ulysses*—quicken our hope for the future, but we are still faint-hearted. Perhaps, as in fiction, there may be in poetry an important development of the subjective drama. In the general field of literature our solicitude is heightened as we see one after another of "the old guard" fall at our side. But we do not despair. The last decade has brought us its fair quota of first-rate writers, and those now winning favor promise such excellence as assures us that the interests of good literature are not likely to be surrendered to the philistines or to suffer from inferior leadership.

The Prince's Gift

Verses by
Carolyn Wells

Pictures by
Oliver Herford.



LONG ago, in the time they call olden,
A King held magnificent reign;
His days and his sceptre were golden,
He had pages to carry his train.
He was stately beyond all expression,

With majestic and dignified mien,
And he held as his dearest possession
His daughter, Claudine.

The Princess Claudine was a Venus;
From her curly crowned head to her toe
She was simply perfection. (Between us,
A Princess is always, you know.)
And ere she had done with her
tutors,—

So witchingly lovely was she,—
An endless procession of suitors
Were bending the knee.

“Away! I’ll consider no offers,”
She cried, as her fan she unfurled,
“Save his who for wedding-gift
proffers

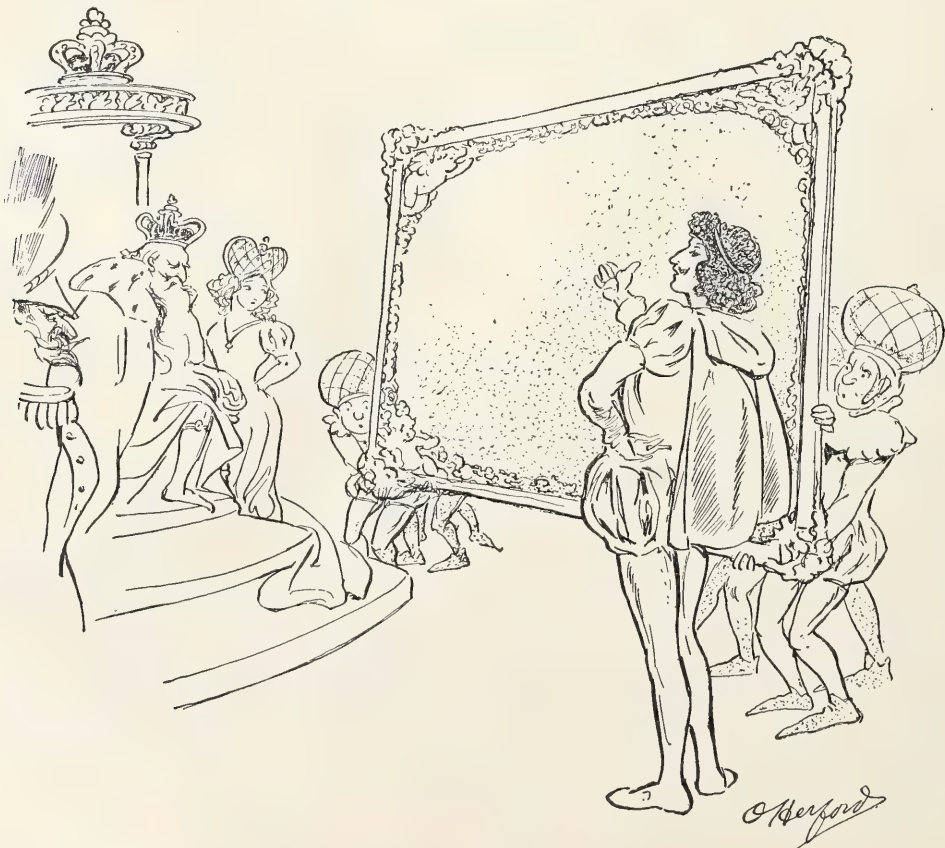


The prettiest thing in the world!"
 As she was a creature of fancies,
 And her father supplied every whim,
 Each suitor felt sure that his chances
 Were fearfully slim.

So, hopelessly timid and shrinking,
 They offered their gifts one by one;
 The Princess spurned all of them, thinking,
 "I wish they'd make haste and be
 done!"

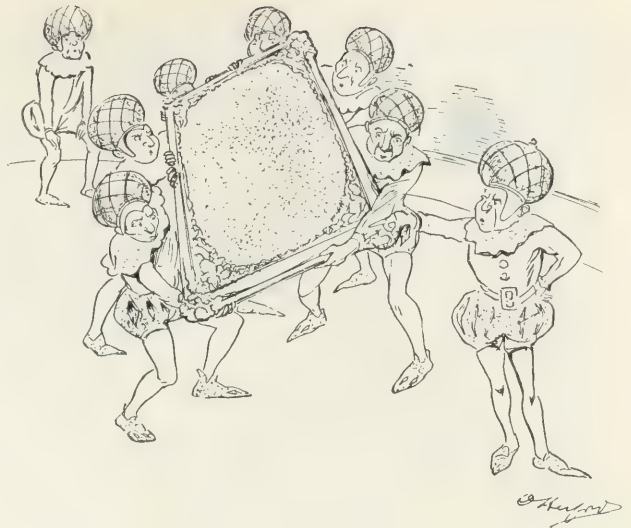
Until, at the last, smiling blandly,
 A dashing and handsome young knight
 Bowed—doffing his feathered cap grandly,
 With manner polite.

"I claim your hand, Princess, by virtue
 Of the gift I have chosen to bring,"
 He said. "And I boldly assert you
 Will say 'tis the prettiest thing
 In the world." He produced his gift duly.
 The Princess in ecstasy cried:
 "How perfectly lovely! Yea, truly
 I will be your bride!"



In her robes for the wedding
attiring,
The Princess with happiness
glowed,
For she spent half her time in
admiring
The gift that the Prince had
bestowed.
Its safety she ordered protected
By a fierce and a fully armed
force.

And this gift was,—as you have suspected,—
A mirror, of course!



The Watermelon and the Mule

A COUNTRYMAN came to the town and saw a watermelon for the first time. "What is that?" said he. "It is a mule's egg," was the reply. The countryman bought the watermelon, and started for home. On the way the watermelon fell from the donkey's back and broke open. Just at that moment a hare crossed the road.

"There goes my mule," said the countryman.

"Oh, my dear wife," he said, later on, when he reached home, "I bought a beautiful mule's egg in the town, but I was most unfortunate on the way, for the egg broke, and the little mule came out and ran away."

M. M. PATRICK.

Collum Non Animum

SWEET girl, I love the way you flatter,
But spare those sighs, that look of pity;
At worst, it's but a temporal matter
To spend the dog-days in the city.

What if the sun's a cruel scorcher?
What if I toss night-long till gray day?
Who feels a petty fleshly torture
When spirits bright are in their heyday?

For when you fled this cruel town, dear,—
Pardon, I pray, the bold effront'ry,—
This fond heart followed, first train down,
dear,

And since then summers in the country.
MELVILLE HENRY CANE.



IN AIR-SHIP DAYS—THE ELOPEMENT

"Ah, love, since I asked you to fly with me the earth has no further attraction for us."

Charity

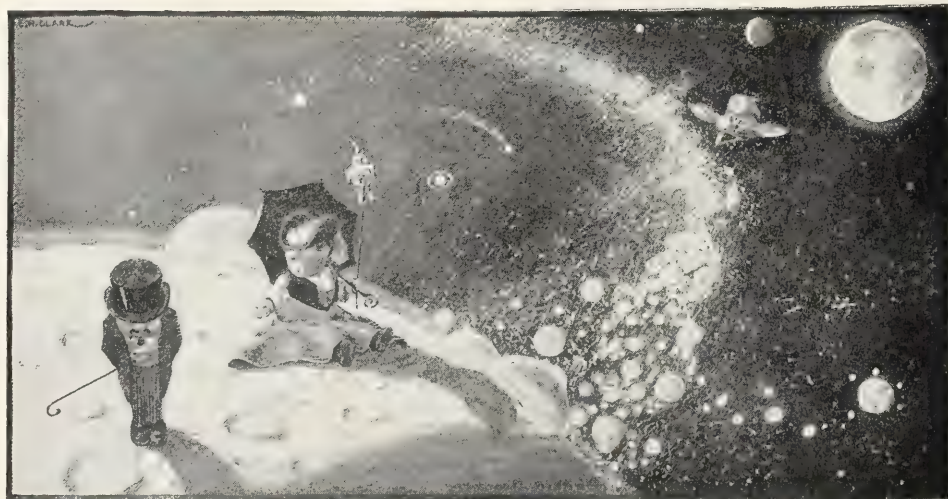
WE had taken into our home a half-starved cat. As Alan, aged three, watched the poor creature enjoying a saucer of milk, he looked at it proudly, and then said to his aunt, with the confidence of one who has mastered the English language, "Aunty, ain't we too d—charitable!"

Better Late than Never

SOME years ago a young lady who was fast verging on spinsterhood was finally wooed and won. She was a very devout Episcopalian, thoroughly familiar with her catechism and very *unfamiliar* with the marriage service.

The day of the wedding arrived, and, contrary to the universal rule, it was the bride instead of the groom who was extremely nervous. It was in the days when the women of the South "married young," and every one had almost given up expectation of the lady's ever marrying. The ceremony proceeded smoothly until the clergyman asked, "Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?" to which the bride responded, to the astonishment of the congregation, "Yea, verily I will, and I heartily thank our Heavenly Father that He hath called me to this state of salvation." F. S. B.

HE was very quiet during the first courses, and every one forgot he was there. As dessert was being served, however, Mr. C—, the host, told a funny story. When he had finished, and the laughter had died away, his little son exclaimed, delightedly, "Now, papa, tell the *other* one!"



IN AIR-SHIP DAYS—ON THE MOON

"Why don't you like the place, my dear?"

"For various reasons. The gravitation is very poor, the sky-line is too low, and there is scarcely any atmosphere at all."



ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE



CHIEFTAIN. "Now, boys, let's all club together and have a good meal."

The Library in Madderley

"AND as a new-comer to Madderley," Mrs. Probyn said, with her best society manner, which included an inflexible smile and an accent crisped to undulating inflections, "I think you should understand the difference between us and the"—she paused, perhaps for an adjective, but finding none adequate, dropped her voice a half-note, and ended—"others."

"Yes, I should like to be told," her hostess said. She was a rather stout, dark-eyed woman, with the perfect poise of well-bred, quiet manners.

"I see you are fond of books," Mrs. Probyn said, and as she glanced at the low bookcases she allowed her quick eyes to reap a harvest of the *tout ensemble* of the room. Mrs. Probyn was disappointed. Her own parlor was very handsome, and from what she had heard she imagined Miss Ferrars was very wealthy, and had felt sure of finding evidence of this wealth in her surroundings.

Mrs. Probyn's cousin in Boston had written her that Miss Ferrars was going to spend the spring and summer in Madderley. "And of course," the letter said, "you will be glad to make her acquaintance. She is made so much of here."

"As you are a reader," Mrs. Probyn said, "I know you will be interested in my Library. I read of a library association, in one of the papers, being formed in Highgrove, and that gave me the idea. I said to Flora, 'The very thing to draw the people together!' So I called a meeting of the ladies, and we organized. They elected me president, and Flora secretary. She wanted Marjorie Glenn to be secretary, but Marjorie

said she thought Flora was better fitted to receive the honor. We agreed to use the committee-room of the school-house for keeping the books, and to apply our entrance fees and dues to buying books—also to donate books. I contributed fifty-seven."

"Very generous of you," Miss Ferrars filled the pause.

"No, no! It was, I may say, my *duty* to lead off well. I gave a complete set of Marion Crawford, handsomely bound; ten volumes of Marie Corelli's works, and nearly all of E. P. Roe's. Marjorie said one really nice thing. She told Flora it wasn't every one whose taste in books revealed their quality of intelligence as much as mine did."

"Marjorie can be nice—now and then. She's very flippant, though; but she wouldn't contribute anything of *value* herself. She said she couldn't give away books she cared for. She sent me a French reader, a copy of Cæsar, a History of the United States, and two volumes of sermons. She said she was too selfish with her books to give any others. I did not allow such a feeling to influence me. Marion Crawford is my favorite author, and Marie Corelli is Flora's, but we both believe in the greatest good to the greatest number."

"As I was saying about the Library, some of the ladies complained there was too much heavy literature, and wouldn't join. I like to *think* when I read, and who can make you do that more than Marie Corelli, with her beautiful books? Have you ever read her *Soul of Lilith*?"

"I think not," Miss Ferrars answered.

"It is in the Library—one of Flo's books. If you decide to join us, you must read it. *Such* elevating thoughts!"

"But did the others really form another Library?"

"Yes, they did. *Don't* you think it was rude and unladylike of them? After I had begun it, and taken such interest in it! They pretended that they did not care for the class of books I selected. As I said, I believe in *standards*; the kind of books that *teach*. I have convictions of right and wrong, Miss Ferrars, and I stand by them."

Mrs. Probyn paused for this thought to be thoroughly absorbed.

"I own I *was* astonished," she continued, "when I heard that Mrs. Scott, the wife of the minister, had started a new Library Association. She buys *anything* the members wish. *Any* new book. They have three members more than we have, and *of course* the books they buy are popular with the general run of people. I believe," Mrs. Probyn said, with emphasis, "in *true* culture, and the only way to obtain it is to have only the best. I am sure you will agree with me?"

"Certainly; but a great deal depends on the point of view."

"*Only* the best satisfies me," Mrs. Probyn said, majestically. "When I read Bulwer, or Marion Crawford, or Marie Corelli, I feel as if I were breathing the atmosphere where my soul belonged."

"And you belong to us, I am sure," she

continued, with winning cordiality. "I feel you are in sympathy with the *best*—and I may enroll you on my list?"

"As I am here for such a short time, perhaps it would be better that I should subscribe to each," Miss Ferrars said. "I am a stranger, and it would be wiser, don't you think? I can belong to both, can't I?"

"Of course," Mrs. Probyn said, without warmth. Her hand slackened and fell limp. "But you know," with a dry smile, "how hard it is to have divided interests."

"Well, I must try it," Miss Ferrars said, pleasantly. "Must you go?"

At the gate Mrs. Probyn met Marjorie Glenn.

"Did you find her at home?" she asked. Mrs. Probyn nodded. "Does she look like her picture? Did she say anything of the book she is writing?"

"Is she an authoress?"

"Of course! *Two and Three*, you know! The book everybody was talking about in the winter; Ferrars Browne is her pen name."

"Ferrars Browne! I had no idea," Mrs. Probyn said. "Why, I would have bought her books for the Library if I had known. I wish I *had* known—it would have flattered her. We were talking on *literary* subjects all the time, but she never mentioned *her* book."

MAY HARRIS.



The Grippy Giraffe

SAID the camel M.D. to the grippy giraffe:

"I perceive you are having a chill.
If you'll follow advice,
And be cured in a trice,
Take a dose of quinine in a pill."

BUT the shaking giraffe shook his head in disdain.

Said he: "You're a witless deceiver;
Ere your cure for the grippe
Reached the end of its trip,
I might need to be treated for fever."

NORMAN H. PITMAN.

"W'en Yer Gwine ter Quit Yer Sparkin'?"

'VIRA was de purties' gel
 In de whole wide Souf.
 Oh, but she'd de 'witchin' eyes,
 Black an' coxin', sof' an' wise,
 An' de laughin'est mouf!
 All de darkies knowed right well
 How I lubbed dat 'Vira gel:
 An' her mammy she would say,
 Kyinder smilin' disaway:
 "W'en yer gwine ter quit yer sparkin',
 You two by de gate?
 Don' yer know de day am darkin'
 An' hit's growin' late?"

'Vira was de lovin'est wife
 'Neath de Norder sun.
 Seems jes lak she made mah life
 Too content fer fret or strife;
 All was joy an' fun.
 An' de chilluns flockin' roun'
 Lub dey mammy to de groun',
 But dey lak to tease dey paw
 By exclaimin' at him: "Law!
 W'en yer gwine ter quit yer sparkin',
 You two by de gate?
 Don' yer know de day am darkin'
 An' hit's growin' late?"

'Vira is de bestest frien'
 Livin' annywhere.
 S'pose her back is kyinder ben',
 S'pose her stren'th is kyinder spen',
 W'at yo' t'ink I care?
 'Ain' a Granny right to be
 Gettin' gray, jes nachelly?
 I sha'n't min' if at de close
 Gabriel says: "I wanter knows
 W'en yer gwine ter quit yer sparkin',
 You two by de gate?
 Don' yer know de day am darkin'
 An' hit's growin' late?"

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

A Profitable Morning

MRS. MELLVILLE, shopping, placed her umbrella against the counter, and turning to go, took up by mistake not her own, but another umbrella that rested near it.

"I beg your pardon," broke in an icy voice with more than a hint of suspicion in it—"you are taking my umbrella."

Mrs. Mellville apologized, picked up the one which belonged to her, and made her way to the repair department, where, the week before, she had left an umbrella of her husband's and an old one of her own to be repaired.

Carrying these in her hand, she took a homeward-bound car. She noticed in a few minutes that a woman opposite was staring at her in a quizzical way, and glancing up, saw that it was the same one she had apologized to. The woman caught her eye, carried it significantly to the three umbrellas Mrs. Mellville was taking home, and said, "I see you have had a profitable morning, madam."

I. R. L.

A Disconcerting Answer

A LEARNED professor, trying to explain to some children how morning stars became evening stars, asked the question:

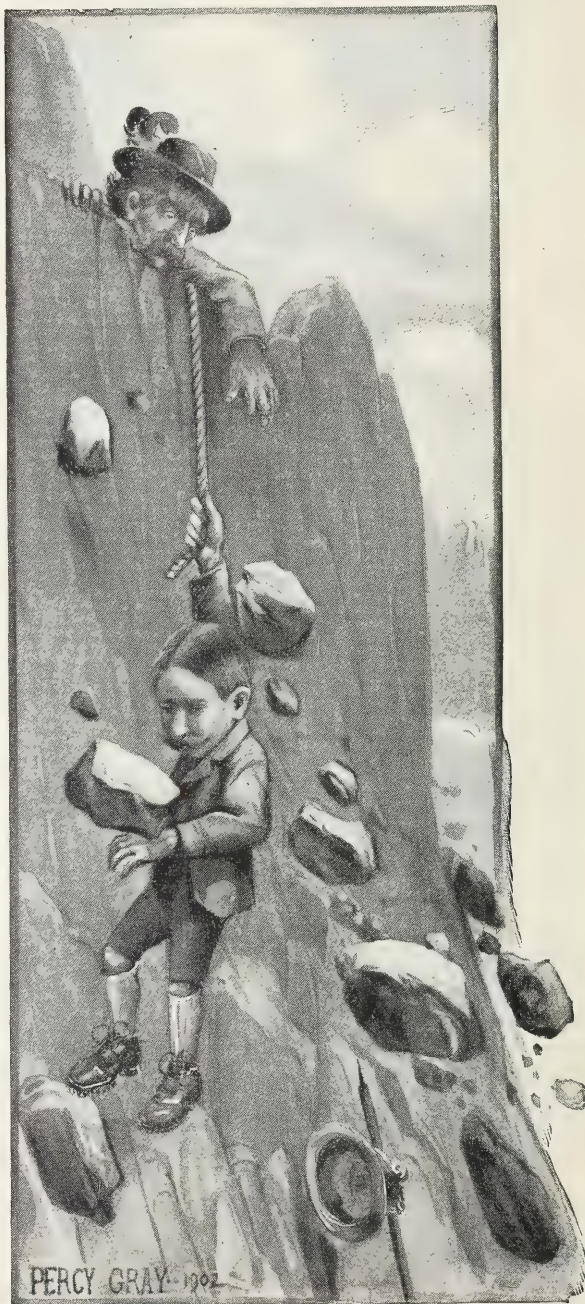
"Suppose a little dog and a horse and wagon were going along the road, and the little dog was in front of the horse and wagon, and stayed there, which would get home first?"

A small boy's voice responded: "The horse and wagon would get there first."

"Why, how is that?" he was asked.

"'Cause," said the small boy, "if the little dog was in front of the horse and wagon, and *stayed there*, the wagon would run over him and kill him, and he wouldn't get home at all."

J. H. B.



FINE PRACTICE

GUIDE. "Oh, Blessed Saints! Master! can you hold for another little second?"

TOURIST. "Why, certainly! I've been used to New York street cars all my life."



A HALF-CENTURY'S TRANSFORMATION OF THE MIDDLE WEST WROUGHT BY THE RAILWAY

THE double-tracking of the Chicago & North-Western Railway between Chicago and the Missouri River marks an epoch in the history of the railways of the West. It is a great achievement, an



THE "PIONEER"—1848

event important; like the sticking of the first stake, or the landing of the first locomotive, the "Pioneer." It will be remembered and talked about by the next generation as we remember and talk of the driving of the last spike in the first Pacific railroad that linked the lakes with the Golden Gate, the road over whose tracks the famous Overland Limited trains travel to-day, between the Summit and the Sea. It will add to the speed and comfort while diminishing the danger of travel. It will attract the traveler, because the bravest of men and women like to feel perfectly secure while speeding across the continent, and travel on a double-tracked road is safer than staying at home, and often more comfortable.

The traveler of the seventies woke weary and worn out after a night in a stuffy little low-roofed car. The traveler of to-day goes from his bed to the bath, from the bath to the barber shop, from the shop to the café, strolls into the smoking-room, or smokes in his private compartment, reads the latest papers in the library car, and steps from the train at his destination rested and refreshed.

The story of the railroad is one of the most interesting chapters in the story of the West, which is far and away the brightest and most inspiring page in the history of this great country. And among the many interesting roads there is not one with a more fascinating history than this line that leads out from Lake Michigan, through Illinois and Iowa, beyond the "Big Water,"



THE "PIONEER'S" SUCCESSOR—1902

across the "Great American Desert"—in reality God's Granary—over the snow-capped crest of the continent, beside the

singing stream, through the beautiful Utah Vale, over the Sierras, and ultimately on down the vine-clad slope to the shores of the Sundown Sea.



A PASSENGER COACH OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

A curio collector, nearly nude and with feathers in his hair, wanted the scalp of a locomotive engineer of the Union Pacific Road. He chased the pathfinder over the Rockies and down a long, low ridge to the valley. And in that way, the modest hero declares, Sherman Pass was discovered, which gave the locomotive an easy approach to the summit. It is, perhaps, the one instance in which the Sioux really helped the road-makers, though the Pawnees helped a heap.

Do you know how it all began, and what they called it in the beginning? It was "The Galena & Chicago Union Railroad," and it was the first railroad ever chartered from Chicago to the West.

Galena was at that time regarded as the most important town in the wild West, and for that reason its name took precedence over Chicago in the title of the road. Not many people believed that the West would ever be able to support a railway, and in order to leave a way out for the promoters, the charter provided that the road "might, if desired, be made a good turnpike instead of a railroad," and the incorporators were allowed three years in which to begin work. The survey was made in February, 1837, from the foot of North Dearborn Street, Chicago, and ran due west from Chicago to the Des Plaines River. They began grading in June of that year, and they graded a little more in 1838. Then the work was discontinued for a period of ten years. The directors became discouraged, and talked of turning and building the road eastward, for the West was not very promising.

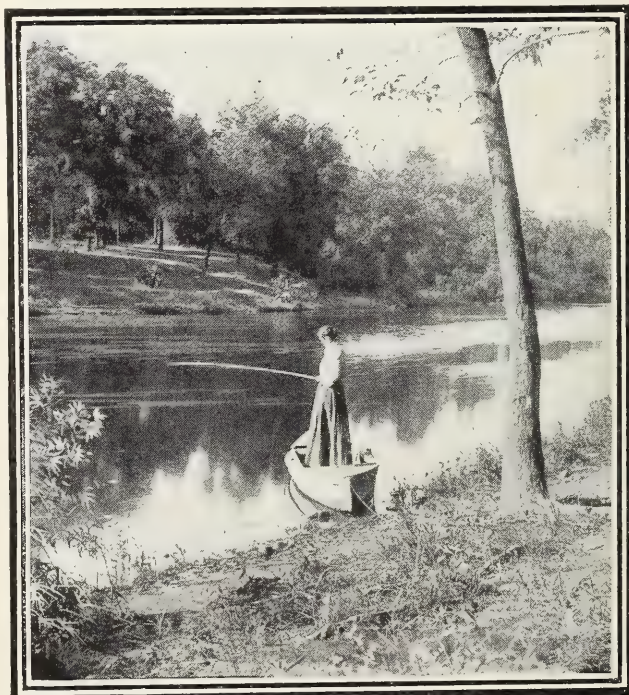
Finally, in March, 1848, a contract was signed for the construction of the first thirty-two miles of the road. The first sixteen miles was to be completed by August 1, and the balance by October 1 of that year. Out on the edge of the prairie, where the

wild grass waved in June, 1848, the first grade-peg was driven. To-day Kinzie crosses Halsted Street where that stake stood. Chicago has reached out and gathered in that much of the wilderness. The City Council refused to allow the company to lay track into the town, but finally consented to the construction of a temporary track, over which the first locomotive, the "Pioneer," traveled from the little wharf to the main line of the road. This quaint, crude, little, old machine may still be seen occupying a place of honor among the exhibits at the Field Columbian Museum at Chicago. It was October 10, 1848, that the brig *Buffalo*



A MODERN PASSENGER COACH—1902

put this first locomotive off and started it out on its way to the West, and since that time the "Pioneer" and her followers have wrought miracles in the developing, subduing, civilizing, and binding together of that vast wild region, which is the home of millions of prosperous people to-day. On November 20, 1848, the Board of Directors invited a party of newspaper men and stock-



ON THE BANKS OF THE DES PLAINES RIVER



CROSSING THE GREAT PRAIRIES OF IOWA
(Expanses of cornfields in the distance)

holders to take a trip over the line. It was then ten miles long, and its opening was one of the biggest events that had ever occurred in Chicago. On the return trip a farmer flagged them, and they transferred the farmer's load of wheat to the train, and that was the first grain shipment ever received in Chicago by rail. Meantime the people of Galena were growing enthusiastic over the promising future, and of the prosperity which would be theirs when the road was completed. About this time the chief engineer wrote in the records of the company what he called an "estimate," and it was to the effect that when completed to that point the resources of the country would furnish business sufficient for two trains each way for two-thirds of the year, and one train each way for one-third of the year.

Gradually pushing still farther into the wild West, the company had completed, in 1855, a line to Cedar Rapids, extending it to Marshalltown in 1862; and from Marshalltown to Boone in 1865; and to Council Bluffs, on the Missouri, on March 15, 1867.

The opening of this line to the Missouri River was of great importance to the Federal Government and to the whole country. It was the first road to connect the East with the Union Pacific, then being built across the "Great American Desert." For three years the pathfinders, the trail-makers, the graders, and road-builders had been battling with the elements and with the

Indians in the Great Desert, bridging the continent. All material, up to the time of the completion of the Galena road, now the Chicago & North-Western, had to be brought up by steamer, and was of necessity slow and extremely expensive. There was no timber on the plain, no fuel, and cross-ties cost as much as two dollars apiece before they were tamped down on the desert. The United States troops guarded the graders, and the United States Government gave aid to the promoters, but the builders of that



THE NEW STATION AT ELMHURST
(A typically neat and attractive suburban station on the Chicago & North-Western Railway)

Millions of dollars have been expended in the betterment of the road-bed, for fine coaches and magnificent, swift locomotives—first for comforts, and then for luxuries—but the cost to the traveler has decreased rather than advanced. A night's rest in a primitive Pullman cost \$2. It is the same to-day in the finest sleeping-palace on wheels. It used to take twenty-eight hours out of the traveler's short life to let him down from the Lakes to the river, and he got off yawning. To-day he is rocked over a steel-railed, double-tracked road, with barely swing and sway enough to soothe him to sleep, reaching Omaha in twelve hours, and he gets off rested and ready for business, without having to go to a hotel to "clean-up."

Instead of the narrow, low window from which the passenger of the past peered out at the prairie dogs, he has in the up-to-date train wide plate-glass windows from which to watch the circling world brush by. The long, wearisome journey on the old Overland, that used to tax the endurance of strong men, and was a real hardship to delicate,



IN THE IOWA CATTLE-RAISING COUNTRY

(A herd of Aberdeen-Angus Cattle.)

nervous people—the journey that occupied the best part of a week—is now made in half that time, and every hour of it is enjoyable. There is no time in which to become tired of traveling. The changing scenes are shifted so rapidly under the wide windows of the Limited that the passenger is constantly entertained. The service is faultless, for the servants are trained to the work. There is absolutely nothing to annoy, and nothing is neglected that will add to the passenger's comfort.

We who have watched the work, who have looked upon the evolution of the transcontinental train, are apt to overlook its importance, or fail to appreciate the comforts that have come to the traveler of to-day—Pullman

cars, with electric fans, electric reading-lamps, a library and buffet at his command, a telephone at his elbow, whether he is in a Chicago or a San Francisco station. He has his bath and tub, a compartment observation room, observation parlors, vestibuled platforms with plate-glass doors, absolute privacy if he desires, companionship if he prefers.

Double steel tracks, perfect ballast, steel bridges, every safety appliance known to railway experts, magnificent engines—greyhounds of steel—are all at his service. Surrounded by every comfort of a home, with speed, cleanliness, and the high-



A FERTILE VALLEY

est degree of comfort, he may leave his train at the Golden Gate or the Great Lakes, refreshed and instructed as a result of the carefully perfected service modern railway management has placed at his disposal during his journey.

A change quite as wonderful has taken place in the country he traverses as in the means of transportation he enjoys. The traveler of 1869 looked from his car-window upon a Chicago in embryo. The great agricultural lands of northern Illinois and Iowa were still waiting for the plough. Where a hundred prosperous and cultured cities now stand, hamlets were just then springing up or the prairie grass remained untrod. The steamboat was still mistress of the Mississippi; there were those who even thought the railway could never succeed. The slopes of the Sacramento, now dotted with fertile orchards and vineyards, were covered by crude placer mines.

That the world's greatest cereal granary was to be created along this route in the brief space of thirty years the dust-covered, body-worn traveler of 1869 may have dreamed, but not believed to ever be a possibility. The Indian, the buffalo, the unbroken wastes, absence of comfort, and the test of his physical endurance so engrossed his mind that he was not likely to look beyond to the horizon of the twentieth century and see emblazoned there the approaching triumph of the

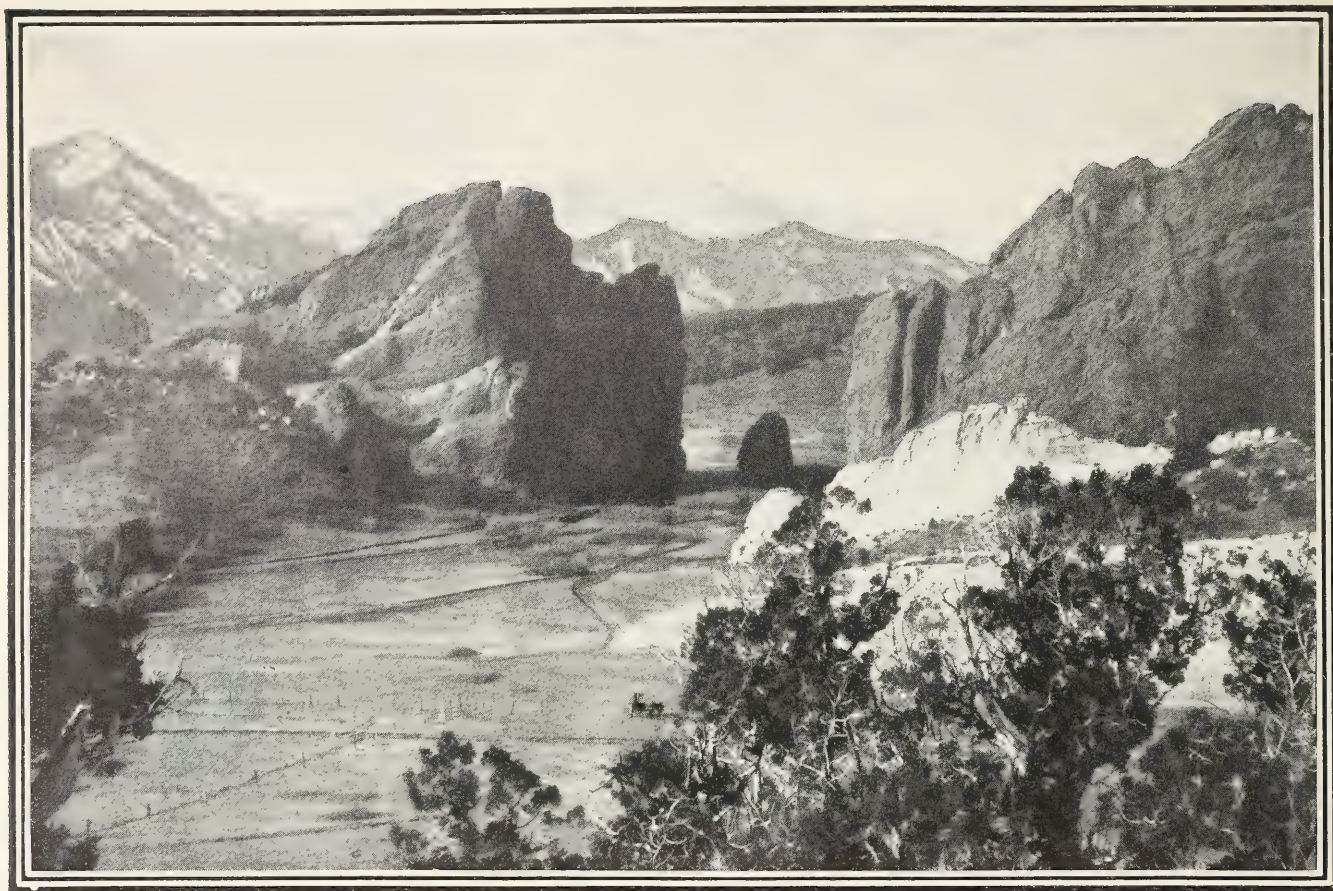
men of to-day, the builders and developers of the West and of the Pacific Coast, the creators of a new land and a new era.

The first transcontinental railway of the nation has advanced with the needs and growth of the wonderful transcontinental country between Lake Michigan and the Golden Gate.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway System now comprises 8,842 miles of high-class railway, over which heavily laden freight trains and fast-scheduled passenger service traverses no less than nine States of the Union. The passenger service *via* the North-Western and its connections extends from Chicago on the east to the Pacific Coast on the west, and from Duluth on the north to Peoria on the south. Through trains daily are operated between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Superior,



IOWA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, AMES



PIKE'S PEAK AND GARDEN OF THE GODS

and Duluth, the Iron and Copper Country. Other through service penetrates to the Black Hills and points in North and South Dakota; while the main line to the westward carries three trains every day in the year from Chicago to San Francisco, two trains per day to Denver, and daily Pullman service to Portland, Oregon.

That prophetic engineer who "estimated" that the road, when completed to Galena, "would furnish business sufficient for two trains a day each way for two-thirds of the year" would be amazed to wake and find that the Company has now thousands of miles of road, and every mile busy, serving the people of the country tributary to Chicago, that was the other end of the Galena line. It has outgrown Galena—the tail is wagging the dog. He would be amazed to look

upon one of the big racers that fly daily and nightly up and down the double track between Chicago and Council Bluffs. In 1902, four trains each way daily are necessary between Chicago and Council Bluffs to accommodate the travel of the Chicago & North-Western Railway.

The growth of the West, the development of our trade beyond the Pacific, and the increased ease with which we travel has developed a commerce which has been met and anticipated by the opening of a double-track line between Chicago and Council Bluffs that marks a new era for the great West, quite as much as such an era was marked by the first trip of the "Pioneer" in 1848. Then, as now, the service of the North-Western Line gave to the traveler "the best of everything."





Illustration for "The Quest of the Holy Grail"; see page 595

Painting copyright, 1901, by Edwin A. Abbey

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In Stevenson's Country

BY WILLIAM SHARP

SO much has been written of late concerning Robert Louis Stevenson that it may be as well to say at once the present writer has no intention to add to controversy. In a word, this brief paper is not set forth in order to meet depreciation with panegyric, or to supplement idol-wrecking with superfluous brickbats. My *credo* as to "R. L. S." is brief; that Stevenson was one of the bravest, sweetest, and most winsome of men, an artist in every nerve, and a writer of infinite charm; but that, being human, indeed in his merits and defects poignantly human, he had a more or less distracting swarm of minor inconsistencies and flaws habitually in evidence about the honey of his brilliant mind and his good and sane heart. It is not to be supposed that anything recently written could hurt the good fame of R. L. S. We have his works, his letters, the record of worthy deeds and of a brave and loyal life. He had hardly a friend who did not love the man more than his writings, for all their winsomeness, their art, their power at times, their perpetual atmosphere of youth, of life. If there are people who "call off" because of some hard-hitting, it is not R. L. S. who is the loser. The more he stands revealed in his weakness as well as in his strength, in his failures as in his achievements, in his vices as in his virtues, the more lovable and, in the end, the more admirable does he appear.

But in the many writings of all sorts and conditions upon Stevenson there has

been little said about "his own country,"—his own tract of "haunted shore," in relation to himself and his writings. There is the exception of the Pentlands, of course; though that only in part. "Every man is at times his own geographer," he exclaimed once; and he himself had a county after the desire of his heart and the longing of his mind. Stevenson was so many-sided in his sympathies, had so various a wayfaring in his short life, and was perforce so swift in adaptation to his ever-changing circumstances, that the home of his mature years was not by any shore or in any land, but builded like a nest among the myriad leaves of memory. And when he reached that nest it was to see thence once more, as by a miracle, the spires and battlements and smoky heights and hollows of Edinburgh, the green slopes of the Pentlands, or the reach of coast from Gullane and Dirleton and North Berwick to Tantallon and St. Abbs Head.

It is to afford a few glimpses of this "haunted shore" that Mr. Charles Wood has made the drawings which now appear. I suppose there is not a yard of sand and shingle, salt bent and furrowed rock along this coast that Stevenson had not traversed.

With Alan Breck he could say, "I should ken this country like the back of my hand."

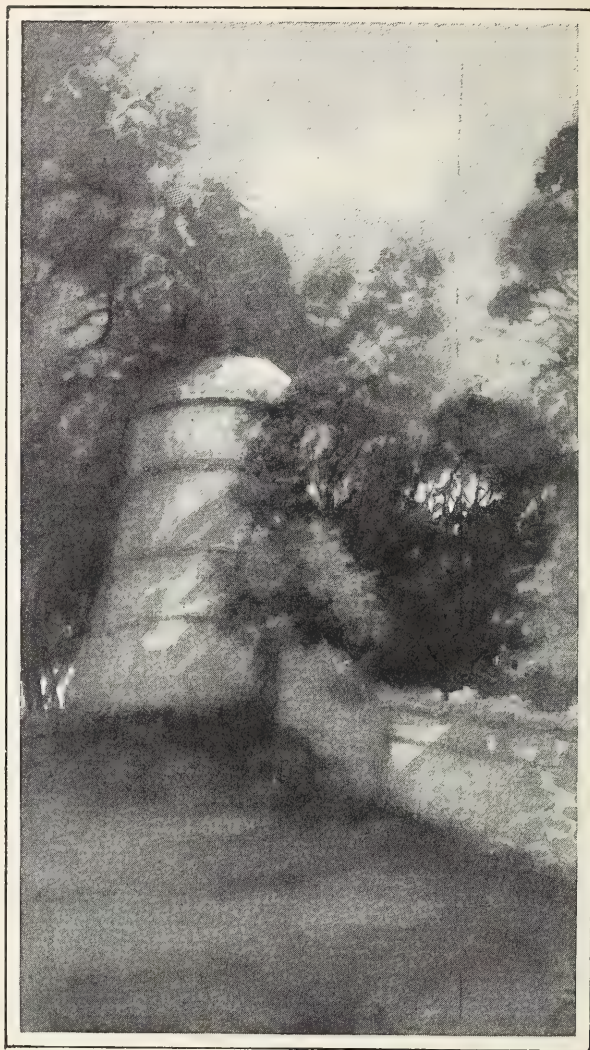
It had always had and always continued to have a singular fascination for him. Singular, however, only if we contrast the physiognomy and outlook with

the physiognomy and outlook of other places he loved, and this without adventuring as far as the Adirondacks or the isles of Samoa. But, in truth, no imaginative young Scot could walk that shore and not find it invested with the tragic beauty of history and romance. What hopes have gone down, what brave adventures ended, beyond these "sorrows o' Lothian," the Wildfire Rocks, and Satan's Bush? The glitter of sword and lance and musket, the drone of the Highland pipes, the hurrying of messengers and flight of broken men—a hundred episodes of national or individual vicissitude would crowd upon his mind. And out yonder, across these troubled gray-green waters, beyond Fidra and the Lamb, out where distant May gathers her precipices from the continual foam, what a coming and going of diverse-fortuned ships there has been, since gallant Sir Andrew, with the two poor sloops that constituted the Scottish navy, swooped like a hawk on the discomfited ships of the Tudor king, till the long later day when an exiled Scottish prince sailed past eager with hopes of a crown rewon, and again sailed past broken with the knowledge of a crown forever lost.

And certainly if the imaginative young Scot in point were of a literary turn, as R. L. S. was by the time he was "breeched," he would have much to think of in connection with legendary lore and old-time ballads, and above all with the folk touched by the magic wand of Sir Walter Scott. Could he look at the cliff-set ruin of Tantallon, and not remember Marmion's arrival at this then impregnable fortress—

Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war—
On a projecting rock they rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse—

or not note, gliding northward past the low isles of Fidra and the Lamb and Craigleith, the galley of the Abbess of St. Hilda, with "a bevy of the maids of Heaven"; or not see "Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood," walking by dusk upon the battlements, "musing upon her sorrows there"? Or, further south, is there not Fast Castle, the sea-set Peel of the



THE DOO'-COTE AT DIRLETON CASTLE

Logans of old, immortalized now as the Wolf's Crag of the Master of Ravenswood? Or, northward, along the shore, beyond conical North Berwick Law, does not the furrowed or grain-covered slope of Prestonpans recall Prince Charlie's rout of the "Hanoverians"? (and how Stevenson loved to roll that analogue of "King George's men" on his tongue!) and in Prestonpans village or down by the old Doo'-Cote at Dirleton may one not hear the faint rally of Sir John Cope's drums, or the skirl of Highland pipes in reckless pursuit? Near by is the field of Pinkie, where "the English Leopard" harried "the Scots Lion" two hundred years earlier. And is not Carberry Hill near, where Queen Mary's beauty and tragic fate did not save her from betrayal?

And besides all these memories, a rambling youngster like Stevenson, who, as he tells us, "prowled the land like a hungry jackal," must have stared often

dreamingly upon the Bass — that precipitous mass rising over four hundred feet above the two miles or so of deep water betwixt it and the mainland. Perhaps none of its many associations could be so poignant as those connected with "The Bride of Lammermoor." How often, in the loneliness and sorrow of his tragic fate, had Edgar Ravenswood not stared across the wintry seas to that wild inhospitable Bass; how often Lucy Ashton had watched the multitude of sea-birds rising like a cloud or settling like a snow-storm over its barren acclivities!

Stevenson was wont to declare that there was no quest along the coast so absorbing to him as the half-fanciful, half-real quest of the Mermaid's Fount (where Lucy Ashton and Edgar Ravenswood pledged troth) and the Kelpie's Flow, that evil quicksand whose counterpart at least may be found at times along that tempest-worn shore.

But Stevenson too had added his magic to this strip of land, to these sombre low islands, to the majestic Bass, so menacing in winter storms or on dark nights, so beautiful at times in the rainbow-shimmer of summer showers. The "imaginative



PRESTONPANS TOWER



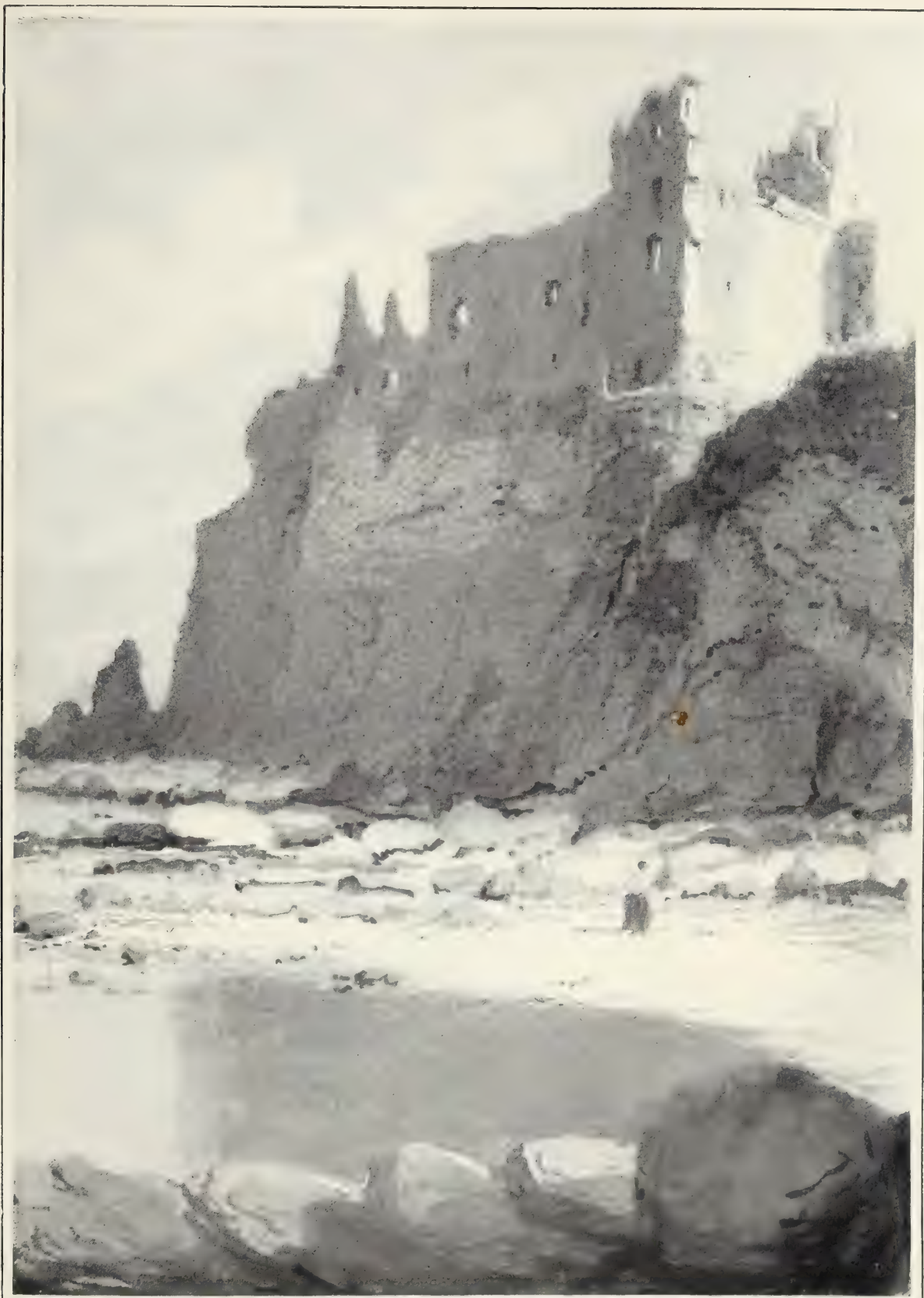
THE FIFE COAST ON A SHOWERY DAY

young Scot" rambling here thinks now also of a newer company than the Jacobites and Hanoverians and Cromwellians of history, the Thomas the Rhymer and his kindred of ballad-lore, the men and women of the poet of "Marmion" and of the romancist of "Waverley." In all likelihood, now, the "wandering callant fra' Embro" (among whose company, if there are few Alan Brecks, there are many David Balfours) would, on approaching this part of the coast, think, rather than of Marmion, of how Davie of the Shaws, a prisoner, with his feet tied below the belly of his horse, on the eve of Alan's escape to the French coast in the sloop *Thistle*, came upon "the three huge towers and broken battlements of Tantallon." Nor has any writer given us a better account of this preceding coast than is to be found in the chapter of *Catriona* where Alan and David await the sloop's boat, among the windy bent-grass, with its "bustle of down-popping rabbits and up-flying gulls."

As we had first made inland, so our road came in the end to lie very near due north; the old kirk of Aberlady for a landmark on the left; on the right, the top of the Berwick Law; and it was thus we struck the shore again, not far from Dirleton. From North Berwick east to Gullane Ness there runs a string of four small islets—Craigleith, the Lamb, Fidra, and Eyebrough—notable by their diversity of size and shape. Fidra is the most

particular, being a strange gray islet of two humps, made the more conspicuous by a piece of ruin; and I mind that (as we drew closer to it) by some door or window of these ruins the sea peeped through like a man's eye. Under the lee of Fidra there is a good anchorage in westerly winds, and there, from a far way off, we could see the *Thistle* riding. . . . The shore in face of these islets is altogether waste. Here is no dwelling of man, and scarce any passage, or at most of vagabond children running at their play. Gullane is a small place on the far side of the Ness, the folk of Dirleton go to their business in the inland fields, and those of North Berwick straight to the sea-fishing from their haven, so that few parts of the coast are lonelier. But I mind, as we crawled upon our bellies into that multiplicity of heights and hollows, keeping a bright eye upon all sides, and our hearts hammering at our ribs, there was such a shining of the sun and the sea, such a stir of the wind in the bent-grass, and such a bustle of down-popping rabbits and up-flying gulls, that the desert seemed to me like a place that is alive.

Along these sands between Gullane and Dirleton the young R. L. S. often wandered, dreaming dreams and weaving fictions. Perhaps it was in youth that he absorbed the color and contours of this coast, afterwards to be so finely limned in *The Pavilion of the Links* and *Catriona*. I have heard that it was "with



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE HUGE TOWERS AND BROKEN BATTLEMENTS OF TANTALLON

his back to Dirleton" that he wrote the first draft of his fine and eminently characteristic poem beginning,

Give to me the life I love,
 Let the lave go by me,
 Give the jolly heaven above
 And the byway nigh me.
 Bed in the bush with stars to see,
 Bread I dip in the river—
 There's the life for a man like me,
 There's the life forever.

"Many's the romance I've made—of course superlatively fine, but alas unwritten!—lying on the grass of the old Law [North Berwick Law], or when watching from its top the solan-geese wheeling round the Bass," he said once to the friend who repeated his words to me. But we have enough to be grateful for

in what he did write of "this bit shore that I keep tucked away in my heart, ready for use when need be, but none the less dear in love." Who can forget the vivid scenes in *Catriona* wherein we follow the flight of David Balfour and Alan Breck through the then perilous coast lands of East Lothian? And who, knowing not only *Catriona* and *Kidnapped*, but other writings bearing the color of desolate places by the Northern sea, and notably *The Master of Ballantrae*, can fail to realize how it was this often-frequented and well-known sea tract that gave Stevenson the remembered material wherewith to create his scenery. R. A. M. Stevenson told me once he did not think that (as had been stated) the coast scenery of *The Master* had anything to do with the Ayrshire coast

near the actual Ballantrae, but was the scenery familiar to R. L. S. from his youth, and particularly all about Gullane, Dirleton, and North Berwick. Certainly there is a spot not far from Dirleton where the good Mackellar might well have witnessed that most terrible duel in literature, the duel between James (the Master of Ballantrae) and Henry Durie, his brother, where, on a frosty dusk, one may think to see again that scene described thus by Mackellar:

"I took up the candles and went before them, steps that I would give my hand to recall; but a coward is a slave at the best, and even as I went my teeth smote each other in my mouth. It was as he had said:



THE BASS FROM SEA CLIFF ARCH



ST. MARY'S LOCH

there was no breath stirring; a windless stricture of frost had bound the air; and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was a roof over our heads. Never a word was said; there was never a sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water; I shook as I went with more than terror; but my companions, bareheaded like myself and fresh from the warm hall, appeared not even conscious of the change.

“‘Here is the place,’ said the Master; ‘set down the candles!’ I did as he bade me, and presently the flames went up, as steady as in a chamber, in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places.”

The Bass Rock has now become the tenement of a longer-lived guardian than Black Andie, or than that weird and ghastly figure Tod Lapraik; for Stevenson has made it his own in his masterpiece of Scottish romance, *Catriona*. The “Bass” chapters of that book I hold to be the finest that Stevenson ever wrote, in the combined use of human interest, supernatural terror, and fitting back-

ground of wild and deeply impressive nature. One cannot look now at the Bass, whether given over to the sea roaring about his bases “like thunder and the drums of armies,” or to its still calms, with only the solanders in hollows and sheer crevices crying like lost spirits, without thinking of David Balfour’s long imprisonment there; of Black Andie, with his thoughts of the godly men who in the rock dungeons had suffered there for Christ’s Kirk, and of their hymns, begun by one solitary voice and taken up from one rock dungeon to another, till a storm of holy song frightened the solans and cormorants wheeling overhead; of David’s Highland guards, so brave in brute courage, such shaken cowards in that haunted and terrifying place; of the white, fat, heavy figure of Tod Lapraik in his horrible “dwams” or trances; . . . and of the frightful discovery of “that awful wanchancy thing on the brae-side,” Tod’s warlock, his own evil soul, whom the fishermen saw in a wild place of the Bass, a green hollow held by rocks, saw (though then Tod was at his loom

in Castleton, in one of his "dwams," smiling horribly) "louping an' flinging an' capering, an' whiles giving a skelloch as it span."

And what a fine, unconventional, how vivid and convincing a description that is of David's first approach in the secrecy of the dawn: "There began to fall a grayness on the face of the sea; little dabs of pink and red, like coals of slow fire, came in the east; and at the same time the geese awakened, and began crying about the top of the Bass. It is just the one crag of rock, as everybody knows, but great enough to carve a city from. The sea was extremely little, but there went a hollow plowter round the base of it. With the growing of the dawn, I could see it clearer and clearer; the straight crags painted with sea-birds' dropping like a morning frost, the sloping top of it green with grass, the clan of white geese that cried about the sides, and the black, broken buildings of the prison sitting close on the sea's edge."

But though for several reasons the scenery of the Lothian coast generally affected Stevenson to tragical emotion, or

at least to the sense of romance hard-set by tragic circumstance, he had many days there, and particularly "dreaming over against the Bass," when in sheer elation of life he might have exclaimed as in an early letter written to Mr. Charles Baxter in the spring of 1872, when R. L. S. was two-and-twenty. "I have been walking to-day by a colonnade of beeches along the brawling Allan. My character for sanity is quite gone, seeing that I cheered my lonely way with the following, in a triumphant chaunt: 'Thank God for the grass, and the fir-trees, and the crows, and the sheep, and the sunshine, and the shadows of the fir-trees!'"

We have in these words, if not all Stevenson, a very great part of the essential Stevenson. It is this quality in him that, like the lamplighter going his rounds of an evening, in his "Plea for Gas-Lamps," enables him so often to be "knocking another luminous hole into the dusk." Well, in our dusk, we could do with a few more luminous holes, with one or two more lamplighters of the Stevensonian kind.

The Slumberer

BY ELSA BARKER

O THOU Beloved One lying asleep
 Within the lonely chamber of my soul!
 Thou art my goal,
 And thine the only altar that I keep.
 In contemplation rapt o'er thy repose,
 I see in thy still face that Mystic Rose
 Whose perfume is the soul's imaginings,
 And Beauty at whose awe I weep
 With over-plenitude of ecstasy.
 Thy slumber is the lone world's mystery—
 The paradigm of all the dreaming things
 Beneath the skies.
 Its emblems are the hush that lies
 Over the moonlit lake;
 The wonder and the ache
 Of unborn love that trembles in its sleep;
 The hope that thrills the heavy earth
 With presage of becoming and vast birth;
 The secret of the caverns of the deep.

Natalie Blayne

BY ALICE BROWN

IT was a most gentle autumn day, full of beguiling promise. The earth smelled good from ripened chalices. The mist hung in the distance like an enchanted censer-cloud, and no air stirred. This was the top note of fruition, so subtly mingled with hope that the human heart had to be heavy indeed not to rejoice in it.

Old Madam Gilbert lay in an upper chamber sick nearly to death; and no one knew her ailment. She had taken to her bed two weeks before, and languished there, not saying a word beyond quiet commonplaces, but with her dark eyes following her husband piteously as he walked about the room doing little services for her. As time went on he seemed to be superseding the nurse, because, as he and his wife both knew, he could translate her wishes better than anybody else. Now she was growing swiftly weaker, as if unseen wings were wafting her out of life.

"Is there anything on her mind?" the doctor asked her husband when he took his leave that day.

"No! no!" said old Ralph Gilbert, with all the certainty of his gentle heart. It hardly seemed worth while to fret either of them by asking that. He knew her life from sunrising to dusk through these difficult days, as he had known it every day for forty years. At night they had slept in like security of unison, one wrinkled hand clasped upon the other. Their hours had been like precious fragments welded into one.

"No," said he, "there is nothing on her mind."

"Queer!" muttered the doctor, with a puzzled frown. "There's nothing the matter with her, yet she's slipping down hill. I'll come to-morrow."

Ralph Gilbert stood for a moment in the doorway, looking out on the sweep of lawn and the noble trees that were all his—and hers. A sob came into his

throat, and the air wavered before him. It was not possible that the final word had been spoken to their blended life together. The doubt, the hint of change, at once made that life ineffably precious to him, and he turned and went up the stairs in haste, like a boy, knowing there would be time enough for grieving afterwards. Delia, his wife, lay high upon the pillows in the great south room where the sun slept placidly on the chintz-covered chairs and old-fashioned settings. Her delicate profile looked sharp, and the long black lashes softened her eyes pathetically. Her gray hair went curling in a disordered mass up from the top of her head like a crown. She was a wonderful old creature, with a beauty full of meaning and suggestion, transcending that of bloom and color. Her husband, standing there by the bedside, subtly resembled her. He was rather slight, and his fine old face, though it lacked the intensity of hers, had a mobile charm. He put one hand on hers, lying in ringed distinction outside the sheet.

"Dear," said he, an extremity of love in his voice, "don't you feel any better?"

"I feel very well, dear," answered the old wife, in a tone as thrilling as her face.

"But you don't eat, dear!"

"I eat all I can. I need very little, lying here."

"Diana will be here to-night."

"Yes. That will be good."

He sat down by the bed-side, and, like a faithful dog, refused to leave her, though she besought him not to miss his dinner. The nurse came and brought her a glass of something, but after a few teaspoonfuls she refused to swallow.

"I can't," she said. "It chokes me. Ralph, won't you go down to dinner?"

"No, dear," said the old man; "if you can't eat, I can't."

He bowed his head upon her hand,



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

"QUEER!" MUTTERED THE DOCTOR, WITH A PUZZLED FROWN

and she felt his tears. So, to please him, she tried again to drink; and seeing what poor work she made of it, and how it distressed her to try, he yielded and went down. Then she rested while the light faded, and in the early evening he brought Diana up to her. Diana, entering the room, dwarfed them both by her size, her deep-chested, long-limbed majesty, her goddess walk. She was a redundant creature in all that pertains to the comfort of life. She looked wifehood and motherhood in one. Her shoulder was a happy place for a cheek. Her brown eyes were full of fun and sorrow. Her crisping hair was good for baby hands to pull. She went swiftly up to Madam Gilbert, and touching her very gently, seemed to take her into her heart and arms.

"You lamb!" said she.

"There, Delia, now!" cried Ralph Gilbert, as if it were an efficacious thing to be called a lamb. Aunt Delia put up a languid hand to the firm, red cheek.

"Diana!" said she, "that's nice."

"I expect you'd like to have her stay with you an hour or two to-night," suggested the old man. "I shall be here too, Delia. Right round the corner." He pointed to the dressing-room where he had lain ever since she fell ill, stirring at a breath.

"Yes," said his wife. "You stay, Diana. Yes, Ralph, I know you'll be here."

"It puzzles me," said Diana later to her uncle, when they stood in the hall below, while the nurse made ready for the night. "There's nothing the matter with her, but she seems struck with—she seems strange."

The old man's face fell into the lines of a grief she could hardly meet.

"That's like Delia," said he, solemnly. "She won't go like anybody else. It won't be sickness. She'll waste away."

"But I don't see—" began Diana, perplexedly. "Well, never mind. I'll stay with her to-night, and maybe in the morning we can tell."

At nine o'clock she was installed with full prerogative in the chintz-gardened room. The nurse went to bed, and Uncle Gilbert camped on his temporary couch. He was very tired, and when Diana heard the breathing that betoken-

ed sleep, she softly shut the door upon him and returned to her great high-shouldered chair, just beyond Aunt Delia's gaze. The lamp burned low, a pin-speck in the moonlight, and the few embers broke and fell together on the hearth. The time went on for an hour, and she was conscious that Aunt Delia did not sleep, but lay there in an acute watchfulness like her own. At eleven Diana stole out of her chair to feed her, and found the great eyes wide open in the half-light as if they had lost all power of closing. Diana never failed to enrich the life about her through lack of words. To her mind the gracious and loving thing must be said, lest there remain no time for saying it.

"Dear heart!" she whispered. "What's the matter with you? The doctor doesn't know. You do! I know you do. You tell. Tell Diana, dearie. Diana's nobody."

"Move your chair a little nearer," said the old lady. "Towards the foot. There, so! Maybe I'll tell you, if I can. How long were you married, dear?"

Diana's hand went to her throat, where the blue wrapper fell away and showed a noble contour. She had never got used to her grief, that unmated mourning like the bird bereft when summer is at flood and the other creature is mysteriously lost in a clear heaven.

"Only two years," she said.

"Two years," said the old lady, musingly. "And I have been married forty-one. You missed a great deal, Diana."

"Yes, I missed a great deal."

"You had the happiness of it, but you missed growing into his likeness and finding him growing into yours. I have had forty-one years."

"We won't have a golden wedding," said Diana, at random. "That's too much publicity. But I'll come and crown both of you with vine leaves in the garden, and uncle will reel off Horace, and we'll drink Hippocrene. I don't know what Hippocrene is, but it sounds very delirious, and it's none too good for wedding-days."

It was a change indeed when Aunt Delia forbore to smile at her foolishness, but the dark eyes still looked solemnly forth into the shadows, and she said, musingly:



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"IT PUZZLES ME," SAID DIANA

"I hoped it would be a good many more years, so that one of us wouldn't have long to stay alone. But we can't tell, we can't tell."

Diana felt the unyieldingness of the situation. Here was a difficulty which was no difficulty, and yet it seemed impervious.

"Dear," said she, "you tell Diana all about it." She put her warm hand over the frail old one, and Aunt Delia turned a little on her pillow, and, as it seemed, snuggled into a confidential frame of mind.

"I was not very young when I met your uncle, dear," said she, "not as things went then. I was twenty-seven. Now, I believe it is different. Women are as old as they behave now. It wasn't the same in my day."

"We're as old as our ambitions now," said Diana. "However, we're not very partial to crows'-feet and double chins, I've noticed. Well, dear?"

"Your uncle was very attractive. You know that, of course?"

"Yes, auntie. He's always been an old dear."

"He wasn't an *old* dear then," said her aunt, in delicate reproof. "He was a very high-spirited young man, working hard at the law, and singing a great deal, and reading the classics in the evening. I am proud of your uncle's youth. He was a poor boy, and he made himself a name."

"Yes, dear," said Diana, tentatively, when she paused. "Take a sup of wine. You mustn't talk too much."

"It does me good," said the old lady, with zest. "I'm going to tell you something that has lain in my mind for over forty years. They say women can't keep secrets. I've kept this one. You'll keep it, too, Diana. You'll understand, and see you can't ever tell. You know, my dear, your uncle has a very poetic mind. He is full of fun, but never to the detriment of his ideals."

Diana stopped herself in time from saying again that he was an old dear. She thought she knew exactly what kind of a youth Uncle Ralph's had been: hot-headed, erratic, full of impossible ambitions trained into working forces by his mate.

"When we met," said Aunt Delia, "it

was like the great stories. We recognized each other. We saw it had got to be. Your uncle was too poor to marry, but—my dear, I felt from the first as if I were his wife already."

"I know," said Diana, softly. "I know."

"I was perfectly happy until a week before our wedding-day. Then one evening we were sitting in the garden. It was just such weather as this. I could smell the grapes. I hoped to put up my own preserves this year. Well! well! Somehow—I don't know how it came about—I mentioned Natalie Blayne. She was a girl a good deal younger than I, and she came here for a visit. I had seen her two or three times, but she never made much impression on me. Well, I spoke her name. 'Natalie Blayne!' said your uncle. 'Natalie Blayne!'" Madam Gilbert sat up in bed, and her voice rang dramatically. Diana saw that she was forgotten, and that the other woman was acting out a scene which had played itself in her memory many a time. "'Do you know her?' said I. His eyes grew very bright. His face changed, my dear. 'Natalie Blayne!' said he. 'I saw her for an hour, a year and a half ago. She came into Judge Blayne's office, and he sent me out with her to find columbines in the meadow. I liked her better at first sight than any woman I ever saw.'"

"But, auntie!"

"No, dear," said Madam Gilbert, conclusively, as one who has long ago settled that disputed point, "he didn't even know he said it. Somehow we were on such terms that he never had to put a guard upon his lips with me. 'But didn't you try to see her again?' said I. 'No,' said he; 'how could I? I was a poor boy in Judge Blayne's office. Besides, she was going abroad the next week.' 'So you lost her?' said I. He took my hand, and said the fingers were cold. Then he went on talking about what he calls potential mates. You know, my dear, he thinks there are many people we recognize instinctively when we meet them. They have a kinship with us. Sometimes it is explained. Sometimes it never is. These are our potential mates. You've heard him talk about it?"

"Of course I have," said Diana. "The dear old simpleton!"

"What, dear?"

"Yes, I've heard him talk. Go on."

"Well, I went to bed that night thinking my wedding-day was coming in a week, and that somehow, without any pain to him, I'd got to break it all off. Because he'd liked Natalie Blayne better than any girl he ever saw in his life, I knew I'd got to get her for him."

"But, auntie!" said Diana, despairingly. "Auntie!"

"Yes, my dear, I know. You think I was unreasonable. But those things have always been very sacred to me. I believe in the one true mate—there are many others too, my dear; I don't deny that—but one true one. And if it was Natalie Blayne!" She sat there in her white bed, looking forward with eyes so moving in their childlike pathos that Diana's heart yearned over her. But she despaired of comforting anything so frail yet so invincible, so capable of pain.

"Aunt Delia," said she, in futile rallying, "here you are, uncle's commanding officer and mine, with power of life and death over us, and yet you're nothing but a baby. How can you suffer so?"

In her loneliness such conjuring seemed like tempting Heaven. If the man she loved could walk the earth again, he might moan over potential mates by the battalion, so that she only put the cup to his lips and touched his hand.

"I made up my mind to it," said Madam Gilbert, "and next day—my dear, it was like a tragedy!—word came that Natalie Blayne was married. Whatever I did, he couldn't have her, after all."

"There!" Diana said, whole-heartedly, "*she* was disposed of."

"I told him myself," said the old lady. "I told him in the garden. I thought it might be a blow. I didn't want him to hear it from anybody else. 'Natalie Blayne is married,' I said. I couldn't look at him. Just then mother called from the window, and your uncle never had to answer me at all. But he went away quite early that day."

"Well, I should hope he did! Six days before his wedding! He went to buy the ring. I know!"

"Then I was tempted," continued the old lady, fiercely, "and I yielded. What I really felt was this: 'If there is another woman in the world to whom he

turns, I won't marry him.' But then I said, 'He can't have her. Let him take me. I'd rather be second best with him than first in heaven.'"

"Good for you, auntie! That's the way to talk."

"So we were married, and I kept on caring more and more and more and more; and so did he; and he was happy, and I was too. But all the time Natalie Blayne stood between us. I had a terrible feeling as if I had stolen him from her, and the time must come when they would meet, in some other world, and he'd say, 'Why, here you are, my mate!'"

"O you poor little child!" cried Diana. "You poor little tragic, foolish child!"

"My dear, I have always held those things very sacred. But at last I began to forget her; and then, five years after she was married, her husband died, and the story ran that she was coming home to live with old Judge Blayne."

"But surely you didn't think—"

"Oh no, my dear! He was too good, he was too honorable ever to have looked away from me. But don't you see, if he hadn't married me, he could have had her, after all."

Diana chafed a little under this theory of Uncle Ralph's invincibility. "You don't seem to consider," she ventured to suggest, "that Natalie Blayne may have been devoted to her husband's memory."

"I do, my dear, I do. But if they were mates, your uncle and she, why, she might recognize it this time, and that other marriage would have been only an episode."

"Now, I'll tell you," said Diana, "I begin to be a little sorry for Natalie Blayne. You bandied her about in a pretty fashion. She might as well have been that slave girl they wrangled over in the Trojan War."

"Well, she came, but only for a visit. Your uncle was away, it happened. I saw her. She was quite tall, with wonderful red hair. It curled. Red hair never turns gray, you know."

"It does worse," muttered Diana. "But never mind."

"I looked at her as I never had before. She had a lovely mouth. The upper lip was short and made a little pout, yet it wasn't a small mouth either.

Her teeth were white as milk. Her hair grew in a little peak on her forehead. Her clothes were made in Paris. The long veil—my dear, she was slender, but that veil made her majestic.”

Diana put her arms out and drew the rocking figure to her heart, but not to keep it there. Aunt Delia needed no woman's comforting: only that of the man who in her despairing fancy had been her soul and flesh and yet not wholly hers. Diana felt for her an agony of pity. Her grief seemed at once so tragic, so compounded of the spiritual jealousies and renunciations that take hold on life and death, and at the same time of the lesser pangs that make up sexual cruelties.

“Well, she went away,” said Madam Gilbert; “but I heard about her. She studied music—she'd always played well—and now she went to Germany and worked very hard. She played quite wonderfully, sometimes in public. I never played. Your uncle was always fond of music. So there she stood between us until—she must have been forty then—she married again. Her name is Meredith.”

“Oh, so she married again! Well, she seems not to have shrunk from experiments.”

“Oh, but, my dear, doesn't that prove they were experiments? If she had married her true mate—and if I had not married your uncle, you see he would have been free—well! well!”

Diana thought she knew a good deal about womankind, but for the first time she began to penetrate the tortuous course of woman's jealousy.

“But why on earth didn't you say this to uncle?” she urged, in one final despair. “I'd have said it to Jack. I'd have put my two hands on his shoulders and pinned him to the wall, and said: ‘Out with it! Do you want Natalie Blayne? You can't have her; but be a man! speak up and tell! Do you want her?’”

“Your uncle was different, my dear. So am I different. And perhaps if you had been married longer you would have learned this: we must never let them see we can be hurt by what has happened. If they do, they keep things from us. They shut up certain chambers and lock

the door. And it isn't that we want to go in there, dear; but it hurts us to think we have pushed them even a hair's-breadth away. We want to live so near them—so near—so near!”

“But, little Delia, don't you see you've been building up a wall between you all these years? Out of nothing, too!—a wall out of nothing! Uncle Ralph sat there in the garden and got mooning. I've heard him. He loves the sound of his own voice. He adores being a sort of Heine's lyric. And out of that innocent folly of his you pieced together a hair shirt, and you've been wearing it ever since!”

“He was quite honest,” said Madam Gilbert, solemnly. “‘I liked her better at first sight,’ he said, ‘than any woman I ever saw.’ It meant so much to him that he quite forgot me when he said it. It was like saying it to himself.”

“But, dear heart, how many men have been bowled over by women they wouldn't take the gift of for keeps?”

“It may be so now, Diana, but it wasn't so in my day. We thought very differently of those things.”

Diana pored again over the situation, which, as her amazed mind told her, was no situation at all. “But think of it!” she cried. “You're digging all this up now when you and Uncle Ralph are—” She was about to say “old people,” but she stopped. The other woman seemed to be at that moment pathetically young. “Why not forget it?”

Again Madam Gilbert rose up in bed. Her pale cheeks wore each a tiny fever spot.

“Because she's coming here!”

“Natalie Blayne?”

“Natalie Meredith. She's a widow, and she's coming here to see the Blaynes.”

“A widow! History repeats itself. But, auntie, in the name of Heaven! Why, the woman must be—” Still, as she instantly reminded herself, this drama had nothing to do with years, and she forbore.

“It's only that I haven't the spirit to meet it now,” said Madam Gilbert, faintly. “I hardly had it years ago; but now I am an old woman. I realize it. My hair is white. See how big the veins are in my hands!”

"Never mind! Uncle is older than you are!"

But this was no answer, and Diana knew it. She was talking to a woman whose passion was welling from the exhaustless fountain it had sprung from in her youth.

"Well," said Diana, "we're sure of one thing. You must go to sleep. Drink this. Yes, you must. You don't want uncle to behead me in the morning."

When the old lady was settling down among her pillows she opened her eyes wide again and said, fiercely: "But it's unjust. It's one of God's injustices. I gave everything I had. He is my husband. I want him in this world, in the world to come. And she's always stood between us."

"Don't think of it now, dear. Don't try to account for anything. Let it all go."

"That's why I told you, Diana. And don't let me see her. I'm not strong enough. Let your uncle see her if she comes—all he can, dear, all he can. But keep her away from me."

She fell into fluttering sleep, and Diana, watching while the cold dawn painted the sky, reflected upon the strangeness of life. Diana never split hairs. Again it seemed to her incredible that any woman who could live beside the man she loved should treasure cobwebs such as these. To sit at table with a man, to see him come home at night—these were the solid joys she coveted. Then with a sigh she began to muse again over this flimsy tissue woven from a dream.

Next morning Uncle Ralph came in in haste, so renewed by sleep that it seemed amazing not to find his Delia better. He regarded her with some pathos of rebuke, and she smiled wanly back at him.

"It's really ridiculous," said she. "I am an old fool, but I can't help it."

Diana breakfasted with him, and then put on her hat without delay. It took more than one night's wakefulness to destroy her bloom, and she was very sweet and wholesome as she stood at the front door surveying the morning, her uncle sadly there beside her.

"I'm going to have a little walk," said she. "That will set me up. Better than sleep, oh, dear, yes! Don't tell her I'm

out of the house, will you? As for you, uncle—well, if I were you, I'd spend most of my time making love to her."

"I always have done that," said the old man, simply. "I suppose you mean, Diana"—his voice broke—"I suppose you mean I'd better make the most of every minute, now."

Diana turned upon him. "Don't let yourself think of such a thing!" she said, angrily. "Die! Aunt Delia die! She's good for twenty years, if we've got any sense about us. But I tell you this: we've got to clutch her petticoats and drag her back."

Diana went down the garden walk, looking very splendid, as if she and the morning were in league together. In an hour she came back, all radiance and bloom. Her brown hair was curled the tighter from her haste, the red in her cheeks had deepened as if the sun had sunken into it. Little darts had awakened in her eyes and played about her mouth.

"Heavens, Diana! what's happened?" asked her uncle when she walked into the sick-room. "Who's left you a fortune?"

"Nobody," said Diana, in great tenderness putting her cheek to the invalid's hand. "They've left it to Aunt Delia. It's a pot of gold."

"Enough to make her very rich?" said Uncle Ralph. He liked to play at fairy-tales.

"Rich! I should think so. Not a competency, not your old annuities, but rich forever and two days after."

Then she sent her uncle out to walk, exiled the nurse, and assumed her reign again. All that forenoon she took perfect care of the invalid. She gave her food by the smallest quantities, and left her long intervals in quiet. After luncheon she sat down by the bed-side and held Aunt Delia's hand.

"Sweetheart," said she, "what do you think I did this morning? I took a walk. My shoe hurt me, and I went into the Blayne girls' to rest. They were just getting up from the breakfast table. I saw Natalie Meredith."

"Diana!"

"Yes, dear, I did. I couldn't help it, could I? Didn't my shoe pinch me? Dear, I could have wept. I did laugh.

I went into a gale. They said you must find me excellent company!"

"So you have seen Natalie Blayne!" said the old lady, wonderingly.

"Yes. I've seen Natalie Blayne, and she's no sight at all. I hoped to find her a monster, rotund, busked, glittering in jet,—but she's not. No; she's simply a very well preserved woman, with great evidence of facial massage and a look of exquisite care. Oh, she was pretty! I can see that. She's pretty still. Her hair isn't such a glory as you describe, but it's lovely hair. She's got white hands that look as if they could play anything anybody ever wrote, and a great many rings on them. But, dear me, sweetheart! she's only a woman, after all. You've exalted her into something between a Cleopatra and a seraph. She's nothing of the kind."

Aunt Delia was looking steadily out at the red and gold maple-tops, a solemn sadness on her face. Diana began to wish she had caricatured Natalie Blayne.

"Well, dear," said Madam Gilbert, presently, "I'm glad you've seen her. I hope it won't come in my way. And we mustn't talk about her any more."

That afternoon at four o'clock Diana sent the nurse to walk, and left her uncle in the sick-room. She took up her own station on the veranda, and sat there until Natalie Meredith came up the garden path. Diana went to meet her, and the stately woman greeted her with a simple grace.

"I feel as if I had deceived you," said Diana, sweetly. "I told you Aunt Delia would be cheered by visitors, and now she proves to be too tired. I'm so sorry. But Uncle Ralph wants cheering, too, poor dear! Let me call him. Talk to him, do! Draw him out of himself!"

Natalie Meredith was exactly what Diana had painted her, save, perhaps, a shade more telling. She was the product of a high civilization, charming by nature, and with another charm added to that. She talked well, yet with a sympathetic regard to her listener; she was one of the women who take the active share of entertainment upon themselves. Presently Diana rose, with a pretty air of apology.

"You must let me call uncle," said she.

When she entered the upper room he

was sitting by his Delia's side, pathetically essaying the nonsense that, in lighter seasons, made his joy.

"Uncle," said Diana, "I wish you'd come down and talk to a caller. I don't know what to do with her. She is a Mrs. Meredith. She's visiting at the Blaynes'." A hot look throbbled into Madam Gilbert's eyes, but she kept them steadfastly on the tree-tops.

"Meredith? Meredith?" said Uncle Ralph, fractiously. "I don't know any Meredith."

"Why, yes, Ralph, yes!" put in his wife, eagerly. "You know her—Natalie Blayne!"

"Natalie Blayne? Oh yes! She was one of the granddaughters. Heavens, Diana! didn't you tell her your aunt is sick and we're not seeing people?"

"Why, it's Natalie Blayne!" insisted the old lady. Her voice had a piercing quality he had never heard in it, her sombre eyes besought him. "Why, you remember, Ralph! It was summer, and you walked with her in the columbine meadow."

The old man turned on her a look of piteous apprehension. Then he spoke very gently, as we speak to those in pain: "Yes, dear, yes! I don't remember, but I dare say I did."

"You don't remember?"

"No, dear, but I've no doubt it's just as you say. Diana, you run down and tell her to go home. She must be a fool to come at a time like this."

"No! no!" cried Madam Gilbert. "No! you go down, Ralph. You must go. I insist upon it."

Diana got him out of the room and down the stairs. Meantime she whispered to him: "Does she seem to you as well, uncle? Is she sinking?"

"Don't say that!" cried the old man, sharply. "Don't say that! Let me get rid of this Meredith woman—"

Natalie Meredith stayed a long time. She liked to talk, and, as she justly thought, these two anxious people needed cheering. She told them a great deal about Germany and the music there, the charted freedom and the atmosphere of pleasure. She did it very gracefully and sweetly, while Uncle Ralph rumbled his hair and fidgeted. So it went on until Diana, warned by the sympathetic ten-

sion of her own mind, grew keenly alive to the troubled spirit in that upper room.

"Uncle," said she, with her innocent air of sudden thought, "we've forgotten Aunt Delia's little powder. It's ten minutes late."

Uncle Ralph flew out of the room and up the stairs. When he saw his wife she was sitting up in bed, her eyes turned toward the door. She seemed to be watching in an agonized apprehension for what a step might bring. The old man hurried to her side and put his arms about her. He forgot the powder, for looking at her face. She was his Delia.

"There, there, honey!" he soothed her, as he had for over forty years. "You lie down. Diana'll be up in a minute, as soon as that woman knows enough to go."

He laid her back on the pillow and gave her the medicine. She took it obediently, looking at him all the time in an incredulous seeking.

"There, Ralph!" she whispered. "Now go down again."

"Go down? I won't! Her tongue's hung in the middle. She talks a blue streak."

"But, Ralph, it's Natalie Blayne!"

"I don't care if it's old Judge Blayne himself. She's a bore."

"Dear, how does she look?"

"Well enough, I guess. Too much

rigged out for a widow! Sheep dressed lamb fashion!"

"But, Ralph, shouldn't you have known her? Does she remind you— Oh, you remember Natalie Blayne!"

"Why, yes, of course I do! The old judge sent me to the depot to meet her, or something. How he used to rope me in! I went there to study law, and he made me black his boots. But I should have said that girl had brown hair and brown eyes, something like yours, dear, only not so pretty. This one's hair is copper-color. I dare say she does some ungodly thing to it."

Upon the silence that followed this, Diana came in. "She's gone," announced Diana.

"Thank God!" rejoined her uncle, fervently.

Diana looked at Madam Gilbert for one solemn moment, and then the two women began to laugh. Aunt Delia laughed until she cried a little, in a happy fashion, and Diana put her arms about her, cooing and calling her a lamb.

"Here, uncle," said Diana, "you've got her back. In a week she'll be putting up preserves."

Madam Gilbert looked extraordinarily pretty and shy, and flushed like a girl.

"You lay out my clothes, Diana," said she, happily; "I'm going to get up to dinner."

Man's Life

BY HENRY EDWARD ROOD

THE laughter in a childish voice,
 The love-light in a woman's eyes,
 The raising of a white-crowned head in welcome, when 'tis eventide;
 A sheltering roof,
 Sufficient food,
 Abundant strength wherewith to work;
 A prayer of gratitude for these, for warming sun, and cooling rain—
 The endless circle is complete.

Father

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

EVERY evening at half past six there was a sound of footsteps on the front porch. You ran, you and Lizbeth, and by the time you had reached the door, it opened suddenly from without, and you each had a leg of Father. Mother was just behind you in the race, and though she did not shout or dance or pull his coat or seize his bundles, she won his first kiss, so that you and Lizbeth came in second, after all.

"Hello, Buster!" he would sing out to you, so that you cried, "My name ain't Buster—it's Harry," at which he would be mightily surprised. But he always called Lizbeth by her right name.

"Well, Lizbeth," he would say, kneeling, for you had pulled him down to you, bundles and all, and Lizbeth would cuddle down into his arms and say,

"Fa-ther."

"What?"

"Why, Father, now what do you think? My Sally doll has got the measles awful."

"No! You don't say?"

And "Father!" you would yell into his other ear, for while Lizbeth used one, you always used the other—using one by two persons at the same time being strictly forbidden.

"Father."

"Yes, my son."

"The Jones boy was here to-day, and—and—he said—why, now, he said—"

"Fa-ther" (it was Lizbeth talking into her ear now), "do you think my Sally doll—"

It was Mother who rescued Father and his bundles at last and carried you off to supper, and when your mouth was not too full you finished telling him what the Jones boy said, and he listened gravely, and prescribed for the Sally doll. Though he came home like that every night except Sunday in all the year, you always had something new to tell him in both ears, and it was always, to all ap-

pearances, the most wonderful thing he had ever heard.

But now and then there were times when you did not yearn for the sound of Father's footsteps on the porch.

"Wait till Father comes home and Mother tells him what a bad, bad boy you have been!"

"I don't care," you whispered defiantly, all to yourself, scowling out of the window, but "tick-tock, tick-tock," went the clock on the mantel-shelf—"tick-tock, tick-tock"—more loudly, more swiftly than you had ever heard it tick before. Still, you were brave in the broad light of day, and if sun and breeze and bird songs but held out long enough, Mother might forget. You flattened your nose against the pane. There was a dicky-bird hopping on the apple boughs outside. You heard him twittering. If you were only a bird, now, instead of a little boy. Birds were so happy and free. Nobody ever made them stay in-doors on an afternoon made for play. If only a fairy god-mother would come in a gold coach and turn you into a bird. Then you would fly away, miles and miles, and when they looked for you at half past six you would be chirping in some cherry-tree.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock—whir-r-r! One! Two! Three! Four! Five!" struck the clock on the mantel-shelf. The bright day was running away from you, leaving you far behind to be caught at half past six—caught and . . .

But Father might not come home to supper to-night. Once he did not. At the thought the sun lay warm upon your cheek, and you rapped on the pane bravely at the dicky-bird outside. The bird flew away.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock."

Swiftly the day passed. Terribly fell the black night, fastening its shadows on you and all the world. Grimly Mother passed you without a look or word. She

pulled down the window-shades. One by one she lighted the lamps—the tall piano-lamp with the red globe, the little green lamp on the library table, the hanging lamp in the dining-room. Already the supper table was set.

The clock struck six.

You watched Mother out of the corner of your eyes. Had she forgotten?

"Mother," you said, engagingly, "see me stand on one leg."

"Mother does not care to look at naughty little boys."

"Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock."

You were very little to punish. Besides, you were not feeling very well. It was not your tummy, nor your head, nor yet the pussy-scratch on your finger. It was a deeper pain.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock."

If you should die like the Jones boy's little brother and be put in the cemetery on the hill, they would be sorry.

"Tick-tock, tick-tock."

Mother went to the window and peered out.

"Tick-tock!"

"Whir-r-r—"

And the clock struck half past six!

Steps sounded upon the porch—Mother was going to the door—it opened!

"Where's Buster?"

And Mother told!

... and somehow when Father spanked it always seemed as if he were meddling. He was an outsider all day. Why, then, did he concern himself so mightily at night?

After supper Father would sit before the fire with you on one knee and Lizbeth on the other, while Mother sewed, till by-and-by, just when you were most comfy and the talk most charming, he would say—

"Well, Father must go now."

"Oh no, Father. Don't go yet."

"But Father must. He must go to Council meeting."

"What's a Council meeting, Father?" you asked, and while he was telling you he would be putting on his coat.

"Don't sit up for me," he would tell Mother, and the door would shut at half past seven just as it had opened at half past six, with the same sound of footsteps on the porch.

"Oh dear!" you would say. "Father's always going somewhere. I guess he doesn't like to stay home, Mother."

Then Mother would take you and Lizbeth on her lap.

"Dearies, Father would love to stay at home and play with you and Mother, but he can't. All day long he has to work to take care of us and buy us bread and butter—"

"And chocolate cake, Mother?"

"Yes, and chocolate cake. And he goes to the Council to help the other men take care of Ourtown, so that the burglars won't get in or the street lamps go out and leave us in the dark."

Your eyes were very round. That night after you and Lizbeth were in bed and the lights were out, you thought of the Council and the burglars so that you could not sleep, and while you lay there thinking, the wolf-wind began to howl outside. Then suddenly you heard the patter, patter, patter of its feet upon the roof. You shuddered and drew the bedclothes over your head. What if It got inside? Could It bite through the coverlet with its sharp teeth? Would the Council come and save you just in time? . . . Which would be worse, a wolf or a burglar? A wolf, of course, for a burglar might have a little boy of his own somewhere, in bed, curled up and shivering, with the covers over his head. . . . But what if the burglar had no little boy? Did burglars *ever* have little boys? . . . How could a man ever be brave enough to be a burglar, in the dead of night, crawling through windows into pitch-dark rooms . . . into little boys' rooms . . . crawling in stealthily with pistols and false faces and lanterns . . . and pistols . . . and false . . .

But That One was crawling in! Right into your room . . . right in over the window-sill . . . like a cat . . . with a false face on, and pistols, loaded and pointed right at you . . . you tried to call . . . your voice was dried up in your throat . . . and all the time He was coming nearer . . . nearer . . . nearer . . .

"Bad dream was it, little chap?" asked the Council, holding you close to his coat, all smoky of cigars, and patting your cheek.

"Fa-father, where did he go?"

"Who go, my boy?"

"Why, the burglar, Father."

"There wasn't any burglar, child."

"Why, *yes*, Father. I saw him. Right there. Coming through the window."

And it took Father and Mother and two oatmeal crackers and a drink of water to convince you that it was all a dream. So whether it was in frightening burglars away, or keeping the street lamps burning, or smoking cigars, or soothing a little boy with a nightmare and a fevered head, the Council was a useful body and always came just in time.

On week-day mornings Father had gone to work when you came down stairs, but on Sunday mornings when you awoke, a trifle earlier, if anything—

"Father!"

Silence.

"Father!" a little louder.

Then a sleepy "Yes."

"We want to get up."

"It isn't time yet. You children go to sleep."

You waited. Then—

"Father, is it time yet?"

"No. You children lie still."

So you and Lizbeth, wide-awake, whispered together; and then, to while away the time while Father slept, you played Indian, which required two little yells from you to begin with (when the Indian You arrived in your war-paint), and two big yells from Lizbeth to end with (when the Paleface She was being scalped).

Then Father said it was "no use," and Mother took a hand. You were quiet after that, but it was yawny lying there with the sun so



Half-tone plate engraved by S. P. Smith

"BAD DREAM WAS IT, LITTLE CHAP?"

high. You listened. Not a sound came from Father and Mother's room. You rose cautiously, you and Lizbeth, in your little bare feet. You stole softly across the floor. The door was a crack open, so you peeked in, your face even with the knob and Lizbeth's just below. And then at one and the same instant you both said "Boo!" and grinned; and the harder you grinned the harder Father tried not to laugh, which was a sign that you could scramble into bed with him, you on one side and Lizbeth on the other, cuddling down close while Mother went to see about breakfast.

It was very strange, but while it had been so hard to drowse in your own bed, the moment you were in Father's you did not want to get up at all. Indeed, it was Father who wanted to get up first, and it was you who cried that it was not time.

Week-days were always best for most things, but for two reasons Sunday was the best day of all. One reason was Sunday dinner. The other was Father. On Sunday the dinner table was always whitest with clean linen and brightest with silver and blue china, and fullest of good things to eat, and sometimes Company came and brought their children with them. On Sunday, too, there was no store to keep, and Father could stay at home all day long.

He came down to breakfast in slippers and a beautiful wide jacket which was brown to match the coffee he always took three cups of, and the cigar which he smoked afterwards in a big chair with his feet thrust out on a little one. While he smoked he would read the paper, and sometimes he would laugh and read it out loud to Mother; and sometimes he would say, "That's so," and lay down his paper and talk to Mother like the minister's sermon. And once he talked so loudly that he said "Damn." Mother looked at you, for you were listening, and sent you for her work-basket upstairs. After that when you talked loudest, to Lizbeth or the Jones boy, you said "Damn" too, like Father, till Mother overheard you and explained that only fathers and grandfathers and bad little boys ever said such things. It wasn't a pretty word, she said, for nice little boys like you.

"But, Mother, if the bad little boys

say it, why do the good fathers say it—hm?"

Mother explained that, too. Little boys should mind their mothers, she said.

It was easy enough not to say the word when you talked softly, but when you talked loudest it was hard to remember what Mother said. For when you talked softly somehow you always remembered Mother, and when you talked loudly it was Father you remembered best.

The sun rose high and warm. It was a long time after breakfast. Fragrance came from the kitchen to you where you sat in the library, all dressed up, looking at picture-books, and waiting for dinner and wondering if there would be pie. Father was all dressed up too, and while he read, you and Lizbeth felt his cheeks softly with your finger-tips. Where the prickles had been at breakfast-time it was as smooth as velvet now. Father's collar was white as snow. In place of his jacket he wore his long black Sunday coat, and in his shoes you could almost see your face.

"Father's beautifulest on Sunday," Lizbeth said.

"So am I," you said, proudly, looking down your snow-white blouse and blue trousers to the shine of your Sunday shoes.

"So are you too," you added kindly to Lizbeth, who was all in white and curls.

Then you drew a little chair beside Father's and sat, quiet and very straight, with your legs crossed carelessly like his and an open book like his in your lap. And when Father changed his legs, you changed your legs too. Lizbeth looked at you two awhile, awesomely. Then she brought her little red chair and sat beside you with the Aladdin book in her lap, but she did not cross her legs. So you sat there, all three, clean and dressed up and beautiful, by the bay-window, while the sun lay warm and golden on the library rug, and sweeter and sweeter grew the kitchen smells.

Then dinner came, and the last of it was best, because it was sweetest, and if Company was not there you cried,

"It's going to be pie to-day, isn't it, Mother?"

But Mother would only smile mysteriously while the roast was carried away. Then Lizbeth guessed.

"It's pudding," she said.

"No, pie," you cried again, "'cause yesterday was pudding."

"Now, Father, you guess," said Lizbeth.

"I guess?"

"Yes, Father."

And at that Father would knit his brows and put one finger to one side of his nose so that he could think the harder, and by-and-by he said—

"I know. I'll bet it's custard."

"Oh *no*, Father," you broke in, for you liked pie best, and even to admit the possibility of custard aloud might make it come true.

"Then it's lemon jelly with cream," said Father, trying another finger to his nose and pondering deeply.

"Oh, you only have one guess," cried you and Lizbeth together, and Father, cornered, stuck to the jelly and cream.

"Oh dear!" Lizbeth said. "I don't see what good it does to brush off the crumbs in the middle of dinner."

Silence fell upon the table; you and Lizbeth holding Father's outstretched hands. Your eyes were wide, the better to see. Your lips were parted, the better, doubtless, to hear. Only Mother was serene, for only Mother knew. And then through the stillness came the sound of rattling plates.

"Pie," you whispered.

"Pudding," whispered Lizbeth.

"Jelly," whispered Father, hoarsely.

The door swung open. You rose in your seats, you and Lizbeth and Father, craning your necks to see, and seeing—

"Pie!" you cried.

"Ah!" said Father, lifting his pie-crust gayly with the tip of his fork.

"Apples," you said.

"Apples, my son? Apples? Why, no. Bless my soul! As I live, this is a robber's cave filled with sacks of gold."

"Oh, *Father!*" you cried, incredulous, not knowing how to take him yet, but you peeped again, and under your pie-crust it *was* like a cave, and the little slices of juicy apple lay there like sacks of gold.

"And see!" said Father, pointing with his fork, "there is the entrance to the cave, and when the policeman chased the robbers—pop! they went, right into their hole, like rabbits."

And sure enough, in the upper crusts were the little cuts through which the robbers popped. Your eyes widened.

"And oh, Father," you said, "the smoke can come out through the little holes when the robbers build their fire."

"Aha!" cried Father, fiercely. "I'm the policeman breaking into the cave while the robbers are away," and he took a bite.

"And I'm another policeman," you cried, catching the spirit of the thing and taking a bigger bite than Father's.

"And I'm a policeman's wife coming along too," said Lizbeth, helping herself, so that Mother said,

"John, John, how am I ever going to teach these children table manners when—"

"But see, Mother, see!" Father explained, taking another bite, and ignoring Mother's eyes. "If we don't get the gold away, the robbers will come back and—"

"Kill us!" you broke in.

"Yes, kill us, Mother," shouted Father, balancing another sack of gold on the end of his fork. "Yes, Mother, don't you see?"

"I see," said Mother, just between laugh and frown; and when the robbers came back around the coffee-pot hill, lo! there was no gold or caves awaiting them—only three plates scraped clean, and three jubilant policemen, full of gold.

And when Father was Father again, leaning on the back of Mother's chair, she said to him,

"You're nothing but a great big boy," so that Father chuckled, his cheek against hers, and his eyes shining. That was the way with Father. Six days he found quite long enough to be a man; so on Sunday he became a boy.

The gate clicked behind you, Father in the middle, and you and Lizbeth holding each a hand, and keeping step with him when you could, running a little now and then to catch up again. Your steps were always longest on Sunday, when you walked with Father, and even Lizbeth knew you then for a little man, and peeked around Father's legs to see you as you strode along. Father was proud of you, too, though he did not tell you. He just told other people when he thought you could not hear.



Halfstone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"FATHER, WHAT DO YOU THINK WHEN YOU DON'T SAY ANYTHING, BUT JUST LOOK?"

"Little pitchers have big ears," Mother would warn him then, but you heard quite plainly out of one ear, and it was small at that.

Everybody looked as you three went down the shady street together, and the nice young ladies gave you smiles, and the nice old ladies gave you flowers, handing them out to you over their garden walls.

"Thank you. My name is Harry," you said.

"And I'm Lizbeth," said little sister. And as you passed on, your stride grew longer, and your voice sank bigger and deeper in your throat, like Father's.

But it wasn't the town you liked best to walk in with Father in the long warm Sunday afternoons. It was the river-side, where the willows drooped over the running waters and the grass was deepest and greenest and waved in the sun. On the meadow-bank at the water's silver edge you sat down together.

"Who can hear the most?" asked Father.

You listened.

"I hear the river running over the log," you said, softly.

"And the birds," whispered Lizbeth.

"And the wind in the willows," said Father.

"And the cow-bells tinkling 'way, 'way off," you added, breathlessly.

"Oh, and I hear the grass whispering," said Lizbeth.

"And oh, a bee," you cried.

"And something else," said Father.

You held your breath and listened. From the distant village the wind blew you faintly the sound of—

"Church-bells," cried you and Lizbeth together.

You fell to playing in the long grass. Lizbeth gathered daisies for Mother. You lay with your face just over the river-bank, humming a little song, and gazing down into the mirror of the waters. You wondered how it would feel to be a little boy fish, darting in and out among the river grasses. By-and-by you went back to Father and sat beside him, your cheek against his arm.

"Father."

"Yes."

"What do you think when you don't say anything, but just look?"

"When I just look?"

"Yes. Do you think what I do?"

"Well, what do you think?"

"Why, I think I'd like to be a big man like you, and wear a long coat, and take my little boy and girl out walking. Did you think that, Father?"

"No. I was thinking how nice it would be just to be a little boy again like you, and go out walking by the river with my father."

"Oh, Father, how funny! I wanted to be you, and you wanted to be me. I guess people always want to be somebody else when they just look and don't say anything."

"What makes you think that, my boy?"

"Well, there's Grandmother. *She* sits by the window all day long and just looks and looks, and wishes she was an angel with Grandfather up in the sky."

"And Lizbeth?"

"Oh, Lizbeth wishes she was Mother."

"And how about Mother? Does she wish she were somebody else, do you think?"

"Oh no, Father, *she* doesn't, 'cause then she wouldn't have me and Lizbeth. Besides, she don't have time to just sit and look, Mother don't."

Your eyes were big and shining. Father just looked and looked a long time.

"And what do you think *now*, Father?"

"I was thinking of Mother waiting for you and Lizbeth and Father, and wondering why we don't come home."

And almost always after that, when you went out walking with Father, Sundays, Mother went with you. It seemed strange at first, but fine, to have her sit with you on the river-bank and just look and look and look, smiling, but never saying a word; and though you asked her many times what she thought about as she sat there dreaming, she was never once caught wishing that she was anybody but her own self. She was happy, she told you; but while it was you she told, she would be looking at Father.

Oh, it was golden in the morning glow, when you were a little boy. But clouds skurried across the sky, black clouds, storm-clouds, casting their chill and shadow for a while over all Our Yard, dark-

ening Our House so that a little boy playing on the hearth-rug left his toy soldier prostrate there to wander, wondering, from room to room.

"Mother, why doesn't Father play with us like he used to?"

"Mother, why do you sew and sew and sew all the time? Hm, Mother?"

All through the long evenings till bedtime came, and long afterward, Father and Mother talked low together before the fire. The murmur of their voices downstairs was the last thing you heard before you fell asleep. It sounded like the brook in the meadow where the little green frogs lived, hopping through water rings.

Of those secret conferences by the fire you could make nothing at all. Mother stopped you whenever you drew near.

Leaning on the garden fence next day, the Jones boy watched you as you sprinkled the geraniums with your little green watering-can.

"Where'd you get it?" he asked.

"Down at my Father's store," you replied, loftily, for the Jones boy had no watering-can.

"Your Father hasn't got a store any more."

"He has, too," you replied.

"He hasn't either, 'cause my Pa says he hasn't."

"I don't care what your Pa says. My Father has, too, got a store."

"He hasn't."

"He has."

"He hasn't, either."

"He has, teether."

"I say he hasn't."

"And I say he has," you screamed, and threw the watering-can straight at the Jones boy. It struck the fence, and the water splashed all over him so that he retreated to the road. There in a rage he hurled stones at you.

"Your-Father-hasn't-got-any-store-any-more-old-Patchy-pants-old-Patchy-pants-old—"

And then suddenly the Jones boy fled as tight as he could run, and when you looked around there was Father standing behind you by the geraniums.

"Never mind what the Jones boy says," he told you, and he was not angry with you for throwing the watering-can. The little green spout of it was broken

when you picked it up, but Father said he would buy you a new one.

"To-morrow, Father?"

"No, not to-morrow—some day."

You and Lizbeth, tumbling down stairs to breakfast, found Father sitting before the fire.

"Father!" you cried, astonished, for it was not Sunday; and though you ran to him, he did not hear you till you pounced upon him in his chair.

"Oh, Father," you said, joyfully, "are you going to stay home and play with us all day?"

"Fa-ther," cried Lizbeth, "will you play house with us?"

"Oh no, Father. Play *store* with us," you cried.

"Don't bother Father," Mother said; but Father just held you both in his arms and would not let you go.

"No—let them stay," he said; and Mother slipped away.

"Mother's got an awful cold," said Lizbeth. "Her eyes—"

"So has Father; only Father's cold is in his voice," you said.

You scarcely waited to eat your breakfast before you were back again to Father by the fire, telling him of the beautiful games just three could play. But while you were telling him the door-bell rang, and there were two men with books under their arms, come to see Father. They stayed with him all day long—you could hear them muttering in the library—and all day you looked wistfully at the closed door, lingering there lest Father should come out to play and find you gone.

He did not come out till dinner-time. After dinner he walked in the garden alone. He held a cigar in his clinched teeth.

"Why don't you smoke the cigar, Father?"

He did not hear you. He just walked up and down, up and down, with his eyes on the ground and his hands thrust hard in the pockets of his coat.

Mother watched him for a moment through the window. Then with her own hands she built a fire in the grate, for the night was chill. Before it she drew an easy-chair and put Father's smoking-jacket on the back of it and set his slippers to warm against the fender. On a



"MOTHER," YOU SAID, SOFTLY

reading-table near by she laid the little blue china ash-tray you had given Father for Christmas, and beside it a box of matches ready for Father's hand. Then she called him in.

He came and sat there before the fire, saying never a word, but looking into the flames—looking, looking, till your mind ran back to a Sunday afternoon in summer by the river-side.

"I know what you are thinking, Father." Slowly he turned his head to you, so that you knew he was listening, though he did not speak.

"You're thinking how nice it would be, Father, if you were just a little boy like me."

He made no answer. Mother came and sat on one of the arms of his chair, her cheek against his hair. Lizbeth undressed her dolls for the night, crooning a lullaby. One by one you dropped your marbles into their little box. Then you rose and sat like Mother on an arm of

Father's chair. For a while you dreamed there, drowsy, in the glow.

"Mother," you said, softly.

"Yes," she whispered back to you.

"Mother, isn't it *fine*?" you said.

"Fine, dearie?"

"Yes, Mother, everything . . . 'specially—"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"—'specially just having Father."

Father gave a little jump, seized you, crushed you in his arms, stars shining in his brimming eyes.

"Little chap—little chap," he cried, but could get no further; till by-and-by—

"Mother," he said—and his voice was clear and strong—"Mother, with a little chap like that, and two girls like you and Lizbeth—"

His voice caught, but he shook it free again.

"—*any* man could begin all over again—and *win*," he said.

To Critics asking Lighter Songs

BY GEORGE STERLING

A GENTLE sadness best becomes
The features of the perfect Muse:
The shock of laughter but benumbs
The lips that crave immortal dew.

For she hath known diviner fears,
And she hath held her vigils far,
But never in untroubled years,
Nor world that grief came not to mar.

For joy is as the wreaths that lie
Foam-wrought along the sterile sands;
And sorrow, as the voice whereby
The ocean saddens all its lands,—

That calls afar to pine or palm
The changeless trouble of the deep;
That murmurs in the gentlest calm,
And haunts, unknown, the realm of sleep.

But pleasure's foam, so fondly prized,
We strive to hold (unduly dear)—
Its very touch scarce realized—
With hands unwarmed, till lo! a tear!

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL

MURAL PAINTINGS BY

EDWIN A. ABBEY, R. A.

IN

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

Mr. Abbey's "Quest of the Holy Grail" has the power and poetry of a realized ideal; it is done in the strong, dramatic, pictorial spirit of Piero della Francesca or Ghirlandajo, and it will repay study, and justify praise quite as well as the work of these old masters.—HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE HOLY GRAIL

THE Holy Grail was fabled to be the sacred vessel from which our Lord had eaten at the Last Supper, and into which (having purchased it from Pontius Pilate) Joseph of Arimathea had gathered the divine blood of His wounds. Its existence, its preservation, its miraculous virtues and properties, were a cherished popular belief in the early ages of European Christianity; and in the folk-tales from which the twelfth-century narrators drew their material it was represented as guarded for ages in the Castle of the Grail by the descendants of the "rich man" to whom the body of Jesus had been surrendered, where it awaited the coming of the perfect knight who alone should be worthy to see it.

Sir Galahad proves to be the one stainless knight, and the paintings here reproduced reveal him on his quest; one shows him on his white charger, another pictures him receiving the key to the Castle of Maidens, where he fights the seven knights of the seven Deadly Sins, and still another painting shows him in Solomon's ship, where the Grail, borne by an Angel, guides the ship to Sarras, where his task is ended. Sir Bors and Sir Percival follow him. Having sinned once, they can never see the Grail themselves, yet, having persevered faithfully in the Quest, they have acquired the right to accompany Sir Galahad and witness his achievement. Resting upon a cushion in the stern of the ship are three spindles made from the "Tree of Life"—one snow-white, one green, one blood-red. When Eve was driven from the Garden of Eden she carried with her the branch which she had plucked from the "Tree of Life." The branch, when planted, grew to be a tree, with branches and leaves white, in token that Eve was a virgin when she planted it. When Cain was begotten, the tree turned green; and afterward, when Cain slew Abel, the tree turned red.



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GALAHAD'S DEPARTURE



Painting copyright, 1901, by Edwin A. Abbey

KEY TO THE CASTLE

Macaulay's English

BY T. E. BLAKELY

IT is now almost fifty years since Macaulay's *History of England* in its present incomplete form was given to the world, and during that period it has maintained a popularity which has not been even approached by that of any other serious work of the last century.

It is somewhat strange that a work of such phenomenal success, one that has received an enthusiastic welcome from the learned critics of Germany and France, should have encountered more than usual hostility from the English literary craft.

All critics, however, seem to agree in acknowledging that in Macaulay's *History of England* the English language has been written more clearly and correctly than in any great literary composition of the nineteenth century. A reader of Hume or Froude or Gibbon who turns to the pages of Macaulay seems to himself to be reading a different language.

It seems strange that hitherto there has been no serious attempt made to analyze the peculiar charm of Macaulay's English, which, when carefully compared with that of any other great writer of his own country, will be found to differ from it strikingly in texture, leaving aside the style, arrangement, and matter of the narrative. Taine, indeed, one of Macaulay's most ardent admirers, throws out a very clever hint on the subject, but it is only a hint. He says that Macaulay, while displaying in his writings many mental and moral qualities which mark him out to the French mind as being essentially English, at the same time exhibits such animation, clearness, etc., of style that Englishmen see in him a French mind. Taine even suggests, with characteristic Gallic vanity, that Macaulay owed much of his success as a writer to his careful study of the great French masters of eloquence. Now there is no doubt that Macaulay's English, in its clearness, correctness, and deli-

cacy, resembles the best French compositions, but it is more than probable that this resemblance arises not from imitation of French models, but from the fact that Macaulay alone, of all the eminent English authors of his time, not only studied carefully and assiduously the great classical writers, whom Frenchmen, the leaders of the Latin race, have so often imitated with slavish reverence, but also studied the genius and grammatical structure of the English language with the same enthusiastic devotion that the French alone among the nations of Europe bestow on their native tongue. In his composition he handles every sentence with a tender, affectionate touch, which Taine recognized as peculiarly French.

Those who have read Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay* will recollect with what care he toiled over his composition, writing and rewriting again and again whole episodes in the History.

"I spent," said he, "nineteen days working over thirty octavo pages." Again he says, "In two years from the time I begin writing I shall have more than finished the second part (vols. iii. and iv.), then I reckon a year for polishing, retouching, and printing." Each page as it was printed was again carefully revised and corrected.

Few people, however, are aware that after all this toil; after the first four volumes were printed; after they had been received with a welcome more enthusiastic than had ever been given to any serious literary work; after fifty-six tons of vols. iii. and iv. had failed to meet the first demand in England; after the fiercest criticism had failed to lessen the popularity of the work; after the purity and clearness of the English had been universally recognized—he sat down to undertake a complete and thorough revision of the four volumes, making a thousand corrections in spell-

ing, grammar, punctuation, the use of capitals, arrangement of words in sentences, omitting words in some places, inserting them in others, adding sentences and whole paragraphs, and making some alteration in small details.

In spite, however, of the herculean labor expended on it, the History never smells of the lamp, the language is always simple, the style easy and flowing, and the narrative perhaps more than that of any other historian reads as if it had been dictated without an effort.

Volumes i. and ii. were published in England, December, 1848, and immediately afterwards in America. In 1849 a new and revised edition of these volumes was published in England, but the corrections are generally unimportant, such as "renowned" for "great," "abilities" for "talents," "capacity" for "abilities," etc. Sometimes, indeed, the author alters a sentence or adds one, but in his final revision he makes many changes, even in this edition already revised. Vols. iii. and iv. appeared in England and America in 1855. The last edition of the first four volumes was published in 1857 with the author's final corrections, and, since his death in 1859, has been often reprinted, together with a part of vol. v., left by Macaulay in manuscript, and edited by his sister. It is this edition that is now generally read, though many publishers have printed vol. v. with the text of the first four volumes that had not received the last revision. Neither the Lenox nor the Astor Library contains a single copy of the latest edition, and even within the last few months an edition of the five volumes has been published containing vols. i. and ii. as they appeared in 1848, and vols. iii. and iv. as they appeared in 1855, the public generally being apparently unaware of the existence of a more correct and complete edition.

We have thus vols. i. and ii. in three stages of development, vols. iii. and iv. in two stages, and whoever shall carefully examine the corrections, recollecting the care and labor expended in the preparation of the first edition, and observing the vast amount of critical work involved in correcting, polishing, and retouching that edition to produce the History in its latest form, will no doubt be

willing to admit our claim that no English writer of the last century displays such scrupulous observance of the rules of grammar and rhetoric, such careful selection of words, and such regard for euphony and clearness.

The corrections of his own work made by any great author are always interesting, but to those who take pleasure in the critical study of the English language Macaulay's revision of his own work is not only interesting but highly instructive, for nine-tenths of the thousand emendations relate to grammar and rhetoric.

In the first American edition, vol. i., chap. ii., in the paragraph relating to the treaty of Nimeguen, we find the phrase "have lasted nearly seven years." Now it is true that "seven" is an adjective, and at the first glance it might seem to be correctly modified by the adverb "nearly," but "seven" is a numeral adjective and admits of no modification, nor has it any degrees of comparison. Most good authors would write "nearly seven," and no one is more ready than Macaulay to accept good usage as the test of good English, but he will never violate a fundamental grammatical principle. He corrects the phrase in the second edition and writes "near seven," following the example of the Greeks and Romans, who almost invariably use prepositions to express what the English express by "nearly" before numerals. On the same principle he writes "near a year," and throughout the History he writes "near forty thousand," etc.

Again, in vol. iv., chap. xvii., in the account of Sherlock's desertion of the Nonjurors, the first edition has, "It is surely much to be wished, for the peace of mind of humble Christians, that all the documents to which this sort of authority belongs should be rummaged out." In the second edition "of mind" is left out, and for the omission two reasons may be given. In the first place, one "of" so close to another "of" is not euphonious, and Macaulay's dread of such a harsh collocation is often quite amusing. For the sake of emphasis he will sometimes repeat the same word with "damnable iteration," but when emphasis is not aimed at he will change a word in a sentence because he has used the same word

half a page before or half a page further on. In the last page but one of the fourth volume he changes "noble Cathedral" to "new Cathedral," apparently because fourteen lines below he has written "noble psalm" ("noble song" in the second edition). Such corrections are very numerous. Again, omitting "of mind" makes no essential difference in the meaning, and Macaulay cuts out mercilessly all unnecessary words. Thus we find continually such corrections as "provided" for "provided only." In the sentence "he regularly allowed her forty thousand pounds a year" "regularly" is omitted, and in the phrase "rector of the important parish of St. Paul's" "of the important parish" is dropped as unnecessary.

He is not less merciless in pruning off unnecessary letters, and the late editions give "interest" for "interests," "feeling" for "feelings," "revenue" for "revenues," and in vol. iii., chap. xi., treating of the Revenue, "for short terms" is changed to "for a short term."

On the other hand, in order to render the exact meaning clear and the grammatical form correct, he inserts on almost every page words which other good writers would deem unnecessary. Thus he writes "The religion *of* his father and *of* his grandfather," "He was to furnish lists of *such* Roman Catholics and *such* Protestant dissenters as might be best qualified," etc.

The first edition, in describing the battle of Killiecrankie, vol. iii., chap. xiii., has "and the general could find among them no remains of martial discipline or martial spirit." In the second edition "of" is inserted before the second "martial," thus removing all ambiguity. But in the same volume, where Leslie is mentioned, the earlier edition runs thus: "The facility and assiduity with which he wrote are abundantly proved by the bulk and the dates of his works." In the second edition "the" is omitted before "dates."

As the sentence stood originally it is undoubtedly ambiguous, though probably no human being was ever for a moment misled by it. It would be reasonable enough to suppose from the language of the first edition that the writer intended to convey the idea that Leslie's "facility and assiduity" were proved by

the "bulk of his works" and also by "the dates." But their "bulk" proved only a great deal of labor on the part of the author; it does not prove his "assiduity." He might have remained idle two years for every year he spent in writing and yet have produced a great "bulk" of printed matter. The "dates" of his works prove nothing at all, but when we consider the "bulk" of his works and at the same time observe the "dates" at which each volume appeared, we see that he wrote a great deal every year, and must therefore have written with facility. We also see from the "dates" that for a great many years he never ceased to write, and must therefore have been "assiduous" in his work. The use of separate articles for "bulk" and "dates" would indicate no necessary connection between them. The use of one article for both words shows that they must be taken together. If a person says, "I don't want the horse and the carriage" we may suppose that he wants the horse or the carriage, but not both; but when he says, "I don't want the horse and carriage," we may conclude that he is thinking of "the horse and carriage" as one object, and wants neither.

We should not care to present this microscopical criticism to the public were it not that the grammatical precision it indicates is one of the most striking characteristics of Macaulay's English, and this correction is given as a sample of a hundred others equally delicate.

But to return to the original sentence regarding Sherlock. The second edition has "may be" instead of "should be." Of course it is not strictly in accordance with the rules of syntax to make "should be," an imperfect tense, depend on "is," a present, but many good authors do so. Even in Latin, where the sequence of tenses is more rigidly observed than in English, such a collocation is found in good authors. Besides, the use of "should be" conveys no false impression even for a moment. "Should be" as well as "may be" implies both contingency and futurity. Macaulay, however, here as elsewhere adheres rigidly to grammatical rules.

In vol. ii., chap. viii., in the first edition

we find the following sentence: "And sir," said Bath, "if your majesty should dismiss all these gentlemen, their successors will give exactly the same answer." In the second edition "Majesty" is spelled with a capital, and "will" is changed to "would." "Will give" is a primary tense, and should not be made to depend on "should dismiss," a secondary tense, but the use of "will give" could cause no mistake as to the meaning.

In vol. iv., chap. xvii., in describing the conduct of O'Donnel after the battle of Aghrim, the author wrote in the first edition, "and as soon as he had learned that his countrymen had been put to rout, he fled, plundering," etc. The corrected passage reads "had fled," and a careful study of the context will show that this is the proper tense, but if any one except the author himself were to make such a correction, he would be generally regarded as a grammatical pedant.

In vol. iii., chap. xiv., occurs the following passage relating to the Convocation: "and even now many persons not generally ill informed imagine it to have been a council representing the Church of England." This is corrected by writing "to be" instead of "to have been," for when the author wrote, the Convocation still existed with almost the same powers, etc., which it possessed in the reign of William and Mary. This change alters entirely the meaning of the sentence.

In vol. i., chap. i., regarding the Star Chamber, the first edition has, "The power which these boards had possessed before the accession of Charles had been extensive and formidable; but was small indeed when compared with that which they now usurped." The second edition has "but had been small" instead of "; but was small", changing the punctuation as well as the tense. Both corrections seem necessary, for the use of "was," an imperfect tense, so close to "usurped," another imperfect, would not mark the difference in time with sufficient clearness. The use of the semicolon would separate the following clauses too much from the preceding clause.

While, as we have seen, Macaulay is extremely strict in his observance of fundamental rules of grammar, he seems to disregard entirely those arbitrary rules

that do not rest on grammatical principles recognized by the Greeks and Romans as well as by the English. Many English grammars lay down the rule that "each other" must be used when we speak of two persons, "one another" when we speak of more than two. This distinction Macaulay treats with disdain, and uses "each other" in nearly every case. Many grammars again enjoin the use of "that" when the relative is restrictive, and most writers pay no attention to the rule; but Macaulay rarely uses "that" as a relative at all. He seems to think that the word is worked hard enough when we employ it both as a conjunction and as a demonstrative. Lindley Murray says "that" "is often used as a relative to avoid the too frequent repetition of 'who' and 'which.'" In the first ten pages of the History "who" and "which" are together used sixty-eight times. "That" is used as a relative twice, once after "first" and once after "last." He uses "that" as a relative after "any," "every," and other indefinite pronouns, but when these words are used to qualify a noun, the noun is followed sometimes by "that," sometimes by "which," as "any principality which," "any nation that." In vol. iii., chap. xiv., where the taking of the oath of allegiance by the clergy is discussed, he writes, in the first edition, "and it was better that they should swear for the most flimsy reason that could be devised than they should not swear at all." In the second edition the passage appears thus: "and it was better that they should swear for the most flimsy reason which could be devised than that they should not swear at all."

If we were disposed to advance a little theory of our own regarding this correction, we should say that in the passage as it first appeared in manuscript the word "that" occurred three times. In his first revision Macaulay dropped the last "that" to avoid such repetition, but in his final revision he changed the relative to "which," and restored "that" in the final clause, which without it is inelegant, if not ungrammatical.

Has any other great English author paid such attention to delicate niceties in the construction of his sentences?

Most writers on the subject of Rhetoric

are very careful to caution against too much retouching and polishing. Smoothness and correctness, they say, are often gained at the expense of force and vigor. In Macaulay's case, however, his most unfriendly critic will hardly contend that his style shows any lack of power. Taine is aghast at the ferocious strength of this English grammatical purist, this precise rhetorician. "Macaulay," he says, "has a rough touch, when he strikes, he knocks down." "These Englishmen tear when they scratch." Of his humor, he says, "The reader bursts out laughing, without being much amused; the trigger is pulled so suddenly and so roughly that it is like a knockdown blow."

It is somewhat singular that of all Macaulay's numerous critics, some friendly, most of them hostile, Gladstone alone seems to have acknowledged in plain terms this remarkable quality of the great historian's English. He pronounces his grammar "faultless." That it is so, however, we possess much stronger proof than even the word of Gladstone.

Within the last fifty years a great number of grammars and rhetorics have been published in England and America. All such works of any importance quote numerous passages from Macaulay as illustrations of the proper observance of the rules of grammar and rhetoric.

A few pages from the beginning of the first volume occurs this sentence: "The poetry and eloquence of the Augustan age was assiduously cultivated in the Anglo-Saxon monasteries." The second edition has the sentence in this form: "The poetry and eloquence of the Augustan age was assiduously studied in Mercian and Northumbrian monasteries."

One rhetoric says that "was" is incorrect and should be changed to "were." Macaulay, however, was perfectly correct; he regarded "poetry and eloquence" as forming together a single notion in the mind, and therefore made the verb singular. In any case he did not write the sentence thus through inadvertence, for we find the same construction occurring several times afterwards. Indeed, the first edition, vol. i., chap. iii., where Tunbridge Wells is described, has the following sentence: "The brilliancy of the shops and the luxury of the private

dwellings far surpass anything that England could then show." The second edition has the singular verb "surpasses."

Not less remarkable than this purity is the author's fastidious selection of words and his success in expressing exactly the correct shade of meaning. There is probably no English author who approaches him in this respect, or who even aims at such perfection. One example will suffice.

In vol. i., chap. ii., in the account of the Tory reaction after the Oxford parliament, the various results feared by moderate men of all parties if another civil war should break out are very forcibly set forth: Another Naseby, another commonwealth, another usurper on the throne, etc. The next paragraph, in the first edition, begins thus: "Animated by such feelings the majority of the upper and middle classes hastened to rally round the throne." Now though other writers might be content with such language, Macaulay's critical eye detected an error, but not till he was revising this volume for the third time. "Animated" would give the idea that men were excited and encouraged, whereas the reason why they rallied round the throne was because they felt despondent as to the results of a civil war. Their "animus"—to use the word in the correct classical sense—spurred them on to redress the wrongs they suffered at the hands of Charles, but their fears held them round the throne. The third edition of this volume instead of "Animated by such feelings" has "Strongly moved by these apprehensions."

Macaulay's style is not one that ought to be generally imitated. There is in it a certain swashbuckler tone, a "bumptiousness" that would seem contemptible and ridiculous in any but a great man and a strong man. Indeed, even in his case, the style is offensive to many readers who are yet fascinated by it. But, in spite of all attempts to belittle the importance of grammar and the classics, those who aim at success in literature will do well to consider that the most popular and successful writer of the nineteenth century was the one who paid most attention to grammar, and who studied most assiduously the classical authors.

Lady Rose's Daughter

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART V

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Miss Le Breton reached the hall, a footman was at the outer door, reciting Lady Henry's excuses, as each fresh carriage drove up; while in the inner vestibule, which was well screened from the view of the street, was a group of men still in their hats and overcoats, talking and laughing in subdued voices.

Julie Le Breton came forward. The hats were removed, and the tall stooping form of Montresor advanced.

"Lady Henry is so sorry!" said Julie, in a soft, lowered voice. "But—I am sure she would like me to give you her message, and to tell you how she is. She would not like her old friends to be alarmed. Would you come in for a moment? There is a fire in the library. Mr. Delafield!—don't you think that would be best? . . . Will you tell Hut-ton not to let in *anybody* else?"

She looked at him uncertainly, as though appealing to him, as a relation of Lady Henry's, to take the lead.

"By all means," said that young man, —after perhaps a moment's hesitation,—and throwing off his coat.

"Only *please*—make no noise!" said Miss Le Breton, turning to the group. "Lady Henry might be disturbed."

Every one came in, as it were, on tiptoe. In each face a sense of the humor of the situation fought with the consciousness of its dangers. As soon as Montresor saw the little Duchess by the fire, he threw up his hands in relief.

"I breathe again," he said, greeting her with effusion. "Duchess, where thou goest, I may go. But I feel like a boy robbing a hen-roost. Let me introduce my friend General Fergus. Take us both, pray, under your protection."

"On the contrary," said the Duchess, as she returned General Fergus's bow,

"you are both so magnificent that no one would dare to protect you."

For they were both in uniform, and the General was resplendent with stars and medals.

"We have been dining with royalty," said Montresor. "We want some relaxation." He put on his eye-glasses, looked round the room, and gently rubbed his hands.

"How very agreeable this is! What a charming room! I never saw it before. What are we doing here? Is it a party? Why shouldn't it be?—Meredith, have you introduced M. du Bartas to the Duchess? Ah! I see—"

For Julie Le Breton was already conversing with the distinguished Frenchman wearing the rosette of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, who had followed Dr. Meredith into the room. As Montresor spoke, however, she came forward, and in a French which was a joy to the ear she presented M. du Bartas—a tall, well-built Norman with a fair mustache—first to the Duchess, and then to Lord Lackington and Jacob.

"The Director of the French Foreign Office," said Montresor in an aside to the Duchess. "He hates us like poison. But if you haven't already asked him to dinner—I warned you last week he was coming—pray do it at once!"

Meanwhile the Frenchman, his introductions over, looked curiously round the room, studied its stately emptiness, the books on the walls under a trellis-work faintly gilt, the three fine pictures; then his eyes passed to the tall and slender lady who had addressed him in such perfect French, and to the little Duchess in her flutter of lace and satin, the turn of her small neck, and the blaze of her jewels. "These English women overdo their jewels," he thought, with distaste. "But they overdo everything.—That is a

handsome fellow, by-the-way, who was with *la petite fée* when we arrived."

And his shrewd small eyes travelled from Warkworth to the Duchess, his mind the while instinctively assuming some hidden relation between them.

Meanwhile Montresor was elaborately informing himself as to Lady Henry.

"This is the first time for twenty years that I have not found her on a Wednesday evening," he said, with a sudden touch of feeling which became him. "At our age, the smallest break in the old habit—"

He sighed; and then quickly threw off his depression.

"Nonsense! Next week she will be scolding us all with double energy. Meanwhile—may we sit down, Mademoiselle? Ten minutes? And—upon my word!—the very thing my soul was longing for—a cup of coffee!"

For, at the moment, Hutton and two footmen entered with trays containing tea and coffee, lemonade and cakes.

"Shut the door, Hutton, *please*," Mademoiselle Le Breton implored; and the door was shut at once.

"We mustn't, *mustn't* make any noise!" she said, her finger on her lip, looking first at Montresor and then at Delafield. The group laughed, moved their spoons softly, and once more lowered their voices.

But the coffee brought a spirit of festivity. Chairs were drawn up. The blazing fire shone out upon a semicircle of people representing just those elements of mingled intimacy and novelty which go to make conversation. And in five minutes Mademoiselle Le Breton was leading it as usual. A brilliant French book had recently appeared dealing with certain points of the Egyptian question in a manner so interesting, supple, and apparently impartial that the attention of Europe had been won. Its author had been formerly a prominent official of the French Foreign Office, and was now somewhat out of favor with his countrymen. Julie put some questions about him to M. du Bartas.

The Frenchman, feeling himself among comrades worthy of his steel, and secretly pricked by the presence of an English Cabinet Minister, relinquished the half-disdainful reserve with which he had

entered, and took pains. He drew the man in question *en silhouette*, with a hostile touch so sure, an irony so light, that his success was instant and great.

Lord Lackington woke up. Handsome white-haired dreamer that he was, he had been looking into the fire, half smiling, more occupied, in truth, with his own thoughts than with his companions. Delafield had brought him in; he did not exactly know why he was there, except that he liked Mademoiselle Le Breton, and often wondered how the deuce Lady Henry had ever discovered such an interesting and delightful person to fill such an uncomfortable position. But this Frenchman challenged and excited him. He, too, began to talk French, and soon the whole room was talking it,—with an advantage to Julie Le Breton which quickly made itself apparent. In English she was a link, a social conjunction; she eased all difficulties, she pieced all threads. But in French her tongue was loosened—though never beyond the point of grace, the point of delicate adjustment to the talkers round her.

So that presently, and by insensible gradations, she was the queen of the room. The Duchess in ecstasy pinched Jacob Delafield's wrist, and forgetting all that she ought to have remembered, whispered rapturously in his ear, "Isn't she enchanting—Julie—to-night?" That gentleman made no answer. The Duchess, remembering, shrank back, and spoke no more; till Jacob looked round upon her with a friendly smile which set her tongue free again.

M. du Bartas meanwhile began to consider this lady in black with more and more attention. The talk glided into a general discussion of the Egyptian position. Those were the days before Arabi, when elements of danger and of doubt abounded, and none knew what a month might bring forth. With perfect tact Julie guided the conversation, so that all difficulties, whether for the French official or the English statesman, were avoided with a skill that no one realized till each separate rock was safely passed. Presently Montresor looked from her to du-Bartas with a grin; the Frenchman's eyes were round with astonishment. Julie had been saying the lightest but the wisest things; she had been touching in-

cidents and personalities known only to the initiated, with a restrained gayety which often broke down into a charming shyness; which was ready to be scared away in a moment by a tone—too serious, or too polemical—which jarred with the general key of the conversation; which never imposed itself; and was like the ripple on a summer sea. But the summer sea has its depths; and this modest gayety was the mark of an intimate and first-hand knowledge.

"Ah, I see!" thought Montresor, amused. "P—— has been writing to her—the little minx. He seems to have been telling her all the secrets. I think I'll stop it. Even she mayn't quite understand what should and shouldn't be said before this gentleman."

So he gave the conversation a turn, and Mademoiselle Le Breton took the hint at once. She called others to the front; it was like a change of dancers in the ballet; while she rested, no less charming as a listener than as a talker, her black eyes turning from one to another and radiant with the animation of success.

But one thing—at last—she had forgotten. She had forgotten to impose any curb upon the voices round her. The Duchess and Lord Lackington were sparring like a couple of children, and Montresor broke in from time to time with his loud laugh and gruff throat voice; Meredith, the Frenchman, Warkworth, and General Fergus were discussing a grand review which had been held the day before. Delafield had moved round to the back of Julie's chair, and she was talking to him; while all the time her eyes were on General Fergus, and her brain was puzzling as to how she was to secure the five minutes' talk with him she wanted. He was one of the intimates of the Commander-in-Chief. She herself had suggested to Montresor, of course in Lady Henry's name, that he should be brought to Bruton Street some Wednesday evening.

Presently there was a little shifting of groups. Julie saw that Montresor and Captain Warkworth were together by the fireplace; that the young man, with his hands held out to the blaze and his back to her, was talking eagerly; while Montresor, looking outward into the room,

his great black head bent a little towards his companion, was putting sharp little questions from time to time, with as few words as might be. Julie understood that an important conversation was going on; that Montresor, whose mind various friends of hers had been endeavoring to make up for him, was now perhaps engaged in making it up for himself.

With a quickened pulse she turned to find General Fergus beside her. What a frank and soldierly countenance!—a little roughly cut, with a strong mouth slightly underhung, and a dogged chin—the whole lit by eyes that were the chosen homes of truth, humanity, and will. Presently she discovered, as they drew their chairs a little back from the circle, that she too was to be encouraged to talk about Warkworth. The General was of course intimately acquainted with his professional record; but there were certain additional Indian opinions,—a few incidents in the young man's earlier career, including especially a shooting expedition of much daring in the very district to which the important Mokembé mission was now to be addressed—together with some quotations from private letters of her own, or Lady Henry's—which Julie, with her usual skill, was able to slip into his ear, all on the assumption, delicately maintained, that she was merely talking of a friend of Lady's Henry's, as Lady Henry herself would have talked—to much better effect—had she been present.

The General gave her a grave and friendly attention. Few men had done sterner or more daring feats in the field. Yet here he sat, relaxed, courteous, kind,—trusting his companion simply, as it was his instinct to trust all women. Julie's heart beat fast. What an exciting, what an important evening! . . .

Suddenly there was a voice in her ear:

"Do you know—I think we ought to clear out! It must be close on midnight."

She looked up startled to see Jacob Delafield. His expression—of doubt or discomfort—recalled her at once to the realities of her own situation.

But before she could reply, a sound struck on her ear. She sprang to her feet.

"What was that?" she said.

A voice was heard in the hall.



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

[See page 539]

"GO TO THE DUCHESS TO-MORROW MORNING—"

Julie Le Breton caught the chair behind her, and Delafield saw her turn pale. But before she or he could speak again, the door of the library was thrown open.

"Good Heavens!" said Montresor, springing to his feet,—*"Lady Henry!"*

Monsieur du Bartas lifted astonished eyes. On the threshold of the room stood an old lady, leaning heavily on two sticks. She was deathly pale, and her fierce eyes blazed upon the scene before her. Within the bright fire-lit room the social comedy was being played at its best; but here surely was Tragedy—or Fate. Who was she?—what did it mean?

The Duchess rushed to her, and fell of course upon the one thing she should not have said:

"Oh! Aunt Flora, dear Aunt Flora!—But we thought you were too ill to come down!"

"So I perceive," said Lady Henry, putting her aside. "So you—and this lady"—she pointed a shaking finger at Julie—"have held my reception for me. I am enormously obliged. You have also"—she looked at the coffee-cups—"provided my guests with refreshment. I thank you. I trust my servants have given you satisfaction.

"Gentlemen"—she turned to the rest of the company, who stood stupefied—"I fear I cannot ask you to remain with me longer. The hour is late, and I am—as you see—indisposed. But I trust—on some future occasion—I may have the honor—"

She looked round upon them, challenging and defying them all.

Montresor went up to her.

"My dear old friend—let me introduce to you M. du Bartas, of the French Foreign Office."

At this appeal to her English hospitality and her social chivalry, Lady Henry looked grimly at the Frenchman.

"M. du Bartas, I am charmed to make your acquaintance. With your leave, I will pursue it when I am better able to profit by it. To-morrow I will write to you to propose another meeting—should my health allow."

"Enchanté, Madame," murmured the Frenchman, more embarrassed than he had ever been in his life. *"Permettez-*

moi de vous faire mes plus sincères excuses."

"Not at all, Monsieur—you owe me none."

Montresor again approached her.

"Let me tell you," he said, imploringly, "how this has happened—how innocent we all are—"

"Another time, if you please," she said, with a most cutting calm. "As I said before, it is late. If I had been equal to entertaining you"—she looked round upon them all—"I should not have told my butler to make my excuses. As it is, I must beg you to allow me to bid you good-night. Jacob—will you kindly get the Duchess her cloak? Good-night!—good-night! As you see"—she pointed to the sticks which supported her—"I have no hands to-night. My infirmities have need of them."

Montresor approached her again, in real and deep distress.

"Dear Lady Henry—"

"Go!" she said, under her breath, looking him in the eyes; and he turned and went without a word. So did the Duchess, whimpering—her hand in Delafield's arm. As she passed Julie, who stood as though turned to stone, she made a little swaying movement towards her.

"Dear Julie!" she cried, imploringly.

But Lady Henry turned.

"You will have every opportunity to-morrow," she said. "As far as I am concerned, Miss Le Breton will have no engagements."

Lord Lackington quietly said, "Good-night, Lady Henry," and without offering to shake hands, walked past her. As he came to the spot where Julie Le Breton stood, that lady made a sudden impetuous movement towards him. Strange words were on her lips—a strange expression in her eyes.

"*You* must help me," she said, brokenly. "It is my right!"

Was that what she said? Lord Lackington looked at her in astonishment. He did not see that Lady Henry was watching them with eagerness, leaning heavily on her sticks, her lips parted in a keen expectancy.

Then Julie withdrew.

"I beg your pardon," she said, hurriedly;—"I beg your pardon! Good-night."

Lord Lackington hesitated. His face took a puzzled expression. Then he held out his hand, and she placed hers in it mechanically.

"It will be all right," he whispered, kindly. "Lady Henry will soon be herself again. Shall I tell the butler to call for some one?—her maid?"

Julie shook her head, and in another moment he too was gone. Dr. Meredith and General Fergus stood beside her. The General had a keen sense of humor, and as he said good-night to this unlawful hostess, whose plight he understood no more than his own, his mouth twitched with repressed laughter. But Dr. Meredith did not laugh. He pressed Julie's hand in both of his. Looking behind him, he saw that Jacob Delafield, who had just returned from the hall, was endeavoring to appease Lady Henry. He bent towards Julie.

"Don't deceive yourself," he said quickly, in a low voice,—“this is the end! Remember my letter. Let me hear to-morrow.”

As Dr. Meredith left the room, Julie lifted her eyes. Only Jacob Delafield and Lady Henry were left.

Harry Warkworth too was gone—without a word? She looked round her piteously. She could not remember that he had spoken—that he had bade her farewell. A strange pang convulsed her. She scarcely heard what Lady Henry was saying to Jacob Delafield. Yet the words were emphatic enough.

"Much obliged to you, Jacob! But when I want your advice in my household affairs, I will ask it. You and Evelyn Crowborough have meddled a good deal too much in them already! Good-night. Hutton will get you a cab."

And with a slight but imperious gesture, Lady Henry motioned towards the door. Jacob hesitated, then quietly took his departure. He threw Julie a look of anxious appeal as he went on. But she did not see it. Her troubled gaze was fixed on Lady Henry.

That lady eyed her companion with composure, though by now even the old lips were wholly blanched.

"There is really no need for any conversation between us, Miss Le Breton," said the familiar voice. "But if there

were—I am not to-night—as you see—in a condition to say it. So—when you came up to say good-night to me—you had determined on this adventure? You had been good enough, I see, to rearrange my room—to give my servants your orders."

Julie stood stonily erect. She made her dry lips answer as best they could.

"We meant no harm," she said, coldly. "It all came about very simply. A few people came in to inquire after you. I regret they should have stayed talking so long."

Lady Henry smiled in contempt.

"You hardly show your usual ability by these remarks. The room you stand in"—she glanced significantly at the lights and the chairs—"gives you the lie. You had planned it all with Hutton—who has become your tool—before you came to me. Don't contradict. It distresses me to hear you. Well—now we part!"

"Of course. Perhaps to-morrow you will allow me a few last words?"

"I think not. This will cost me dear," said Lady Henry, her white lips twitching. "Say them now, Mademoiselle."

"You are suffering!" Julie made an uncertain step forward. "You ought to be in bed."

"That has nothing to do with it.—What was your object to-night?"

"I wished to see the Duchess—"

"It is not worth while to prevaricate. The Duchess was not your first visitor."

Julie flushed.

"Captain Warkworth arrived first, that was a mere chance."

"It was to see him that you risked the whole affair. You have used my house for your own intrigues."

Julie felt herself physically wavering under the lash of these sentences. But with a great effort she walked towards the fireplace, recovered her gloves and handkerchief, which were on the mantelpiece, and then turned slowly to Lady Henry.

"I have done nothing in your service that I am ashamed of. On the contrary, I have borne what no one else would have borne. I have devoted myself to you and your interests,—and you have trampled upon and tortured me. For you I have been merely a servant, and an inferior—"

Lady Henry nodded grimly.

"It is true," she said, interrupting—"I was not able to take your romantic view of the office of companion."

"You need only have taken a human view," said Julie, in a voice that pierced. "I was alone, poor—worse than motherless. You might have done what you would with me. A little indulgence, and I should have been your devoted slave.—But you chose to humiliate and crush me, and—in return—to protect myself—I—in defending myself—have been led—I admit it—into taking liberties. There is no way out of it. I shall of course leave you to-morrow morning."

"Then at last we understand each other," said Lady Henry, with a laugh. "Good-night, Miss Le Breton."

She moved heavily on her sticks. Julie stood aside to let her pass. One of the sticks slipped a little on the polished floor. Julie with a cry ran forward. But Lady Henry fiercely motioned her aside. "Don't touch me—don't come near me."

She paused a moment to recover breath and balance. Then she resumed her difficult walk. Julie followed her.

"Kindly put out the electric lights," said Lady Henry, and Julie obeyed.

They entered the hall, in which one little light was burning. Lady Henry, with great difficulty, and panting, began to pull herself up the stairs.

"Oh, *do* let me help you!" said Julie, in an agony. "You will kill yourself. Let me at least call Dixon."

"You will do nothing of the kind!" said Lady Henry—indomitable—though tortured by weakness and rheumatism. "Dixon is in my room, where I bade her remain. You should have thought of the consequences of this before you embarked upon it. If I were to die I would not let you help me."

"Oh!" cried Julie, as though she had been struck, and hid her eyes with her hand.

Slowly, laboriously, Lady Henry dragged herself from step to step. As she turned the corner of the staircase, and could be no longer seen from below, some one softly opened the door of the dining-room and entered the hall.

Julie looked round her, startled. She saw Jacob Delafield, who put his finger to his lip.

Moved by a sudden impulse, she bowed her head on the banister of the stairs against which she was leaning, and broke into stifled sobs.

Jacob Delafield came up to her and took her hand. She felt his own tremble, and yet its grasp was firm and supporting. "Courage!" he said, bending over her. "Try not to give way. You will want all your fortitude."

"Listen!" she gasped, trying vainly to control herself, and they both listened to the sounds above them in the dark house—the labored breath, the slow, painful step.

"Oh! she wouldn't let me help her. She said she would rather die.—Perhaps I have killed her.—And I could, I could—yes, I *could* have loved her!"

She was in an anguish of feeling—of sharp and penetrating remorse.

Jacob Delafield held her hand close in his, and when at last the sounds had died in the distance, he lifted it to his lips.

"You know that I am your friend and servant," he said, in a queer muffled voice. "You promised I should be."

She tried to withdraw her hand, but only feebly. Neither physically nor mentally had she the strength to repulse him. If he had taken her in his arms, she could hardly have resisted. But he did not attempt to conquer more than her hand. He stood beside her, letting her feel the whole mute impetuous offer of his manhood—thrown at her feet to do what she would with.

Presently, when once more she moved away, he said to her in a whisper:

"Go to the Duchess to-morrow morning—as soon as you can get away. She told me to say that,—Hutton gave me a little note from her. Your home must be with her, till we can all settle what is best. You know very well you have devoted friends. But now good-night. Try to sleep. Evelyn and I will do all we can with Lady Henry."

Julie drew herself out of his hold. "Tell Evelyn I will come—to see her, at any rate—as soon as I can put my things together. Good-night."

And she too dragged herself up stairs, sobbing, starting at every shadow. All her nerve and daring were gone. The thought that she must spend yet another

night under the roof of this old woman who hated her filled her with terror. When she reached her room she locked her door, and wept for hours in a forlorn and aching misery.

CHAPTER X

THE Duchess was in her morning-room. On the rug, in marked and—as it seemed to her plaintive eyes—brutal contrast with the endless photographs of her babies and women friends which crowded her mantel-piece, stood the Duke, much out of temper. He was a powerfully built man, some twenty years older than his wife, with a dark complexion, enlivened by ruddy cheeks and prominent red lips. His eyes were of a cold clear gray; his hair very black, thick, and wiry. An extremely vigorous person, more than adequately aware of his own importance, tanned and seasoned by the life of his class, by the yachting, hunting, and shooting in which his own existence was largely spent, slow in perception, and of a sulky temper,—so one might have read him at first sight. But these impressions only took you a certain way in judging the character of the Duchess's husband.

As to the sulkiness, there could be no question on this particular morning. Though, indeed, his ill-humor deserved a more positive and energetic name.

"You have got yourself and me"—he was declaring—"into a most disagreeable and unnecessary scrape. This letter of Lady Henry's"—he held it up—"is one of the most annoying that I have received for many a day! Lady Henry seems to me perfectly justified. You *have* been behaving in a quite unwarrantable way!—And now you tell me that this woman who is the cause of it all—of whose conduct I thoroughly and entirely disapprove—is coming to stay here—in my house—whether I like it or not,—and you expect me to be civil to her! If you persist, I shall go down to Brackmoor, till she is pleased to depart. I won't countenance the thing at all,—and whatever you may do, I shall apologize to Lady Henry."

"There's nothing to apologize for!" cried the drooping Duchess, plucking up a little spirit. "Nobody meant any harm. Why shouldn't the old friends go in to

ask after her? Hutton—that old butler that has been with Aunt Flora for twenty years—*asked* us to come in!"

"Then he did what he had no business to do—and he deserves to be dismissed at a day's notice. Why, Lady Henry tells me that it was a regular party!—that the room was all arranged for it by that most audacious young woman—that the servants were ordered about—that it lasted till nearly midnight—and that the noise you all made positively woke Lady Henry out of her sleep. Really, Evelyn, that you should have been mixed up in such an affair is more unpalatable to me than I can find words to describe!" And he paced, fuming, up and down before her.

"Anybody else than Aunt Flora would have laughed!" said the Duchess, defiantly. "And I declare, Bertie, I won't be scolded in such a tone. Besides—if you only knew—"

She threw back her head and looked at him, her cheeks flushed, her lips quivering with a secret that, once out, would perhaps silence him at once—would at any rate, as children do when they give a shake to their spillikins, open up a number of new chances in the game.

"If I only knew what?"

The Duchess pulled at the hair of the little spitz on her lap without replying.

"What is there to know that I don't know?" insisted the Duke. "Something that makes the matter still worse, I suppose?"

"Well, that depends," said the Duchess, reflectively. A gleam of mischief had slipped into her face, though for a moment the tears had not been far off.

The Duke looked at his watch.

"Don't keep me here guessing riddles longer than you can help," he said, impatiently. "I have an appointment in the city at twelve, and I want to discuss with you the letter that must be written to Lady Henry."

"That's your affair," said the Duchess. "I haven't made up my mind yet whether I mean to write at all. As for the riddle—Bertie, you've seen Miss Le Breton?"

"Once. I thought her a very pretentious person," said the Duke, stiffly.

"I know,—you didn't get on. But, Bertie—didn't she remind you of somebody?"

The Duchess was growing excited. Suddenly she jumped up; the little spitz rolled off her lap; she ran to the Duke and took him by the fronts of his coat.

"Bertie—you'll be very much astonished." And suddenly releasing him, she began to search among the photographs on the mantel-piece. "Bertie, you know who that is?" She held up a picture.

"Of course I know. What on earth has that got to do with the subject we have been discussing?"

"Well, it has got a good deal to do with it," said the Duchess, slowly. "That's my uncle, George Chantrey, isn't it—Lord Lackington's second son, who married mamma's sister? Well—oh! you won't like it, Bertie, but you've got to know—that's—Julie's uncle too!"

"What in the name of fortune do you mean?" said the Duke, staring at her.

His wife again caught him by the coat, and so imprisoning him, she poured out her story, very fast, very incoherently, and with a very evident uncertainty as to what its effect might be.

And indeed the effect was by no means easy to determine. The Duke was first incredulous, then bewildered by the very mixed facts which she poured out upon him. He tried to cross-examine her *en route*; but he gained little by that; she only shook him a little, insisting the more vehemently on telling the story her own way. At last their two impatiences had nearly come to a deadlock. But the Duke managed to free himself physically, and so regained a little freedom of mind.

"Well, upon my word!" he said, as he resumed his march up and down,—
"upon my word!" Then—as he stood still before her—"You say she is Marriott Dalrymple's daughter?"

"And Lord Lackington's granddaughter," said the Duchess, panting a little from her exertions. "And, oh! what a blind bat you were not to see it at once, from the likeness!"

"As if one had any right to infer such a thing from a likeness!" said the Duke, angrily. "Really, Evelyn, your talk is most—most unbecoming. It seems to me that Mademoiselle Le Breton has already done you harm. All that you have told me—supposing it to be true,—oh! of course I know you believe it to be true,—only makes me"—he stiffened his back

—"the more determined to break off the connection between her and you. A woman of such antecedents is not a fit companion for my wife,—independently of the fact that she seems to be, in herself, an intriguing and dangerous character."

"How could she help her antecedents?" cried the Duchess.

"I didn't say she could help them. But if they are what you say, she ought—well, she ought to be all the more careful to live in a modest and retired way, instead of—as I understand—making herself the rival of Lady Henry! I never heard anything so preposterous,—so—so indecent! She shows no proper sense,—and as for you, I deeply regret you should have been brought into any contact with such a disgraceful story!"

"Bertie!" The Duchess went into a helpless, half-hysterical fit of laughter.

But the Duke merely expanded, as it seemed, still further—to his utmost height and bulk. "Oh dear!" thought the Duchess in despair—"now he is going to be like his mother!" Her strictly Evangelical mother-in-law, with whom the Duke had made his bachelor home for many years, had been the scourge of her early married life; and though for Bertie's sake she had shed a few tears over her death, eighteen months before this date, the tears,—as indeed the Duke had thought at the time,—had been only too quickly dried.

There could be no question about it,—the Duke was painfully like his mother as he replied:

"I fear that your education, Evelyn, has led you to take such things far more lightly than you ought. I am old-fashioned. Illegitimacy, with me, *does* carry a stigma,—and the sins of the fathers *are* visited upon the children. At any rate we, who occupy a prominent social place, have no right to do anything which may lead others to think lightly of God's law. I am sorry to speak plainly, Evelyn. I dare say you don't like these sentiments. But you know at least that I am quite honest in expressing them."

The Duke turned to her, not without dignity. He was and had been from his boyhood a person of irreproachable morals; earnest and religious according to his lights; a good son, husband, and

father. His wife looked at him with mingled feelings.

"Well, all I know is," she said, passionately beating her little foot on the carpet before her—"that by all accounts the only thing to do with Colonel Delaney was to run away from him!"

The Duke shrugged his shoulders.

"You don't expect me to be much moved by a remark of that kind? As to this lady,—your story does not affect me in her favor in the smallest degree. She has had her education; Lord Lackington gives her £100 a year; if she is a self-respecting woman she will look after herself. I *don't* want to have her here, and I beg you won't invite her. A couple of nights, perhaps—I don't mind that. But not for longer."

"Oh! as to that, you may be very sure she won't stay here unless you're very particularly nice to her! There'll be plenty of people glad—enchanted—to have her! I don't care about that,—but what I *do* want is"—the Duchess looked up with calm audacity—"that you should find her a house!"

The Duke paused in his walk, and surveyed his wife with amazement.

"Evelyn!—are you *quite* mad?"

"Not in the least. You have more houses than you know what to do with,—and a *great* deal more money than anybody in the world ought to have! If they ever do set up the guillotine at Hyde Park Corner, we shall be among the first—we ought to be!"

"What is the good of talking nonsense like this, Evelyn?" said the Duke, once more consulting his watch. "Let's go back to the subject of my letter to Lady Henry."

"It's most excellent sense!" cried the Duchess, springing up. "You *have* more houses than you know what to do with; and you have one house in particular—that little place at the back of Cureton Street where Cousin Mary Leicester lived so long—which is in your hands still, I know, for you told me so last week,—which is vacant and furnished,—Cousin Mary left you the furniture, as if we hadn't got enough!—and it would be the *very* thing for Julie, if only you'd lend it to her till she can turn round."

The Duchess was now standing up,

confronting her lord, her hands grasping the chair behind her, her small form alive with eagerness, and the feminine determination to get her own way, by fair means or foul.

"Cureton Street!" said the Duke, almost at the end of his tether. "And how do you propose that this young woman is to live—in Cureton Street, or anywhere else?"

"She means to write," said the Duchess, shortly. "Dr. Meredith has promised her work."

"Sheer lunacy! In six months' time you'd have to step in and pay all her bills."

"I should like to see anybody dare to propose to Julie to pay her bills!" cried the Duchess, with scorn. "You see, the great pity is, Bertie, that you don't know anything at all about her!—But that house—wasn't it made out of a stable? It has got six rooms, I know,—three bed-rooms upstairs, and two sitting-rooms and a kitchen below. With one good maid and a boy, Julie could be perfectly comfortable. She would earn £400—Dr. Meredith has promised her—she has £100 a year of her own—she would pay no rent, of course—she would have just enough to live on, poor dear thing!—and she would be able to gather her old friends round her when she wanted them. A cup of tea,—and her delightful conversation!—that's all they'd ever want."

"Oh! go on—go on!" said the Duke, throwing himself exasperated into an arm-chair; "the ease with which you dispose of my property on behalf of a young woman who has caused me most acute annoyance, who has embroiled us with a near relation for whom I have a very particular respect!—*Her friends*, indeed,—Lady Henry's friends, you mean. Poor Lady Henry tells me in this letter that her circle will be completely scattered. This mischievous woman in three years has destroyed what it had taken Lady Henry nearly thirty to build up. Now look here, Evelyn"—the Duke sat up and slapped his knee. "As to this Cureton Street plan, I will do nothing of the kind! You may have Miss Le Breton here for two or three nights if you like—I shall probably go down to the country—and of course I have no objec-

tion to make if you wish to help her find another situation—”

“Another situation!” cried the Duchess, beside herself. “Bertie, you really are impossible! Do you understand that I regard Julie Le Breton as *my relation*—whatever you may say;—that I love her dearly,—that there are fifty people with money and influence ready to help her if you won’t, because she is one of the most charming and distinguished women in London,—that you ought to be *proud* to do her a service—that I want you to have the *honor* of it,—there! And if you won’t do this little favor for me; when I ask and beg it of you—I’ll make you remember it for a very long time to come!—you may be sure of that!”

And his wife turned upon him as an image of war, her fair hair ruffling about her ears, her cheeks and eyes brilliant with anger—and something more.

The Duke rose in silent ferocity, and sought for some letters which he had left on the mantel-piece.

“I had better leave you to come to your senses by yourself,—and as quickly as possible,” he said, as he put them into his pockets. “No good can come of any more discussion of this sort.”

The Duchess said nothing. She looked out of window busily, and bit her lip. Her silence served her better than her speech, for suddenly the Duke looked round—hesitated—threw down a book he carried—walked up to her—and took her in his arms.

“You are a very foolish child,” he declared, as he held her by main force, and kissed away her tears. “You make me lose my temper—and waste my time—for nothing.”

“Not at all!” said the sobbing Duchess, trying to push herself away, and denying him, as best she could, her soft flushed face. “You don’t, or you won’t, understand!—I was—I was very fond of Uncle George Chantrey. *He* would have helped Julie, if he were alive. And as for you—you’re Lord Lackington’s godson—and you’re always preaching what he’s done for the army—and what the nation owes him—and—and—”

“Does he know?” said the Duke, abruptly, marvelling at the irrelevance of these remarks.

“No—not a word! Only six people in

London know—Aunt Flora—Sir Wilfrid Bury”—the Duke made an exclamation—“Mr. Montresor—Jacob—you and I.”

“Jacob!” said the Duke. “What’s he got to do with it?”

The Duchess suddenly saw her opportunity, and rushed upon it.

“Only that he’s madly in love with her—that’s all!—and to my knowledge she has refused him, both last year and this. Of course—naturally—if you won’t do anything to help her, she’ll probably marry him—simply as a way out.”

“Well, of all the extraordinary affairs!—”

The Duke released her, and stood bewildered. The Duchess watched him in some excitement. He was about to speak, when there was a sound in the ante-room. They moved hastily apart. The door was thrown open, and the footman announced “Miss Le Breton!”

Julie Le Breton entered, and stood a moment on the threshold, looking, not in embarrassment, but with a certain hesitation, at the two persons whose conversation she had disturbed. She was pale with sleeplessness; her look was sad and weary. But never had she been more composed, more elegant. Her closely fitting black cloth dress; her strangely expressive face, framed by a large hat, very simple, but worn as only the woman of fashion knows how; her miraculous yet most graceful slenderness; the delicacy of her hands; the natural dignity of her movements;—these things produced an immediate, though no doubt conflicting, impression upon the gentleman who had just been denouncing her. He bowed—with an involuntary deference which he had not at all meant to show to Lady Henry’s insubordinate companion—and then stood frowning.

But the Duchess ran forward, and quite heedless of her husband, threw herself into her friend’s arms.

“Oh! Julie—is there anything left of you? I hardly slept a wink for thinking of you! What did that old—oh! I forgot—do you know my husband? Bertie, this is my *great* friend, Miss Le Breton.”

The Duke bowed again, silently. Julie looked at him, and then, still holding the Duchess by the hand, she approached him, a pair of very fine and pleading eyes fixed upon his face.

"You have probably heard from Lady Henry—have you not?" she said, addressing him. "In a note I had from her this morning, she told me she had written to you. I could not help coming to-day, because Evelyn has been so kind. But—is it your wish that I should come here?"

The Christian name slipped out unawares; and the Duke winced at it. The likeness to Lord Lackington—it was certainly astonishing. There ran through his mind the memory of a visit paid long ago to his early home by Lord Lackington and two daughters, Rose and Blanche. He, the Duke, had then been a boy home from school; the two girls, one five or six years older than the other, had been the life and charm of the party. He remembered hunting with Lady Rose.

But the confusion in his mind had somehow to be mastered, and he made an effort.

"I shall be glad if my wife is able to be of any assistance to you, Miss Le Breton," he said, coldly; "but it would not be honest if I were to conceal my opinion—so far as I have been able to form it—that Lady Henry has great and just cause of complaint."

"You are quite right—quite right," said Julie, almost with eagerness; "she has indeed."

The Duke was taken by surprise. Imperious as he was, and stiffened by a good many of those petty prides which the spoilt children of the world escape so hardly, he found himself hesitating—groping for his words.

The Duchess meanwhile drew Julie impulsively towards a chair.

"Do sit down!—you look so tired."

But Julie's gaze was still bent upon the Duke; she restrained her friend's eager hand; and the Duke collected himself. He brought a chair; and Julie seated herself.

"I am deeply, deeply distressed about Lady Henry!" she said, in a low voice, by which the Duke felt himself most unwillingly penetrated;—"I don't, oh! no, indeed, I don't defend last night. Only—my position has been very difficult lately—I wanted very much to see the Duchess—and—it was natural—wasn't it?—that the old friends should like to be personally informed about Lady

Henry's illness? But of course they stayed too long—it was my fault—I ought to have prevented it—"

She paused. This stern-looking man, who stood with his back to the mantelpiece regarding her, philistine though he was, had yet a straight, disinterested air, from which she shrank a little. Honestly, she would have liked to tell him the truth. But how could she? She did her best; and her account certainly was no more untrue than scores of narratives of social incident which issue every day from lips the most respected and the most veracious. As for the Duchess, she thought it the height of candor and generosity. The only thing she could have wished perhaps, in her inmost heart, was that she had *not* found Julie alone with Harry Warkworth.—But her loyal lips would have suffered torments rather than accuse or betray her friend.

The Duke meanwhile went through various phases of opinion as Julie laid her story before him. Perhaps he was chiefly affected by the tone of quiet independence—as from equal to equal—in which she addressed him. His wife's cousin by marriage; the granddaughter of an old and intimate friend of his own family; the daughter of a man known at one time throughout Europe, and himself amply well born,—all these facts, warm, living, and still efficacious, stood as it were behind this manner of hers, prompting and endorsing it. But, good Heavens!—was illegitimacy to be as legitimacy?—to carry with it no stains and penalties?—was vice to be virtue, or as good? The Duke rebelled.

"It is a most unfortunate affair,—of that there can be no doubt," he said, after a moment's silence, when Julie had brought her story to an end; and then, more sternly, "I shall certainly apologize for my wife's share in it!"

"Lady Henry won't be angry with the Duchess long," said Julie Le Breton. "As for me"—her voice sank—"my letter this morning was returned to me unopened."

There was an uncomfortable pause; then Julie resumed, in another tone:

"But what I am now chiefly anxious to discuss is—how can we save Lady Henry from any further pain or annoyance? She once said to me in a fit of



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS?"

anger that if I left her in consequence of a quarrel, and any of her old friends sided with me, she would never see them again—"

"I know," said the Duke, sharply. "Her salon will break up. She already foresees it."

"But why?—why?" cried Julie, in a most becoming distress. "Somehow, we must prevent it. Unfortunately I must live in London. I have the offer of work here,—journalist's work which cannot be done in the country, or abroad. But I would do all I could to shield Lady Henry—"

"What about Mr. Montresor?" said the Duke, abruptly. Montresor had been the well-known Châteaubriand to Lady Henry's Madame Récamier for more than a generation.

Julie turned to him with eagerness.

"Mr. Montresor wrote to me early this morning. The letter reached me at breakfast. In Mrs. Montresor's name and his own, he asked me to stay with them, till my plans developed. He—he was kind enough to say he felt himself partly responsible for last night."

"And you replied?" The Duke eyed her keenly.

Julie sighed and looked down.

"I begged him not to think any more of me in the matter, but to write at once to Lady Henry. I hope he has done so."

"And you refused—excuse these questions—Mrs. Montresor's invitation?"

The working of the Duke's mind was revealed in his drawn and puzzled brows.

"Certainly!" The speaker looked at him with surprise. "Lady Henry would never have forgiven that. It could not be thought of. Lord Lackington also,"—but her voice wavered.

"Yes?" said the Duchess, eagerly, throwing herself on a stool at Julie's feet and looking up into her face.

"He too has written to me. He wants to help me. But—I can't let him."

The words ended in a whisper. She leant back in her chair, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. It was very quietly done, and very touching. The Duchess threw a lightning glance at her husband; and then possessing herself of one of Julie's hands, she kissed it and murmured over it.

"Was there ever such a situation?"

thought the Duke, much shaken. "And she has already, if Evelyn is to be believed, refused the chance—the practical certainty—of being Duchess of Chudleigh!"

He was a man with whom a *gran rifiuto* of this kind weighed heavily. His moral sense exacted such things rather of other people than himself. But when made he could appreciate them.

After a few turns up and down the room, he walked up to the two women.

"Miss Le Breton," he said, in a far more hurried tone than was usual to him,—"I cannot approve—and Evelyn ought not to approve—of much that has taken place during your residence with Lady Henry. But I understand that your post was not an easy one—and I recognize the forbearance of your present attitude. Evelyn is much distressed about it all. On the understanding that you will do what you can to soften this breach for Lady Henry, I shall be glad if you will allow me to come partially to your assistance—"

Julie looked up gravely—her eyebrows lifting. The Duke found himself reddening as he went on.

"I have a little house near here—a little furnished house—Evelyn will explain to you. It happens to be vacant. If you will accept a loan of it, say for six months"—the Duchess frowned—"you will give me pleasure. I will explain my action to Lady Henry—and endeavor to soften her feelings."

He paused. Miss Le Breton's face was grateful, touched with emotion—but more than hesitating.

"You are very good! But I have no claim upon you at all. And I can support myself."

A touch of haughtiness slipped into her manner, as she gently rose to her feet. "Thank God, I did not offer her money!" thought the Duke, strangely perturbed.

"Julie—dear Julie!" implored the Duchess. "It's such a tiny little place—and it is quite musty for want of living in. Nobody has set foot in it but the care-taker for two years, and it would be really a kindness to us to go and live there—wouldn't it, Bertie? And there's all the furniture just as it was—down to the bellows and the snuffers! If you'd

only use it and take care of it—Bertie hasn't liked to sell it, because it's all old family stuff, and he was very fond of Cousin Mary Leicester.—Oh! do say yes, Julie! They shall light the fires,—and I'll send in a few sheets and things—and you'll feel as though you'd been there for years. Do, Julie."

Julie shook her head.

"I came here," she said in a voice that was still unsteady, "to ask for advice—not favors. But it's very good of you—"

And with trembling fingers she began to refasten her veil.

"Julie!—where are you going?" cried the Duchess. "You're staying here."

"Staying here!" said Julie, turning round upon her. "Do you think I should be a burden upon you, or any one?"

"But, Julie, you told Jacob you would come?"

"I have come. I wanted your sympathy—and your counsel. I wished also—to confess myself to the Duke—and to point out to him how matters could be made easier for Lady Henry."

The penitent, yet dignified, sadness of her manner and voice completed the discomfiture—the temporary discomfiture of the Duke.

"Miss Le Breton," he said abruptly, coming to stand beside her, "I remember your mother."

Julie's eyes filled. Her hand still held her veil, but it paused in its task.

"I was a small school-boy when she stayed with us," resumed the Duke. "She was a beautiful girl. She let me go out hunting with her. She was very kind to me—and I thought her a kind of goddess. When I first heard her story, years afterwards—it shocked me awfully. For her sake—accept my offer. I don't think lightly of such actions as your mother's—not at all. But I can't bear to think of her daughter alone and friendless in London."

Yet, even as he spoke, he seemed to be listening to another person. He did not

himself understand the feelings which animated him, nor the strength with which his recollections of Lady Rose had suddenly invaded him.

Julie leant her arms on the mantelpiece, and hid her face. She had turned her back to them, and they saw that she was crying softly.

The Duchess crept up to her and wound her arms round her.

"You will, Julie?—you will? Lady Henry has turned you out-of-doors at a moment's notice. And it was a great deal my fault. You *must* let us help you!"

Julie did not answer, but partially disengaging herself, and without looking at him, she held out a hand to the Duke.

He pressed it with a cordiality that amazed him.

"That's right!—that's right! Now, Evelyn, I leave you to make the arrangements. The keys shall be here this afternoon. Miss Le Breton of course stays here till things are settled. As for me, I must really be off to my meeting. One thing—Miss Le Breton!"

"Yes?"

"I think," he said, gravely, "you ought to reveal yourself to Lord Lackington."

She shrank.

"You'll let me take my own time for that?" was her appealing reply.

"Very well—very well! We'll speak of it again."

And he hurried away. As he descended his own stairs astonishment at what he had done rushed upon him and overwhelmed him.

"How on earth am I ever to explain the thing to Lady Henry?"

And as he went citywards in his cab he felt much more guilty than his wife had ever done. What *could* have made him behave in this extraordinary, this preposterous way? A touch of foolish romance,—immoral romance,—of which he was already ashamed? Or—the one bare fact, that this woman had refused Jacob Delafield?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Industrial Betterment

BY RICHARD T. ELY, Ph.D., LL.D.

Of the University of Wisconsin

PELZER has been described in a previous issue of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* as a type of industrial establishments which seek the betterment of the wage-earner's condition through a policy of enlightened absolutism. Control from above cannot well go further in modern times under a constitutional government than it reaches in Pelzer, South Carolina. We see in this part of our country a primitive agricultural society in process of evolution into a higher economic stage.

Let us now turn our attention to Cleveland, Ohio, where we find a type of industrial society which is economically much older, having reached a far higher stage in its evolution. If we examine briefly some efforts which are there being made to improve the condition of wage-earners along paternalistic and patriarchal lines, we shall find it extremely instructive to witness an evolution in the methods of industrial betterment which corresponds to the higher stage attained in social evolution.

First of all, we are impressed with the difference in general environment. Pelzer is an isolated community under the control of a single head, and owned by corporations which find a personal unity in their president. Even the land about Pelzer is owned by the chief corporation of the place. Cleveland is one of the greatest and most modern cities in the United States, with extensive homeownership and almost unlimited possibilities along this line. It is furthermore a city in which the twentieth-century democratic life pulsates vigorously, and manifests itself in movements as progressive as can be found anywhere in our country. We have there an atmosphere peculiar and interesting in which to study industrial betterment. It is noteworthy that in this modern city private

efforts to improve the lot of the wage-earners have perhaps, on the whole, reached the highest development known in the United States. These private efforts have to some extent become associated through the Chamber of Commerce of Cleveland, and this is, so far as I know, something unique. This Chamber of Commerce has what is called an "Industrial Committee," with a paid secretary, Mr. W. H. Moulton, whose duty it is to make known what methods have successfully been followed in industrial betterment, and to offer his services freely to any employers who may desire to establish relations of a high grade with their employees, and to improve their health, comfort, and happiness. Mr. Moulton is frequently called upon to give suggestions, and the results of his activity are seen in many parts of Cleveland, in which city they reach thousands of individuals and families.

It is difficult to single out any separate establishments for special treatment, but it is necessary to do this if our study is to be sufficiently concrete. One of the firms conspicuous in industrial betterment in Cleveland is the Sherwin-Williams Company, and what is being done by this concern is typical of what one finds elsewhere, as, for example, in the Cleveland Twist Drill Company's works, which I also inspected in a recent visit. One reason why the Sherwin-Williams Company's establishment may be specially cited is that the product is paints and varnishes, the manufacture of which is so frequently attended with conditions unfavorable to the working-people engaged therein. What is being done by this company for its employees may be described under four heads, namely, first, measures for the maintenance of health of body; secondly, measures to promote the intellectual life; thirdly, measures to provide wholesome

recreation; and fourthly, the encouragement of provision for sickness and death.

The general physical environment is made favorable by light, air, and cleanliness. Improved lavatories, in marked contrast with the old, are furnished. Abundance of water and ample accommodations for washing, together with a plentiful supply of towels, are provided. Moreover, bathing facilities are ample, and the employees are encouraged to take daily shower-baths, and in the "dry-color department" are indeed required to do so. In this department the company also requires the men each day to put on clean "overalls and jumpers," and washes their outer garments gratuitously. Pure filtered drinking-water is provided for all employees.

All this seems simple enough, but the effects have been remarkable in improved health. Formerly, in the "dry-color department" particularly, the men suffered from poor health continually; so much so, in fact, that the average length of working-time in this department scarcely, if at all, exceeded a month, and every other man was injuriously affected by the lead used in this part of the process of manufacturing paint. The sponges which were sometimes worn over the nose and mouth seemed to afford no relief. Now men are able to work years in this department, and not more than one in twenty appears to be injuriously affected by the lead.

Rest-rooms for the girls are provided here as in other progressive factories in Cleveland.

The food of the employees has received attention. Two floors of one building are devoted to lunch-rooms, and competent cooks are employed to prepare wholesome food for the luncheon at the noon hour. The company gives, free of charge, every day either a soup or a stew, and tea or coffee, and offers four or five other articles of food at low prices. The bill of fare is posted daily, of which a sample is given.

Whenever night work is required, the company furnishes dinners entirely at its own expense to the night shift. Every Thanksgiving day each employee receives a basket containing a turkey and a quart of cranberries.

Reading-rooms are provided and fur-

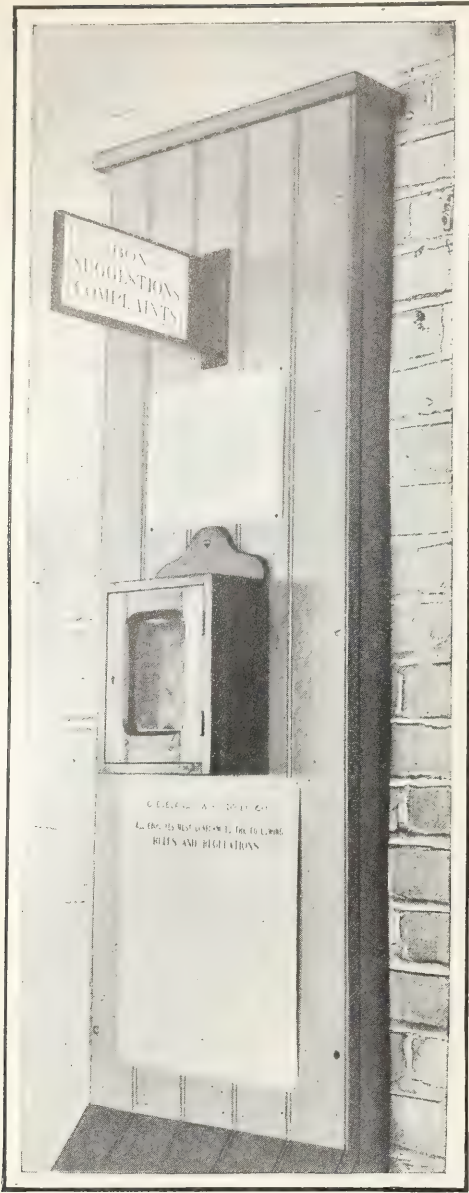
nished with a good supply of periodical literature. The company also maintains a small library, and a branch of the Cleveland Public Library is located in the factory. A monthly magazine called *The Chameleon* is published by the company, and its columns are open to contributions by employees. The magazine affords information about various phases of the manufacturing process, and offers suggestions for improving the business. Suggestions and criticisms are also otherwise elicited by means of a box where they can be deposited, and at the close of each year rewards are given for those which have been most helpful.

All forms of wholesome recreation are encouraged, and every year a banquet is arranged, and for the past two years this has been held in the Chamber of Commerce building. One day every year is set aside for an outing, and this takes the form of an old-fashioned picnic at a place selected by the employees, the company, however, providing the necessary transportation.

A mutual-benefit association has been organized by the company, and receives assistance from it. This association provides relief in cases of sickness and death, and more than nine-tenths of the employees belong to it.

LUNCHEON TO-DAY	
PORK AND BEANS	TEA AND COFFEE
MILK	TWO CENTS
BREAD & BUTTER	THREE CENTS
FIVE CRACKERS	ONE CENT
PIE	FIVE CENTS
BANANAS	FOUR CENTS
WATERMELON	FIVE CENTS

A BILL OF FARE



THE SUGGESTION-BOX

The benefits accruing to the company from this policy are in part obvious, in part are revealed fully only by reflection and experience. It is manifestly a gain to have good employees permanently retained, and it is evident that such frequent changes as formerly occurred in the dry-color department must have involved loss. Working-men can render better services after a warm and ample luncheon of well-prepared food than after a cold and insufficient luncheon of ill-cooked food. One of the chief factors in all production is the human animal, and the value of his service is increasingly psychical, for his mere physical strength counts for relatively less and less in this age of machine power. High-class labor is intellectual, and whatever ministers to

the health of mind must in the long-run render labor increasingly valuable.

How far industrial betterment has gone in Cleveland may be seen in the fact that that most neglected class, street-car employees, have participated in its benefits, one company at least furnishing opportunities for rest and recreation.

The experiment which has been described is typical of what is going forward in the most enlightened industrial centres in the United States. An employee of a telephone company in Chicago speaks enthusiastically about the generous provision for the health and comfort of the girls, including the "rest-room" under the charge of a matron. Special mention should be made of the Westinghouse Air-Brake Company of Wilmerding, Pennsylvania, which employs a progressive and competent "Social Secretary," whose sole function is to devote himself to improving the general welfare of the employees.

Attention must also be called to the League for Social Service with headquarters in New York city, of which Dr. Josiah Strong is president, and Dr. William H. Tolman secretary. The most prominent line of work undertaken by this league is industrial betterment, and it solicits business concerns to become "commercial members." The number of members does not as yet appear to be large, relatively, but several great corporations scattered throughout the entire country have shown interest enough to join the league, and there can be no doubt that its advice and encouragement have been widely useful. The secretary has given lectures on industrial betterment in every part of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it is impossible to measure the benefits which in future years will accrue to the wage-earners from helpful suggestions which have been thrown out by the lecturer, and the stimulus of examples which he has described and illustrated. The following quotation from the organ of the league shows the aspirations of the leaders and the directions along which they encourage action:

"HOW TO AVOID STRIKES.

The League has on record the various movements for Industrial Betterment, so



A FACTORY REST-ROOM

that we are in a position to tell you the experience of other employers, and to advise what will suit your particular needs, if you wish to do something to improve the condition of your employees.

WHAT MORE THAN WAGES.

THE PLANT.

The Work-room.
Buildings and Grounds.
Recreation.
Hygiene.
Sanitation.
Education.

THE WORKING-MAN'S HOME.

Settlements or Colonies.
Individual Homes.
Household Economics.
Institutions to encourage Thrift.
Benefit Associations."

What we have considered in brief outlines with concrete illustrations is one of two world-wide movements, quite distinct in nature and origin, which aim to improve the conditions under which men and women toil for wages. The movement to which we have directed our attention proceeds from patrons and works from above downward, and may therefore properly be termed paternalistic, and

in its extreme manifestations even patriarchal.

The second movement is democratic, and takes its source in the associated activity of wage-earners themselves. It is social in character, and seeks its ends through organization and legislation; upon both of which paternalism is inclined to look askance. An illustration of this attitude of paternalism is afforded by the action of the cotton-mill owners of North Carolina, in offering to introduce the eleven-hour day on condition that the Legislature should pass no law for the protection of the workers.

The democratic movement seeks enlarged freedom through the collective bargaining of labor organizations, re-enforced at points of weakness by the power of the State. Industrial paternalism, on the other hand, takes as its watchword freedom of individual contract, and looks to benevolence for the modification of hard conditions which would otherwise result therefrom. This position of paternalism democracy is inclined to treat with scorn, as a belated survival of, an earlier economic stage. These two movements must be both understood by him who would grasp the present industrial



NOON HOUR IN THE FACTORY

situation, and the future of society to which the present yields day by day.

The democratic movement centres in what, for lack of a better term, we ordinarily designate as the labor movement, a movement which in its New England manifestation is finely described by Mary E. Wilkins in her *Portion of Labor*, a work which presents this movement in all its confusion of aims, and gives us an admirable picture. But if we turn to the book of another gifted woman, namely, the work *Democracy and Social Ethics*, by Jane Addams, we shall find this struggle illuminated with the light of genius and a meaning given to apparently blind gropings. We live in a time when democracy is extending its rule, when adjustments bring pain, and when an evolution of social ethics is slowly following behind the evolution of industrial society. This is what we learn from Jane Addams's book.

The two movements aiming to secure industrial betterment clash now and then at the present time, and their interrelations are destined to engage our attention increasingly as time goes on. At Dayton, Ohio, the National Cash Register Company conducted an experiment

in industrial betterment which became known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and it was justly famous, for it transformed a part of the city called "Slidertown" into "South Park," an attractive working-people's section. Improvements were encouraged by the president of the company, beautiful flowers and well-kept gardens took the place of neglected, repulsive-looking yards; prizes were offered for the best results in this direction; all conveniences and comforts in Cleveland which have been described were here highly developed, and, indeed, served as a model for Cleveland. And yet a strike broke out in this Eden! The president of the company was grieved, and the benevolent public disappointed. The democratic movement had clashed with the paternalistic; labor organization had attacked benevolence. But an adjustment of difficulties seems to have been at last reached, the experiments more or less modified are continued, and the democratic movement has secured a recognition of labor organization.

We have nothing to say in the present connection about the merits of this particular controversy. There may have been a failure, on the one hand, to recog-

nize democratic rights; on the other, a lack of appreciation of a sincere desire of a man of power to benefit his fellows. But if the efforts of the company had been discontinued, it does not follow that they had been a failure. They had accomplished a mission in the transformation of homes and an elevation of lives.

One feature of the Dayton experiment, as reported to me, has special significance. The girls were furnished a luncheon for one cent apiece, although it was alleged that the luncheon cost the company four and a half cents. This fact was perpetually advertised—perhaps not purposely—and the girls were made to appear as beneficiaries. Now, it is said, the girls pay five cents for the luncheon, and like this arrangement better. This is most suggestive. Does it not accord better with the democratic sentiment of our day to make an addition to wages, and then charge what this luncheon costs, than to furnish the luncheon for less than cost? It is, after all, only a point of view, for those who receive a free luncheon or a luncheon below cost can look at what they receive as a part of wages. Yet a point of view has weight in industrial affairs.

The Industrial Committee of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce has issued a most commendable circular in regard to the labor troubles at Dayton, showing that they should not discourage endeavors to ameliorate social conditions, and explicitly stating that the efforts proceeding from the employers have their necessary limitations. In this circular these words are found: "No one should believe that such efforts solve all labor problems. On such vital questions as wages, hours of labor, unions, etc., little more can be done, perhaps, than to establish a common ground of good-will."

We find extreme forms of industrial paternalism which surely must make way for expanding democracy. Such an extreme form is that which seeks to escape from political government by means of the government of a private corporation. For the time being there are advantages in the absence of all municipal organization in Pelzer; and the quiet, orderly procedure of the private corporation stands in marked contrast to the turmoil

of local politics; but children can never learn to walk if they have no opportunity to stumble; and one great merit of democratic government has always been held to be its educational value.

Those who are carrying forward the democratic movement to new fields look with little favor or positively oppose many manifestations of industrial benevolence which at first glance seem wholly good. This is particularly the case with various forms of insurance and old-age pensions provided by employers. They allege that these restrain and bind unduly the employees, and are offered as a substitute for such things as democracy seeks—for example, employers' liability for accidents, the co-operative insurance of labor organization, and perhaps even that provision for old age and various contingencies offered by organized society through the State, independently of any particular employer.

On the other hand, we find extreme forms of democracy which we must emphatically reject. Karl Marx, for example, pushed to an extreme the principle of self-help when he told the wage-earners that they must look for help to no other classes, but must alone and unaided fight for and secure their own emancipation. There are wide diversities of gifts and capacities, and wise leadership is the great need of our time—as it has been the great need of every age in the world's history. Moreover, social progress is slow and uneven, and must in the nature of things work its way through many different channels. We must study the democratic movement where it rears its mountain-peaks; as in Massachusetts, the banner State of the Union in all social efforts; in Switzerland, in New Zealand, and in England, where we find it curiously intermingled with historical paternalism and even mediævalism. On the other hand, we must hold up to the light and encourage with fitting praise the best efforts of benevolent employers.

The problem of wise statesmanship in the immediate future is to seek to avoid serious social disturbances, resulting from the clashing of industrial benevolence and industrial democracy, and to make both auxiliary forces for industrial betterment. A synthesis of efforts, union and harmony—these must be our watchwords.

A Heart, and Two Others

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

CALVERLY CHAMBERS,
WASHINGTON SQUARE, EAST. NEW YORK.
March 15, 19—.

Dear Miss Wroxeter:

If you will send back your memory to the sailing of *La Savoie* from New York, three weeks ago, it may find for you a moment when an eddy of the human tide on deck swirled you into a little cove beneath the bridge companion, and, unexpectedly, into the company of some friends who happened by chance to be sailing with you. It was my good fortune that another caprice of the same current swung me so close to you that I could not but overhear a portion of the conversation, and so learn your name, that of your banker, and that Paris is to be your home for some time to come.

It was later that I saw you again, leaning against the starboard rail, and watching some workmen in a lighter alongside. I was far aft when you turned and went in toward the saloon companion, but the sun caught at something which tore loose from your chain, and when I came up I found upon the deck a little heart of gold. You were gone, and even as I was hurriedly looking for you the bugles sounded "All Ashore!" I should have left the little heart of gold for you in the purser's care. Instead, it obeyed the bugles as I did, and has been upon my watch-fob from then until an hour ago. For it is only this evening that I have discovered it to be, not the mere trinket I had supposed, but a locket, so cunningly fashioned that the line of division is barely visible.

So I return it. With profound contrition,

Sincerely yours, JOHN SETON.

40BIS, AVENUE HENRI MARTIN.
March 25, 19—.

Dear Mr. Seton:

Your letter and my locket came this morning, and my appreciation of the one

and my joy at the recovery of the other are too keen to admit of any delay in my reply. I had quite given it up for lost, and your letter, which I read before opening the little package, seemed almost too good to be true. I can forgive you the three weeks during which my locket remained—I am sure unwillingly!—in your possession. Its place is on the chain from which you saw it fall, and I cannot think of it as being happy anywhere else—even on the fob of Mr. John Seton.

I am sincerely glad of this opportunity to tell you what your books—particularly *The Siren* and *Mam'zelle Margot*—have meant to me. How you love Paris, and how you understand her! It is a good thing for a man, when he is young, as I think you are, to find that the laurels of success are already his, to feel himself big, and masterful, and admired, and quoted wherever the English tongue is spoken. That is fine, yes! But I think you must be more grateful to know that this wonderful gift of yours enables you to do justice to the city of your heart. You have taught me by your books, if not to know her, at least to love her, full as well as you yourself—and for that I thank you. You have shown me how one may learn from her the great humanities which you have made your own, and for that I thank you more.

How funny that the secret of my locket so long escaped you! Did you notice the spring? It is quite a marvel of ingenuity.

Sincerely yours, ETHEL WROXETER.

April 5, 19—.

Dear Miss Wroxeter:

When I had sent you back your locket, I was much in the position of the small boy who has confessed his naughtiness. I was relieved in conscience, yet not wholly free from fear of reproof. There

is no plausible excuse for sending you a second letter, except that you speak of Paris, and that to me the name is, as it were, a kind of Masonic password.

What you say of my books is very comforting. I wonder if you realize what it is to the pebble, that for an instant has stirred the great sea of experience, to learn that the ripple from its fall has contributed, even in an infinitesimal degree, to the polish of an unknown other pebble on the unknown further shore? Although—*because*, rather—what I have written of Paris I have written out of the great love of my heart for Her, who demands so little and gives so much, I am often discouraged with all my work. That it has reached you, helped you to an understanding of this Queen Sorceress whom so many misunderstand, is a good thing to know.

I venture to send you herewith a copy of *Poems of Paris*, the first and least successful of my books, but, like an ugly duckling, dearest to my heart. Regard it, if you will, as the outward and visible sign of my inward and spiritual contrition for the so long keeping of your locket. I did notice the spring, by-the-way. No one, I am sure, would have appreciated its ingenuity unless he had been (as I am) on the *qui vive* for the Eternal Unexpected.

Sincerely yours, JOHN SETON.

LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.

May 28, 19—.

Dear Mr. Seton:

I have been in Berlin, Vienna, Stuttgart, and elsewhere, and your letter, and parcel containing *Poems of Paris*, only reached me this morning, after pursuing me from place to place for six weeks. They are battle-scarred, black with many postmarks, and covered with forwardings in the most remarkable handwritings. But there are two sides to every question, and if it is distressing that beauty is no more than skin-deep, it is a compensation that ugliness runs no deeper. When I had discarded these disfigured envelopes I was well repaid. Your letter needs no excuse, my good sir. The royal pen, like the royal personage, can do no wrong.

When I took *Poems of Paris* in my hand it fell open, as if I had touched a

spring, at the "Song of the Seine!" So you wrote *that!* I first found it, published anonymously, in a magazine, I can't say how long ago—years, in any event. You must know that it sings itself. I had not finished my first reading of it before the music began to take form in my mind. A week later it was an accomplished fact, and it has been my favorite ever since. It has never been published, but I am sending you the words and music of *our* song. Perhaps you may be interested, and I do not wish to be always in your debt without essaying a return, however small. And thank you for sending, but doubly, trebly, for writing, the "Song of the Seine."

I *think* we shall be friends.

Faithfully yours, ETHEL WROXETER.

June 18, 19—.

My dear Miss Wroxeter:

Yes, I think we shall be friends. I have ceased to marvel at the whimsical vagaries of Fate, and now accept them simply and with a grateful heart. I have few friends. I think it is the curse—or blessing?—of my kind to outgrow people, abruptly to be made aware of the shortcomings of old friends, and at a given moment stand suddenly aghast before their newly discovered lack of length and breadth, as if one had found the Lilliputian apparel of childhood in a long-locked trunk! I am afraid Paris is responsible for the marooning of many estimable if quite futile friendships. In my own case I know it was so. I went abroad for the first time filled with keen regrets for certain amiable people, whom I had known always, and who had seemed indispensable, when in reality they were no more than inevitable. Then came Paris, and after a few years of people who were not ashamed to write verse, and paint pictures, and carve marbles, I came back, to find my formerly congenial friends hurrying and scurrying blindly through life, and wholly given over to discussions of the price of stocks and the details of ward politics. Then it was that I realized that I had outgrown my breeks and blouses, and was uncomfortable in rocking-chairs! Read "pin-afores" for "breeks and blouses," and is not the experience your own?

Somehow I am disappointed to hear that you have not been all this time in Paris. I have been imagining the increasing list of your "re-finds" and your pleasure therein, and, lo and behold! you have been in Berlin, and Vienna, and Stuttgart, all of which have this quality in common—that everything in the place is first made out of tin and then painted green. It is a presumptuous request, but I wish you would go back to Paris! It is the high tide of spring there now, and there is a delicious unfindable-elsewhere smell of wet wood pavements as you cross the Place de l'Etoile! How *can* you, whom the gods permit to be so near, rest content with being so far?

I have waited a week for the song. It has not turned up, and no doubt has been swallowed up in the mail-strom (if you will pass the pun) of the transatlantic postal service. I wonder if you will forgive me for saying that I am almost glad! In any case the rudeness may not go unsupported, so I must crave your indulgence if I tell you why.

Another than yourself has set the "Song of the Seine" to music, and once I heard it sung. Before, I had loved it; afterwards, I was proud of it. It came back to me triumphant, like a favorite child who has won a prize at school. It had accomplished something by itself, won its own way from mere worth to eminence. What had been good, was great!

Curiously enough, I never saw the singer. Her name was Alice Worthing, and she was somewhere in the vague distance of the René de Puysters' drawing-room, and I was in the hall, hopelessly barred from entering by a rampart of tall collars and frock-coats and faultlessly creased trousers about the door. I had a programme—I have it yet!—on which I found her name, and the familiar title, and when she began to sing I knew the words for my own. It would be folly to attempt a description of her voice, except to say that it was the purest, the sweetest, the most haunting that I have ever heard, or ever hope to hear. But, whereas my first impulse was one of eagerness to see what manner of woman this might be who lent such infinitely tender meaning to my verse, when finally the song was finished I went home! I was afraid

to see her—afraid lest she be fat, lest she simper, lest she wear blue satin and artificial poppies!

So I have almost dreaded to receive your music. I think it will not be the same, for you singers are jealous folk, and keep your ewe lambs snug in the fold. And if it were the same, to see its melody laced into a strait-jacket of crotchets and quavers would put to flight the lingering thrill of its once-heard exquisite sweetness. And if it were not the same, however harmonious it be, it could prove only a foundling in the cradle of lovely memory!

Do not think me fanciful, still less ungrateful. I should be so glad to hear you sing—but not the "Song of the Seine!" Let us call it still *our* song, but let imagination sing it!

Faithfully yours, JOHN SETON.

40BIS, AVENUE HENRI MARTIN.

June 28, 19—.

My dear Mr. Seton:

I am back in Paris,—let us say, for courtesy's sake, in deference to your wish! I am always afraid that, without warning, I may wake up and find that all these sweet summer sights and smells and sounds are not realities, after all, but only, as they have so often been, the figments of a dream. This is the most beautiful avenue in Paris, I think, with its long rows of cool green trees, and its silence, broken only by the Sunday whirl of carriages bound to Auteuil. Even in this clamor there is music, as you know. I spend hours daily upon my balcony, content to do nothing but breathe an air which surely hangs no more softly over any other spot on earth.

I am glad that I have never seen you, John Seton. Babbling is a need of my nature, adaptable person though I am, and if I knew you for the frock-coated, gray-gloved, high-collared person that, perhaps, you are, I should be talking conventions and commonplaces instead of the things which are worth while. You have a little shrine that is all your own in the temple of my estimation—the shrine of the ideal friend—and I think you would be very apt to dethrone yourself therefrom if you were to make yourself known to me as an actual man of

flesh and blood, instead of the vague impersonality with a good handwriting for which I know you.

Now that I know that, in material form, our song would not have given you pleasure, I am grateful that it had the tact to go astray. Poor Alice Worthing! A candid friend of mine has often spoken to me of her, and I am afraid she has her failings, like the rest of us, though I think these do not run to simpers and blue satin. And happy Alice Worthing, too! It is such a pleasure to know one's singing is liked and remembered.

Faithfully yours,

ETHEL WROXETER.

July 12, 19—.

My dear Miss Wroxeter:

I'm not at all sure that I'm glad you've never seen me. As a matter of fact, there is only one thing that I detest more than gray gloves, and that is a frock-coat—don't you love to be taken literally?—and my evening clothes hang in my closet, like fire-buckets in a theatre lobby, with a sign on them which says, "To be used in case of emergency only!" But I must confess to one feminine failing, that of curiosity, at least so far as you are concerned, and, in all humility, I beg that you will gratify it by telling me something of yourself. Do you really mean that personalities bore you? They seem to me so interesting.

It is hard to make you understand what is, perhaps, a whimsical view of the "Song of the Seine." It is a darling of mine, of which I am jealous, and I have heard it sung perfectly—once! Another fallacious proverb: Good things do *not* come in threes. 'And their memories stand alone, as fragile, each of them, as a long-pressed violet. Touch them, in an attempt to coax back the old perfume, and they crumble into dust!

Your friend, JOHN SETON.

40BIS, AVENUE HENRI MARTIN.

July 3, 19—.

My dear Mr. Seton:

What extraordinary creatures you men are! Will one of you ever do more than sincerely try, with all the innocence and earnestness and desperate ignorance of

his big heart, to understand a woman? Had you asked me what was my holiest of holies, I should have told you, the little niche in the back wall of my heart, where I have hidden my hope of what will happen! And now you are for rending away the veil, and laying my secret bare! No, no, my friend! It is for *you* to be properly introduced—a ceremony which has, somehow, been overlooked—and your pen must play chaperon, in default of something more conventional. Afterwards—perhaps—you shall have your *coupe-file* through the outposts of my character. Who are *you*, John Seton, and what do *you* hope will happen? The confession is easier for a man, for, to an appreciable extent, his destiny is of his own fabrication, whereas a woman's comes to her in many wrappings, which must be removed one by one, with infinite patience, before she sees what Fate has concealed within.

Now for your pen-picture, sir.

ETHEL WROXETER.

August 13, 19—.

Dear Miss Wroxeter:

You are quite right. The confessional is the only place where the man should lead the way.

Therefore, as it please you, I am an inch short of six feet, and not on terms of even bowing acquaintance with physical aches and pains. Family I have none, and of friends, merely a few. I was born with a pen in my fist, and have been used to discard it only for the fork and the walking-stick. By birth, American; by choice, Parisian; by inclination, a drone and a dreamer; by the decree of Fate, a literary hack. I have seen a good bit of life and of the world—enough to know that both are underrated. I rank animals above men, nature above animals, and women above the three combined.

I have really only seven books—the Bible, Boccaccio, the *Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, *Vanity Fair*, the poems of Alfred de Musset, and the *Nibelungen Lied*. You will grant me catholicism, if not omnivoracity! I have much of the poet, and little of the preacher. I am not afraid to acknowledge my love of sunrise, sunset, twilight, the sea, dogs, horses, flowers, music, children—when

these have passed the bubble, bawling, and blue-blanket stage—painting, poetry, and cold water. I am somewhat less confident in my partiality for good food, old clothes, divans with cushions, and one disreputable pipe. I am thirty-two, sober, honest, and willing. I have no followers, *hélas!*—and, in ordinary, desire only one night out a week. *Voilà, mademoiselle!* I think that is all.

Or, rather, no! "What do I hope will happen?" It is my own motion, rightly referred to me for report. Shall I tell you frankly? Well, then—that a woman, better and more beautiful, will, some day, love me more and longer than I deserve! There! I have set you an example of courage. The veil is rent in twain, and the *sanctum sanctorum* laid bare. Will you dare as much?

I think that I shall not sleep until I have your confession. JOHN SETON.

August 27, 19—.

Dear Mr. Seton:

I take my pen in hand to tell you that you sound like an attractive sort of person—the which, no doubt, you know!

Since you challenge me to a trial of courage, I will say at once that I scorn to approach my supreme confession by the easily ascending path of pleasant trifling. Rather, we shall commence with the holy of holies, and work outward to the immaterial fortifications. Sir, I am a romantic woman!

When you have recovered, read on!

Our hopes are singularly akin, allowing for the inevitable disparity between the feminine and the masculine point of view. Some day, let a man love me somewhat less than I love him—and not so long! Of all the Elder Brother's sayings there was, perhaps, only one which women alone could fully understand. It is so *infinitely* more blessed to give than to receive!

To come to lesser things: I am studying for the Opéra Comique. Carré has been extraordinarily kind and encouraging, and has promised me *Louise* in November, if all goes well. Forgive me if I do not elaborate. I am superstitious, as well as romantic, and, against my convictions, a slave to the theory that one's

dearest hopes must not be voiced, for fear that jealous Fate will overhear, and stand before the gates of Eden with a flaming sword. Luckily, my pen-holder is of wood! This same dream was once that of Alice Worthing, the singer of your song. She came to Paris—and failed!

You are tautological, my friend. You say that you are American, and that you believe in being true! That you love poetry, and read the Bible! That you rate women above men and animals and nature, and that *Don Quixote* is among your favorites! E. W.

September 10, 19—.

How much you have left unsaid, my friend! Did you think that I would not understand?

Did you think that I did not know, Most Beautiful? On the evening following that on which I mailed you my third letter the mystery of Alice Worthing was revealed, with René de Puyster as a drawling, smug-faced *deus ex machinâ!* I think I was not surprised—only very, very glad, that you and she were one. Do you know why your locket went ashore with me from *La Savoie*? Because yours was the fairest, purest, most memorial face that ever the good gods showed to man, as proof that life was worth the living!

I have thanked God, Ethel Wroxeter, that the hands which carried your locket ashore were as clean as might be, and the lips which kissed it worthy, if such a thing were possible, to ask you that I might be guardian of that other heart of gold which is also yours. When a knight enters his supremest tourney, the victory will not be his through any disclaimer of his lance's stanchness or his shield's stability.

I love you. I loved you when, under that *nom de guerre* of yours, your voice lent my words a melody and meaning they had never known before. I loved you when, on the deck of *La Savoie*, I saw in your face the fulfilment of a myriad dreams. I loved you when your first written words to me, after I had found Alice Worthing, set my heart bounding, in the gladness of its new-born knowledge.

Dearest, there have been other men and other women who have lived loyally and loyally loved. But is not the last always better than the first? And this love of mine, latest and loveliest of all the loves of earth, only awaits the sanction of your smile. My wife!—my wife, by all the laws of destiny, what have you to say to me?

JOHN.

[Cablegram.]

September 22, 19—.

Did you open my locket, John Seton?

[Cablegram.]

September 22, 19—.

Yes.

September 23, 19—.

Oh, my friend, I am sorry—more sorry than it lies in the power of words to say! Will you forgive me my cablegram? It was, believe me, a question that cried for answer, else I had not sent it. I owe you the explanation which follows—feminine, fatuous, foolish as it may appear.

I half hoped, half feared, when I found that we were to be friends, that you had opened my locket, and therefore knew my secret. Now, I see that it was best. Let me explain, as rationally as I may.

All this was three years ago. It was my last day at Houlgate, and I was seated on the terrace of the Casino with my hostess, my hand upon my camera, watching an angry sea which augured ill for my passage to America. There were few bathers. Only the strongest swimmers had gone in. But the terrace was crowded. A little French girl of sixteen or thereabouts, a peasant, from her dress and bearing, was offering flowers for sale to the loungers along the sea-wall; and as she came to the steps in front of us she ventured to mount them, and to offer one of her little bouquets to four careless young Frenchmen seated near us. For charity's sake alone I call them careless, for nothing, it seems to me, short of a devil could have premeditated their reply. It was only a sentence, but it was such a sentence as is, to a woman, worse than a blow—nay, even worse than the caress of a strange hand! I had only time

to see that she had dropped her poor little wares, and stood trembling, with her big startled eyes slowly filling with tears, when a man plunged past us, and—what shall I say?—seemed absolutely to *annihilate* the cads who had insulted her! It was all over in a moment, and he had picked up her flowers, given her a gold piece, and, in giving it, kissed her hand, as if she had been a duchess! The Frenchmen were grovelling—no other word will do. I saw one of them wiping gravel out of his mouth. It seemed appropriate, somehow. And the other? People were applauding him on all sides, pressing about him, plying him with questions. We were standing, my friend and I, and as he passed us he threw back his head, so that the sun shone full upon his face. I saw him smile at a man with a notebook, and heard him say: "Oh, never mind the name. I'm an American—that's all!"

I *think* I said, "Thank God!" I *know* I felt it. I stepped back, and as I did so my fingers touched the spring of my camera, and there was a sharp click.

It was after my return to America that the film was developed, and that I found, among others, the picture of the only man I can ever love—the picture, of course, which you have seen in my little heart of gold.

Think me fanciful, if you will, and as you have the right. I cannot hope that you will understand. He was so big, so strong, so *beautiful*, in his instantaneous, uncalculating reply to the call of chivalry and duty. My friend, my friend, I am hurting you, I know, but for me there is only one man in the whole wide world!

That I realize what you have offered me, that I appreciate it, that my heart is very, very sad for you, I must leave you to comprehend. I wish I could touch your hand in friendliness, and look into your eyes with sympathy and understanding, and *say* that I am sorry!

Carré has named the date of my début, and I am to sing *Louise* a month from last night. I shall appear as Alice Worthing, for, as I have told you, it was Alice Worthing who tried three years ago, and failed.

Good-night, my friend—and must it be good-by?

ETHEL.

October 8, 19—.

I have only time for a word. My boxes are packed, and I am sailing to-morrow on the *St. Paul*.

God bless and keep you, Most Beautiful, and bring me safe to you! I love you.

JOHN.

CLARIDGE'S HOTEL.
BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE,
LONDON, October 17, 19—.

I am here for a day or two only, on business. We had a shocking passage, and I thought I was destined never to come into your sweet presence. But now we are so near! I cannot trust myself to write many words to you, since soon I shall be able to say what I would say.

Dearest, my love to you. JOHN.

40BIS, AVENUE HENRI MARTIN.
October 18, 19—.

Oh, John, be kind to yourself and kind to me! I have your two letters, from New York and London, but what am I to say? I have no answer for you, other than the one I have given.

My friend, I long to see you, and yet my heart is sick with the thought of what the meeting must mean for both of us. Believe me, believe me, this is no mere woman's whim. I *know* that I shall meet him. It is written in the book of Fate. Try to forgive me. Try to be brave, as I am trying.

My *début*, as I have told you, is set for the 22d. Pellier is to sing Julian to my Louise. Shall you be here?

ETHEL.

CLARIDGE'S HOTEL.
BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE,
LONDON, October 20, 19—.

My *fauteuil* is engaged for the 22d, Most Beautiful, and I shall not ask you to receive me till the following day. I am leaving for Paris to-night, and shall go to the Ritz. Will you send me a word there, to say if I may see you on the 23d at three o'clock?

My dearest love, and wishes for your inevitable success. How I envy Pellier!

JOHN.

40BIS, AVENUE HENRI MARTIN.
October 21, 19—.

I am sending this note to the Ritz, as you suggest. Come day after to-morrow—yes! I would see you sooner, but you know what the day before a *début* is. I think I could not sing, if I had seen you first. How strange that what is to be the greatest joy and what is to be the greatest sorrow I have ever known should lie but twenty hours apart!

ETHEL.

40BIS, AVENUE HENRI MARTIN.
October 22, 19—.

It is long after midnight, my friend, and I have but just returned from the *répétition generale*. Yet I must write to you before I sleep, and Mathilde will post the letter.

Oh, John, how can I tell you? *He* was there. I saw him instantly—our eyes met—and he smiled! In an interval of our *duo*, Pellier said: "There is an admirer of yours, *mademoiselle*, *dans la deuxième loge à gauche*. He has asked me to present him. May I bring him to-morrow afternoon?"

John, do you understand? Do not let us meet, my friend, after all. It is better, infinitely better so. It can mean nothing but sorrow and heartache for us both, because I love him.

For the last time—forgive me!

ETHEL.

HOTEL RITZ, PLACE VENDOME.
October 22, 19—.

Dearest ana Most Beautiful:

It is I who beg forgiveness—for deceit! I yield you freely to the man whose eyes met yours, and who smiled, and whom you love—whose face has been so fortunate as to dwell in two hearts of gold for three long years. God give him strength to make the gold hearts three!

Pellier is the closest friend I have in France. And no longer is the answer of your "hero" of Houlgate—"Oh, never mind the name. I'm an American—that's all!"—adequate. For, long ago, he should have written, like Elizabeth of old, the announcement that "His name is

JOHN."



AFTER SUNSET

A Reverie at the Sea-Shore

BY SADAKICHI HARTMANN

WHAT strange fascinations there are in the sea and shore! How one can dwell on their simplicity, even vacuity! Particularly so on an Indian-summer afternoon, when the beach is already deserted, but the weather still mild enough for a reverie on the breeze-blown strand.

Overhead the sky is pale, whitish, with a faint lustre of turquoise here and there. Little vaporous clouds are moving across it very slowly. Sometimes you feel passing over yourself, like a vague sadness, the shadows of the little mists that glide across the sun.

The breakers come running in; they rise like glassy domes in green transparency, tumble in a silvery gleam, and break with a soft splash. The wind sweeps over the withered stalks of the beach-grass, crumples the dark sedge along the top of the sand dunes, and journeying landward, passes the cedar thickets to murmur to their gnarled and twisted branches some strange rune, that it may have learnt in the slumberous air of some southern clime. No other events. Not a sail is to be seen, nothing but vast, unornamented space.

Actual coast vegetation is sparse. Excepting the skirting fringe of pines, oaks, cedars, and locusts, there are no trees, and only a few shrubs and flowers of a stern, defying sort—hardy enough to venture so close to the ocean that they are watered with the spray. The majority, however, craving shelter from the gales, are

content to nestle in hollows or creep behind the protecting dunes.

It takes time to accustom one's mind to this monotonous waste; the eye tires, as it can find no resting-place, and the ear becomes supersensitive through the silence and notices the vaguest sounds, like the movement of one's hair in the breeze, or the rustling of clothes against one's body.

How entirely different this scene is to what is generally considered picturesque! What the painter has to add to most of his pictures, a certain mood, comes here noiselessly up before him; he has merely to copy it. But in order to comprehend fully the intrinsic beauties of this spread of waves and gray-white beach, more than an occasional visit is necessary. The sea is singular in this, it reveals its charms only gradually, after long and constant wooing. From the summer tourist it ever hides its true face. Even in my childhood I had the desire to live somewhere near the sea, to grasp more fully the meaning of its mystic, liquid theme, and perhaps to write some day a book whose composition would be influenced by the slow measured sweep of the ocean towards the shore. And all my life I have haunted the sea-shore, to inhale the bracing breezes which keep the whole world wholesome, to listen to the hoarse murmur of the sea, which sometimes sounds like voices of shipwrecked men far away, and to gaze at the calm broad radiance which fills the sea and sky. Those hours were happiest when I had that vast ex-

panse of view all to myself, save the cedar-trees,—so grotesque and dumbly eloquent!—which were silent and welcome companions.

At such moments the mind wanders far beyond the horizon, where, following the curve of the globe, the same boundless spread is basking in the sun, and where the same diversity of undulating waves is rising mysteriously from unknown springs, all of them ephemeral, born only to disappear, forever driven out by the incessant efflux of new water, which some blind, imperious power lifts towards the sun.

It benumbs and stupefies one, this never-ceasing tumult, this marvel of inexhaustibly varied monotony. With eyes open, in an odd condition of somnolence, one submits to the tremendous power which is ever at work. Also the primeval forest is full of mysterious agitation, but its impenetrable thickets and interminable depths, where incomplete shapes seem to gather in confused lights and spacious shadows, are after all tangible, substantial, and permanent. We feel that there is a world which lasts forever, that the soil produces incessantly, and that the trees will always have the same green and supple magnificence. The sea, on the other hand, represents an infinitude of *surface*. Nothing is permanent. On the dark heavens of the infinite, ever-moving deep nothing endures; events are whirled away and wiped out of existence as if they had never taken place. Everything is transitory, like the fancies, emotions, and longings of the human soul. A storm with "its eagles flecked with foam," as Victor Hugo calls the waves, is not more enduring than the bubbles dancing on the surface of the water on a day when the sea, having lost all emotion, seems mingled with the diffused vapors in the distance.

As one lies inert—the pungent smell of sea-weed filling the air—a wild poetic longing for a wider interpretation of nature invades our heart; it grows and fills the mind with innumerable questions. One feels through one's whole being an identity between one's self *subjectively* and nature *objectively*, a vague emotion which the German philosophers were so fond of analyzing. But their investigations were rather futile, for we feel in

such moods that neither science nor reasoning can solve this puzzling problem. We are unable to cast a measuring-line over the infinite, and eternity cannot be proven by logic and mathematical demonstration. Scientific inquiry can only stimulate our power of observation, and give us a more accurate perception of the inter-relations of nature, or some fresh cause for intelligent wonder. Our appreciation is undoubtedly heightened by knowing that even the ocean wave is not free from solid matter, that the rivers are constantly pouring into it mineral substances that dissolve, while the sun draws up from it almost pure water, leaving the salts behind to accumulate the crops of sea-weed, and providing material for the constructive elements of corals, sponges, and shells, and the skeletons of other sea creatures. Yet, like Newton, who compared himself to a boy playing with pebbles on the shore of the great unexplored ocean of truth, every student of nature will recognize, whatever his years, his experience, or his learning may be, that he will remain but a student, and will never be able to learn all that nature has to teach.

And there is, after all, so little for the layman to study. The world below the brine, with its forests at the bottom of the sea, its vast fields of lichens and strange flowers, is to him still a sphere obscure and unexplored; and the average mind is by far more satisfied with the poet's fancy, which tells of mermaids, "maids who love their sweethearts well," dwelling in coralline gardens and grottos made of many a shell.

For we accept the marvellous co-ordination of all forces of nature as facts, and are more interested in the *why* and *wherefore* than a mere knowledge of the laws which shape and sustain the physical features of the world around us. That curious lurking something which means far more than the mere sight, grand as that is, cannot be grasped so easily. It constantly evades our inquiries. And we realize that we know to-day as little about it as those races who prowled about in prehistoric times; perchance even less, for the *rapport* they held with earth, light, the trees, and the sea was a more intimate one than ours. What kind of vague emotions may



A BEACH CEDAR

not the view of this quivering surface have awakened in our ancestors! Perhaps they could tell us what part it has played in the evolution of this world. Is this profound rhythmic oscillation really the origin of all things; and is the doctrine of Thales of Miletus, "Out of water everything came, and to water everything returns," still in sympathy with the cosmological theories of our time?

In Japan one still believes that at the beginning there was neither heaven nor earth, only an elemental fluid, from which gradually a celestial mansion, the Valhalla of the Japanese gods, arose.

Clouds like those in yonder pale blue heaven may have formed the bridge on which once god Yzanaghi and his spouse Yzanuma stood pondering on the riddle of existence, whether the beginnings of worlds and the beginning of life lay slumbering in that sea of chaos. Yzanaghi, apparently more enterprising than philosophically inclined, seized his shimmering spear and plunged it into the black and seething flood. Pulling it up again, he discovered seven salt drops on its diamond point, which, dropping, condensed and formed the island of Cusokorosima. Thereupon Yzanaghi and his spouse selected the spot of earth which had been thus created as their permanent dwelling-place, and peopled it with innumerable genii of animal and plant life, and spirits of the elements. And around this "palace of immortality" rose eight other islands: Awadsi, the island of foam; the mountainous Cho; Yamato, blessed with fruit; Yyo, unsurpassed in its beauty; the quinquangular Tsikousi; Sado, rich in copper and gold; Yki, one of the pillars of heaven; and Oko, surrounded by three satellites.

Such was the birth of Japan, of that curious land of Fusi-yama, with its amiable population of artist-artisans, its graceful tea-houses, its glistening silks, its grotesque dwarf-trees, its white cranes and dreamy lotus ponds.

And now as the sun breaks languidly through the nebulous clouds, do not the luminous wave-tops, "the flowers of the ample sea," resemble an endless lake of water-lilies, on whose floating leaves the souls of the dead, according to the faith of old Japan, assemble, to pilgrim to the paradise of the rising sun, with its seven

rows of evergreen trees, with its seven lakes encircled with golden sand, where soft sounds of multitudinous instruments mingle with the hymns of birds, where flowers reign, and the winds sweep over terraces of milk-white jasper?

Such images, so dear to the Oriental turn of mind, teach us to approach nature in a more poetic mood, a free exhilarating ecstasy such as the pantheists might have felt, and which guided Shelley as he penned his "Prometheus Unbound," in which all natural objects appear to be alive, to have a soul, and to be capable of sensations. Shelley became earth with the earth, a flower with the flower, a brook with the brook; like a true poet, he was intoxicated with that universal, eternally upspringing life which circulates through all things, and his poetry was the changeful reflection of changeful nature.

The universe thus appears in a transfigured form. It had been contemplated before when the clouds were hiding away the sun; but now our view is from an altitude far above the vapor and mist. Instead of an inert matter filling and choking up space, there is now a continual stream of life, flowing unrestrained from organism to organism, forever progressing, growing, and transforming itself into a more spiritual expression of its own nature. And even though it should be demonstrated that all protoplasms have like chemical and organic constituents, and that we perceive no form of living thing till we have first the protoplasm, it will dispose of all arguments by simply stating that all things exist solely from the energy and life which pervade them, and that the inherent energy will in importance necessarily transcend its manifestations.

For such contemplation of nature we have to subdue within us that obstinate, deeply rooted emotion on which personality is founded, and reduce the sensation of the Me to its very minimum. One must be capable of feeling that ecstasy in which the observer becomes one with the subject contemplated. Then all natural phenomena will appear to us to be alive and to have a soul, and the next glance we throw at the sea and sky will infuse the same familiar scene with a new meaning, deeper and subtler than we have ever felt before.



NOON

The spaces of sky and sea are full of a calm, broad radiance; the vast water is all penetrated with light as with a great deep joy. Surely this water is not insensible; it rejoices or is sad, as the sun broods upon it or deserts it. This universal motion, this vague, incessant sound, this light breath which stirs its surface, all declare it alive. It is perchance some great elemental soul, limited to the sphere of feeling, scarcely capable of reverie, traversed by emotions simple and obscure, which, despite being fugitive like all this visible universe, and condemned after myriads of millions of centuries to be absorbed again in some neuter element, is keenly alive with a distinct individuality of its own.

If the sea can be compared to anything created by mankind, I would compare it to the giant image of some Buddha seated with crossed hands, calm as the sea after an upheaval, benignly smiling at the illusions of this life, but whose features at times become distorted with a Mongol grimace, a malicious grin at the uselessness of all agitation, of this whirl of forms and liquid tumult. Why this incessant, universal whirl, if these vapors exhaled from the earth, the sea, animals, plants—which just now were a part of the soil, the sea, the animal, the plant—are mingled, rise, lighted up in the sky, float, traverse space at random, grow cool, fall, and, as chance wills, become once more soil, sea, plant, and animal? Things thus unite and separate which in ordinary life we believe to be distinct. Life, like the multitudinous sea, merely takes millions of ephemeral forms, all emerging from itself, and falling back into it.

What the sea expresses to us in certain rare and very fugitive moments of our lives, in which our inner consciousness seems to melt away, can be nothing else but the sensation of Life—of Life at the same time one and multiple.

The sea is a part of the universal soul, of which we are the thoughts, into which death absorbs us, which quivers in the worm as well as in the star, a soul of which nature is merely the mystic garment. And may not the entire universe, and human life in particular, be compared to the ocean with its millions of waves? For what in this universe is man? A something that thinks, but, like

all the rest of things, nothing more than a sum of forces, united for a time, but condemned presently to separate; a collection of faculties and tendencies, a series of images, affections, thoughts, wishes, and impulses, which are transitory, while their order for a time subsists, as the form and structure of an organized body endures through the perishing and the reconstructing of the molecules which compose it. Nothing in man is stable, neither the incidents which collectively and successively, according to certain laws, constitute his personality, nor these laws themselves, which change slowly with his growth and decline. And thus each wave which rises and sinks is the emblem of a life which begins and ends, no sooner falling into foam than an irresistible impulse lifts it again towards the light. And who does not see that these rhythmic undulations are only appearances, since at each moment their material is different, and in each one of them there is nothing real except the single general force, which blindly, indifferently, without regard for local shocks or interferences, keeps all this sea in its murmurous motion?

Strange that those billows that ebb and flow, inexorably coming and going, have never engendered a creed, a sect of sea-worshippers. Surely the sea is as much at the root of all things, as much of a primitive force, as the sun and stars, the trees, fire, and other fleeting elements. Are not the sand dunes, altars, shaped by nature itself; and do not the pine barrens and cedar thickets resemble temples, from which incense could rise from mysterious tripods, and where a devout multitude could stretch out their arms towards that deep blue of sky and water which surrounds this earth and unites the continents? And even in this sceptical age a reverie at the sea-shore will convince us that the thought of immortality is, after all, one of the noblest possessions of the human mind. Goethe has aptly remarked that one who thinks can never quite believe that he is likely to become non-existent and cease to think and love. Thus does every human being, the agnostic as well as the devotee, cherish in one form or another the sentiment of an unending



DUNES



WIND-SWEPT

life. It is rooted in the core of our being, and can never be taken entirely away from us. During the later periods of our earthly existence we become more and more conscious that our highest ideals are yet unrealized. Still we hope that there will be yet an opportunity to accomplish them, and that the activity of the soul is unceasing, even if a harsh fate should deprive it of its identity.

Slowly the sun descends, a pale disk of fire. Insensibly it melts in the rosy light which floats vaporized upon the distant sea. In the zenith the sky grows dark, while the horizon reddens like dying embers. Then everything grows gray, and nothing remains but a vast pale stretch of sand and a few vague gleams of light on the endless plain of the ocean.

The Headsman

BY AGNES REPPLIER

WHAT a sombre and striking figure in the deeply colored background of history is the headsman, that passive agent of strange tyrannies, that masked executor of laws which were but the expression of man's violence! He stands aloof from the brilliant web of life, yet, turn where we will, his shadow falls across the scene. In the little walled towns of mediæval Europe, in the splendid cities, in the broad lands held by feudal lord or stately monastery, wherever the struggle for freedom and power was sharpest and sternest, the headsman played his part. An unreasoning and richly imaginative fear wrapped him in a mantle of romance, as deeply stained as the scarlet cloak which was his badge of office. Banished from the society of his kind, he enjoyed privileges that compensated him for his isolation. His tithes were exacted as ruthlessly as were those of prince or baron; and if his wife chattered little with friendly gossips, she was sought in secret after night-fall for hideous amulets that healed—or cursed—the wearer. From father to son, from son to grandson, the right was handed down; and the young boy was taught to lift and swing the heavy sword, that his hand might be as sure as his eye, his muscles as firm as his heart.

For centuries there seemed nothing ignoble about this dreadful craft. In ancient Rome the common executioner was a debased creature who tortured criminals and slaves, but noble heads fell beneath the lictor's axe. So, too, in the Middle Ages the scaffold served for the gentle, the gallows served for churls. There was indeed a time, which lasted long, when matters were simplified by the prosecutor—usually the son or brother of a murdered man—being given off-hand the task of administering justice. With his own sword, by command of the law, he cut off the transgressor's head, thus healing a family feud, and saving

civil expenses. In Swabia one of the counsellors was required to act as headsman, and the work being often distasteful, it was relegated to the youngest of the body. In Franconia the post was ruthlessly assigned to the counsellor who had most recently married, a strange gift to lie in a young bride's hands.

Much of life's brilliant panorama was seen from the elevation of the scaffold in the days when men had no chance nor leisure to die lingeringly in their beds. They fell fighting, or by the assassin's hand, or by the help of what was then termed law; and the headsman, standing ever ready for his rôle, beheld human nature in its worst and noblest aspects, in moments of stern endurance and supreme emotion, of heroic ecstasy and blank despair. Had he a turn for the marvellous, it was gratified. He saw Saint Denis arise and carry his severed head from Montmartre to the site of the church which bears his name to-day. He saw Saint Felix and Saint Alban repeat the miracle. He heard Lucretia of Ancona pronounce the sacred name three times after decapitation. Ordericus Vitalis, that most engaging of historians, tells us the story of the fair Lucretia; and also of the Count de Galles, who asked upon the scaffold for time in which to say his *Pater Noster*. When he reached the words, *Et ne nos inducas in tentationem*, the headsman—all unworthy of his office—grew impatient, and brought down his shining sword. The Count's head rolled on the ground, but from his open lips came with terrible distinctness the final supplication, *Sed libera nos a malo*.

These were not trivial experiences. What a tale to tell o' nights was that of Théodoric Schawembourg, whose headless trunk arose and walked thirty paces from the block! Auberive, who has preserved this famous legend, embroiders it with so much fantastic detail that the

salient point of the narrative is almost lost; but the dead and forgotten headsman beheld the deed in all its crude simplicity. Had he, on the other hand, a taste for experimental science, it was given him to watch the surgeons of Prague who in 1679 replaced a severed head upon a young criminal's shoulders, and kept the lad alive for half an hour. Panurge, it will be remembered, was more permanently successful in a similar operation; but then Panurge was a man of genius. We would not find his like among the doctors of Prague.

Strange and unreasonable laws guaranteed to the headsman his full share of emoluments. He was well paid for his work, and never suffered from a dull season. From the towns he received poultry and fodder, from the monasteries, fish and game. The Abbaye de Saint-Germain gave him every year a pig's head; the Abbaye de Saint-Martin five loaves of bread and five bottles of wine. Cakes were baked for him on the eve of Epiphany. For each leper in the community he exacted—Heaven knows why—a tax at Christmas-time. *Les filles de joie* were his vassals. It was his privilege to seize in the market-place as much corn as he could carry away in his hands, and the peasants thus freely robbed submitted without a murmur, crossing themselves with fervor as he passed. He had the power to save from death any woman on her way to the scaffold, provided he were able and willing to marry her. He was the first official called to the body of a suicide, and, standing on the dead man's breast, he claimed as his own everything he could touch with the point of his long sword.

The pride of the headsman lay in his dexterity. The sword was heavy, the stroke was sure. Capeluche, who during the furious struggle between the Armagnacs and the Burgundians severed many a noble head, was a true enthusiast, practising his art *con amore*, and with incredible delicacy and skill. When the fortunes of war brought him in turn upon the scaffold, he proved himself no craven, but took a lively and really noble interest in his own decapitation. The last moments of his life were spent in replacing the block, and showing the executioner how best to wield his weapon.

The vast audience that assembled so often to witness a drama never staled by repetition was wont to be exceedingly critical. Bungling work drew down upon the headsman the execrations of the mob, and often placed his own life in danger. De Thou's head fell only at the eleventh stroke, the Duke of Monmouth was mangled piteously, and in both these cases the fury of the mob rose to murder pitch. It was ostensibly to save such sufferings and such scenes that the guillotine was adopted in France; but for the guillotine it is impossible to cherish any sentiment save abhorrence. Vile, vulgar, and brutalizing, its only merit was the hideous speed with which it did its work, a speed which the despots of the Terror never found fast enough. In October, 1792, twenty-one Girondists were beheaded in thirty-one minutes; but, as practice made perfect, these figures were soon distanced. The highest record reached was sixty-two decapitations in forty-five minutes, which sounds like the work of the shambles.

The contrast is sharp between this business-like butchery, where the condemned were begrudged the time it took to die, and the earlier executions, so full of dignity and composure. The vilest criminals felt intuitively that the fulness of their atonement consecrated those last sad moments, and behaved often with unexpected propriety and grace. Mme. de Brinvilliers was a full half-hour upon the scaffold. The headsman prepared her for death, untying her cap, cutting off her hair, baring her shoulders, and binding her hands. She was composed without bravado, contrite without sanctimoniousness. "I doubt," wrote her confessor, the Abbé Piron, "whether in all her life she had ever been so patient under the hands of her maid."

If a murderess, callous and cruel, could die with dignity, what of the countless scenes where innocence was sacrificed to ambition, and where the best and noblest blood of Europe was shed upon the block? There is no more vivid page of history than that which shows us young Conradin, heir to the imperial crown, standing on a Neapolitan scaffold. In the thirteenth century boys grew quickly to manhood, and Conradin was seventeen. He had entered early into that desperate

game of which the prize was a throne, and the forfeit, life; he had missed his throw and earned his penalty; but he was the grandson of an emperor, and the last of his race. There is something pathetically boyish in the sudden defiance with which he hurled his glove into the throng, and in the low murmur of his mother's name. The headsman had a bitter part to play that day, for Conradin's death is one of the world's tragedies; but there are other scaffolds upon which we still glance back with a pity fresh enough for pain. When Count Egmont and Admiral Horn were beheaded in the great square of Brussels, the executioner wisely hid beneath the black draperies until it was time for him to do his work.

In England the rules of etiquette were never more stringent than in the matter of beheading. When the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and Lord Capel went to the block together, they were told they must die in the order of their rank, as though they were going in to dinner; and upon Lord Capel's offering to address the crowd without removing his hat, it was explained to him that this was incorrect. Scaffold speeches, unlike those of Parliament, should be delivered bareheaded. On a later and very memorable occasion, the Earl of Kilmarnock, "with a most just mixture of dignity and submission," offered the melancholy precedence to Lord Balmerino. That gallant soldier—"a natural, brave old gentleman," says Horace Walpole, though he was but fifty-eight—would have mounted first; but the headsman interfered. Even on the scaffold a belted earl enjoyed the privileges of his rank.

All this formality must have damped the spirits of the condemned; but it seems to have been borne with perfect gayety and good-humor. Lord Balmerino was serenely ready to die first or last, and he gave the punctilious executioner three guineas, to prove he was not impatient. "He looked quite unconcerned," says an eye-witness, "and like some one going on a party of pleasure, or upon some business of little or no importance." When Archbishop Laud stood waiting by the block, Sir John Clotworthy conceived it to be a seasonable occasion for propounding some knotty points of doctrine.

The prelate courteously answered one or two, but time pressed, and controversy had lost its charms. Even so good a churchman may be pardoned for turning wearily away from polemics when his life's span had narrowed down to minutes, and the headsman waited by his side.

In the burial register of Whitechapel, under the year 1649, is the following entry:

"June 21st. Richard Brandon, a man out of Rosemary Lane. This Brandon is held to be the man who beheaded Charles the First."

"Held to be" only, for the mystery of the King's executioner was one which long excited and baffled curiosity. Wild rumors credited the deed to men of rank and station, among them Viscount Stair, the type of strategist to whom all manner of odium naturally and reasonably attaches itself.

A less distinguished candidate for the infamy was one William Howlett, actually condemned to death after the Restoration for a part he never played, and only saved from the gallows by the urgent efforts of a few citizens who swore that Brandon did the deed. Brandon was not available for retribution. He had died in his bed, six months after Charles was beheaded, and had been hurried ignominiously into his grave in Whitechapel church-yard. As public executioner of London, he could hardly escape his destiny; but it is said that remorse and horror shortened his days. In his supposed "Confession," a tract widely circulated at the time, he claims that he was "fetched out of bed by a troupe of horse," and carried against his will to the scaffold. Also that he was paid thirty pounds, all in half-crowns, for the work, and had "an orange stuck full of cloves, and a handkerchief out of the King's pocket." The orange he sold for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane.

The shadow that falls across the headsman's path deepens into horror when we contemplate the scaffolds of Charles, of Louis, of Marie Antoinette, and of Mary Stuart. The hand that has shed royal blood is stained forever, yet the very magnitude of the offence lends to it a painful and terrible distinction. It is the zenith as well as the nadir of the headsman's history; it is the corner-

stone of the impassable barrier which divides the axe and the sword from the hangman's noose, the death of Strafford from the death of the notorious Jonathan Wild.

If we turn the page, and look for a moment at the "gallows tree," we find that it has its romantic and its comic side; but the comedy is boisterous, the romance savors of melodrama. For centuries one of the recognized amusements of the English people was to see men hanged, and the leading features of the entertainment were modified from time to time to please a popular taste. Dr. Johnson, the sanest as well as the best man of his day, highly commended these public executions as "satisfactory to all parties. The public was gratified by a procession, the criminal was supported by it." That the enjoyment was often mutual, it is impossible to deny. There was a world of meaning in the gentle custom, supported for years by a very ancient benefaction, of giving a nosegay to the condemned man on his way to Tyburn. Before the cart climbed Holborn Hill—"the heavy hill" as it was called, with a touch of poetry rivalling the "Bridge of Sighs"—it stopped at Saint Sepulchre's Church, and on the church steps stood one bearing in his hands the flowers that were to yield their fresh fragrance to the dying. Nor were the candidates without their modest pride. When the noted chimney-sweep, Sam Hall, achieved the honor of a hanging, he was rudely jostled and bidden to stand off by a highwayman, stepping haughtily into the cart, and annoyed at finding himself in such low company. "Stand off, yourself!" was the indignant answer of the young sweep. "I have as good a right to be here as you have."

"Nothing," says Voltaire, "is so disagreeable as to be obscurely hanged," and the loneliness which in this moral age encompasses the criminal's last hours should be as salutary as it is depressing. Mr. Housman, who gets closer to the plain thoughts of plain people than any poet of modern times, has given stern expression to the awful aloofness of the condemned man from his fellow-creatures, an aloofness unknown in the brutal days of old.

They hang us now in Schrewsbury jail;
The whistles blow forlorn,
And trains all night groan on the rail
To men who die at morn.

The sociability of Tyburn, if somewhat vehement in character, was a jocund thing by the side of such solitude as this.

Parish registers make curious reading. They tell so much in words so scant and bald that they set us wondering on our own account over the unknown details of tragedies which even in their day won no wide hearing, and which have been wholly forgotten for centuries. Mr. Lang quotes two entries that are briefly comprehensive, the first from the register of Saint Nicholas, Durham, August 8, 1592. "Simson, Arington, Featherston, Fenwick, and Lancaster were hanged for being Egyptians."

Featherston and Fenwick might have been hanged on the evidence of their names, good gypsy names both of them, and famous for years in the dark annals of the race; but were these men guilty of no other crime, no indiscretion even that has escaped recording? Five stalwart rogues might have served the Queen in better fashion than by dangling idly on a gallows.

The second entry, from the parish church of Richmond, in Yorkshire, 1558, is still shorter, a model of conciseness: "Richard Snell b'rnt, bur. 9 Sept."

Was Snell a martyr—unglorified by Fox—or a particularly desperate sinner; and, if a sinner, what was the nature of his sin? Warlocks were commonly hanged in the sixteenth century, even when their sister witches were burned. "*C'est la loi de l'homme.*" In fact, burning was an unusual, and—save in Queen Mary's mind—an unpopular mode of punishment. "You are burnt for heresy," says Mr. Birrell, with great good-humor. "That is right enough. No one would complain of that. Hanging is a different matter. It is very easy to get hung—but to be burnt requires a combination of circumstances not always forth-coming."

Yet Richard Snell, yeoman of Yorkshire, mastered these circumstances, and a single line in a parish register is his meagre share of fame.

A Consolate Giantess

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

CLAD, as usual, in cotton tights and a slashed red velvet jacket, my friend Madame Galissard—known widely and favorably as *La femme géante de Languedoc*—loomed huge before the tent entrance. Beside her, as usual, the boy Jean beat the great drum. Above her, as usual, was a vividly painted canvas representing Monsieur Galissard standing with one foot upon the head of a prostrate tiger and with one hand grasping a rampant lion by the throat. Before her, as usual, was a little table bearing a tin box into which she clicked the prices of admission to the Grand Etablissement Zoologique Alexandre Galissard: Premières, 1 fr. 50; Secondes, 1 fr.; Troisièmes, 0 fr. 50 centimes.

What with her great size, the generous cut of her red velvet jacket, and the surprising pervasiveness of her tights, Madame Galissard absolutely was the most striking feature of every fair on her circuit in the South of France.

"It is expected, monsieur," she explained to me at our first meeting, "that I thus present myself to the public. Throughout the whole of the Midi my figure has an honorable celebrity. But I, I am not made vain. I value the admiration of the public only because it is for the good of our show. As is known, all the forces of my nature are given to making our show a success."

Over the heads of the crowd Madame Galissard beamed toward me a smile of greeting. When I had worked my way across the double stream of fair-goers upon the boulevard, she grasped me warmly by the hand.

"And the brave Alexandre?" I asked, when we had made our exchange of compliments. "He carries himself well, as always, that gallant subduer of ferocious beasts?"

Madame Galissard visibly quivered with emotion—as a mountain of jelly in an impossibly enormous bag. "What!

Monsieur has not heard?" she exclaimed. "It is incredible! The whole of France was upheaved by that great catastrophe. The journals devoted columns to it. For months all the world lavished such admiration upon our Néron that had he been a human being his head would have been completely turned. Ah, my adored Alexandre would have rejoiced over the business that we did in the suite of the tragedy in which he took so lamentable a part! Many and many a time had he said to me, in the seasons when business was bad with us, 'My angel, were our Néron to eat a man, all would go well with us—our fortunes would be made!' It was as a prophet that he spoke, monsieur—but, alas, when his prophecies came to be realized he had no share in them. It was my adored Alexandre himself who was eaten by our Néron."

Madame Galissard paused, seemingly to give me an opportunity to express my sympathy and my regret. That was not easy. A widow whose husband has been served *au naturel* to a lion is not met with every day. The situation was of an awkwardness out of the ordinary. My sympathy and my regret existed, but I was at a loss to exhibit them in suitable terms. While I hesitated, Madame Galissard gave a turn to the matter that set me at my ease.

"I could not, monsieur," she continued, "bring myself really to blame our poor Néron. He was famishing. Food was necessary to him—and he did not understand, of course, that it was because of our necessary economies that he was almost starved. He acted upon the impulses of his nature. He even may have had the feeling, the good beast, that he was helping us in our trouble by making his own little economies in his own way. None the less, monsieur, it was most discomposing, I assure you, all in a moment, at a single stroke, to lose my adored Alexandre, and in him the effective

manager of our show. The conduct of my present husband in that cataclysm of our fortunes was so magnificent that I simply was compelled to render to him all the affections of my heart!"

Madame Galissard again paused. Without attempting congratulations, I awaited her farther words. Obviously, in the case of a narrative that moved so briskly, and that was charged with such conflicting emotions, it was safer to withhold comment until we were come safely to the end.

"Monsieur remembers, no doubt, my adored Alexandre's pupil—the worthy lad Victor Pezon? It was my adored Alexandre himself who perceived that excellent young man's possibilities, and lavished upon him a father's care. He had in him, my adored Alexandre said from the very first, the making of a great dompteur—and in that, as in all things, my adored Alexandre was right. Monsieur, that brave young man it was who saved not only my life but the life of our show! In the very instant of the tragedy, perceiving that our black cloud had a silver lining, he was all fire and eagerness to make out of it a good account.

"It was at the performance of a Friday—and of a Friday that fell upon the thirteenth of the month—that my adored Alexandre perished. Will you believe it?—before ten o'clock the next morning my Victor had handbills everywhere (our stand that week was in Tarascon) proclaiming all that had passed in glowing words. Monsieur Manivet, the editor of the *Petit Eclair d'Avignon*, composed for us that heroic description of my adored Alexandre's destruction.

"By consequence, on the Saturday evening our tent was filled to suffocation. Every other show in the fair was deserted. Even the flying horses were paralyzed. Even the montagnes russes stood still. And we, we turned hundreds—literally, hundreds—from our doors! It was as my adored Alexandre had said: every one was wild, demented, infuriated, to see the lion who had eaten a man! My tears flowed in torrents, monsieur. I would have given continents could my adored Alexandre have been present that evening to enjoy the verifying of his own words. The bitterness of my sorrow was

increased by the reflection that, in a way, he *was* present—but it was only as a part of our Néron that he was there!

"As to my Victor's performance with Néron on that great occasion, it was majestic beyond words. Néron, to be sure, was a little dégagé. It was but natural. For a whole month, because of our bad business, we had been unable to give the brave beast a full meal. Being at last satisfied, he was dull. But my Victor's energy more than made up for our Néron's sluggishness. He was superb! Stopping only just short of being himself eaten, he re-enacted the whole of the tragedy—and with so furious a realism that almost a panic arose. I myself was a witness of that stupendous performance—which at once wrung all my heartstrings and filled me with a delighted surprise. I had not suspected—I am confident that even my adored Alexandre had not suspected—that such heroic possibilities resided in my Victor's soul. That evening my Victor wholly won my heart. On the ensuing morning, at the mairie of Tarascon, I gladly bestowed upon him my hand. Reasonably, however, my tender attachment to my adored Alexandre's memory would not suffer me to cast aside his name—by which, moreover, I was known professionally throughout our entire circuit of fairs. That sainted name I have retained. As monsieur will observe upon examining our bills, I now am styled Madame Galissard-Pezon."

There was a finality about this statement which encouraged me to break my guarded silence. Properly mingling condolence with congratulation, I did my possible to express to that tempest-tossed giantess my felicitations and my regrets. "And now, no doubt," I said in conclusion, "the Etablissement Zoologique Galissard-Pezon goes upon wheels."

The giantess shook her head sadly. "Monsieur is most amiable to be so interested in our welfare," she replied. "I wish that things were with us as he supposes. But it is not so. Already our great good fortune is a thing of the past. For a time it seemed as though we were to grow rich beyond the dreams of avarice; as though my adored Alexandre, aided by our brave Néron, had coined himself into gold. At fair after fair, in the big towns

and in the little towns, everywhere it was the same: all the world thronged to our show in a surging multitude. The enthusiasm of the public was without limit. Our Néron, my Victor, I—we became celebrities. In Marseille, monsieur, we filled a month's engagement at the Palais de Cristal!

"Our success in that superb theatre was without parallel. Figure to yourself the spectacle. In the centre of the stage, enclosed in a grating of extra strength, was our Néron; with him, elegantly attired in velvets, was my Victor; in the front—a little to one side, that the view should remain unobscured—was I. My own dress, monsieur, was of a simplicity, but of a richness. From head to foot I was in silk tights. Imagine my feelings! All my life silk tights had been my dream! In that superb dress, night after night, I stood on the stage of that magnificent palais de concert while my Victor glowingly re-enacted my adored Alexandre's tragedy: coming so close to the very edge of its ending that to me, to every one, it seemed that in another instant we should hear, we should behold, our Néron crunching his bones! The furor of the spectators was beyond words. They shrieked! They roared! As for me, monsieur, my emotions were so poignant and so conflicting that my head swam. But, also, being filled with a passionate admiration for my Victor's heroically realistic performance, I was stirred by an enthusiasm which made me forget my grief in the ennobling thought that I was at once the widow of a great artist—eaten, but immortal—and the wife of an even greater artist—equally immortal, but uneaten—who still was alive!

"Nor will I conceal from you, monsieur, that—standing upon that exalting stage, where all my life I had longed to stand—wearing that rich dress, which all my life I had longed to wear—my artist soul was filled to brimming with an honorable pride. Behind me hung a black curtain. Against it my figure stood out in stately statuesque relief. I was as another Galatée—but heroic in my animated marble majesty beyond that heroine of the opera. More than that, the composer of the Palais de Cristal, by direction of the manager, embalmed my legs in song. The words and the melody

were caught up by every one on the very first evening. The song spread like wild-fire. In an instant it was echoing in every quarter of Marseille. Monsieur, when I heard the whole populace of that great city chanting with one voice that song in my honor I knew that the supreme moment of my life had come!"

Madame Galissard-Pezon had given her history of her triumphs with a constantly increasing verve; but as she uttered those final words there was in her tone a triste under-note not to be mistaken. Obviously, the supreme moment of her life had come—and gone! It was done with a light touch, that revelation of disaster following upon victory. There was the subtle inflection of the voice. That was all—but it sufficed!

While we talked—or, rather, while the giantess talked and I listened—the boy Jean continued to beat the big drum with an honest vigor, and from time to time stray couples from the crowd clinked their money into the tin box and entered the tent. But so far from there being any popular excitement, any pressing forward of an enthusiastic throng eager to behold a thrilling spectacle, these stragglers were miserably few. It was as though the great Néron were the most commonplace of lions; as though he never had made a place for himself in fame and in history by eating his man.

"The performance goes to begin," the giantess said, sighing a little. "Monsieur will have the amiability to enter? Ah, monsieur is most generous—a whole louis, and he refuses to take his change! He is altogether American! Had this niggard France the free hand of monsieur's America our misfortunes would vanish as a bad dream! But it is not so. Monsieur has seen for himself how despicably few are our patrons. Nothing, monsieur, remains to us of our triumphs. In these black days we drink our wine double-watered, and we subsist upon crusts which we moisten with our tears. As for our unhappy beasts, they languish for sustenance. At the best, we can give them but a single meagre meal a day. Our great Néron, whose appetite is a prodigy, exists always in torment. It is agonizing to hear his lamentations. He is as hollow, that unfortunate animal, as our big drum. With

the white bear of the glacial seas it is the same. I weep as I behold him moping in his cage miserably. I am pierced with emotion as he turns toward me his beseeching eyes. His supplication is as plain as though it were expressed in words. And when I give him my sympathies, my compassions—it is all that I have to give him—he moans pitifully in bitterness of spirit, and turns again to the sucking of his paws. The case of our royal tiger of Bengal is yet more calamitous. That unfortunate creature knows not even the consolations of sucking his paws! The panther, the jaguar, the leopard, visibly are pining away. Only the monkeys and the birds are a little less unhappy. Our ten-sous patrons find amusement in giving them some morsels and crumbs of food. Of them all, our anaconda alone—having had his half-yearly rabbit at the appointed season—as yet makes no complaint. But I have the terrible conviction that soon even the anaconda's turn must come! And to think that only a little year ago our worthy animals were filled every day to repletion—while we ourselves were feasting like princes, like emperors, as we went rolling in our gold! Monsieur, not a day passes that I do not find myself a dozen times saying—it is in my heart of an artist that I say it—my heart of a woman shudders at the thought: ‘Ah, if our Néron would but eat another man!’

“But enter, monsieur—enter, and see for yourself the full measure of our despair. And after the performance—it ends quickly. My poor Victor has no heart to prolong it—it will be a delight to extend to monsieur our little hospitalities—it will be as it was in the old days. He will find us in the rear of the tent. We have a little table there, beneath an enchanting tree. And monsieur will find with us two old friends of his, the excellent M'sieu'-Madame Rique. Monsieur remembers them—the proprietors of the wax-works? We continue, as always, to go the tour together. In good days and in bad days we have marched in company for a round dozen of years. In fair times and in foul times it is the same with them: they ring true always, they ring true as gold. They have cherished monsieur delightedly in their memories. When they speak of

him, as they do constantly, it is in warm words which come straight from their good hearts. To meet him again will arouse in those good hearts of theirs a tumult of joy.

“Also, monsieur will find with us my Victor's pupil and assistant, the worthy young Marius Bompuy. We, my Victor and I, are as his father and his mother. As I say to my Victor, my feelings toward that excellent youth are as they were toward himself in the happy days when my adored Alexandre still was alive. He goes to be a great dompteur—a subduer of animals whose fame will make a blaze in the whole world. My Victor takes pride in his astonishing abilities and encourages him to exercise himself in feats of daring. Between them—for all that Marius is of a modesty—there is the noble emulation of true artists. We feel profoundly that he has a great future; that he surely is destined to arrive.

“And now monsieur must enter on the instant. I hear within my Victor's voice. His conférence upon the animals begins. It is inimitable, his conférence; monsieur must not miss a word. Au revoir, monsieur. We meet at the little table behind the tent when the representation ends.”

Only consideration for the feelings of my friends enabled me to sit out that sad performance: in which the spectators were without enthusiasm, and in which the performers were without heart. It went with a dull dreariness—and yet was thrilled with a touch of desperate animation by the feeling of hunger that was in the air. The monkeys chattered angrily. The tiger royal of Bengal lashed his tail against his lean sides and uttered dismal growls. The white bear of the glacial seas made the pitiful moaning noises of which the giantess had spoken; and betweenwhiles, with a tragic energy, sucked ravenously his paws. In the eyes of the great Néron there was so famished a look that I could not repress shudders of anxiety when my friend Victor thrust his head within the monster's jaws. I gave a sigh of relief when it came out again—and entire! That act was the culminating feature of the performance. Ten minutes later we all were gathered about the little table in the rear of the tent beneath the enchanting tree.

Our talk, at first, went cheerily. Those

honest souls seemed to be as glad to have me with them as I, on my side, was glad to be in their good company. M'sieu-Madame Rique greeted me with effusion; the lion-tamer with an equal cordiality, but with an air of weariness; the pupil, Marius Bompuy, being introduced to me, declared that he was honored by my acquaintance—and modestly disclaimed my rejoinder that I was honored by knowing a lion-tamer, already ranged in his profession, who surely would mount quickly the ladder of fame. In a moment we all were chattering away together like magpies in a hedge—all save our good Victor, whose weariness made him a little distrait. That was only natural. To thrust one's head into the jaws of a lion, with the feeling that it may not come out again, no doubt puts an exhausting strain upon one's nerves.

On the little table stood a jug of water, a half-dozen tumblers, and a bottle of execrably bad absinthe. They had not touched this refreshment. With a charming politeness they had awaited my coming. The giantess herself filled my tumbler—towering above me, as she stood to perform that kindly office, like a tall tree. When the other tumblers had been filled we all rose and touched glasses above the table—it is the Provençal custom—and drank to each other with a great goodwill. Victor, I observed, drained his tumbler to the last drop before he set it down. As he smoked, sipping the while from his refilled tumbler, his look of bodily weariness wore away a little; but the cheering of his spirit lagged appreciably behind the cheering of his flesh.

"My brave one!" exclaimed the giantess in tones of comforting. "Thou art the very first of living lion-tamers, and thou hast the admiration of the whole world. Let thy expansive soul be cheered by the tribute of homage that intelligent men and women pay thee all the evenings, and by the awed ecstasy that thou inspirest in innocent children at the représentation enfantine on all the Sunday and Thursday afternoons."

The brave one did not respond to that encouraging exhortation. It is possible that the exclusion of deceased lion-tamers from the measure of his greatness may have touched a chord that jangled a little in his expansive soul.

"To be a lion-tamer," he said gloomily, "is to court unhappiness. I may even say, more broadly, that only misery is the portion of all who associate their fortunes with the exhibition of ungrateful wild beasts. Search through the entire universe, and I defy you to find a profession so despicable in every way!" As he uttered these energetic words he glared fiercely at Monsieur Rique—as though that excellent man personally was responsible for the ingratitude of wild beasts—and brought his hand down upon the table with a bang.

Monsieur Rique, actual proprietor of the Agrégation Incroyable de Figures de Cire, accepted, but moodily, the challenge. "Thou hast no need to search through the universe to find a more despicable profession," he answered with a profound melancholy. "Thou hast only to cross the table that stands between us and thy search is made! Be thankful, my good Victor, that the lucky star of wild animals was regnant at thy nativity. To be born beneath the malignant star of wax-works is another thing!"

Monsieur Rique, in turn, sighed heavily. Madame Rique, I perceived, was disposed to sigh with him—but she checked her sigh bravely, and said, with an admirable assumption of cheerfulness: "No, no, my Gaston, it is not so bad as that. The calamity that is upon us is but momentary—in this disgracing town inhabited only by camels who have no souls for art."

"Wax-works!" cried the lion-tamer, with an indignant scorn. "Wax-works! Do wax-works require at every instant of the day and night the attention that a mother lavishes upon her children? Do wax-works demand that they be taught to stand upon their hind legs?—to traverse the ring upon a bicycle?—to leap through flaming hoops?—to perform an endless variety of edifying feats? And above all, above all I ask, do wax-works *eat*? Rather should I ask, do they ravage, do they desolate, do they devour? Our lion, our great Néron, absorbs meat as the parched desert absorbs the rain. The white bear of the glacial seas is as a bottomless pit. The panther and the jaguar and the leopard cry out for the sustenance of a score of men. The monkeys and the birds are less disastrous

only by comparison. Of them all, only the anaconda has a reasonable appetite. For that brave reptile a single rabbit suffices for half a year—and to those who desire to observe him in the edifying act of eating his rabbit we make an extra charge. Wax-works! Wax-works, indeed! To be the fortunate owner of wax-works is a lot that the angels of heaven may pine for—while to be the outraged proprietor of wild animals is to suffer a punishment more bitter than is inflicted upon the fiends of hell!”

“Calm thyself, my soul,” the giantess put in soothingly. “Calm thyself, my Victor. As our good Marie here has said, this town of Saint-Césaire—it was a desolating fate that brought us here—is inhabited by human beings who in taste and in discernment are as the beasts that perish. Their meagre natures are without aspirations. Art is a sealed book to them. For enlightenment they have no desire. To expect them to appreciate the exalting influences of wax-works is to expect swine to appreciate the beauty of pearls. Equally are they insensible to the ennobling influences of natural history. Creatures of such a sort have no wish to behold our unrivalled collection of wild animals, to listen to thy illuminating discourses upon the wonders of zoology, to see thy magnificent feats of daring—which elsewhere thrill more intelligent spectators with mingled admiration and alarm. From us, from our friends here, they withhold their wretched sous with an iron avarice—and with an infamous prodigality basely lavish fortunes upon humiliating cock-shys, and soulless flying-horses, and profligate montagues russes.

“But reassure thyself, my Victor. As our Marie has said, our calamity is but momentary. To-morrow we shake from off our feet the dust of this ungrateful Saint-Césaire and go on to Maussane. It is an honest little town. Our success there, a year ago, was superb. It will be again superb. Silver will flow in upon us in rivers. Our pockets will be bursting. We shall feast at the excellent little Hôtel du Petit Saint-Roche—thou rememberest the matelote of eels that they gave us there?—and every one of our hungering animals shall have a full meal.

Think, then, my Victor, of the good fortune that is so near at hand.”

I am persuaded that in speaking with this resolute cheerfulness the good giantess consciously was permitting sanguine hope to get some stages in advance of reasonable probability. But upon the lion-tamer—whose gloom appreciably had been undermined by the fiery absinthe—the effect of her heartening deliverance was excellent.

“My angel!” he said warmly. “Thy great soul is in keeping with thy great body. On thy vast breast always I find comforting. Thy faith in our happy future raises me from despair. I rely upon thy glad prophecies. With thee, I am confident that the noble inhabitants of Maussane will atone to us for our disaster here in this ignoble Saint-Césaire. Again we shall march conquering. And perhaps—who knows?—perhaps again fortune may favor us by giving our Néron the opportunity to eat another man!”

As Monsieur Pezon spoke these final words—speaking them a little thickly; and letting them slip, perhaps, under the stimulus to sincerity supplied by the absinthe—I observed that his glance rested for an instant upon Monsieur Bompuy. What was more curious, I observed that simultaneously the glance of Monsieur Bompuy rested for an instant upon Monsieur Pezon. In those glances it seemed to me that I had the key to the spirit of noble emulation which the giantess had declared existed between the lion-tamer and his assistant.

As the lion-tamer left us he shot another look from under his brows at his assistant. But his assistant was busied in rolling a cigarette at that moment and the look, if observed, was not returned.

Presently Monsieur Bompuy also left us. “The master sets me a good example,” he said. “With monsieur’s permission I will follow it. I too will go to repose myself before the evening.” So speaking, Monsieur Bompuy made his bow to us and went his way.

A moment later M’sieu’-Madame Rique rose from their seats. “It is time, monsieur,” Madame Rique explained, “that we prepare ourselves for the evening. Our good Victor said but now that wax figures, unlike wild animals, make no demands, require no services. He could

not possibly have uttered words more extremely at variance with the miserable truth! Wax figures, monsieur, are a constantly exhausting care. They compel us to a harassing vigilance that fills every instant of our lives. At this very moment the nose of Monsieur le Président Carnot—I observed it at the afternoon performance—is turned askew; and, also, the hand in which Santo holds his assassin dagger is cracking at the wrist. And yet those figures—it is our most pleasing group. Monsieur must do us the honor to behold it—are almost new! As to the older figures—the Holy Father, the great Emperor, Monsieur Thiers, the thrilling group of two Zulu savages slaying the Prince Imperial—they are crumbling into fragments in every hour of the day. We spend our entire existence, monsieur, in making the necessary repairs. Wild animals, no doubt, do require a certain amount of attention, that much I admit freely. But, monsieur, wild animals do not explode themselves into fragments with an imbecile malignity.”

Madame Rique was so overcome by emotion that she left us without making her farewells. Monsieur Rique, only less moved, equally was incapable of words. Without speaking, he raised his hat to us. In his eyes I saw the glint of tears.

“And yet, really, those good souls swim in what almost is a sea of happiness!” said the giantess, when we were left alone together. “It is not with them as it is with us—to whom in all seasons and always a multitude of hungry animals comes clamoring for costly food. Monsieur may have observed upon our bills the announcement that ‘the direction buys the old horses, asses, and mules, in good health, for the nourishment of the animals’—but monsieur can have no conception of the prodigious outlay which those purchases compel when they are made in sufficient quantities for our needs. It is the soul-crushing thought of that hopelessly huge outlay—unavoidable if we would save our beasts from perishing—that weighs upon us always with a leaden heaviness, and that drives my brave Victor to his absinthe as an escape from his despair!

“In the past three months, because of my anxieties, I have lost no less than

twenty kilos. In my best condition, I have weighed as much as two hundred and ninety kilos. Figure for yourself how long it will be, at this rate, before I shall wither wholly away!

“And it is wholly, monsieur, my anxieties for my Victor which are causing this destruction of my person. It is my dread of what may chance some day—when his absinthe has made him careless, and when our poor Néron is more than usually hungry—that is wasting me away. For the représentation enfantine, at three hours and a half, I have no fears. At that time in the day my Victor is of the correctness of an archbishop. But when it comes to the representations of all the evenings, at eight hours, there is not one of them but causes me thrillings of dismay. When he said but now that the eating of another man by our Néron would restore our broken fortunes, I shuddered in my soul. He was repeating, all unconsciously, my adored Alexandre’s very words! That those words are true affords me no consolation. I am an artist, I am a woman—but above all, monsieur, I am a wife! As an artist, I long for a repetition of those triumphs which bathed me in an exalting happiness. As a woman, I long to wear again those richly adorning silks in which the commanding lines of my figure so superbly were displayed. But as a wife, as a great-hearted wife, I have a natural hesitation about purchasing fresh triumphs and fresh adornment on the same terms.

“Monsieur,” she continued, in a tone of sadness, “my enthusiasms carry me away and I forget myself. I have the little duties of a devoted wife to perform as well as the great duties. It is necessary now that I prepare the dinner. I must excuse myself that I may attend to that affair. My Victor is of an amiability, but he reasonably has his little access of feeling when his eating is delayed. This evening, thanks to monsieur’s American open hand, he shall fare well. But it will not be a feast, our little meal, and I do not venture to ask monsieur to share it with us. Perhaps that happiness may be ours on another day: in the good times that will come for us when again our Néron— But no, that thought must be crushed within my breast! What I would say is, that perhaps we may have the

pleasure of entertaining monsieur at our humble board when once again we bask in fortune's smiles.

"And monsieur is resolute to return to Nîmes by the train of six hours? It is deplorable! He would find the evening representation of a brilliance."

Monsieur truly was resolute to go. Even to oblige that worthy giantess I was not prepared again to put my nerves on the rack by spending another hour among those starving animals; to see again, with my heart in my mouth, my friend Victor's head in the way to be cracked like a filbert in the great Néron's jaws.

Two years later I was in Marseille. In the interval I had been in England and across to America. I had received letters from my friends the poets of the South—they are excellent correspondents—and even from some of the painters; but, naturally, no word had come to me from my artist friends of the road. Letter-writing was an accomplishment not in their line.

"Monsieur, no doubt, dines as usual at Brégaillon's, and in the evening goes as usual to the Palais de Cristal?" It was Monsieur Chabassu, actual proprietor of the Grand Hôtel du Paradis, who thus addressed me. He is an old friend, the worthy Chabassu. He knows my ways.

"And at the Palais de Cristal," Chabassu continued, "monsieur will find an attraction over which, for the moment, all the town goes mad. It is a lion who has eaten in succession three of his keepers. The feeling is aroused, naturally, that at any moment he may eat his present keeper, the fourth. To be witness of that thrilling spectacle—painful, but most interesting—all the world attends. The Palais de Cristal is packed nightly to its very doors. Also, the widow of the three who have been eaten—she is the wife of the fourth, the one who attends upon the caprices of the lion's appetite—is a part of the spectacle: a giantess, monsieur. I venture to advise that monsieur makes sure of the purchase of his ticket before he dines. The demand for seats is enormous."

It was evident that Chabassu had given me—in broad outline, and with a

not unnatural Provençal exaggeration—the very news that I was in search of. And it also was evident that I had only to go to the Palais de Cristal that evening to obtain the details—which would correct his florid estimate of the great Néron's man-eating exploits—from the giantess herself. Following his good advice, I hurried to secure my ticket; and then went on to my dinner at Brégaillon's: over which I lingered—over Monsieur Brégaillon's dinners it is impossible not to linger, even in seasons of such emotion as mine then was—until close upon the hour when, as I had been told at the box-office, the lion act would come on. Then I betook myself to my seat in the stalls.

The spectacle that I beheld was identical with that which the giantess so vividly had described to me two years before. It went with the same splendid furor. It glowed with the same soul-thrilling fire. In the centre of the stage was a strong cage of iron containing the great Néron and his keeper—the latter clad brilliantly in crimson velvet embroidered with gold. At the side, in relief against a black curtain, was the giantess herself—again arrayed in the rich but simple silk costume that was so dear alike to her woman heart and to her artist soul. She had more than regained her lost twenty kilos. Her measurements, as she subsequently assured me, were greater than ever before. Standing there in strong relief against the black curtain, her appearance was of an impressiveness—of a geographical opulence that made her a veritable animated object-lesson in the use of the globes.

The enthusiasm that she aroused among the spectators was stupendous. The very walls were shaken by the tempests of their cheers. Presently, with the orchestra leading, the whole house burst forth with the song in which, to use her own words, her legs had been embalmed. The tumult—the very spirit of Marseille was regnant—was frantic, delirious, overwhelming! I myself was carried away by it. In a moment I was shouting with the others the refrain:

"V'là des jambes—colonnes d'Hercule!"

In the midst of that whirlwind of excitement the doings of the lion-tamer

and the lion passed almost unnoticed. At least, they received but little attention after Néron's obvious docility—when sufficiently fed, he was the most amiable of lions—had convinced the spectators that there was no likelihood, on that occasion, of his treating his keeper as the resisting piece of a table d'hôte.

Half an hour later, the act being ended, I was on my way to the greenroom to offer my congratulations to the recipient of that magnificent ovation.

The lion-tamer whom I had seen that evening in the cage with Néron was not Pezon, he was not even Bompuy; he was a person absolutely unknown to me. Still more ominous was the fact that on the bills of the performance the name of the giantess had been given as Madame Galissard - Pezon - Bompuy-Roustan. What had become, I asked myself with anxiety, of my friend Victor and of the youthful Marius? Who, I farther asked myself, was Roustan? The painful conviction possessed me that I had done Chabassu an injustice in attributing exaggeration to his statement of Néron's achievements. It looked as though that energetic animal had been practising his little economies upon rather a startlingly large scale!

The giantess, clad elegantly but concisely in her sheening silk, welcomed me warmly. In her effusive friendliness she even honored me with an embrace. I am not a pygmy, but I was as an infant in her massively enfolding arms.

"Monsieur beholds me," she exclaimed joyously, as she released me from her chaste embrace, "in the very moment of my greatest triumph! All of my previous triumphs together are as nothing to that which I now achieve. I am in raptures that monsieur has returned at this auspicious instant to be a witness of the magnificent tribute of homage that I receive from all the world. And I rejoice that monsieur also has seen the splendid act that is made with our brave Néron by my Félix. It is a name of fate, monsieur. With my Félix, the utmost felicity of my life has arrived!"

"But Victor, but Marius, what—?" I began. And then checked myself abruptly, fearful that my question was ill-advised.

"Ah, my adored Victor! My adored

Marius!" the giantess answered with feeling. "Alas, monsieur, they went the way of my adored Alexandre! Our Néron ate them both!" The giantess sighed heavily. In her eyes were tears.

"Surely not at once?" I ventured to ask.

"No, no. Monsieur does the poor beast injustice. He has a conscience, our Néron. It was under the stress of his necessities that he acted. Between his two meals there was an interval of a year. Our anaconda could not have been more temperate, more self-restrained.

"Naturally, as monsieur will understand, when my adored Victor was eaten I married at once my adored Marius. As on a previous occasion, my marriage was one of convenience and propriety; but equally, as on a previous occasion, it was a marriage of love. Unhappily, still as on a previous occasion, it was not destined to endure."

Controlling her emotion resolutely, she continued her narrative.

"After my adored Victor was lost to me, monsieur, we had a season of splendid prosperity—my adored Marius and I. Again, monsieur, a prodigious success attended everywhere upon us,—but again, disastrously, our success faded slowly, until at last it withered utterly away! Once more our poor animals suffered agonies in their craving for the food that we could not give them; and once more our Néron, being enraged with hunger—Monsieur must pardon me. It is impossible that I continue. My emotion overcomes me. I can say only that once more our Néron was satisfied with an ample meal. When his meal was ended my adored Marius was au troisième—my Félix is the author of the jeu d'esprit—in our Néron's inside!

"That tragedy, monsieur, happily is of the past. My sorrow must endure always; but its extreme poignancy, as is reasonable, begins to be alleviated by the soothing touch of time. In its first fierce moments, monsieur, my grief was insupportable. My Félix—he was the assistant of my adored Marius—then was everything to me. Stopping only for the single instant in which he strengthened me with his consolations, he left Saint-Remy—it was in Saint-Remy that my adored Marius was eaten—and flew on

the wings of the wind to Marseille. In the course of that same single morning, such was his conquering energy, he was at my sorrowing side again—bringing me renewed happiness with the assurance that he had secured for us the splendid engagement that we are filling now. Nor was that all. Thinking of everything, and moving with the speed of a thunder-bolt, he had visited Monsieur Samat in his editorial office; with the result that a spirituel account two columns long of our Néron's doings appeared the next morning in *Le Petit Marseillais*. It was exquisite, that article; and touching in the extreme. I wept over it in torrents.

"That selfsame evening we all appeared together—I, my Félix, our Néron, filled with his endearing memories—on this exalted and exalting stage. What my reception was, monsieur, I do not need to tell you. Within the hour you have seen a repetition of it with your own eyes!" The giantess made this reference to her popular triumph with an air and with a gesture worthy of a queen.

"As you may imagine, monsieur," she continued, "my gratitude to my Félix was without bounds. When at last he overcame his delicate reserve and opened his heart to me—we had been travelling for more than an hour, we had left Arles behind us, before he ventured to speak—I frankly and gladly bestowed myself upon that worthy young man. He had earned my gift. It was deserved. On the following morning, monsieur, our marriage was solemnized at the mairie in Marseille.

"And so it is, monsieur, that you now behold me not in sorrow, as at our last meeting, but on the very crest of a mountainous wave of joy. You observe how I am dressed—once more in silks of the richest. You saw me but a moment ago as a queen among my adoring subjects—receiving the tempests of their applause. You know that my noble Félix fills and satisfies my heart. Two years ago, monsieur, I told you that the great triumph of my life had come and had gone. I was mistaken. I am in the midst of the great triumph of my life at this very hour!

"But it must not be, monsieur, that you misunderstand me; that you imagine me to be, in my sublime present, unfaith-

ful to my exalted past. In my soul still are cherished the sainted memories of those who, in turn, were all in all to me: my three adored husbands—whom I loved, serially, with a supreme affection and served with an exhaustless care. I was their devoted wife, monsieur. In saying that, I say all! And having held toward them that sacred relation—monsieur will remember what I have said to him in regard to the sanctity of wifely duty—my chaste love for their memories will endure to the ultimate moment of my earthly days. I have endeavored delicately to indicate my continued devotion to all of their memories by continuing to call myself—as may be seen by a reference to the bills—by all of their names. It has its inconveniences, that arrangement—but with me, monsieur, inconveniences are as nothing when the sacred requirements of wifely duty are to be fulfilled.

"I have told my Félix that his name also—should fate have farther changes in store for me—equally shall be continued upon the list. It is with pleasure that I have given him that tender assurance. Should the occasion arise, my promise to him shall be kept. My word has passed, and my loyal resolve is taken: the name of Roustan, monsieur, shall not be forgotten—even though its immediate owner, by the force of some regrettable accident, should go to complete in the interior of our Néron what for me would be a peerless but desolating *partie carrée*.

"As to my feelings toward our Néron, monsieur, they are not easy of expression. When I consider all calmly I find—I cannot help it—that those feelings are confused. But in one way, monsieur, my feeling toward our Néron is without painful complications. He is, and the thought endears him to me beyond expression, the substantial link that unites my happiness of the present with my happiness of the past. When I think of him in that way I cannot withhold from him my affections. Forgetting his misdirected energies, forgetting his impulsive errors, I remember only that that faithful animal is at once the incarnation and the sarcophagus of all—of all save my noble Félix—that I most have loved: of my adored Marius, of my adored Victor, of my adored Alexandre!"

The Bread of Angels

by Edith Wharton

AT that lost hour disowned of day and night,
The after-birth of midnight, when life's face
Turns to the wall and the last lamp goes out
Before the incipient irony of dawn—
In that obliterate interval of time
Between the oil's last flicker and the first
Reluctant shudder of averted day,
Threading the city's streets (like mine own ghost
Wakening the echoes of dispeopled dreams),
I smiled to see how the last light that fought
Extinction was the old familiar glare
Of supper tables under gas-lit ceilings,
The same old stale monotonous carouse
Of greed and surfeit nodding face to face
O'er the picked bones of pleasure . . .
So that the city seemed, at that waste hour,
Like some expiring planet from whose face
All nobler life had perished—love and hate,
And labor and the ecstasy of thought—
Leaving the eyeless creatures of the ooze,
Dull offspring of its first inchoate birth,
The last to cling to its exhausted breast.

And threading thus the aimless streets that strayed
Conjectural through a labyrinth of death,
Strangely I came upon two hooded nuns,
Hands in their sleeves, heads bent as if beneath
Some weight of benediction, gliding by
Punctual as shadows that perform their round
Upon the inveterate bidding of the sun.
Again and yet again their ordered course
At the same hour crossed mine: obedient shades
Cast by some high-orbed pity on the waste
Of midnight evil! and my wondering thoughts
Tracked them from the hushed convent where their kin
Lay hived in sweetness of their prayer-built cells.
What wind of fate had loosed them from the lee
Of that dear anchorage where their sisters slept?
On what emprise of heavenly piracy
Did such frail craft put forth upon the world;
In what incalculable currents caught

And swept beyond the signal-lights of home
Did their white coifs set sail against the night?

At last, upon my wonder drawn, I followed
The secret wanderers till I saw them pause
Before the dying glare of those tall panes
Where greed and surfeit nodded face to face
O'er the picked bones of pleasure . . .
And the door opened and the nuns went in.

Again I met them, followed them again.
Straight as a thought of mercy to its goal
To the same door they sped. I stood alone.
And suddenly the silent city shook
With inarticulate clamor of gagged lips,
As in Jerusalem when the veil was rent
And the dead drove the living from the streets.
And all about me stalked the shrouded dead,
Dead hopes, dead efforts, loves and sorrows dead,
With empty orbits groping for their dead
In that blind mustering of murdered faiths . . .
And the door opened and the nuns came out.

I turned and followed. Once again we came
To such a threshold, such a door received them,
They vanished, and I waited. The grim round
Ceased only when the festal panes grew dark
And the last door had shot its tardy bolt.
"Too late!" I heard one murmur; and "Too late!"
The other, in unholy antiphon.
And with dejected steps they turned away.

They turned, and still I tracked them, till they bent
Under the lee of a calm convent wall
Bounding a quiet street. I knew the street,
One of those village byways strangely trapped
In the city's meshes, where at loudest noon
The silence spreads like moss beneath the foot,
And all the tumult of the town becomes
Idle as Ocean's fury in a shell.

Silent at noon—but now, at this void hour,
When the blank sky hung over the blank streets
Clear as a mirror held above dead lips,
Came footfalls, and a thronging of dim shapes
About the convent door: a suppliant line
Of pallid figures, ghosts of happier folk,
Moving in some gray underworld of want
On which the sun of plenty never dawns.

And as the nuns approached I saw the throng,
Pale emanation of that outcast hour,
Divide like vapor when the sun breaks through
And take the glory on its tattered edge.
For so a brightness ran from face to face,
Faint as a diver's light beneath the sea,
And as a wave draws up the beach, the crowd
Drew to the nuns.

I waited. Then those two
Strange pilgrims of the sanctuaries of sin
Brought from beneath their large conniving cloaks
Two hidden baskets brimming with rich store
Of broken viands—pasties, jellies, meats,
Crumbs of Belshazzar's table, evil waste
Of that interminable nightly feast
Of greed and surfeit, nodding face to face
O'er the picked bones of pleasure . . .
And piteous hands were stretched to take the bread
Of this strange sacrament—this manna brought
Out of the antique wilderness of sin.

Each seized a portion, turning comforted
From this new breaking of the elements;
And while I watched the mystery of renewal
Whereby the dead bones of old sins became
The living body of the love of God,
It seemed to me that a like change transformed
The city's self . . . a little wandering air
Ruffled the ivy on the convent wall;
A bird piped doubtfully; the dawn replied;
And in that ancient gray necropolis
Somewhere a child awoke and took the breast.



Early Migrations Westward*

BY WOODROW WILSON

President of Princeton University

THE treaty of peace gave "the United States" vast territories, which spread at large upon the map like a great empire; but it was an empire unoccupied and without organization, left to be ruled and peopled, as the states themselves had been, by the concert and initiative of pioneers and of single individuals who knew how to organize and how to lead. The enterprise of settlement did not lag, for all that. The masterful advance over the mountains and out upon the great slopes and into the fertile valleys which stretched, green and forested, to the far Mississippi had begun before the revolution itself, and sprang forward in trebled volume when war was done. It gave the young republic the early growing-pains by which it got its first self-consciousness and its introduction to international difficulties.

Migration into the West had been given its first impulse by the treaty of 1763, which closed the war with France and gave to the English all that the French had claimed east of the Mississippi. The war for independence had checked it for a little, but only for a little. It thronged forward again the moment the anxious strain of the fighting was off. Northwestward along the valley of the Mohawk in New York; straight toward the heart of the West along the upper courses of the Potomac, over the difficult country through which Braddock had gone his blundering way, to Fort Pitt and beyond; down the valleys opened by the spreading tributaries of the Tennessee, and through the forests beyond to the Cumberland; around the southern end of the great Appalachians to the plains by the Gulf,—wherever the mountains opened or a way could be made, ever-increasing bands of emigrants essayed the long journey every open season, seeking new homes at the heart of the lands where once the French had had their posts and garrisons,—until

there began to be communities beyond the mountains big enough to count in affairs: communities in whose behalf peace and government must be provided, and a way of intercourse and sympathy between East and West to which the great mountain ranges should be no effectual barrier.

Washington had seen the gates of that new world when, as a mere boy, he had acted as surveyor of Lord Fairfax's estates within the valley of the Shenandoah; when, as a youth, he carried Dinwiddie's warning to the French at Fort Le Bœuf, ere they made themselves masters at the forks of the Ohio; and again when he went with unhappy Braddock against Duquesne. He saw more vividly than most men what this new movement of population meant, and must bring to pass in the future. When he had written his farewell to the army from his headquarters at Rocky Hill (2 November, 1783), had embraced his officers and comrades in arms in a last, affectionate leave-taking at Fraunces' Tavern in New York (4 December), and had delivered up his commission to the Congress sitting at Annapolis (23 December), he turned, for a little respite, to his home at Mount Vernon, to which these long years through his thoughts had reverted with an ever-increasing longing; but the very next year saw him over the mountains again, observing what lands were to be had there, and studying once more the best means of communication between East and West. The primary object of his visit was to procure good lands for himself and for old comrades who had made him their agent and adviser in that matter, but his statesman's eye apprised him of the full meaning of the new migration now afoot along all the western border.

For one thing, he saw how serious a situation it might prove should this body of settlers, sure to grow greater and more masterful from year to year, continue for very long to look back upon almost im-

penetrable mountains piled between them and the eastern ports and highways. Their natural outlet, when once the mountains were well behind them, would be the Mississippi, their natural highways the streams which ran to the Gulf. It was possible they might see their chief advantage in a connection with the Spaniards at New Orleans rather than with the wellnigh inaccessible eastern settlements on the Atlantic seaboard,—or even with the English again by the highway of the lakes and the St. Lawrence. “The western settlers,” he declared, “stand as it were upon a pivot. The touch of a feather would turn them any way.” He returned home to push again with renewed vigor the project which for now twenty years he had had at heart, and which had in these new days of independence, as it seemed to him, become a sheer political necessity,—the opening of the upper reaches of the Potomac to navigation, in order that the East might there at any rate be linked with the West, by joining the waters of the Potomac with the streams which ran down into the Ohio. This had been part of the plans of the old Ohio Company, of which the Washingtons and the Fairfaxes had been members. The revolution had interrupted its plans; but there were now added reasons for renewing them.

In the old days the lands about the Ohio had been deemed part of Virginia’s domain. Almost every state of the seaboard had had at the first a grant from the Crown which read as if it had been meant to set up at the west no boundaries at all except the boundaries of the continent itself. Virginia claimed practically all the western country which lay north of her own southern line extended, under the terms of her charter of 1609, which antedated all the rest, and which defined her territory as running from her boundaries at the sea-coast “up into the land throughout from sea to sea, west and northwest.” But the other colonies as they were formed had also received charters which had a straight westward outlook, practically without bound or limit this side the Pacific; and each laid confident claim to its own long western strip of the broad continent. It was in part to quiet these conflicting claims, in part to give herself, who had no grant

at all at the west, some parity with her partners in the Confederation, that Maryland had insisted, as a condition precedent to her acceptance of the Articles, that all the western territory be ceded to the Confederation itself, as a joint and common property to be held for the use and benefit of all. New York, accordingly, had ceded her claims in 1781; and Virginia, so much of hers as lay north of the Ohio, in 1783. The other states were virtually pledged to follow their example. The West was already practically common property. Whatever should be done to bind it to the East would bring so much the nearer the promised dawn of a national life.

Already the western settlers were showing themselves, by not a little heady wilfulness, to be of the same stock that had made the original colonies first strong and then independent. In its April session, 1784, the legislature of North Carolina had followed the example of New York and Virginia by ceding to the general government her lands beyond the mountains. It committed the blunder, however, of making the grant contingent upon its acceptance by Congress, which might have been taken for granted, and of making no specific provision in the mean time for the government of the very flourishing and very mettlesome little group of pioneer settlements which John Sevier and James Robertson had helped to plant upon the upland streams which ran beyond the mountains into the Tennessee. These promptly concluded that, if they were not governed by North Carolina and had not yet been taken under the care and government of the Confederation, they were their own masters, and proceeded to erect for themselves an independent state, which they called “Franklin,” after the genial wit and philosopher at Philadelphia. When North Carolina thereupon rescinded her act of cession, in order to win them back to her dominion, they refused to be reannexed. It was a sign of the times, a taste of that western quality which the nation’s affairs were often to smack of.

The whole country caught the flavor of that quality when Mr. Jay proposed to relinquish the navigation of the Mississippi for a generation to Spain, in return for certain commercial advantages greatly desired at the Atlantic seaports.



MAP OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1783

Spain had already shown an ugly temper with regard to the use of the river, whose outlet she controlled. She had seized merchandise passing down towards its mouth. She had instigated Indian raids against the new-made settlements on the Cumberland, which crowded too near its course. Mr. Jay had been one of the commissioners through whom the United States got their western boundary at the Mississippi, and their grant of the right to use the great stream, at the making of the treaties of peace; and he knew how difficult a thing it had been to force Spain back to that boundary. But he had not seen that rising tide of emigration now pouring into the West; had not imagined the empire making there, the

to the profit of the merchants of the shipping colonies, together with certain concessions with regard to land claims in the West which were likely to please the people of the South. The instant cry of hot protest that came out of the West apprised eastern politicians of the new world a-making there, the new frontiers of the nation. The proposed treaty was not adopted.

It was hard for men in the East to realize how fast settlers were multiplying and their settlements growing to the proportion of states beyond the mountains, where only the other day there had been nothing but unbroken wilderness,—faster a great deal than the original colonies themselves had grown. So early as 1784

homes already established, the toil and success already achieved. He thought that there would probably be no occasion to use the Mississippi for twenty-five or thirty years yet to come. He proposed, therefore, in 1785, when Congress had made him its Secretary of Foreign Affairs and had bidden him negotiate a treaty of commerce with Don Diego Gardoqui, the newly arrived—representative of Spain, to surrender the navigation of the lower Mississippi, which he thought was not needed, for a term of twenty-five years in exchange for commercial advantages which would redound

the settlers in the Kentucky country deemed themselves numerous and independent enough to be detached from Virginia and set up as one of the states of the Confederation. When rumors reached them of what Jay proposed, some of the bolder spirits among them negotiated a private treaty of commerce with the Spanish in their own behoof at New Orleans. When Virginia interposed delays and difficulties in the way of their plan to become a state, they listened very tolerantly to certain lawless men who proposed that they make some stroke for entire independence. There was talk of the British at the north helping them to seize Spain's possessions beyond the river by force of arms and drive Spain from the continent. No man knew what might happen there, should' counsels of revolution prevail. But no disquieting rumor or untoward prospect of new wars for independence in the West at all restrained the steady flood of emigration. In March, 1786, a new Ohio Company was formed in Boston for the active furtherance of the settlement of the western country. Soldiers of the revolution officered it and in large part made up its membership. The money script of the Confederation was bought up and used for the purchase of land in the new public domain. Subscriptions and systematic corporate action began to make the settlement of the Ohio country an enterprise of forethought and associated effort, like the settlement of the first colonies themselves.

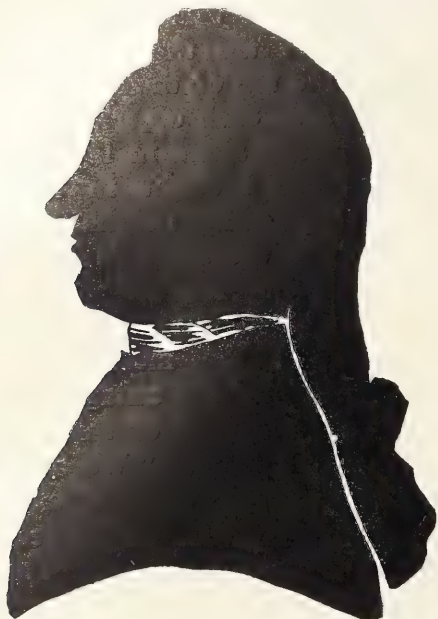
The whole country was witness, the while, to the need for a real government, instead of a mere advisory Congress, to bind the inchoate nation together in a more stable union. Efforts were made to secure for the Congress the right to lay and collect taxes; but the states were not willing to increase its authority so much. In 1786 the states were asked to intrust to the Congress at least the collection and use of a revenue laid upon imports; and so plain had both the necessity and the propriety of such an addition to its efficiency by that time become that all of the states except New York consented. But it required the unanimous consent of the states to amend the Articles of Confederation, and New York's refusal settled the matter. New York had no

mind to relinquish the duties which she collected for herself at her great port,—not only upon foreign commerce, but also upon goods brought out of the other states, her neighbors—on farm-produce and garden-truck from New Jersey and firewood from Connecticut,—making her spreading harbor a veritable toll-gate.

There was in all this one of the most serious signs of the times. The states indulged to the top of their bent a petty hostility towards each other. New York was by no means alone in laying duties on merchandise brought in from the farms and shops of her neighbors. There was everywhere the same jealous spirit, the same striving for every paltry advantage, the same alert and aggressive selfishness; and the more the states deemed their interests antagonistic the more like a mere rope of sand did the Confederation become. "We are either a united people or we are not," exclaimed Washington. "If the former, let us in all matters of general concern act as a nation which has a national character to support; if we are not, let us no longer act a farce by pretending to it." England, apparently, expected the weak structure presently to fall to pieces. She would not withdraw her troops from the western posts because the debts of British merchants were not paid and the property rights of the exiled tories were not restored. Neither would she send a diplomatic representative to America, seeming to regard the Confederation as of no international importance. France and Spain and Holland, seeing the Confederation utterly unable to repay the moneys they had loaned it, scarcely able to pay so much as the interest on its debts, alternated between anger and contempt in their treatment of it; and confidently expected to see it very soon in ruinous collapse and final disintegration. France and Spain were somewhat hopefully wondering, it was evident, what the spoils and plunder of the wreck would be, and to whom it would fall to do the plundering.

By the spring of 1785 the Potomac Company, pushed forward in its business by men like Washington, had developed plans serious and definite enough to engage the attention of the legislatures of Maryland and Virginia. The Poto-

mac ran with Maryland on the one bank and Virginia on the other: it was necessary that the two states should agree upon plans for its use and navigation. They united, therefore, in appointing commissioners to meet at Alexandria in March,



SILHOUETTE OF JAMES BOWDOIN, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

1785, to consult upon this matter, and also upon the general commercial relations of the two commonwealths which this matter touched and which there was no general government to regulate. Washington invited the commissioners to adjourn to Mount Vernon, near by, as his guests; and there, though not of their number, he was naturally admitted to their counsels. They did not report to their legislatures all the hopes and questions to which their thoughts had broadened as they talked, but they set forth matters significant enough for the present. The Potomac, they pointed out, could not be connected with the western waters without affecting Pennsylvania, as well as Maryland and Virginia; they recommended, therefore, that she also be called into conference before that business was carried further. The rest of their talk, which concerned common commercial regulations, uniform duties on imports, and joint rules touching the currency, they completed. The Maryland legislature, when it received their report, happily read it in as liberal

a spirit as any statesman could have wished for. If Pennsylvania was to be drawn into conference about the Potomac, why should not Delaware also be consulted, with a view to carrying a straight watercourse, by canal, from Chesapeake Bay to the Delaware River? And if Pennsylvania and Delaware might be asked to confer about these specific things, what was to prevent a general conference of the states, in which all the uncomfortable questions of their intercourse with one another might be frankly discussed? Governor Bowdoin, of Massachusetts, had that very year urged his legislature to invite the states to such a general convention, in the interests of amicable trade, and it might be that it would meet with universal approbation.

Virginia was willing. There were men in her legislature to whom such suggestions seemed full of hope and good counsel. Under their influence, therefore, the Burgesses (January, 1786) asked all the states of the Confederation to send delegates to a convention to be held at Annapolis on the first Monday of September, to consider the questions of trade and common intercourse which were disturbing the whole country. The response was disappointing. Connecticut, South Carolina, and Georgia ignored the call altogether. Even Maryland fell suddenly indifferent and failed to act, though the plan was her own. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and North Carolina appointed delegates, but when the conference had assembled it was found that they had not taken the trouble to come. Only Virginia, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, and New York were represented; and their delegates did not feel that, alone, they could do anything. They could only urge another and fuller conference.

New Jersey had taken a very lively interest in these new plans of consultation and co-operation. She felt very keenly the serious commercial and political disadvantage at which she was placed by a geographical position which made the much more powerful states of New York and Pennsylvania her jealous rivals at either outlet to the sea, and along every mile of her border to the westward. She had, accordingly, given her delegates a broader commission than the others bore.

She had bidden them "consider how far a uniform system in their commercial regulations *and other important matters* might be necessary to the common interest and permanent harmony of the several states"; and Mr. Hamilton, one of the delegates sent from New York, being a statesman and no partisan, induced the conference to make a like suggestion in asking for another and fuller convention of the states. Alexander Hamilton had been born, and bred as a lad, in the West Indies. He had established himself while yet a very young man in New York; but he had taken no color from the place; had kept a mind detached from merely local interests and provincial prejudices; had served under Washington in the field, as his aide and confidant; and had learned to see as clearly as any of his elders in affairs the needs and dangers of the country. He lacked still several months of being thirty; but he had been quickened to a singular maturity in that time of stress. He proposed an address to the states in which they should be asked to come together at Philadelphia, on the second Monday of the following May, not merely for the consideration of questions of trade, but also for the purpose of devising "such further provisions as should appear to them necessary to render the constitution of the federal government adequate to the exigencies of the Union," and of reporting to the Congress "such an act as would effectually provide for

the same"; and the conference, being in earnest, adopted the paper as he had drawn it.

Again the states would have been indifferent and conference of no avail, had not the winter which followed been dark-

ened and made very ominous indeed by Shays's rebellion. Every one of the little commonwealths felt the threat of unmanageable disorder and of the upsetting of government itself which that implied. "You talk, my good Sir," wrote Washington to Harry Lee, in Congress, "of employing influence to appease the present tumults in Massachusetts. I know not where that influence is to be found, or, if attainable, that it would be a proper remedy for the disorders. *Influence* is not *government*. Let

us have one by which our lives, liberties, and properties will be secured, or let us know the worst." There was the same feeling everywhere. Government was too slack, order too uncertain. The authority of law was nowhere stronger than each individual state could make it. There was no common power, no effectual combination, no aggregate force to render it beyond peradventure firm and lasting. The object-lesson had come in good season. The Congress of the Confederation had heretofore been opposed to a general conference; it now sanctioned and advised it. The states, at last shaken from their indifference, appointed delegates to attend at Philadelphia in May, to take part in the new continental congress.



A Hamilton





The Voice

BY MARGARET DELAND

IT was in the early 30's that David King, a tanner in Lower Ripple, a little town in western Pennsylvania, went to England to collect a small bequest left him by a relative. The distance, the long weeks at sea in a tossing sailing-vessel, the new country and the new people, were all part of a profound experience to a sensitive mind, a mind which, even without this emotional preparation, was ready to respond to any deeply religious or emotional appeal. The appeal was made in the new gospel which, in those days, astounded and thrilled all London from the lips of Edward Irving. Mr. King went to hear the great preacher, and forgot his haste to realize his little legacy and get back to his wife and child and tanyard in Lower Ripple. Irving's wonderful eloquence enthralled him; but he was present on that first Sunday when, with a solemn and dreadful Voice, the Tongues suddenly spoke in the dingy chapel;—and no man who heard that Sound ever forgot it! David King was shaken to his soul. From that moment questioning was over; he was Edward Irving's follower to the end of his days. So it was that he came back to Lower Ripple to preach Irving's doctrines. At first curiosity brought him hearers; the marvellous story of the Tongues, repeated and repeated, was listened to in respectful silence; then smiled at; then forgotten. In that new country of toil and hardship and melancholy common-sense, his mystical doctrines did not strike deep roots. Even his own family did not share his faith; his wife was impatient with it, and indeed fearful of it, and with the same dull reasonableness with which she urged the claims of the tannery as against his preaching and exhorting through the neighboring country, urged salvation in well-worn Presbyterian paths. To his pain, his girl, his Phillippa, shrank from the emotion and the mystery of his be-

lief; she and her mother continued to go to the small brick church under the locust-trees; and when her mother died, Phillippa went alone. For David King, after being dealt with, had been sessioned and read out of church; and as time passed, and interest in his heresy died away, so that no one would listen to his preaching, he used on the Sabbath day to sit at home alone, in a bare upper chamber, waiting in silence and prayer the manifestation of the Holy Spirit. The Tongues never spoke; yet still he waited—a mystical, kindly old man, with guileless brown eyes, believing meekly in his own unworth to hear again that rushing mighty Sound that had filled the hall, bowing human souls before it as the tornado bows the standing corn. Phillippa never waited with him; the awful possibility behind his closed door on Sabbath mornings, although it allured her, frightened her. She used to speculate about it silently, but only in the safe humanness of the church. And perhaps it was this vague wondering that kept her a shy, gentle child, looking with soft eyes at the passions and interests of Lower Ripple, but never touched by them to pain or pleasure.

The minister who had sessioned her father died. Then came Robert Fenn, a widower with one child, and Phillippa's thoughts came hurriedly; he was a holy man, one knew that from his discourse; and he was learned, as a minister ought to be; and his clothes were shabby (for there was no woman to take thought for them); and his voice was solemn, and his care-worn young face lit with pious fervor when he preached. When he was "called," she was distinctly glad; and when he took a house just opposite, her interest could not wane into the old gentle indifference, because it was impossible for any woman to see his little motherless Mary without concern. She was so forlorn in the painstaking, ignorant care of the minister! Mrs. Semple, the woman who looked after his household, did what she could, no doubt; but cooking and scrubbing left little time for mending and training, and Robert Fenn had no money to pay for extra service. So Phillippa and her old negress, Hannah, used to talk about the child with anxious

pity; as for Phillippa, she could not but mend a torn apron sometimes, and smooth pretty, tangled hair, and listen to chatter about "Father."

As soon as he was settled in Lower Ripple, young Fenn had endeavored to deal with the Irvingite, but he had found himself opposed by a certainty that daunted him. Nay, more, he found that David King was "dealing" with him, which astonished and displeased him. "He is joined to his idols," the young man said to himself. "I will let him alone!" So, though he called upon the daughter of the heretic, because she belonged to his church, he saw very little of his neighbors. But Phillippa's attendance upon the means of grace was a great satisfaction to him, and he said to himself more than once that by the blessing of God the believing daughter would sanctify the unbelieving father! Then by-and-by she began to fall away; she came to church once a month; then not so often. The new minister was deeply concerned, fearing her father's influence. He called once or twice to ask if illness had kept her from the sanctuary. And when she said, shyly, "No," he was troubled, and wrestled in prayer for her sake; then, finally, he went formally to see her and reprove her.

Philly, in a pink and green palm-leaf chintz, gathered very full around her slender waist, was sitting on the lower step of the front door, playing with Mary; her cheeks were flushed, and her hair was blowing about her temples, and laughing, she cuddled the little girl in her arms. Robert Fenn heard the laugh, soft and shy and joyous, as he came up the tan-bark path through the garden. But he did not join it; instead, he bade Mary go home, and said stiffly that he wished to see Phillippa alone. So she took him into the rarely used parlor, where from between the bowed shutters two thin bars of July sunshine travelled soundlessly across the floor, and sat in silent pallor listening to his reproaches. She must know, the young man said, that those who slighted the offers of grace were cast into outer darkness.

Philly softly said she did.

"Then why do you not frequent the house of God?—which is indeed the very gate of heaven!"

Phillippa made no reply.

"Let us pray!" said Robert Fenn. Phillippa bent her head; and they knelt, side by side, Robert lifting his harsh, melancholy face, and gazing passionately upward as if he would pierce to the very Throne of God.

She thanked him when they rose; and he went away, exhausted by his struggle with this impassive, unresisting creature. He desired her salvation, but humanly he was repelled and shocked by her hardness of heart.

As for Phillippa, left to herself, she sat down to sew, her face, at first very pale, growing slowly pink.

II

On Sabbath mornings after that, Phillippa used to sit with her father in the bare upper chamber. At first he thought rapturously that she was open to conviction, and at this the eleventh hour he would win her soul to his faith. But when he questioned her, he saw that it was not so. So, anxiously, he reasoned with her, for the creed he had outgrown was better than no creed.

"Do you have doubts concerning the soundness of your minister?"

"Oh no, sir," Philly said, smiling.

"Do you not like the young man?"

"I do not dislike him, sir," she said.

"Then why not go to church, my Phillippa?" he urged.

"I don't know," Philly said, faintly.

She did not try to analyze it to herself. She only knew that when she saw him in the pulpit, remote, impersonal, holy, she suffered, and therefore she would not see him; instead, she played with Mary,—that was pure joy. She used to lure the little girl over to spend hours with her: she believed she had a dolly in the garret,—would Mary come and look for it? or, if she would come into the garden she should have a rose.

"Father likes roses," Mary said, hanging to Phillippa's skirts while the rose was picked; "will you give one to father, ma'am?"

But Philly said, no—oh, no! Mary should pick one for her father and give it to him.

All that summer Phillippa's interest in the child was like a soft wind blowing on the embers of her heart; it was

single-minded, though it fed a hunger in her soul which had no name in her own consciousness. She thought constantly of the little girl, and had a dozen small anxieties about her. Once, on a still October day, Phillippa, dressed for the afternoon, her black silk apron on, her lace mits covering her round white wrists, had taken her sewing out into the garden, and was sitting on a bench under the big sycamore, when the child came whimpering to her, hiding her face in her lap; Phillippa felt a quick alarm.

"What is it, love? Tell me!" she said.

"Bad things are going to happen," Mary said, crying softly.

"Bad things?" Phillippa said; "to you, my little girl? No, indeed!"

"Yes'm," Mary explained, beginning to be comforted. "Mrs. Semple said so."

"Mrs. Semple had no right to say so."

"Yes," little Mary persisted, "because I dreamed of apples." The small tear-stained face looked up, pleading for a denial; and when reassured, she told of a book that Mrs. Semple read every day after she had asked Mary her dreams. "Sometimes I haven't any dreams," Mary said; "but she reads what dreams mean, just the same. If you dream about an ox walking on his back legs, it means many troubles."

Phillippa laughed and frowned.

"If you dream of the moon," said Mary, cuddling happily down against the girlish shoulder, "it is a good omen; it means you'll get a beau that loves you."

"Little girls mustn't talk about love," Phillippa said; but the color flooded into her face. To dream of the moon means—? But only last night she had been walking in a field, in her dreams, and had seen the moon rise over shocks of corn that stood against the sky like the plumed and nodding heads of warriors. "Such things are foolish, Mary," Philly said, her cheeks very pink.

Then she was silent, remembering how yellow the great flat shield was, pushed up from behind the black edge of the world,—how still and solemn the misty fields!—"you'll get a beau that loves you." Phillippa wished she might see the book, just to know what these things were that were read to Mary. "It's a wrong book," she said; "I never saw such a book!"

"I'll show it to you," Mary said; "it's on the table in the kitchen. I'll get it."

"Oh no," Philly said, faintly; "it's a wicked book."

But Mary had gone. When she came back, with a ragged old book, she had forgotten her fright at dreaming about apples. Philly sat there, bareheaded, in the sunshine, her sewing fallen on her lap, watching Mary pick hollyhock seeds; the air was hazy with autumn, and there was the scent of fallen leaves and wet grass and the fresh tan-bark of the garden paths. It had been an autumn field of which she had dreamed, and a great shining harvest-moon. In the Bible people were warned of God in dreams. And her father—how often she had heard her father say that in the visions of his head upon his bed, he had been instructed by Heaven! Phillippa put out her hand and picked up the foul, stained old book, shrinking from the odor of its soiled leaves. The first page was folded over, and opened out into a map with the signs of the Zodiac; in the middle was a single verse:

Mortal! wouldst thou scan aright
Dreams and visions of the night?
Wouldst thou future secrets learn
And the fate of Dreams discern?
Wouldst thou ope the Curtain dark
And thy future fortune mark?
Try the mystic Page, and read
What the vision has decreed.

Philly held her red lip between her teeth, and turned the pages.

Money.—*To dream of finding money—mourning and loss.*

Monkey.—*You have strange and secret enemies.*

Moon.—Phillippa shivered. *Moon.*—*A good omen. It denotes sudden and unexpected joy. Great success in love.* Philly shut the book sharply; then opened it again; such books sometimes told (so foolishly!) of charms which caught love. Mary, pulling the hollyhocks down to pick the fuzzy, yellowing disks that held the seeds, was laughing to herself.

Philly turned over the leaves. The charms were there: Instructions for making Dumb Cake, to cut which reveals a lover:—"any number of young females to take a handful of wheaten flour—" That was no use; there was no need for a number of females. *To know whether*

a man shall have the woman he wishes. No; not that. *A charm to charm a man's love.* Suddenly it seemed to Phillippa that she felt her blood running and tingling in every vein. . . . "*Let a young maid pick of rosemary two roots; of monkshood—*" A line had been drawn through this word and something written over it; but the ink was faded and brown, the page ragged with use, so that it was impossible to read it. Perhaps it was motherwort, an herb Philly did not know; or it might be mandrake;—one might call it either, the writing was so dim and blurred. "But it's best to take what the book says," Phillippa said to herself, simply. She knew so little of books that a misprint never suggested itself to her:—"of monkshood two roots; of the flower of corn, ten threads; let her sleep on them one night. In the morning let her set them on her heart, and walk backward ten steps, praying for the love of her beloved. Let her then steep and boil these things in a pint of pure water. When she shall add this philtre to the drink of the one who loves her not, he shall love the female who meets his eye first on the drinking thereof. Therefore let the young maid be industrious to stand before him when he shall drink."

"There is no harm in it," Philly said.

III

"Phillippa," said David King, standing in the kitchen doorway, "what is this smell of herbs? Is any one ailing? Have you been making herb tea?"

"No, father," she said, briefly, her face growing very pink.

All that day there was a shy joyousness about her which she did not share with any one; but there was a puzzled look too, as of one who is not certain what course to follow;—how was she to give the charm? Yet it came about simply enough: Robert Fenn had lately felt it borne in upon him that he must once more deal with this girl for her soul's sake. So that very afternoon, in the November dusk, he came to her door, standing, knocking, solemnly, without tenderness or friendship or even pity, for when a sinner seems satisfied with sin, a righteous anger arms the servant of God to struggle with the devil.

Yet she was so meek! He found him-

self softening as one is softened by a child's submission. She sat before him on the old sofa in the parlor, her hands locked tightly together in her lap, her eyes downcast, her voice very low and trembling; she admitted her backsliding, and she acknowledged her errors; but—she would not come to church. "Not—yet," she said.

"Will you come, then, some time?"

"Yes, some time."

"Behold, now is the accepted time."

"I will come—afterwards."

"After—what?" he insisted.

"After—" she said, and paused; then she lifted her eyes to his. "I will come!" she said.

There was something in her look that made him draw in his breath, yet he did not know what it was. But whatever it was, it shook him rudely out of his impersonal passion for her salvation. He said, stumbling in his words, that he gave thanks to God who had moved her to this promise; and—and she was quite well? She must be careful of the autumnal chill in these November days.

"Perhaps," said Phillippa, not looking at him, "you will stay to tea?"

Robert Fenn said quickly that he would be pleased to do so. In his simple, saintly egotism he thought that the solemn pleasure of entertaining him might be a means of grace to her. When Philly left him in the cold, faintly lighted parlor, and went away to see to her table, he fell into silent prayer for this wandering lamb, his stern, melancholy face softening almost to tenderness.

David King was greatly pleased when his daughter told him of their guest. "Treat him well, my Phillippa. Get out your best jam."

"Yes," Philly said; "but—he will have tea."

"We always have tea," said the old man; "do not let a small thing move you so much, my Phillippa."

But he was moved himself, for he thought that he would argue with his guest when tea was over. A little later they sat down in awkward silence, for none of the three had any small-talk. The table, very bare and plain, was lighted by two candles that cast uncertain shadows across the white cloth and on Phillippa's pale face. Before supper she

had run quickly up stairs to put on her best frock, smooth her shining hair down in two loops over her ears; then she fastened her high tortoise-shell comb in the knot at the back of her head, and pinned her one adornment—a flat gold brooch—on the bosom of her gown; but for all the courage imparted by such vanities she was trembling as if awed by the minister's presence. She scarcely spoke, except to ask him whether he took cream and sugar in his tea; and when she handed it to him she said, very low,

"Will you taste it, and see if it is right?"

He made polite haste to sip it; as he did so she said, loudly,

"Is it—is it agreeable?"

Robert Fenn, startled, looked up at her over the rim of his cup, and said, quickly, "Very; very indeed." But he drank some water. "It is perhaps a little strong," he added. Then, having qualified his politeness for conscience' sake, he drank all his bitter tea for human kindness' sake. After that, Philly did not speak, but gradually the color came back into her face.

The minister and the Irvingite talked a little, and by-and-by drifted into theological discussion, in which the minister combated vigorously the doctrine of the Tongues.

"Why," he insisted, "do not the Tongues descend upon all the servants of God? Then, indeed, one might know for himself that this gibberish was not of the devil. If my lips were touched by this Power, I might believe; 'for he that speaketh in an unknown tongue edifieth himself!'"

And David King, armed, he said to himself, with the sword of the Spirit, answered with a keen thrust at the young man's spiritual pride. "Shall he that is created say to Him that created him, 'Wherefore doest Thou not thus?'"

Fenn defended himself, and the talk grew very heated; the arguments prolonged themselves interminably. Philly took no part in them; she was moving softly about, helping her old Hannah to carry away the dishes, coming and going with light hurried footsteps, her face full of smiling dreams, and by-and-by sitting down by the table, and drawing a candle near her so that she could sew.



AN AUTUMN FIELD OF WHICH SHE HAD DREAMED

The minister, absorbed in his argument, never looked at her. But as the evening lengthened he became less quick in his own defence; once he failed altogether to answer, and sat in silence under King's rapt remembrances. A curious blackness was settling under his eyes, and twice he passed his hand across his lips.

"They are numb," he said, with surprised apology, to David King. A moment later he shivered violently, and then suddenly beads of sweat broke out on his forehead, and the color swept out of his face; he started up, staring about him, and stumbling in his speech, as he tried to say that he was—that he was—

It was so sudden—his rising, then falling back into his chair, then slipping sideways to the floor, stammering incoherently—that David King sat looking at him in dumb amazement. Phillippa cried out; then stood stock-still, her hands flat on the table, bending forward and peering over at the figure on the floor, while, slowly, her mouth dropped open in horrified astonishment. Fenn was speaking brokenly, his voice trailing on and on, in unintelligible words. David King lifted his hands to Heaven.

"The Voice!"

But Philly, as though she was breaking out of some invisible bonds that held her, groaning even with the effort, her eyes fixed on the man on the floor, said: "He is dying. Don't you see he is dying?"

David King, shocked from his ecstasy, ran swiftly to his side. "Sir, what ails you?"

"He is going to die," Philly said, monotonously.

David, aghast, ran to the kitchen, calling for aid, and bringing back a great bowl of hot water. "Drink it! Drink it, I tell ye! I believe you're poisoned!"

Phillippa lifted her arms in agonized, wordless appeal; then dropped them, her head sinking forward on her breast. Then suddenly she turned and went staggering out of the room and out of the house, into the darkness. By the bench under the sycamore she fell down, crouching, her forehead grovelling on the earth, her fingers tangled in her hair. She whispered to herself: "Lord, Lord, Lord." She had forgotten how to pray.

David King and his old servant, hurrying back and forth with one remedy or another, hardly missed her; their shadows loomed gigantic against the walls, stretching across the ceiling, bending and sinking as they knelt with some new remedy beside the poor young man. More than once they were ready to give up; yet each would suggest one more effort; and so the struggle went on. Little by little they gained. The minister's eyes opened once; then again. Then he smiled. Then he said something, one could not hear what.

"Bless the Lord!" said David King, solemnly.

Philly, creeping in out of the night, clinging to the door to keep on her feet, heard the words and broke into a dreadful cry of relief.

"It was poison," her father said; "when he gets over it, he'll tell us what it was."

IV

However, Robert Fenn never did tell what it was, for the reason that he did not know. But he did offer an explanation that was perfectly satisfactory to himself: the Lord sent the sickness in David King's house for the purpose of revealing himself to Phillippa. For the minister had seen her in those first dim moments of recovery, when she had fallen upon her knees and stammered aloud repentance for sin.

"Truly," said the young man, lying very white and feeble on his pillow, and looking up into Phillippa's face when she brought him his gruel, "He moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform!" Phillippa silently began to feed him. "I heard you call upon the Lord for forgiveness, and the Lord is merciful and gracious!" he said, gently.

And Philly said, very low, "Yes."

So Robert Fenn thanked God, and took his gruel, and thought that it was very good, and that this young sister was in the way of salvation. Also that she had pleasing eyes. Indeed, in the next few days, before he was strong enough to be moved across the street to his own house, Robert thought less of Phillippa's salvation and more of her eyes. So much more that when he was quite well, and had no claim whatever to gruel, he came and sat by the fire with



SHE CRIED OUT

David King, and discussed deep doctrines, and looked sidewise at the girl sewing silently and never lifting her eyes to his. He used to talk to Mary about her, and most of all he preached at her, for now she came every Sunday to church and sat before him, with pale worn face and down-dropped eyes. Then, after a while, thinking entirely of those gentle, unhappy eyes, and not at all of her soul, he told her that he loved her. It was in the spring twilight, and they were alone in the parlor, standing up before the fireplace, full now of apple blossoms, and Philly, her hands clasped very hard together, said, her voice strained and harsh, "No."

The minister bowed his head very meekly and went away. His explanation to himself was, the Lord was unwilling that he should divert his soul from His service to human affairs. But a year later his hunger got the better of him, and he tried again. And once more she said "No." And once more he submitted to the Divine Will, but he was very melancholy and solemn and a little resentful, thinking less of the dealings of Providence and more of slighted love. Indeed, he was so bitter at heart that he went and clamored to David King for a reason for Philly's unkindness.

But the old man shook his head. "A young female does not have reasons," he said.

So Robert tried again, and by-and-by again; and every time, with tears, she said "No."

Robert Fenn no longer believed it was Heaven which stood in his way; for, modest as he was, he began to know, perhaps by instinct, that she loved him. Thus it came about that when the seventh year was past, and, crying, she had shaken her head and given him her wordless refusal, he girded himself, and went back the very next day.

It was early in November, a still, hazy afternoon; Philly had been wandering aimlessly about her garden, her little wan face muffled in a blue hood, her vague eyes full of the pain that had been in them now all these seven long years. She was standing, motionless, before some frosted stalks, mechanically crumbling the dry seed-pods between nervous thumb and finger, when Robert

Fenn came up behind her and touched her gently on the shoulder. "I have come, Phillippa, to ask you why you will not marry me. There can be no good reason, and if it's an evil reason I will overcome it. Tell me why."

She put her hand up to her lips, and looked away from him.

"Come," he said, "it is my due; seven years I have waited, like Jacob of old."

Phillippa, her hand over mouth, shook her head.

"Philly," he said, "we are not young any longer. Tell me why, and I will make it right." He was very gentle with her, holding one of her hands and stroking it as one might hold a child's hand to comfort and encourage it.

Philly looked at him with scared eyes; then suddenly she burst into shrill sobbing, covering her face and turning away from him. He, confounded and frightened, followed her and tried to soothe her. "Never mind; never mind. If you don't want to tell me—"

"I do want to tell you. I will tell you: I did a wicked deed. It was this very plant; here, where we stand. It was poison. I did not know. The book said monkshood; perhaps it was a mistake. It said monkshood. But it was a wicked deed—" She swayed a little as she spoke, and then seemed to sink down and down until she sat crumpled up upon the ground, clutching at the shrivelled stalks.

For one dreadful moment he thought that she had lost her senses. He tried to lift her to her feet, saying, tenderly, "There! we will not speak of it—"

"I murdered you," she said, looking up at him with terrible composure. "I put the charm into your tea; it was witchcraft. Wicked woman! You didn't die. But it was murder. I meant—I meant no harm," she ended, feebly.

Then he understood. He lifted her up, and held her in his arms, silent for a moment under the shock of her confession. Then, suddenly triumphant, "Why, but, Philly, you loved me!"

"Oh," she said, "what is that!"

"It is much to me, Phillippa," he said, meekly. Then he led her over to the seat under the sycamore, arguing gently, "My beloved, you meant no wrong,"—but as he argued he saw that she was not listening.



"SHE FELT HER BLOOD TINGLING IN EVERY VEIN"

David King, coming home from the tannery, saw them sitting there, and called out, anxiously: "What is it? Is Phillippa sick?" The minister, much agitated, tried, as the old man came breathlessly up to them, to explain. With halting words of excuse and tender protestations he told the story of the charm; David King, leaning on his stick, listening; Phillippa, with a hopeless face, rolling with listless fingers the strings of her little hood. "Tell her," Robert urged, "that it is nothing."

"I cannot do that."

Phillippa looked up at him quickly.

"It was a sin," said David, "to try to move by evil arts the will of God."

Philly bowed her head.

"But—" protested the minister.

"Father, father," Philly said, "I am a great sinner!"

"Yes, my Phillippa."

Robert, dismayed, began to deny; but David King checked him. "It was a sin. Therefore, Phillippa, *sin no more*. Did you pray for Robert's love?"

Phillippa said in a whisper, "Yes."

"And he gave it to you?"

"Yes."

"My Phillippa, was it the evil weed that moved him?" She looked at him blankly. "My child, your Saviour moved Robert, because you asked Him! Will you do such despite to your Lord as to reject the gift He has given in answer to your prayer?"

Philly lifted her head with the look of one who listens intently. Robert Fenn trembled; then came a long silence. Suddenly it was broken by a strange sound—loud, sonorous, vibrating—half a chant, half a cry. "Oh, Phillippa! oh, Phillippa! I do require, I do require that you accept your Saviour's gift. Oh, add not sin to sin, oh, add not sin to sin, by making your prayer of no avail!"

No one spoke. A leaf came sliding slow through the mist and fell on Philly's knees. Then suddenly her eyes filled with blessed tears. She stretched out her arms to her father, and smiled.

But Robert Fenn, looking with tender eyes at the old man, said, softly, "The Voice of the Lord."



THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANTINE

Epochs of Gem-Engraving

BY MAXWELL SOMMERVILLE

Professor of Glyptology, University of Pennsylvania

THE most interesting feature in the consideration of gem-engraving is the fact that in a completely classified cabinet of ornamented or inscribed stones we find a series of specimens of one branch of art-industry, representing every epoch from the rude work of the record-bearing cylinders engraved by nations of remote eras, the first of which we have any knowledge, through periods of improvement, excellence, superexcellence, and decline, down almost to the close of the century before last, each era having some character meriting our attention.

Through each peculiar trait we can recognize the art-work of epochs and nationalities, as emanating in every case from a certain or distinct people. So completely can we form an acquaintance with the various characteristics of each nation's manner of engraving gems that, once experience has been acquired, we are enabled to discern the epoch and rec-

ognize very nearly the people who have executed the work, and safely calculate about when it was done. We estimate the civilization of the epoch and the art-power of the people in proportion to the rudeness of the incisions or the beauty of their conception and quality of execution.

One cannot fully appreciate engraved gems without realizing that the most colossal statues, the grandest edifices, palaces, inscribed monoliths, great cities with fortified defences, have succumbed to the destroying influences of age and decay; ruin has overtaken them. We can but imagine what they were from the poor morsels that remain; while in that very debris, safe, sound, and unsullied, we find those little engraved gems, the most minute evidences of master-minds, spared to us, not only to reveal the art-luxury of those ancient days, but the tidings and portraiture of that impor-



BACCHUS AND ARIADNE

A beautiful Specimen of an Ancient Engraving on Precious Stone

tant period when our Saviour walked among men.

We find occasionally representations on little stones of that great evangelist, that mediator, Gautama Buddha, who preceded Christ more than 500 years. There is one gem of him as Tatagatha or Siddhartha in my collection, which appears to be an oriental pearl portrait, which, after being carved in stone, was ages ago deposited in the shell of a mollusc at the bottom of the Indian Sea, where it became coated with the pearly film which gave it the beautiful color and orient lustre it has borne through many centuries.

The Egyptians have left us those great

stone figures of Rameses, Thothmes, Osiris, and a host of other myths, most of them disfigured and fallen in the sands of their deserts.

We are attracted by their temples and by the placid countenances of their statues. We are awed by the great autocratic arms held out to us with the insignia of their past power and greatness. They certainly have succeeded in handing down to us evidences of their possessions and their dominion, yet all in a state of demolition. It is their glyptic work that has come to us in greatest perfection. We are especially interested in their scarabei, and most particularly in those scarabei prepared to take the place of



ODENATHUS AND ZENOBIA, ENGRAVED BY
DEMETRIUS THE GREEK

the human heart in the mummy; many of these contain very curious inscriptions and addresses to the soul, which I have fully described elsewhere.

Persia wrought principally on cylinders and seals, and thousands of specimens have been recently unearthed in Assyria and Nippur. At times we meet with exquisitely beautiful intaglios during excavations in that country. One recently come into my possession is a portrait of King Sapor I., the second of the Sassanians, who ruled in the third century A.D. This gem has an inscription in Sassanian. Sapor's contests with the army of Zenobia before Palmyra enhance our interest in this profile gem. Cylinders are without doubt the oldest form of seals in stone, though I have seen some on sections of wooden reeds; and as bearers of messages from such a remote period we at times attach a greater interest to them than to the more beautiful Greek and Roman gems. We have cylinders and their impressions from the Assyrian, Persian, Hittite, Phœnician, and Cyprian nations. Among the various bequests from Persia, many of their gems give us portraits of their deities, monarchs, and religious creeds. Considering that they are the work of a people so isolated and so remote from Western civilization, their

age and peculiar designs render many of them exceedingly interesting.

From their country in ancient Italy, west and south of the Ciminian Forest, centuries before Christ, the Etruscans sent out to the then known world the scarabei in sard and chalcedony, engraved in a most peculiar manner. Their style was unique; they commenced with a knowledge of their design by making a series of deeply drilled cavities. These incisions when joined together formed figures of men and animals, which were frequently strange in shape, because the artist was compelled to complete his subject, sometimes of three figures, on the very limited space of the under flat face of a small scarabeus. Until now a vast amount of learning and energy has been expended in efforts to interpret their inscriptions, and although these attempts have been unsuccessful, they do not deter the scientists of to-day from endeavoring to fathom their meaning.

Two thousand five hundred years ago the Phœnicians inhabited a narrow, mountain-guarded strip of land in Syria, from whose western shore they looked out on the Mediterranean Sea. Here and there we have unearthed a graven stone and inscribed cylinder, or a scarabeus. In their ancient colony at Tharros, on



PORTRAIT OF ÆSOP, ENGRAVED ABOUT 500 B.C.



"A TRUE PORTRAIT OF THE HOLY SUDARIUM"

An ancient Gem of the Second Century

the island of Sardinia, we have found the most unquestionably authentic Phœnician scarabei; with these fragments in stone of that nation's bequests we have obtained some idea of the glyptic art of the people of Phœnicia.

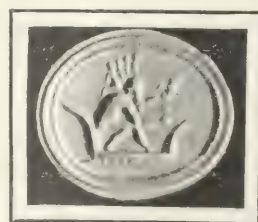
The Greek gems of the earliest epoch left much to desire; they then represented objects rather carelessly; eventually, however, by artistic study and delineation of the beautiful in the human form, Greece became the source of the finest and richest glyptic art treasures in all decorative work. Their minute engravings on stone were faithful intaglio representations of the living subjects who thronged their ateliers.

The Greeks were not restricted by modern social ideas. In representing the mythological deities they had every opportunity to study the nude form, and thus they reproduced the beautiful women of their day in the masterly and faithful portraiture of nature.

The many classic gems of the Roman period give us the only perfect portraits in miniature that have been preserved from ancient times—their emperors, statesmen, warriors, poets, incidents of their conflicts, their sports, games, and apparel.

When Rome's reputation was heralded and established as the glyptic art centre

and patroness of the then known world, it became the vortex into which hosts of artisans were attracted. They were well received, and were given plenty of occupation and emolument. At first the colonists incised what was known as the Hellenic style, and then as they fraternized with the Romans, and as the Romans made incisions under their instruction, Roman glyptic work showed the Greek influence, and such works constituted the gems of the Græco-Roman epoch. We recognize the first century in Rome as the prolific period, celebrated for the greatest diversity of subjects, both in cameos and intaglios.



CHARON

A curious, unique Roman intaglio of the second century, "Charon passing over the river Styx in his bark to conduct the souls after death to Avernus." Observe the bird in one hand and the flames in the other. A soul is represented in the form of a bird, which is already beginning to suffer the torment of eternal fire. The figures seated are other souls awaiting the return of Charon in order to be transported to Avernus.

The gems of the Gnostics, known as the Abraxas, have never had any prototype. Those who joined their ranks and believed in the mystic inscriptions and strange emblems were gathered in from among the pagans and the Jews; and even some nominal Christians accepted and carried their strange tokens in the first and second centuries A. D. We find among their peculiar inscriptions the



SAPOR I.

Greek vowels and other characters at that time known only to themselves, and now unintelligible. The disciples, it is believed, received the mysterious talismanic stones, and carried them with a fear of the Prince of Darkness.

The apostle St. Paul, recognizing the opposition of the Abraxas to the growing Christian faith, combated with them and warned the followers of Christ not to put their trust in the tokens of the Gnostics.

In the first years of Christianity the followers of Christ had only a few symbolic gems, on which the designs were a dove, two or three fish, two palms crossed, the ship of Good Hope under sail, and other religious tokens engraved on stone and on bone, and a few simple symbols which ornamented the tesserae which they used to designate the members of their fraternity, at the entrance to the catacombs, so that the faithful might enter, and the spies of the pagan enemies might be detected.

We can with difficulty realize that the early Christians would not and did not

engrave any representations on gems of incidents in the life of Christ. But when the emperor Constantine accepted Christianity, and his people followed his example, the mass of engraved gems made in his dominions for the first time depicted events in the birth, life, and sufferings of the Saviour of man.

Then the cameos more than intaglios produced effigies, or rather portraits, of the Holy Family, and representations in relief on stone of the birth, life, trial, suffering, death, and resurrection of Christ. On the Byzantine gems we find illustrated pictures of events that exceed in interest the historic records of all ages.

In the mediæval epoch the decline in the glyptic branch of art was sensibly marked. The rude and often grotesquely drawn designs we meet in this long period, the Middle Ages, may well be termed the work of the dark days.

The incisori of that art period were among those who, fearing the temptations of the world, retired into monasteries, and who found time, after their hours of devotion, to create with great diligence illuminated manuscripts, as well as to collect and save many glyptic treasures that otherwise would have entirely perished. Their own work is almost without interest, and generally lacks all merit. Nevertheless, it at least gives us art tidings of those years of obscurity.

Generally the heads on engraved gems have been regarded merely as ornamentation, or as decorated jewels. We should recognize special significations, many of them being really miniature portraits of loved parents and other dear relations, or distinguished friends, respected sovereigns, often revered philosophers or esteemed statesmen.

The most of the mythological effigies were not merely curious representations of those deities, they were in most cases tokens, portraits receiving adoration and cherished, as in our day images of our Saviour are valued. In regard to Christ, it is remarkable that it was only in the fifth century when portraits of the Redeemer commenced to appear.

In the Bible reference is frequently made to gems in sardius, beryl, and some other precious stones, which have rarely survived the ruin of ages. The many engraved gems that have been found in the



JUPITER ÆGIOCHUS

This superb ancient cameo on chrysoprase of "Jupiter Ægiochus" is of the close of the epoch of Marcus Aurelius, or the earlier years of the reign of Commodus. It is the eighth in importance of the remarkable antique cameos that have been preserved from the early centuries after Christ.

débris of ancient cities of Asia, Greece, Syria, and Italy are generally on what are termed semi-precious stones. Many of them were engraved with a view to artistic effect and personal adornment, yet a great proportion were intaglios intended for seals; others were tokens of admiration and regard when only reminders of friends, but of adoration when addressed to patron saints or deities.

The religious belief of those wearing an engraved gem on the hand was often indicated by the design on the ring stone. In Egypt the scarabeus with hieroglyphic design engraved on the under flat surface indicated often the favorite deity of the possessor, and at times bore some earnest prayer in symbolic characters.

One of the most important token gem stones I have ever found is on an oval polished sard, on which are engraved or sunken two cavities, one oval, the other

round. The idea was, two lovers being obliged to be separated for a long period, the man placed a drop of his blood in the oval cavity, while the woman's blood was placed in the round cavity, each carrying those symbols of betrothal.

Talismanic gems whenever they are religiously inscribed may be regarded as tablets of faith—a faith which, though often placed erroneously, was fervent and as abiding as it was indelibly registered.

Religious token gems, as we find them, vary in their character; strange beliefs, pagan superstitions, with occasional aspirations to the true and living God—so men of different climes have walked on the causeway that leads to eternal life.

Pliny seems to have taken so much interest in amulets that he wrote extensively on them, enumerating all the precious stones and engraved representations of animals which were at that time

believed to cure various diseases, and the carrying of which was thought to protect from accident. These engraved stones were talismans; the distinction as I hold it between these terms is that natural substances, such as crude precious stones, metals, and even the teeth of animals, claws of birds, etc., are amulets, while all stones or metal objects engraved with symbols or cabalistic words or designs are talismans.

There remains a series of intaglios, but principally cameos, worthy of our notice. On them were engraved innumerable animals, birds, fishes, and even insects, all of which were carried as talismans. As the nobility in those times chose the insignia for their escutcheons, so others, according to their superstitions, chose some patron animal or bird for an emblem; and caused it to be engraved on their gem talismans; these symbols were guarded with religious fervency. In my collection we find the following: The eagle of Jupiter, symbolic of his power, although subservient to him; this accounts for the appropriation of that

bird by sovereigns from all times. The aringa, a fish of the Adriatic Sea; a talisman worn by women on account of its being the symbol of fruitfulness. A dolphin on sard or carnelian, the mariners' friend, an emblem worn by fishermen, supposed to protect them from the attacks of voracious fishes. The raven, the friend of Apollo. The parrot, a loquacious inebriate, guarding from intemperance. The peacock, an emblem of vanity, as such a warning to those carrying it, revered as the favorite of Juno. A scorpion on a transparent stone; its image, with that of the spider and a variety of flies, believed to shield the wearer from the ills of their venomous stings. The owl; Minerva's head at times draped with an owl, symbolic of profound meditation. A frog; it quits its winter hiding-place and renews its youth. A dog, fidelity; a cock, vigilance; a turtle, always at home—a long life; a lamb, innocence; a horse, patience and endurance; a dove, the Holy Spirit; a lion, majesty and force; a serpent, wisdom, and with its tail in its mouth, eternity.



GEM ILLUSTRATING "THE DAYS OF THE WEEK"

This archaic intaglio on sardonyx is one of the most curious of all intaglios ever found. It gives us the tradition of the naming of the days of the week, to be understood as follows, more easily explained in French for evident reasons. Observing the impression, the first day at the left is η , Saturnus, *Samedi*—Saturday; the second and next figure is \odot , Helios or Solis, *Dimanche*—Sunday; the third and next figure is L, Luna, *Lundi*—Monday; the fourth and next figure is M, Mars, *Mardi*—Tuesday; the fifth and next figure is M, Mercurius—*Mercredi*—Wednesday; the sixth and next figure is I, Jove or Jupiter, *Jeudi*—Thursday; the seventh and next figure is V, Venus, *Vendredi*—Friday.

At the Hunting-Lodge of the Grand-Duke

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY

I

LOW, rambling, red-tiled, with ivied turret and rose-embowered balustrade, lies, in an emerald clearing in the very heart of the pine forest, the hunting-lodge of his Serene Highness the Grand-Duke Felix Leopold Victor. Softest of turf stretches from terrace to brook-side, and beyond to the encircling pine stems, among whose dappled shadows gleam slender naked limbs—marble, alas!—of tip-toe faun or dryad.

Here in this quiet retreat dwell half the year through bird and squirrel at their will; but on a June afternoon in the year of grace 17—a pair of dark eyes, piquant, wilful, bored, were giving life to the dusky arch of a mullioned window. Of a sudden the eyes widened and sparkled.

"Something moving under the pines! Mon Dieu! Actually something besides a rabbit moving. See—it is slipping off again. Go, one of you, and bring it in."

And soon a willowy, frightened girl, tearful of eye, dishevelled of locks, scarlet of cheek, was ushered into the

wide, marble-flagged hall of the Jagdschloss. Herself a half-score years older than the enforced guest, and clad, all but a dazzling breast, in hunter's green, the owner of the dark eyes bent forward from her chair and stared frankly, as the great may.

"Your name?"

"Agnes von Auenfeld."

"You have been crying. Why?"

"Highness, I lost my way."

"How came you here alone? Come, now, who is he? Where is the other woman? Is she handsome? Dark or fair? Dark, of course, since you are a gosling blond."

But for answer the errant damsel burst into tears.

"Here, child, sit down," commanded the great lady, and soon, by the aid of a little coaxing, she had the whole story, and vastly entertained she seemed by it.

And since, even at a century or so removed, it is possible for us to know more of the matter than did the châtelaine of the hunting-lodge, it is somewhat in this wise one might retail the sorrows of Agnes von Auenfeld:



SOMETHING MOVING UNDER THE PINES!

In his chamber under the eaves, the eaves where the stork built, sat Lilienkranz the poet. He was very happy, for he was composing a love-letter.

"Meine Geliebten" (My beloved ones), it began.

True it was only Agnes, the younger of the two charming sisters von Auenfeld, whom, constrained by the arbitrary laws of the land, he might ask to be his wife! But was he not also indissolubly, if platonically, bound to Nathalie, the elder sister? When on moonlight nights they sat, all three, on the stone bench in the old walled garden, did he not with one hand press the rosy, palpitating palm of his betrothed, and with the other the cool white fingers of Nathalie? And when Agnes in her bridal wreath should climb the four steep flights into his attic, was not Nathalie to make a third in the blessed household under the eaves?

"My angels! My cherished ones!" Oh, bliss incomparable to be the betrothed of a poet!

Down in the von Auenfeld cow-shed toiled, that same afternoon, a broad-cheeked barelegged girl. It was Hanna the scullery-maid. To her also had been sent a love-letter, and all in good time one of her young mistresses would decipher it. Ah, there was the gracious Fräulein Agnes herself, hurrying down the path.

Near the sedgy little pool where a marble nymph, her delicate shoulders mantled in moss, lets fall a trickle of water from a conch, Agnes drew breath, then stood listening; for from an open window giving on the garden came a sweet and thrilling voice. It was Nathalie, reading aloud to a group of appreciative friends around the coffee table.

"Never can I even in thought separate you, meine Geliebten. As the golden loveliness of Agnes is but set off by the midnight splendor of Nathalie, so the tender grace of the one—"

It was the poet's love-letter, and Agnes—Agnes—his betrothed—was haunting alone the deserted fountain.

"Twin angels to guide my sinful feet; twin stars to light me to the empyrean; twin muses to—"

"Will das gnädige Fräulein be pleased to read my letter?" blurted out Hanna the scullery-maid.

And the words das gnädige Fräulein was pleased to read were these:

"I like thee best of all the other Mädchen I have ever liked. Fritz."

"And thus in your mysteriously blended duality"—it was the voice of Nathalie—"mysteriously blended duality, O my star-crowned ones—"

Of a sudden the coarse sheet of Fritz the cowherd lay torn in two on the grass. What had the gracious Fräulein done! And now with blazing cheeks and streaming eyes she was flying out of the gate and across the meadow to the shadowy aisles of the pine forest!

When Agnes had finished her tale, the great lady was prompt with admonition.

"So you wish to queen it alone? Did you not know—you blutjunges Ding—that there is always another? And what is the name of this poet of yours?"

"Lilienkranz."

"Lilienkranz—where have I heard—" The châtelaine of the hunting-lodge frowned, reflected, sparkled into laughter.

"Ciel! Not that long-legged, red-headed, hot-brained youth educated by the Duke at the military academy?"

"Highness, his hair is auburn!"

"Were not the poor youths obliged to write me dedicatory birthday odes, and once—"

Agnes leaped to her feet. She had been talking to what great lady she knew not; now in a flash she realized that she stood in the presence of the power behind the throne, the favorite of the hour.

"Then Highness is—is" But Highness was in her turn on her feet, head erect, nostrils dilated, eyes like icy yet fiery jewels; a very great little lady. "Then Highness is—" faltered Agnes.

"Charlotta Adelberta Maria; née von Sturm, Freiherrin von Geier, Reichsgräfin von Quellenberg!"

It was superb, and the awe of Agnes ought to have satisfied the Countess; but in a sudden fury she stamped her silk-clad foot.

"You, you—with your red-headed poet! How dare you! And as if your lover had not himself certified! Where is the rubbish! Annette, the keys, the keys to my escritoire! There, mademoiselle, look at these, and leave off widening those simpleton eyes at your betters."



AND AGNES, TAKING THE FIRST THAT CAME TO HAND, READ TREMBLINGLY

And at the girl's bewildered feet Charlotta Adelberta flung a half-dozen rolls of emblazoned parchment.

"Pick them up and read—read aloud."

And Agnes, taking the first that came to hand, read, tremblingly: "'Ode to the most virtuous, the Reichsgräfin von Quellenberg:

'Oh, where may Purity, may heaven-born Purity,

Asylum find save in the spotless breast
Of our chaste vestal of the enkindled eye?

Pride of the land; hope of the sore-oppressed!

Furl, furl thy dazzling plume, O Purity,

The while my verse the virtues of the fair
In accents clear—'

But the fingers of Charlotta Adelberta were over her ears.

"There, there—enough. I had forgotten it was so bad. But, by-the-way, have you also a 'character' in vellum and gold you can keep under lock and key and lay hand upon on occasion?"

"No, most gracious one."

"Ah, how improvident!" and quite restored to her good-humor, the great lady sank back in her chair.

"After all, you are such a little fool I have half a mind to help you. Shall I tell you a secret? A secret, how I—how a woman may keep—in somewhat divided ownership, to be sure—the heart of a man? Come, then." And selecting from a bunch of keys one of a curious workmanship, the Countess preceded the girl through a series of sombre, vaulted passages, till she made halt before a mysterious portal.

"Did you ever hear of love-philters, child?"

"Yes, Highness," faltered Agnes, her eyes, wide with apprehension, fastened on certain cabalistic signs enwrought in the oaken panels. The door stirred on its massive hinges. A delicious aroma, subtle, aromatic, stole forth.

"Love-philters," repeated Charlotta Adelberta, with a mocking and unholy glitter in the eyes she bent on the now trembling girl. "Are you afraid?"

"A little, Highness."

And well might she be, for as the ponderous door swung slowly back, a dazzling flash, as from a fiery circle of shooting flame, smote the terrified vision of Agnes von Auenfeld.

II

Even so rude and uncompromising a natural object as a forest may, if intersected by gravel paths and graced with marble pavilions proffering on glittering tables banquets of game and wine—even such a piece of nature in the rough, affirmed his Serene Highness, may for a score of hours be made endurable. And this sentiment in flattering accord the whole court echoed. Arraying themselves, therefore, in the traditional be-ribboned coat and satin-beflowered petticoat of shepherd folk, they fared merrily forth to the hunting-lodge in the wilderness.

In the flank of one of the rocky forest knolls lies the so-called grotto of Egeria. Nature, doing her bungling best, had draped the wide-mouthed hollow in a veil of delicate green, but when once the spot came under the skilful fingers of the landscape-gardener of Felix Leopold Victor, then indeed it was a sight of marvel.

To fitly encrust wall and dome, distant cavern and mine had yielded their spoil of stalactite and flashing crystal. Green of beryl, yellow of jasper, ruby of sard, lilac and purple of amethyst, shot from myriad facets sparkles of lambent flame. Enwrought in the mosaic floor blazed the blended arms of the ducal house and the von Quellenbergs, while the transparent waters of the spring that gushed from a cleft in the rock kissed with silver lip the snowy brink of a basin of alabaster.

And while the fête was at its maddest, and while here in the grotto of Egeria Prince Constantin, the young brother of the Duke, was holding revel with a bevy of the most seductive of the Watteau shepherdesses, who should rashly come tripping that way but our ersttime acquaintance Agnes von Auenfeld! Agnes von Auenfeld? No; now these twelve months Agnes Lilienkranz, in need of fresh counsel, and praying that the fair June days might again have brought the Countess to the emerald clearing.

"A nymph—Egeria herself!" cried Prince Constantin.

But at the same moment, with blare of horn, a herald proclaimed a ballet on the green, to be performed by the dancers from the court theatre, and away, all but

Prince Constantin, rushed the merry-makers. He, however, desiring further acquaintance of the pretty child, whistled to a huge hound, who was lapping the sacred waters of the fount, and thrusting Agnes into the grotto, bade the dog mount guard.

"Auf Wiedersehen, Liebchen," cried the Prince, and was himself off after the others.

And so in perilous plight and guarded by the fierce brute, who, faithful unto sin, crouched with bloodshot eye and grisly fang across the entrance to the grotto, the captured beauty pined.

But after the ballet followed wine, then more dancing and more wine, then supper and wine again, and then a pleasant forgetfulness. It was only half-way to join his regiment next morning that the Duke's brother bethought him once more of his pretty caged bird.

At that same moment the Countess of Quellenberg, afoot alone in the forest, heard plaintive sounds of distress from the grotto of Egeria. At the cavern's mouth the bristling sentinel watched her approach with indifferent eye.

"Who is it?" asked Charlotta Adelberta.

"Oh, Highness—I—Agnes von Auenfeld—" and encouraged by the presence of her patron, Agnes made a timid step forward. Alas, a low and menacing growl sent her flying back into the innermost recess of the cave.

"Perhaps I may pass if you may not," said the Countess; and, indeed, to her entrance into the grotto the dog made no objections. If his master had a fancy for dainty caged birds, why, here was another of even gayer plumage.

"I have been here all night," sobbed Agnes, clinging to the skirts of the great lady.

"What! And without the forethought to provide yourself with a character in vellum and gold? Now tell me how you came in this plight."

After Agnes had finished, "Your husband," asked Charlotta Adelberta, feverishly—"do you manage to hold his heart?"

"He says he could not live without—without—"

"Without you? Mon Dieu, do they not all say that—for a while?"



“A NYMPH—EGERIA HERSELF!” CRIED PRINCE CONSTANTIN



"EXALTED VIRTUE, GUARDING INNOCENCE"

Agnes flushed rose red. "No, Highness, not that. He says he could not live without *us*."

"Ah, yes, the sister; I forgot."

Charlotta Adelberta leaned her elbow on the table of red porphyry and knit her perfect brows. In the forest hush, broken so deliciously by the whispering of the pines, the twitter of the birds, and plash of the water in the alabaster bowl, she was listening—listening. The hound, too, was listening; but Agnes, oblivious, babbled on:

"Every one says how beautiful it is. I cook, and Nathalie converses. She is

very clever. She even understands my husband's poetry. Besides that, she is more than pious."

The hound, his nose to the ground, pricked his ear, ever so slightly.

"She is a pietist, a follower of the Herrnhuters, whereas my husband is all for the gods of Greece. Every one says how beautiful it is to hear them talking about their immortal souls and the pleasures of platonic love."

"Hark!"

"And since, Highness, it was through your advice I am become so excellent a cook—"

Charlotta Adelberta leaped to her feet.

"Cook! You can cook?"

"Surely, Highness."

"Then this instant a new receipt! No feminine flummery, mind, but something of weight and consequence."

"But, Highness—"

Still with his nose to the ground, the hound crouched tense and rigid.

"Quick, little fool. I have promised it for to-night. Something has gone awry; a few trifles I had begged of his Highness stuck in his throat—"

Trifles, Charlotta Adelberta!

"Pride of the land;
hope of the sore-
oppressed!"

For a favorite reprobate cousin, the arch-chancellorship; for the raising of her fair Italian palace, the levying of a new and grinding tax; and furthermore, a little matter of disgrace and banishment for that puritanic man of God who, on being commanded to insert the favorite's name into the prayers of the church, had made insolent answer, "Sire, her loftiness is already alluded to when we pray, 'Deliver us from evil!'"

"A few trifles, I say, but the Duke flew into a passion. 'Devil take me,' his Highness swore, 'if ever I look on your — face again!' 'Sire,' I said—he stood with one foot in the stirrup—'Sire, if you but knew what dish I had planned for this evening.'"

"Then if your Graciousness has planned the dish—" broke in Agnes.

"Empty words. My brain has run dry. And yet off he rode. Hark—horses' hoofs—"

Whimpering for joy, the hound had leaped to his feet, and then lifting a leonine head, he filled the echoing grotto with a deep-mouthed bay.

"The dog's master—not the Duke!" cried the Countess, gone white under her rouge. "Between Prince Constantin and me is no love lost. Here, clasp my skirt," and with an elaborate gesture of regal protection, she threw an arm about the terrified girl.



WHO WAS THAT HAD KISSED HER? A SAUCY, SLOE-EYED BOY!

It was indeed Prince Constantin, and at the unexpected tableau he stood petrified at the cavern's mouth.

When he had recovered himself, "Ah, an allegory," he said, with smiling grace—"Exalted Virtue guarding Innocence. And yet, perhaps—if what is in the air be true—Exalted Virtue may herself soon stand in need of a protector."

And so saying, he whistled to the hound and strode away.

No sooner was Prince Constantin out of sight than the tableau was rapidly transformed, and Exalted Virtue seized and shook Innocence by the slender arm.

"Even he knows! A new dish—a new dish this instant, stupid one."

"But, Euer Gnaden—for so august a palate!"

"Stuff! If you could see him in his cups! Now what does your good man like best?"

"There is a salad of snails and garlic dressed with oil—"

"I want no salads whatever; his Highness overate himself on my last."

Agnes had an inspiration. "When my husband received fifty florins for his Ode on Persephone in the Chariot of Plutarch—"

"Pluto—ciel!—what matter? Go on."

"We had cutlets of swine flesh with—"

"No, no—in Gottes Namen, no cutlets of swine flesh."

Agnes retired into her inner consciousness, and Charlotta Adelberta sat holding her, with eyes grown haggard in a night.

"Some favorite dish," she insinuated, "something you secretly prefer, but think too homely to offer to a guest."

"Ach Gott, as to that, what can be nicer than a good mess of lentils and sausages!"

"It sounds very nasty."

"After my husband has eaten of lentils and sausages," sighed Agnes in fond remembrance, "he invariably calls us to him, and kisses me upon the lips and Nathalie, as is his wont, upon the forehead."

"Ums Himmels willen, then let it be the lentils and sausages."

"It is of dried lentils I speak; they must soak overnight."

"I insist on your making me a lentil pottage with sausages for supper this very night."

"Lieber Gott! Not the Mutter Gottes herself could do it! It would be fit for nothing."

"You are a little fool."

Agnes wrung her hands.

"And to think of the good mess of them at home asoak this very minute in the brown pipkin on the kitchen table!"

"Back this instant and fetch them! No, wait. I will send a servant."

"My husband—"

"The servant shall say you are safe."

But when the servant posted off, his instructions were merely these:

"In the kitchen of the topmost tenement, No. 7 Heilige Geist Strasse, stands a brown pipkin containing lentils. Fetch it hither."

In the south wing of the hunting-lodge is situated a shining apartment, wainscoted in porcelain tiles and stocked with ovens and braziers and gleaming pots and pans of every description. Of this sanctum the Countess alone held the key, and it was a shaft of the low afternoon sunlight blazing on the round of a copper kettle that, on Agnes's first entrance into the room, had been such a



ON THE THRESHOLD AN OLIVE-CHEEKED, SILKEN BOY

source of mysterious terror. As for the cabalistic signs enwrought in the panels of the door, these were neither more nor less—for his Highness was a patron of the classics as well as of gastronomics—than a Greek inscription in praise of the pleasures of the smoking haunch and the brimming bowl. And the love-philters of the Countess consisted, as the intelligent reader has long since discovered, in the most delectable of salads, ragoûts, and pasties.

High noon. The messenger returned and related in the servants' hall how he had climbed the stairs to the poet's attic, and finding it empty, had made off without more ado with the pot of lentils. At the window in the great hall sits the Countess.

When will his Highness come?

Afternoon with lengthening shadows on the greensward.

Why does his Highness delay?

Night. The nightingales in the thicket by the grotto of Egeria riotous in song.

His Highness will not come!

Hark! Something astir in the forest! Falling leaf? Crackling twig? In the distance a dull, soft thud, rhythmical, insistent. Nearer it comes, nearer, nearer yet. Close at hand now! Rush of servants' feet, flare of torches, clatter on court-yard flags of restive hoofs! Whose, on the marble stair, that spurred and gouty heel? A laughing oath; a low triumphant cry of welcome! Bring on, bring on thy pottage of lentils and of sausages!

His Highness is served.

The following morning Agnes slept late. When she awoke, the maid of honor was standing by her pillow. She was at once to attend the Countess.

Trembling, the guilty perpetrator of lèse-majesté in lentils and sausages crept down to the great hall. Was she perhaps to be haled before his Serene Highness and committed to darkest dungeon for presuming sacrilegiously to offer to grand-ducal palate a plebeian—Himmel! Who was that had kissed her? A saucy, sloe-eyed boy! Boy! Lieber Gott, it was the gracious Countess herself, in page's doublet and hose; the Countess, radiant, glowing, new-born. The lentil pottage had won.

"And now for your poet," cried Charlotte Adelberta, gayly. "And myself *en page*, not to cause too great a commotion in your gossiping little town, shall conduct you home. And here in this scroll! Ah, if you but knew what I have for you here in this scroll, and signed by what high-born fingers!"

Agnes courtesied low. "Highness is too kind. And Highness in her generosity did not forget to ask for those trifles for herself she spoke of yesterday?"

Highness tapped the blushing cheek of Agnes. No, she had not forgotten.

Wholly innocent what angel unaware it was entertaining, the little red-roofed town permitted Frau Lilienkranz and a page to ride unhonored through its gate. Nor after they had climbed the four steep flights of stairs was any one at the open door to greet them. From within, however, came the sound of a man's voice, faint and hollow as from lack of food.

"If I but knew where to search," it said.

"You have eaten nothing since she left," replied a feminine voice. "Here, before you go, take this good coffee I have made for you."

A moment's silence, then a clatter as of a cup returned violently into its saucer.

"You call that coffee!" groaned the poet.

But Agnes could endure no more. Hardly knowing what she did, she thrust the pipkin, thriftily fetched along, into the hands of the Countess, and rushed to her husband's heart.

"Agnes! My wife! My only comfort in life!" cried Lilienkranz, and with one accord the twain slipped into an inner chamber. There the poet poured out to Agnes the tortures of his lonely martyrdom, assuring her that, in the matter of a fair one's eyes, forget-me-not blue was your only color.

Then the page entered the outer room, bearing in one hand a scroll, and in the other an earthen pipkin.

When the scroll was unrolled it was seen that the Duke had appointed Fräulein Nathalie von Auenfeld to a post in the household of his sister the Princess Frederika Sophia.

From the inner chamber the rapturous murmur still flowed on.

The Man who knew Bonner

BY ADA WOODRUFF ANDERSON

THE day was faultless. When Helen Bonner opened her state-room door and stepped over to steady herself on the taffrail, the steamer was swinging out of the trough into the lee of Calvert Island. Looking back, there was a white-chopped, forty-mile stretch of rushing sea; but before her, sheltered by a bold, black, snow-crowned headland, was the mouth of a quiet fiord.

The steward placed her deck chair, and she settled herself weakly. The light wind was sharp with the breath of near snow-fields, but she allowed her rug to fall listlessly from her knees. She was a slender woman, with a fine, sweet face, and eyes like a distant, shadowy bit of the fiord.

Presently the door next her own opened, and a man, wearing a heavy suit of corduroy and a soft felt hat turned back from his straight brows, stopped near her. He was tall, generously made, and his smooth-shaven face, strong, determined, bore those unmistakable lines chiselled by the hardships of the far North.

He was the man who had occupied the seat next hers at table before she had been kept away by the trough and swell of Queen Charlotte Sound, and she looked up with a slight nod and smile.

He stooped and picked up the rug, folding it about her. "You've been having a pretty rough and lonesome time," he said, and the note of sympathy in his big voice brought the ready tears to her eyes.

"But the fruit you sent me was very nice, and it will be smoother sailing from this on. Just a long succession of mountain-locked channels. You see, I have made the Alaska trip before."

He did not answer, but while the steamer doubled the headland stood looking up the fiord.

"Have you spent much time at Dawson?" she asked presently.

"Yes, most of my time for five years. I was among the first to go in. My

claims are on El Dorado," replied her fellow-traveller.

"Why, that is where my husband's properties are. Perhaps you know him—Henry Bonner."

The man looked at her. A flash of humor leaped in his eyes. "Oh, yes, I know Bonner. In fact, I think a good deal of him."

"How fortunate! I shall like to know all his friends." She looked him over with new and critical interest. "You must be older and are much heavier, but he is about your height, and has the same square shoulders. He wore a thick, reddish-brown mustache."

"Yes, that's Bonner." He turned his hat-brim, shading his eyes, and looked off again up the fiord.

"Sometimes in letters he mentioned his friends. I wonder if he has told me of you?"

"Perhaps. I'm called Swiftwater on the Yukon. Swiftwater—Harry."

"Swiftwater." She repeated the name slowly, ruffling her perfect brows. "I don't remember."

"A name clings to a man up there," he explained quickly, "and I got mine the time I won out of a pretty swift current. The story followed me all over the country. It was horribly cold, you see, with lots of floating ice, and a weaker fellow couldn't have pulled through."

The ship made and rounded a green promontory. Her glance followed the unfolding breadth of shining sea. "I understand," she said. "I had such an accident when I came North before. It happened near Bennett. We had stopped for the night at the little way-house, and I went down to the shore to see the prospect. It was all very new to me, and I love rugged scenery: the grandeur of big crags and rough water and choppy ice-floes. I forgot myself and ventured too far. I fell into the current; and I should have been drowned, but a stran-

ger, going in to his claims near Dawson, risked himself for me."

"And you nearly died from exposure," he said. "You were sick so long that the people you were with—shame to them—went on to Dawson without you. And you came to the end of your money."

"I never had had very much, and it came to be almost nothing after my father died. And I hadn't a relative in the world."

"But," said he, "you had studied music, and had a well-trained voice. You believed if you went to a new place like Dawson you could do something with it. The people you started with, and whom you had met in a Seattle boarding-house, led you to think so. You expected to give concerts—you—in that rough mining-camp." That note of tenderness creeping into his voice brought the tears again to her eyes. She leaned farther over the railing. "Poor little woman. Those were pretty hard lines."

"I see he hasn't left much to be told," and she added, slowly, "He was generous and—and honorable from the start. He showed me the folly of my plans, and he put off his going from day to day just for me."

"And he ended by taking an unfair advantage."

She lifted her face. "No; you who are his friend should not say that. He married me because he was sorry for me, and it seemed the best way. And he brought me back to Skagway and put me on the south-bound steamer."

"And he told you on the dock—what was it he said?"

"He said: 'Don't be afraid, little woman; I won't ever trouble you. But if sometime you should happen to want me, just let me know.'" She repeated this very softly, with her glance turned to the shining sea.

"But, then, you never did send him that word."

"No, I never did. I wasn't ever quite—*sure*. You see, it was I who was unfair. I have spent his money, worn expensive clothes, lived in a nice way. I have travelled in Europe, everywhere. I have gone on with my music, studied in Germany and Italy. And I have given him—nothing."

"Oh, don't look at it in that way," he

said. "Don't let it trouble you. It has been a great satisfaction to him that he could make things pleasant for you. And your letters—you don't know what your letters meant to him. He used to get them out those long arctic nights, with the mercury sinking out of sight and the awful silence all around, and—I'm clumsy at explaining it, but—when he read them over, you seemed to somehow steal right into that cabin and warm and illuminate things."

"Did—did he read my letters to you?" She looked at him, and a little flush crept over her face.

"Why, yes." The humor leaped again in his eyes. "Yes. Do you blame him? But you can't understand how wearing the loneliness gets to be up there: a man must talk. And—well—you see, what Bonner knew I had to know. But," he added quickly, "I'm going now. I've bored you long enough. If I can do anything for you, let me know."

"You haven't bored me. Please don't think that. I'm very glad you happened to be making the trip;" and she smiled.

Sometime later, when he came around to his room, he found her still seated there. He opened his door and stepped out presently with his ulster and steamer cap. "It's blowing a little on the upper deck," he said, "but it's very nice up there, and there's plenty of walking-room. You can see both shores. You might like to use your camera."

"Oh, of course I must have some views, and I have let opportunities go just dreaming impossible dreams." She said this rising and drawing her cap more snugly over her brown hair, and brought the camera from her room.

He gave her his hand up the stair, and when they reached the upper deck he tucked her small palm under his arm. "You are not very sure-footed yet," he said, "but you will be after a turn or two." And she laughed, setting her step to his stride. There was a soft color in her cheek, and her eyes caught the sparkle of the sea.

Presently she said: "I have been thinking of what you told me. I had never thought of him in exactly that way, and what those lonely nights must have meant to him; but I had often imagined him working his claims: digging the frozen

earth, rocking out the gold. And I never liked to spend those little bags of nuggets he sent me. That is why I managed to keep most of them."

"So you saved the nuggets, did you?" The man's voice caught its tender note, but the merriment rose in his eyes. "And you thought he got them all out himself, right out of bed-rock. Why, he hasn't done much of that since he first struck it rich. He just stands around and superintends things, and stirs his blood about enough to keep warm. And he has lots of books up there, and some pretty good friends. And you mustn't think he has stayed there steady these years." The whistle boomed another warning, and the man turned his face to the coming bend. "You didn't know it, but the time you sailed for Europe he went way to New York to see you off. He stood there on the dock behind a pile of bales, waiting for a sight of your face. And when you came you had on a thick veil—and you never *lifted it*."

The ready tears brimmed to her eyes. "Oh, I am so sorry," she said. "Why didn't he let me know?"

"You forget; he had given his word not to trouble you."

The ship rounded the bluff hugging the verdant wall. A wave high up broke through a gap and plunged, a slender sheet of spray, from spur to spur.

"Then," he went on, "there was the time last winter when you visited those friends of yours in San Francisco. He got it into his head that if you saw him and came to know him better, he could make you care something for him. But when he found you the prettiest and the best-liked of all those smart society women, he hadn't the heart to make himself known. . . .

"And once he watched you from the darkest corner of the California. You were in a box. Your white cloak kept slipping from your pretty shoulder, and there was a little nodding feather in your hair. Your eyes were like near Yukon stars. The opera was *The Bohemian Girl*, and the voices were fine. He had always been fond of it. When he was only a boy he used to tell himself that somewhere in the world a little woman who could love like that was waiting for him, ready to give up everything for him, and stay by him through thick and thin. And when

he found you there at Bennett, well—he believed the time had come. You were the one sweetheart in the world for him. I know he was a fool, but—you see what that night at the opera meant to him."

"Yes," she said—"yes, I see. And he went North and wrote me that if I wished—he had thought it all over—that if I really wished he would even help me secure a divorce."

"But you answered that you did not believe in divorces, and that even if he wanted a separation, you yourself would never marry again."

"Yes, I wrote that," she said, "and it is quite true."

"Tell me this," he said quickly, "there was a nice, polished sort of fellow in that box at the opera: you must have known a good many such men. Did—was—there ever one you came to like well?"

She shook her head slowly. "Not in the way you mean—the way it is in me to love. I can at least tell him that." She paused, lifting her glance to his face. "And I am glad to be able to say it to his friend."

He stepped nearer the taffrail and looked up the fiord. Presently he said: "There's an Indian canoe coasting down with set lugsail. You ought to get a fine snap-shot. I haven't given you much chance to use your camera, but I'm going below now, to the smoking-room. I promised to explain things to a young tenderfoot going in to Manook."

She sat apart, watching the windings of the fiord. The camera rested unused beside her. Presently the steward brought her rug and book, and her face brightened with pleased surprise at the thoughtfulness that had prompted the sending of them. It was a late and interesting romance, written by a popular author; but though she opened it on her knee, long afterward, when the dining-gong sounded, she was looking off absently across the widening channel, and the page had not been turned.

When she came up from the dining-saloon the ship was crossing a broad strait. It was at the end of May, and the red Northern sun lingered in the horizon. A great headland, looming out of the stirring sea, gloomed a warm purple; and all the distant, snowy peaks beyond flushed a deepening rose. Westward across the

channel stretched a red trail, and in this path drifted a small sloop. The steamer slowed down, and while Helen watched from the railing, a woman, young, slight, timid, approached the ladder. She carried a canary in its cage and a potted geranium. The boat came alongside, propelled by a solitary navigator. Baggage and stores were hurriedly transferred from the ship, and having handed down the bird and plant, an officer helped his passenger over the side. When she reached the boat she stood for an instant with her palm on the man's arm, reading his bearded face. He bent and kissed her. The steamer forged ahead, and the little craft drifted astern.

It was not difficult to understand. This prospector was taking his wife to his solitary cabin up some distant gorge. She was to make for him in the great solitudes a home.

"Bless her!"

Helen turned. The mining man was at her elbow, looking after the sloop showing a dark and lessening outline against the brilliant sea. His breath came hard and quick; there was in his eyes a misty tenderness. His glance came back to hers.

"There's just one woman in the world I would ask that much of, and she doesn't care this for me." And he snapped his fingers lightly, and turning on his heel, walked up the deck.

It was still twilight when the steamer made the landing at Fort Wrangel. The social hall was deserted. She went over to the piano. It was a long time since she had touched the keys, and she seated herself, striking a few light chords. Then she began to play softly a chorus from *The Bohemian Girl*. Presently she commenced to sing, and this old opera, that hitherto had been simply good music, gathered new meaning and charm. She forgot herself. Her beautiful voice rose clearer, stronger, swelling through the open doors, flooding the still harbor. She sang on and on. And when she came to the end of the last aria, the tears that had brimmed her eyes so often that day were raining down her face. She rose and started to her room.

It was then, as she stepped out on the port deck, she saw she had had a listener.

The moon in her second quarter cast a narrow trail over the cove, and he stood, his hands gripping the taffrail, looking down this path to the silvered sea beyond. At the sound of her step he turned.

"You were right," he said. "You could have done something with your voice, but not there, not at Dawson."

She paused, with her hand on her door. "You like my voice a little, then?"

"Like it? Like it? Don't you know I love it? I love every part of you, from the top of your pretty head to the soles of your little feet. I can't think of anything else, I want you so."

She drew herself to all her slender height, lifting her small, imperious head. "You say that—you. And I hadn't believed it of you."

"It won't happen again," he replied. "I am going to stop off at Juneau while you finish your trip to Skagway and then come back."

"Back?" She looked at him. "I wrote my husband I should expect him to meet me anywhere beyond White Pass. I—I owe it to him."

"You owe it." The man repeated the words slowly. There was in his eyes the look of one who feels in an old wound the sudden wrench of a probe. "You owe it. Do you think I would take you, knowing that? Why, I would shoot myself first! I love you too well to spoil your life. I—"

"Please don't say any more. I can't—bear—it." She rose to her feet, staying herself with her hands on the railing. "I am more sorry than—you think;" and she looked straight at the passing berg. "I am sorry for us—both."

"Do you mean— Wait just a moment! Do you mean—"

"I mean I want you to be true to—to your friend."

At this a sudden light leaped in his face. "So," he said, gently, and his great voice shook—"so you could love a big, rough fellow like me, after all. And you don't know yet. I thought last night you understood. See here"—he laid his hand on her sleeve, compelling her glance—"see here; have a good look at me. I've changed some since that time at Bennett, but, don't you see? I'm *Bonner*."

The Poetry of Julia Cooley

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

NOT long ago I happened to be spending a few days with some friends who have a pleasant home in one of the green valleys of Connecticut. Among the members of the household was a little girl of eight, a simple, happy child, as childlike as a child could be, even more so than little girls of eight are apt to be in America. No child could possibly have less of the infant phenomenon about her, and I lived in the same house with her for several days without realizing the significance of little Julia Cooley—whose poetry I am about to introduce to the reader.

Julia Cooley is blest with a relative such as too seldom goes with the infant phenomenon—a sensible mother: a mother who in no way spoils her, or allows her to think that she is different from other children, while, of course, she is none the less happily conscious of the remarkable gifts of her little girl, and properly awake to her responsibility for their care and development. It was with great diffidence that Mrs. Cooley brought herself to speak to me about her little daughter's verses, and showed me the quaint little manuscripts—fearing that she might seem the usual fond deluded mother. But I shall be much surprised if the reader does not agree with me in thinking that it is no mere mother's love which sees a remarkable gift in a child who can write such verses at the age of eight. As a matter of fact, most of the poems I shall quote were written at the age of seven.

As one would expect, her poems are usually tiny, seldom more than four or six lines long, usually unrhymed, and it is significant that they are nearly all pictures of nature, for which the child seems to have quite a grown-up passion. I should say that she is a little Chicago girl, and only spends her summer holi-

days in Connecticut. One of her little songs is a quaint farewell to the Connecticut hills, on her going home to Chicago. It is by no means one of her best poems, but I bring it in here as being *à propos*:

FAREWELL.

Farewell, dear hills!
Farewell fore'er.
It really makes me cry.
Just think I must leave you
Forever and ever.
'Tis very sorrowful.
Forever, just think of it, fore'er.
Farewell!
Farewell, dear hills,
Farewell!

It is hardly fair to quote this first among her verses, and I only bring it in because it illustrates with its quaint little pathos of cadence a feeling for nature remarkably poignant in a child of seven. But here is another little poem of four lines which gives a better idea of Julia Cooley's gift of picture-making in words. She calls it "What Nature is like to Me."

The sun is like a golden crown,
The sky is like a blue and white knitted ball,
The grass is like little pieces of silk thread,
And the apple blossoms are like jewels.

In this, as in many others of the verses I shall quote, one is reminded of those tiny Japanese verses Mr. Lafcadio Hearn translates for us so exquisitely, and the imagery has often that naïve concreteness which we find in the old folk-songs.

Take two or three more examples:

The grass is getting green,
The daisies up are springing,
And the hills are woven purple,
While the birds commence their singing.

The pigeons are coming fluttering and twit-
tering out of the pigeon-house,
How green the grass is!
The leaves are fluttering down from the
trees,
How blue the sky is!

The buds have come and gone,
And the leaves are falling,
The floods of rain have not ceased,
The light of morning has gone,
And nightfall is coming on.

Tiny and simple as these three little poems are, do they not show a remarkable power of conveying an impression, painting a picture, a power of selecting the vivid essential and leaving the rest which is all too rare among grown-ups, but which in a child of seven is little short of uncanny?

I will now quote several poems in which the pictorial quality of observation is blent with a sort of baby meditateness. The first is called "Dear Little Blue Grass."

Little purpel blue grass,
Among the grasses I found thee growing,
Dear little lass,
Thee grows where farmers all are mowing.

She has difficulty with her pronouns in this picture of "The Dear Little Buttercup":

You are yellow as the sun,
Thou growest among the tall grasses,
And out of thee I get pleasure and fun,
I findest thou in masses.

Again, this of "The Cheese Flower":

Thou are white and purpel
And shaped like a cup,
Your color is very simpel,
And you are a flower of luck.

Once more, best of all, this of "The Clover":

You dear little downy flower,
I foundest thee by the hill,
I have played with thee by the hour,—
Why art thou so still?

Here is a charming little lyric called "The Joyful Leaves":

You merry little leaves,
How can you be so happy,

Always dancing from morn till night.
While you are happy, I am sorrowful.
You show that you are happy,
Because green is a happy color—
Merry little leaves,
Merry little leaves,
Merry little leaves.

In regard to this the baby artist's comment on the fourth line shouldn't go untold. Coming with the lines to her mother, she said, "You know, mother, I don't really mean that I'm sorrowful. I only say it for the sake of the poetry." There surely spoke the artistic temperament in bud.

Presumably, too, this little poem was written only "for the sake of the poetry," and not from actual experience. It is called "My Lover":

Over the hills and far away,
Where my true lover lives,
O'er the valleys have I searched in vain,
O my heart has sunk in griefs.

As Mrs. Browning has said, young poets are always "sexagenary at sixteen," but a broken heart at seven is surely the height indeed of precocious Wertherism. The really curious thing, however, is that our little eight-year-old poet should be conscious that when she writes so she is sad "on purpose," sad for artistic reasons! Sadness, indeed, is anything but characteristic of her sunny childhood. Rather is she "the Happy One," as she describes herself in this fascinating little poem, which she wrote one day while I was staying in her Connecticut home:

I'm not the silent one,
I'm not the one that sits and reads the
livelong day,
I'm not the stone, the nesting bird, or the
shadow of the stone;
I'm the romping, scampering one,
I'm the one who runs and sings among the
flowering fields,
I'm like the leaves, the grass, the wind, the
happy little butterfly, and the little
scampering clouds.

Here I may fittingly bring in two little prose-poetry pictures—one might almost say—à la Whitman.

See the little children dancing to the merry
music,
See the poor music girl reach for the money,

Look at the clear sunset of crimson, purple, and pink,
See the grass—it looks like embroidery.
Doesn't it make her happy?

Three little girls at play, jumping rope,
The clouds are black above them, but they
do not see,
They are so preoccupied in their play,
The shy squirrel knew that rain was coming on.

I have throughout spoken of Julia Cooley sometimes as an eight-year-old poet, and sometimes as seven, but, as a matter of fact, she was a poet long before she was seven, and before she could either write or spell. In this connection I am privileged to quote from a letter which her mother wrote to her father during one of the Connecticut holidays. The letter is dated October 15, 1899, at which time Julia was six years and three months old. "Sunday is Julia's helpless day," writes Mrs. Cooley to her husband. "On other days she roams from one end of the farm to the other, and asks no odds of any one. Yesterday she came in from the hill, where she had been husking corn with Hall and Henry, rosy and bright-eyed and beautiful. She said she had made up a little song, which she thought I would like to write down in a book! So I got out pencil and paper, and wrote as she sang or chanted in a stirring monotone:

"Walking on the hill I saw five little dandelions with their yellow dresses on.
They thought it was summer!
Six of them had gone to seed and had their white dresses on.
They knew it was fall!
I was helping the farmers with the corn;
the blue sky above, and the sunshine!"

"Later again Julia came in smiling with the ecstasy of composition, and when my pencil and paper were ready, she sang:

"It was an autumn day!
The leaves had turned brown and yellow and red,
And were gently falling.
It was an autumn day!"

In other respects I understand that Julia Cooley was not a specially pre-
cious child.

At six years and three months, as we have seen, she could not read, write, or spell; but here again she was presently to demonstrate a remarkable capacity. Within a year from that time she could do all three at least as well as children twice her age. At the present time she can read the most difficult book glibly at sight, and with apparent understanding of its meaning: at all events, with intelligent emphasis and pause.

Here are some of Julia's latest poems, just come to me after I had completed this article. It will be observed that nature is still her favorite subject. The second poem seems to me particularly striking, while the title alone of the first is very imaginative.

MOTHER HILL.

The fleecy clouds, dressed in a soft dress of white,
Are resting in the green velvet lap of a loving lady hill;
Soon 'twill be time for them to slumber.
But, where will the lady leave them?
She will keep the little lambkins in her loving lap at night.

THE LITTLE BROOK.

Little singing brook!
Babbling in and out between the sparkling stones,
And singing in the tone of blithest merriment;
See the rainbow shining from the shadowy nook.
Do you slumber quietly at night,
And sing no more?

THE RAINDROPS.

When at morn I saw the world in a dew-drop dress,
I knew what had happened, the rain had kissed each flower lovingly.
So sweet and so loving was the kiss that it shone like silver,
And the air was filled with fragrance.

A QUIET HOME.

Mamma sits in her chair reading a book,
Papa sits in his arm-chair reading the newspaper,
Sister sits in her little chair with her doll, drawing,
And baby sits on the floor with his picture-book and rag doll:
Such a happy family, all by the quiet fire,
And the great red sun seems just as happy.

Through the Valley of Illusion

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

I

THE kindly old doctor had pounded Sudworth about a good deal, and then, turning grave in the midst of his quiet jocularities, had said, by way of preparation, that a relapse from pneumonia was a more or less serious thing at times. After that he had slowly placed the stethoscope on his desk once more, and looked at his patient with questioning and yet kindly eyes. Then he drummed thoughtfully on the desk-top with his short, strong fingers, and asked the other if there chanced to be any particular part of Mexico he had a liking for.

For a pitiful moment or two the old doctor's quiet laughter and intimate little commonplaces, as he had busily tapped and explored and listened, had all but misled his patient. But from the moment of that ultimate question a veil seemed to fall between Sudworth and the life that lay so close about him. He knew that thereafter he must touch all things with muffled hands, as through a mist.

"It's not—not *that?*" cried Sudworth, poignantly, catching at the old doctor's elbow in a passing moment of darkness.

The old doctor still tried to laugh a little, and then lied stoutly, as doctors often must. The sudden pallor of the patient disturbed him.

"No, no, my dear fellow, of course not!" he said, with an affectionate hand on the other's shoulder. "It's not *quite* that, but it may be, you know, if we don't catch it in time. A year or two in Mexico often—er—does wonders."

"A year or two!" repeated Sudworth, thinly. The fuller meaning of what it all stood for was piercing slowly through his dazed senses. "But I hate the place!"

The old doctor handed him a little tapering glass filled with port-wine. "Young man," and he looked at him almost sternly, "do you ever pull up to think over just how lucky you are to have a good comfortable bank account—to

possess half a million or so to do what you like with? I know men, plenty of 'em, poor devils, tied down here to die, held to the East by poverty! And with wives, too!"

"With wives?" Sudworth repeated, without expression.

"So think a little what *your* luck means. You are able to get away from the city—"

"But what's life—to me—away from the city?" cried Sudworth.

"Life is life," almost wearily answered the other, "the world over!"

"But to me life here in the city means so much!" Sudworth looked up suddenly. "Why couldn't I run up the State somewhere for a few weeks?"

Their eyes met for a silent moment.

"It's too late, my boy; too late for that! I want to get you out West and a good six thousand feet up before I can feel safe. And the sooner the better. Now what do you say to Colorado?"

"Must I leave it?" pleaded Sudworth.

"To-morrow!" was the doctor's answer.

Muffled up in his hansom, Sudworth gazed out through the misty windows at the city. Already it seemed far away, shadowy, insubstantial. It lay before him, a world which he knew he must look upon for the last time; and even as he looked it appeared to take on new aspects. Over it crept a forlorn sense of beauty and romance. It seemed to lie about him glorified by some softening evanescence.

With his glove he wiped the gathering mist from the hansom window, and looked out hungrily, as a prisoner might, upon the life and color and busy movement of the city streets. Turning into Fifth Avenue, he watched for the familiar faces in the line of open carriages that drifted by. It would be, he knew, for the last time. He looked after them wistfully.

The things he had loved! He repeated

it again and again. And how would *she* accept it, he wondered,—she, with her grave gray eyes in which was written so plainly her woman's capability for suffering, with her proud line of mouth and lip that could not altogether hide some inner passion for sacrifice, some unuttered pleading for her woman's right of pain?

"When this sort of thing happens, a man always ought to thank God he's free!" the old doctor had said to him.

In that lay the bitterest sting of it all. And he rebelled hotly at the seeming injustice of a sick man being put to such a test. Could he call himself free? Although they had known their troubled moments—Alice Hilliard and he—through even those final days of estrangement he could not evade the consciousness of how ultimate and absolute had been her love for him. He had seen and known it long ago—from the days when he had stood before her so boyish, so untried. Each passing estrangement, even, was nothing more than the inevitable back current of a river at too high flood, a momentary uncertain eddy in the passionate impetuosity of hearts still young.

For one weak moment he told himself that he would go to her, that she should understand everything, and know what it was costing him, to the bitterest end. But the grave gray eyes seemed to gaze in at him through the misty windows, and as he looked out on them his tattered line of courage crept back to him, and he won. Alone he must go, like a man. For all time she must be given up. Those were the words that swayed emptily back and forth in his tired brain as he drove past under her windows that afternoon, and for the last time looked up, yet saw nothing but gloomy brownstone and closely drawn blinds.

As he looked, an open victoria drew briskly up at the curb beside him. Something familiar in the poise of the fur-clad figure, something unmistakable in the glint of the wintry sun on the bright chestnut hair, started his heart throbbing chokingly. He knew but one thing, and that was that he could not go without speaking to her.

"Alice!" he cried, fumbling and fight-

ing desperately with the hansom window swung down maddeningly before him.

"Alice!" he cried tremulously, pushing back the window and leaning out into the cold wintry air. "Alice!"

The woman in the carriage looked up quickly, and smiled and nodded as he swept past.

Then it was he realized it was not Alice, but her sister Margaret, who gayly waved a huge fur muff after him as she laughed at the mistake.

Gayly he waved his gloved hand back at her, and then dropped into his cushioned seat, and watched the mist gather once more on the windows.

II

Warriner's wife's sister was waiting for the brougham. She walked languidly up and down the room, with a wealth of watered silk train over her arm.

"Where's Margaret?" Warriner asked, buried in his evening paper. "Isn't she going?"

"No; Margaret is hopeless," said the girl, wearily. "She's staying home to play button with the baby!"

Warriner looked at her, for the moment detached. He noticed that in some way her face had missed the softer lines of Margaret's. It was only her second season, but she seemed bent on shaking the last petal from her girlhood.

The girl ceased walking, and dropped moodily into a chair by the fire. Her slippered foot tapped impatiently on the floor. Her eyes wandered emptily about the walls. Warriner was wondering, vaguely, when she would tire of it all, and when, if ever, the change would come. The impatiently tapping foot came to a stop.

"Where did you pick up that Hebe in bronze, Alfred?" she asked suddenly, standing on tiptoe to reach the little figure from the high mantel-shelf. She stopped to blow a trace of dust from it, and turned it over curiously in her gloved hands.

"It belonged to a man named Sudworth."

The Hebe fell from her gloved fingers to her lap.

"And what happened?"

"He had to go away."



SUDWORTH GAZED OUT THROUGH THE MISTY WINDOWS AT THE CITY

The gloved fingers still played nervously with the bronze figure in her lap.

"Oh, I see; the—er—law, I suppose?" She said it lightly, but she dared not look round.

"No-o-o; he just went away," answered Warriner from behind his paper.

"Then it was love?" The other smiled.

"No; it was lungs."

"Oh!" said she. "Tell me about it."

"I have told you," said Warriner. "There's nothing more!"

"But who was this Sudworth?" asked the girl, studying her hair in the mirror. Her gloved hands clasped the arms of her chair. Warriner could not see her face.

"A good fellow," he said, simply; "an unspeakably good fellow!"

"Oh, then he *did* die!" said the girl, laughing, and turning from the mirror.

Some intangible sense of escape made her reckless.

"Alice!" reproved her brother-in-law; "Alice!" Then, sorrowfully, after looking up at her for a moment in silence, "Surely your two seasons haven't made you that bad?"

The girl sighed, and looked at him with gently reproving eyes, in which he could see, or thought he could see, some smouldering passion for self-sacrifice and devotion. He took the bronze Hebe from her hand.

"Poor chap; he was the best fellow I ever knew!"

"Alas, poor Yorick!" said the girl.

Her sister's husband frowned.

"But good fellows are so rare, Alfred," lamented the other, carefully spreading the watered silk at her feet. "They are so rare! Now tell me about him, please!"

"There's nothing more to tell," said Warriner. "He gave me this little Hebe the last time I saw him."

"But when?"

"The night he said good-by to us all. He left me the little thing—well, as a sort of remembrance."

"What did he say? What did he do?"

"He said he wanted us to help him away. His doctor had ordered him off to the West,—off to Banff, up among the Canadian Rockies. But he couldn't crawl off to the desert without one last night of it. So he insisted on spending the evening with us—the Solemn Seven, they used to call us. It was only play, of course, but with him as he was it was madness, we knew. Still, he insisted on it, and some way or other we couldn't refuse him, and so we saw the evening out with him. Most men, I suppose, would have been knocked off their legs by the news, coming the way it did—so suddenly, I mean. But he seemed to take it all with a wistful grin, and then off he went to his wilderness."

"But did he really know, did he think he—he was dying?" asked the girl, tremulously.

"Oh yes, he knew. But he didn't know we did. He kept saying to us that he'd be back again. All along he kept speaking of it as a little—well, as a sort of hunting trip. He joked about his old doctor, too, and I remember how he said, with his fine, quiet laugh, that he'd be

back, sound as a dollar, in a month or two. 'In a year, at any rate,' he added rather quickly, putting his hand up to his side and turning pretty white as he spoke. But he knew all along the East was death to him. We all felt pretty sure we'd never see him again. And he knew it, too; but he didn't know we knew, so he played his part out to the end, and would have no coddling. He insisted on the theatre, and a supper, and carriages for all of us—no funereal four-wheelers, he laughed, but hansom, for the sake of old times."

"And then what?" asked the girl, two great tears running slowly down her averted face.

"He tried to make a speech at the end of our supper, but a fit of coughing came over him, and we had to lift him into an arm-chair and give him chopped ice to eat. They wanted me to take him home, but he quieted down in a few minutes, and then, with his boyish smile, he stood up and drank to our health. Then some one else stood up and proposed the same to him. The rest saw it was a mistake, but it was too late, so we had to see it through.

"He sat it out beautifully. To this day I can remember that light, jaunty, gentlemanly laugh of his, as one by one they said good-by to him, and wrung his hand, and went off with wet eyes and quiet faces!"

"And then?" asked the girl.

"Then he gave way—broke down, in fact, as soon as we were alone, and begged me to drive back with him. 'Good-by, old city! Good-by!' he said, laughingly, as we turned from the glare of Broadway into the quietness and darkness of the Avenue. In his rooms that night he gave me the Hebe. 'Here's a little thing I want you to keep, old man,' he said, as he handed it to me. 'It's a Hebe, I'm told—Hebe, who lived among the gods till she slipped with her cups, and then, I suppose, they bundled her off to some prehistoric wilderness or other.' And that was the last time I ever saw him."

"But what of her,—the woman?" asked the girl.

"Must there be a woman?"

The girl's voice was low, and her head was on her breast. "Did—did he say there was no woman?"



"BUT DID HE REALLY KNOW—HE WAS DYING?"

"No, for there was. That's the worst part of it!"

"Then why didn't he go to her at such a time? Surely she—" The girl stopped.

"He didn't have the heart, poor fellow. He told me as much that night. They had had some foolish little quarrel, and he let that stand as the excuse. Yet all along he knew—in fact, I could see that he knew it—that she would have gone with him. But he talked vaguely about not spoiling her young life, and said he couldn't drag a girl off to a wilderness and chain her for life to a walking cough. So he never told her."

"And the woman,—what became of her?"

Warriner looked into a white face that frightened him.

"I never knew. He never told me, you see, who or what she was." Then he added: "But there were plenty of ways for the woman to have found out, I think, if she had cared!"

III

The tawny-haired young hotel guide went whistling down the tortuous bridle-path of the Corkscrew. The girl stood alone on the summit of Tunnel Mountain, leaning dazed against the rustic exedra that stood in a clump of stunted pines.

She could have said it was all a trick of the fancy, had not the shrill clarity of the mountain air tingled so tangibly in her nostrils. The long journey across the continent, the dust and the noise and the days of level prairie, the first green glimpse of the foot-hills, the stepping out before the strange little highland station-house of pine logs, the ride in the rumbling old omnibus up through the steep road that wound along the little town of tiny pine chalets, the coolness of the still air of the late afternoon, the tinkling of many waters, the long climb up the Corkscrew to the summit of Tunnel Mountain,—it all seemed so unreal, so like a dream, so like a vague memory of some half-forgotten Swiss excursion of her girlhood days, that she closed her eyes for a moment or two, and shut out the glare of the blue-white snow-fields and the closer gloom of the mountain-sides towering about her.

She sat down on the little exedra of

rock and pine, and endeavored to clutch something palpable from the dim impressions that danced about her wearied mind. The young hotel guide had told her—in French, for he was a child of the Swiss Alps—that he knew the gentleman well. Every afternoon, between four and five, he had said, the gentleman climbed the Corkscrew and rested for half an hour or so on the summit. Yes, he had been in Banff for two years, if he remembered aright. At first they had carried him up to the Sanitarium, white, and wrapped in blankets. A few weeks later the gentleman had been able to drive out in a cart, and by June he was able to walk up the Corkscrew and back alone.

The consciousness of what this meant to her crept over the girl in one great wave of unutterable thankfulness. He was not dead. He was not even dying. He was alive and well; strong and vigorous; stronger and more vigorous, perhaps, than she was herself.

She opened her eyes and looked down where the tumbling Spray and the narrow Bow River twined like blue ribbons through the quiet valley below—so far below that the little town of chalets nestling among the dark pines looked like a child's play village to her, standing among play trees. The sweet thin air left a tang, almost a taste, in her throat. The wide outlook, the serenity of those imperturbable mountains brooding in the golden afternoon sunlight, gave her a sense of isolation, of ineffable peace.

In what place better, she thought, could a woman come to meet the man she loved? The man she loved! She stopped at the thought. It was two years—two long years! There was the possibility that, after all, it might prove, if not a tragic mistake, at least some humiliating comic blunder even harder to bear. Both of them—how might they not have changed in those two years? Perhaps, after all, it was too late.

IV

A step sounded on the rough path. The girl looked up and saw a tall figure swinging towards her through the gathering twilight. For days she had brooded over just what those first words were to be, and just how she should greet him.

She tried to rise to her feet and

she speak. She could not move. Her heart beat drunkenly, and a roaring of wind came in her ears.

"I'm late to-day!" said the man, simply.

He threw himself down in the rustic seat opposite her.

"But it's the first time, isn't it?" he said, speaking with the old boyish smile, and pushing back his cap with the old boyish gesture.

The girl's eyes dilated. Then it *was* a dream, after all. It was all a dream world; she was a dream woman, looking down on a dream man, and the sky and the mountains and the pines about her were dreams as well!

He was speaking to her, and she turned to him, wonderingly.

"Dear, I'm sorry about it," he said. "It has pained you, I know; and you have always been so good, Alice, and so generous. It was Macfarlane; he has had a bad day of it. I knew you would be up here waiting, waiting, the same as you have waited ever since that first day!"

Pausing, he turned his eyes, tender with a strange light, to her face. He drew back with a sudden little cry.

"Why, how you have changed! Alice, what is it? You are so white to-day, so tired-looking, so—"

He stopped short, for the girl had put her hand up to her throat and slipped weakly to the earth, uttering a little cry of anguish. He was mad, she whispered.

"Mad?" said the man, quietly, not moving where he sat. "After all, it *is* a sort of madness, isn't it? But it is the only way—I explained that to you long ago—and it has its reward, you know. Think, Alice, of nothing but three dying men and a dull young doctor to talk to most of the year! What poor devil *could* live alone in such quietness as this, in such silence, in such unspeakable solitude? I thought you understood, and were never to bring it up again!"

The girl crept slowly back to her seat.

"No, no; it's not madness, Alice; it's the only way left for me to escape madness, or worse!"

The girl turned her white face to him.

"Jamie!" she wailed, going back to the old name. "Jamie, do you know me?"

He laughed quietly.

"Yes, dear; of course I know you!"

But he did not see her. His eyes went through and beyond her, gazing into space and dream. A new light came into the girl's face as she watched him.

"Jamie," she said, in a voice so low it was almost a whisper, "do you—do you still care for me?"

"I have loved you always!" he said to the wind and pines.

With a sudden hunger the girl stretched out her arms to him. He shook his head sadly. A touch of the old whimsical smile played about his mouth.

"No, no," he said, forlornly. "That doesn't do; for it's then you always get away from me. I don't want to lose you for all the rest of the day."

Oh, what a lot, what a lot lay before her in life, she told her throbbing heart. What a task she had! What a patient hand she must reach out to him in that valley of illusion!

A revulsion of feeling, a singing reaction, surged thrillingly through her. She laughed at him, almost hysterically.

"Tell me," she said, companionably—"tell me what you do all the time here."

"About Aileen and everything?" he asked, simply.

"Yes, Aileen and everything, from the beginning," she answered, with a mysterious pang at the unknown name.

"Well, at eight I go up to the Cave and Basin for my plunge. See, you can just get a glimpse of it from here,—but of course you know. Then I go back to the chalet,—the chalet you said you didn't like, it looked so plain and bare and little among the pines there. It's not like a brownstone front, is it? Then I milk Aileen."

"Oh!" was all the girl said.

"Then I have cream and coffee and bread and eggs, and you know eggs are a most woful luxury up here. Then I usually take Aileen out for her grass, except Sundays, when I go to see Macfarlane. He's getting ready to go off, poor fellow; and I have to write his letters for him. Funny chap; he makes me declare that he's always gaining, and that he'll be able to go East soon, and yet, in a way, he knows he's got to go—the longer way. He insists that I'm to take his chalet and his dog, at the end. When they brought him up here they said he wouldn't last a week, but, bless



"IF IT WEREN'T SO LONELY," HE CONTINUED

you, he's been a year dying. Then the doctor comes over from the Sanitarium and lectures me about bathing too early and smoking too much and sitting up here after sundown. Then I wait till it's time to come up the Corkscrew once more,—to the summit, and you!"

The girl sighed.

"That ridiculous young doctor keeps telling me that when I'm able to climb Mount Rundle he'll give me my ticket of leave. Think of it, go East once more! But I knew well enough I'd never find you on Mount Rundle, so I've stuck to the Corkscrew."

While he spoke he picked up the glove she had left lying on the seat, and kept nervously buttoning and unbuttoning it in his fingers.

"If it weren't so lonely," he continued, "it would be— Well, *if* I could only coax you down to the chalet and only keep you there with me, dear me, dear me, my Alice, how merrily we could put in the days! There would be Aileen, and the books, and a bit of fishing now and

then, and the fire in winter, and the peaks in summer, and Macfarlane's dog, perhaps, and the pines, and—" He paused, fingering the glove carelessly. It refused to unbutton. He raised it closer to his eyes. Then he stopped abruptly.

From the glove he looked up suddenly through the dusk at the girl. Its mate was on her hand. The evening breeze was rippling her chestnut-brown hair; the cold half-light shone luminously on her pale face.

He drew his hand slowly across his bewildered eyes. He opened his lips to speak, but said nothing.

The girl stretched out her arms, and ran to him with a childish little cry.

"Dreamer!" she said, through her tears.

He took the living, breathing woman to his breast. A star came out over the white summits of the Rockies. The evening stillness of the mountains lay rapturously around them.

"It was so lonely!" he said, still holding her.

Wert thou but Dead

BY MARY SINTON LEWIS

WERT thou but dead
That yearning of the arms that clasp the dark
In long night watches when the soul doth hark
For Memory's whispers—even that agony
Were sweet if Memory still could comfort me;
But Memory's sweetness is forever fled.
Wert thou but dead!

Wert thou but dead
Some golden-rod from thy gold hair might grow,
A wild blush-rose from thy cold cheek might blow,
And all the fragrance of thy grave would steal
Athwart my heart, and make my senses reel
With past delight—till present pain were sped.
Wert thou but dead!

Wert thou but dead!
Ah, then, mayhap, I should no longer crave
The sensuous sweetness of thy grassy grave;
But—all my passion purified—should feel
Divinest love my anguished spirit seal,
For then from heaven my starving soul were fed.
Were thou but dead!

The Monkey's Paw

BY W. W. JACOBS

I
WITHOUT, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlor of Lakesnam Villa the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess, the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical changes, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting placidly by the fire.

"Hark at the wind," said Mr. White, who, having seen a fatal mistake after it was too late, was amiably desirous of preventing his son from seeing it.

"I'm listening," said the latter, grimly surveying the board as he stretched out his hand. "Check."

"I should hardly think that he'd come to-night," said his father, with his hand poised over the board.

"Mate," replied the son.

"That's the worst of living so far out," bawled Mr. White, with sudden and unlooked-for violence; "of all the beastly, slushy, out-of-the-way places to live in, this is the worst. Pathway's a bog, and the road's a torrent. I don't know what people are thinking about. I suppose because only two houses on the road are let, they think it doesn't matter."

"Never mind, dear," said his wife, soothingly; "perhaps you'll win the next one."

Mr. White looked up sharply, just in time to intercept a knowing glance between mother and son. The words died away on his lips, and he hid a guilty grin in his thin gray beard.

"There he is," said Herbert White, as the gate banged to loudly and heavy footsteps came towards the door.

The old man rose with hospitable haste, and opening the door, was heard condoling with the new arrival. The new arrival also consoled with himself, so that Mrs. White said, "Tut, tut!" and cough-

ed gently as her husband entered the room, followed by a tall burly man, beady of eye and rubicund of visage.

"Sergeant-Major Morris," he said, introducing him.

The sergeant-major shook hands, and taking the proffered seat by the fire, watched contentedly while his host got out whiskey and tumblers and stood a small copper kettle on the fire.

At the third glass his eyes got brighter, and he began to talk, the little family circle regarding with eager interest this visitor from distant parts, as he squared his broad shoulders in the chair and spoke of strange scenes and doughty deeds, of wars and plagues and strange peoples.

"Twenty-one years of it," said Mr. White, nodding at his wife and son. "When he went away he was a slip of a youth in the warehouse. Now look at him."

"He don't look to have taken much harm," said Mrs. White, politely.

"I'd like to go to India myself," said the old man, "just to look round a bit, you know."

"Better where you are," said the sergeant-major, shaking his head. He put down the empty glass, and sighing softly, shook it again.

"I should like to see those old temples and fakirs and jugglers," said the old man. "What was that you started telling me the other day about a monkey's paw or something, Morris?"

"Nothing," said the soldier, hastily. "Leastways nothing worth hearing."

"Monkey's paw?" said Mrs. White, curiously.

"Well, it's just a bit of what you might call magic, perhaps," said the sergeant-major, off-handedly.

His three listeners leaned forward eagerly. The visitor absent-mindedly put his empty glass to his lips and then set it down again. His host filled it for him.

"To look at," said the sergeant-major,

fumbling in his pocket, "it's just an ordinary little paw, dried to a mummy."

He took something out of his pocket and proffered it. Mrs. White drew back with a grimace, but her son, taking it, examined it curiously.

"And what is there special about it?" inquired Mr. White as he took it from his son, and having examined it, placed it upon the table.

"It had a spell put on it by an old fakir," said the sergeant-major, "a very holy man. He wanted to show that fate ruled people's lives, and that those who interfered with it did so to their sorrow. He put a spell on it so that three separate men could each have three wishes from it."

His manner was so impressive that his hearers were conscious that their light laughter jarred somewhat.

"Well, why don't you have three, sir?" said Herbert White, cleverly.

The soldier regarded him in the way that middle age is wont to regard presumptuous youth. "I have," he said, quietly, and his blotchy face whitened.

"And did you really have the three wishes granted?" asked Mrs. White.

"I did," said the sergeant-major, and his glass tapped against his strong teeth.

"And has anybody else wished?" inquired the old lady.

"The first man had his three wishes, yes," was the reply. "I don't know what the first two were, but the third was for death. That's how I got the paw."

His tones were so grave that a hush fell upon the group.

"If you've had your three wishes, it's no good to you now, then, Morris," said the old man at last. "What do you keep it for?"

The soldier shook his head. "Fancy, I suppose," he said, slowly. "I did have some idea of selling it, but I don't think I will. It has caused enough mischief already. Besides, people won't buy. They think it's a fairy-tale, some of them, and those who do think anything of it want to try it first and pay me afterwards."

"If you could have another three wishes," said the old man, eyeing him keenly, "would you have them?"

"I don't know," said the other. "I don't know."

He took the paw, and dangling it be-

tween his front finger and thumb, suddenly threw it upon the fire. White, with a slight cry, stooped down and snatched it off.

"Better let it burn," said the soldier, solemnly.

"If you don't want it, Morris," said the old man, "give it to me."

"I won't," said his friend, doggedly. "I threw it on the fire. If you keep it, don't blame me for what happens. Pitch it on the fire again, like a sensible man."

The other shook his head and examined his new possession closely. "How do you do it?" he inquired.

"Hold it up in your right hand and wish aloud," said the sergeant-major, "but I warn you of the consequences."

"Sounds like the *Arabian Nights*," said Mrs. White, as she rose and began to set the supper. "Don't you think you might wish for four pairs of hands for me?"

Her husband drew the talisman from his pocket, and then all three burst into laughter as the sergeant-major, with a look of alarm on his face, caught him by the arm.

"If you must wish," he said, gruffly, "wish for something sensible."

Mr. White dropped it back into his pocket, and placing chairs, motioned his friend to the table. In the business of supper the talisman was partly forgotten, and afterwards the three sat listening in an enthralled fashion to a second instalment of the soldier's adventures in India.

"If the tale about the monkey paw is not more truthful than those he has been telling us," said Herbert, as the door closed behind their guest, just in time for him to catch the last train, "we sha'n't make much out of it."

"Did you give him anything for it, father?" inquired Mrs. White, regarding her husband closely.

"A trifle," said he, coloring slightly. "He didn't want it, but I made him take it. And he pressed me again to throw it away."

"Likely," said Herbert, with pretended horror. "Why, we're going to be rich, and famous, and happy. Wish to be an emperor, father, to begin with; then you can't be henpecked."

He darted round the table, pursued by the maligned Mrs. White armed with an antimacassar.

Mr. White took the paw from his pocket and eyed it dubiously. "I don't know what to wish for, and that's a fact," he said, slowly. "It seems to me I've got all I want."

"If you only cleared the house, you'd be quite happy, wouldn't you?" said Herbert, with his hand on his shoulder. "Well, wish for two hundred pounds, then; that'll just do it."

His father, smiling shamefacedly at his own credulity, held up the talisman, as his son, with a solemn face somewhat marred by a wink at his mother, sat down at the piano and struck a few impressive chords.

"I wish for two hundred pounds," said the old man, distinctly.

A fine crash from the piano greeted the words, interrupted by a shuddering cry from the old man. His wife and son ran towards him.

"It moved," he cried, with a glance of disgust at the object as it lay on the floor. "As I wished, it twisted in my hands like a snake."

"Well, I don't see the money," said his son as he picked it up and placed it on the table, "and I bet I never shall."

"It must have been your fancy, father," said his wife, regarding him anxiously.

He shook his head. "Never mind, though; there's no harm done, but it gave me a shock all the same."

They sat down by the fire again while the two men finished their pipes. Outside, the wind was higher than ever, and the old man started nervously at the sound of a door banging upstairs. A silence unusual and depressing settled upon all three, which lasted until the old couple rose to retire for the night.

"I expect you'll find the cash tied up in a big bag in the middle of your bed," said Herbert, as he bade them good-night, "and something horrible squatting up on top of the wardrobe watching you as you pocket your ill-gotten gains."

II

In the brightness of the wintry sun next morning as it streamed over the breakfast table Herbert laughed at his fears. There was an air of prosaic wholesomeness about the room which it had lacked on the previous night, and the

dirty, shrivelled little paw was pitched on the sideboard with a carelessness which betokened no great belief in its virtues.

"I suppose all old soldiers are the same," said Mrs. White. "The idea of our listening to such nonsense! How could wishes be granted in these days? And if they could, how could two hundred pounds hurt you, father?"

"Might drop on his head from the sky," said the frivolous Herbert.

"Morris said the things happened so naturally," said his father, "that you might if you so wished attribute it to coincidence."

"Well, don't break into the money before I come back," said Herbert as he rose from the table. "I'm afraid it'll turn you into a mean, avaricious man, and we shall have to disown you."

His mother laughed, and following him to the door, watched him down the road, and returning to the breakfast table, was very happy at the expense of her husband's credulity. All of which did not prevent her from scurrying to the door at the postman's knock, nor prevent her from referring somewhat shortly to retired sergeant-majors of bibulous habits when she found that the post brought a tailor's bill.

"Herbert will have some more of his funny remarks, I expect, when he comes home," she said as they sat at dinner.

"I dare say," said Mr. White, pouring himself out some beer; "but for all that, the thing moved in my hand; that I'll swear to."

"You thought it did," said the old lady, soothingly.

"I say it did," replied the other. "There was no thought about it; I had just— What's the matter?"

His wife made no reply. She was watching the mysterious movements of a man outside, who, peering in an undecided fashion at the house, appeared to be trying to make up his mind to enter. In mental connection with the two hundred pounds, she noticed that the stranger was well dressed and wore a silk hat of glossy newness. Three times he paused at the gate, and then walked on again. The fourth time he stood with his hand upon it, and then with sudden resolution flung it open and walked up the path. Mrs. White at the same moment placed

her hands behind her, and hurriedly unfastening the strings of her apron, put that useful article of apparel beneath the cushion of her chair.

She brought the stranger, who seemed ill at ease, into the room. He gazed furtively at Mrs. White, and listened in a preoccupied fashion as the old lady apologized for the appearance of the room, and her husband's coat, a garment which he usually reserved for the garden. She then waited as patiently as her sex would permit for him to broach his business, but he was at first strangely silent.

"I—was asked to call," he said at last, and stooped and picked a piece of cotton from his trousers. "I come from 'Maw and Meggins.'"

The old lady started. "Is anything the matter?" she asked, breathlessly. "Has anything happened to Herbert? What is it? What is it?"

Her husband interposed. "There, there, mother," he said, hastily. "Sit down, and don't jump to conclusions. You've not brought bad news, I'm sure, sir," and he eyed the other wistfully.

"I'm sorry—" began the visitor.

"Is he hurt?" demanded the mother.

The visitor bowed in assent. "Badly hurt," he said, quietly, "but he is not in any pain."

"Oh, thank God!" said the old woman, clasping her hands. "Thank God for that! Thank—"

She broke off suddenly as the sinister meaning of the assurance dawned upon her and she saw the awful confirmation of her fears in the other's averted face. She caught her breath, and turning to her slower-witted husband, laid her trembling old hand upon his. There was a long silence.

"He was caught in the machinery," said the visitor at length in a low voice.

"Caught in the machinery," repeated Mr. White in a dazed fashion, "yes."

He sat staring blankly out at the window, and taking his wife's hand between his own, pressed it as he had been wont to do in their old courting days nearly forty years before.

"He was the only one left to us," he said, turning gently to the visitor. "It is hard."

The other coughed, and rising, walked slowly to the window. "The firm

wished me to convey their sincere sympathy with you in your great loss," he said, without looking round. "I beg that you will understand I am only their servant and merely obeying orders."

There was no reply; the old woman's face was white, her eyes staring, and her breath inaudible; on the husband's face was a look such as his friend the sergeant might have carried into his first action.

"I was to say that Maw and Meggins disclaim all responsibility," continued the other. "They admit no liability at all, but in consideration of your son's services they wish to present you with a certain sum as compensation."

Mr. White dropped his wife's hand, and rising to his feet, gazed with a look of horror at his visitor. His dry lips shaped the words, "How much?"

"Two hundred pounds," was the answer.

Unconscious of his wife's shriek, the old man smiled faintly, put out his hands like a sightless man, and dropped, a senseless heap, to the floor.

III

In the huge new cemetery, some two miles distant, the old people buried their dead, and came back to a house steeped in shadow and silence. It was all over so quickly that at first they could hardly realize it, and remained in a state of expectation as though of something else to happen—something else which was to lighten this load, too heavy for old hearts to bear.

But the days passed, and expectation gave place to resignation—the hopeless resignation of the old, sometimes mis-called apathy. Sometimes they hardly exchanged a word, for now they had nothing to talk about, and their days were long to weariness.

It was about a week after that that the old man, waking suddenly in the night, stretched out his hand and found himself alone. The room was in darkness, and the sound of subdued weeping came from the window. He raised himself in bed and listened.

"Come back," he said, tenderly. "You will be cold."

"It is colder for my son," said the old woman, and wept afresh.

The sound of her sobs died away on

his ears. The bed was warm, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He dozed fitfully, and then slept until a sudden wild cry from his wife awoke him with a start.

"The monkey's paw!" she cried, wildly. "The monkey's paw!"

He started up in alarm. "Where? Where is it? What's the matter?"

She came stumbling across the room towards him. "I want it," she said, quietly. "You've not destroyed it?"

"It's in the parlor, on the bracket," he replied, marvelling. "Why?"

She cried and laughed together, and bending over, kissed his cheek.

"I only just thought of it," she said, hysterically. "Why didn't I think of it before? Why didn't you think of it?"

"Think of what?" he questioned.

"The other two wishes," she replied, rapidly. "We've only had one."

"Was not that enough?" he demanded, fiercely.

"No," she cried, triumphantly; "we'll have one more. Go down and get it quickly, and wish our boy alive again."

The man sat up in bed and flung the bedclothes from his quaking limbs. "Good God, you are mad!" he cried, aghast.

"Get it," she panted; "get it quickly, and wish— Oh, my boy, my boy!"

Her husband struck a match and lit the candle. "Get back to bed," he said, unsteadily. "You don't know what you are saying."

"We had the first wish granted," said the old woman, feverishly; "why not the second?"

"A coincidence," stammered the old man.

"Go and get it and wish," cried the old woman, and dragged him towards the door.

He went down in the darkness, and felt his way to the parlor, and then to the mantel-piece. The talisman was in its place, and a horrible fear that the unspoken wish might bring his mutilated son before him ere he could escape from the room seized upon him, and he caught his breath as he found that he had lost the direction of the door. His brow cold with sweat, he felt his way round the table, and groped along the wall until he found himself in the small passage with the unwholesome thing in his hand.

Even his wife's face seemed changed as he entered the room. It was white and expectant, and to his fears seemed to have an unnatural look upon it. He was afraid of her.

"Wish!" she cried, in a strong voice.

"It is foolish and wicked," he faltered.

"Wish!" repeated his wife.

He raised his hand. "I wish my son alive again."

The talisman fell to the floor, and he regarded it shudderingly. Then he sank trembling into a chair as the old woman, with burning eyes, walked to the window and raised the blind.

He sat until he was chilled with the cold, glancing occasionally at the figure of the old woman peering through the window. The candle end, which had burnt below the rim of the china candlestick, was throwing pulsating shadows on the ceiling and walls; until, with a flicker larger than the rest, it expired. The old man, with an unspeakable sense of relief at the failure of the talisman, crept back to his bed, and a minute or two afterwards the old woman came silently and apathetically beside him.

Neither spoke, but both lay silently listening to the ticking of the clock. A stair creaked, and a squeaky mouse scurried noisily through the wall. The darkness was oppressive, and after lying for some time screwing up his courage, the husband took the box of matches, and striking one, went down stairs for a candle.

At the foot of the stairs the match went out, and he paused to strike another, and at the same moment a knock, so quiet and stealthy as to be scarcely audible, sounded on the front door.

The matches fell from his hand. He stood motionless, his breath suspended until the knock was repeated. Then he turned and fled swiftly back to his room, and closed the door behind him. A third knock sounded through the house.

"What's that?" cried the old woman, starting up.

"A rat," said the old man in shaking tones—"a rat. It passed me on the stairs."

His wife sat up in bed listening. A loud knock resounded through the house.

"It's Herbert!" she screamed. "It's Herbert!"



"WHAT'S THAT?" CRIED THE OLD WOMAN

She ran to the door, but her husband was before her, and catching her by the arm, held her tightly.

"What are you going to do?" he whispered hoarsely.

"It's my boy; it's Herbert!" she cried, struggling mechanically. "I forgot it was two miles away. What are you holding me for? Let go. I must open the door."

"For God's sake don't let it in," cried the old man, trembling.

"You're afraid of your own son," she cried, struggling. "Let me go. I'm coming, Herbert; I'm coming."

There was another knock, and another. The old woman with a sudden wrench broke free and ran from the room. Her husband followed to the landing, and called after her appealingly as she hurried down stairs. He heard the chain rattle back and the bottom bolt drawn slowly and stiffly from the socket. Then the old woman's voice, strained and panting.

"The bolt," she cried loudly. "Come down. I can't reach it."

But her husband was on his hands and knees groping wildly on the floor in search of the paw. If he could only find it before the thing outside got in. A perfect fusillade of knocks reverberated through the house, and he heard the scraping of a chair as his wife put it down in the passage against the door. He heard the creaking of the bolt as it came slowly back, and at the same moment he found the monkey's paw, and frantically breathed his third and last wish.

The knocking ceased suddenly, although the echoes of it were still in the house. He heard the chair drawn back and the door opened. A cold wind rushed up the staircase, and a long loud wail of disappointment and misery from his wife gave him courage to run down to her side, and then to the gate beyond. The street lamp flickering opposite shone on a quiet and deserted road.

The Summons

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I HEAR the morning calling me
Through the shut casement, fresh and clear.
"Come forth, O laggard one," saith she,
"And taste the sweetness of the year!"

"Lo, I will spread before your eyes
The pageant you have yearned for long;
I will unfold, in lyric wise,
The dreamed-of ecstasies of song.

"Before you up the hills shall run
Mirth, and her frolic-footed brood;
Along the valleys shall the sun
Gem all the dews, in golden mood.

"The little brethren of the boughs
Shall shake their laughter down the wind;
And you shall list the whispered vows
Of vine and blossom intertwined."

At such a call, he who would bide
Within would be a thing for scorn!—
I toss my tiresome task aside,
And hasten forth to greet the morn.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT was with some inward tremblings that the Easy Chair, in the early spring, invited evidence from all who chose to address it upon the question whether poetry was as much read now as it once was. Whether it was as much liked was another question, which the Easy Chair would have preferred to put by, smiling, like the king in Tennyson's "Day-Dream." But that had to be included with the first inquiry, which seemed quite enough of itself for the time; and the inquirer foreboded a deluge of response such as should flood the mails, and welter about the supposititious editorial room in Franklin Square, like the deluges from one of those endless chains of letters which have sometimes all but drowned out the originator. Here was a matter of universal interest upon which most people able to read and write might well feel tempted to deliver themselves, declaring either their loving or loathing of poetry, from the safe anonymity which the Easy Chair assured them; and they would probably wish to add their belief that poetry was or was not read as much as ever, and was or was not still liked, and some prophecy of its function and influence in the future.

I

As a matter of fact, nothing so cataclysmal, and hardly anything of the nature, not to speak of the measure, anticipated has happened. Taking the count by States, only seven out of the fifty (it is a round number, and it may not be exact) in the Union have answered the Easy Chair's appeal. Alabama, Kentucky, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Connecticut, and New Jersey twice, with Maryland, have responded; all the remaining stars of this great galaxy of commonwealths seem completely indifferent to a question imagined so vital; or else their light, like that of certain uttermost suns, has not yet reached us. The corn States, the cotton States, the cattle States, the coal States, the gold, silver, iron, and copper States, are, with a few shining exceptions, as dark as the planets at mid-day. With the overwhelming ma-

jority of the American people, poetry is apparently not a "live issue," either because it is of such unanimous acceptance, or because it is of such entire rejection that nothing remains to be said about it. Our fellow-citizens are absorbed in conning the works of the great poets of the past, with such real poets of the present as Mr. Kipling and Mr. Riley, Mr. Watson and Mr. Cawein, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Piatt, Mrs. Piatt and Mrs. Meynell, with glad reversions to Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Stedman, and Mr. Gilder; or, in their devotion to the new historical romance, they have spurned all these so utterly that they do not care to consider any question of them or their art.

Now, since the danger of any deluge of correspondence is past, we will own to a generous regret that the responsive rill should be so slender. What there is of answer to our invitation is so suggestive that we wish there were more, and it is with difficulty that we deny ourselves the pleasure of printing in full the few letters we have received. It will surely be no violation of the promised confidence if we print passages from them; for we will guard the writers' names from the publicity we give their opinions, though in the case of the writer we shall turn to first, the name of a genuine poet, now no longer so young as we could wish, would add interest to his opinions. "To say," he writes, "that the love for true poetry has declined is to assume that fancy and imagination are on the decline. . . . Is there such a decadence? . . . That our expanding educational systems . . . may subordinate the ideal to the practical is eminently apparent, seeing the daily stress of conditions that make the survival of the fittest the chief impelling force of our tremendous national or race advancement. But, is it true or possible that this dominance has given *permanent* quality to our mental habit or constitution? . . .

"What is temporary,—due to environment,—may and will change in a generation: just as soon as conditions permit the highest assertion of thought,

conception, introspection, imagination, . . . the long-suppressed sense of the beautiful, regaining fresh impulse, must be answered by poets and poetry of a new and commanding strain. . . . The poetry of to-day is, eminently, an intellectual product, invented, developed, as Marconi wrought his intricate receiving apparatus. . . . It is formulated by the slow process of rhythmical construction, just as Poe taught and practised. . . . As a consequent we have an output of excellent verse. . . . The widespread existence of this *proclivity* for verse-speech and the music of rhythmical utterance gainsays the assumption of a growing indifference to poets and poetry; and though the magazines now use verse only, as old hats in a broken window, to fill out holes in pages, there can be no denial of the quite remarkable prevalence of the proclivity both for the writing and reading of poetic effusions."

These are the convictions of a poet no longer young; but we are sure our readers will like also if not equally to know those of the young Marylander, who is of much the same faith, though he bases it, we fear, somewhat too confidently upon the fact that the shelves of all the book-stores are "lined with volumes of poetry." It might be wished by the poets that they were not so unbrokenly lined, and it is to more effect that our correspondent, who owns to being under eighteen, tells us that, of his friends, "several have read little besides poetry. They have read Shakspeare from cover to cover; Dante, Milton, and the more modern poetry. I," he continues, "have read but three current novels in my life, but I have read all of 'Paradise Lost,' parts of 'Paradise Regained,' all of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' 'Don Juan,' 'Thalaba,' and the 'Faerie Queene,' and I assure you that I enjoyed them all far more than any novel. . . . Of the living poets I like Dobson best, and pity — most. . . . In closing, I assure you that we of Maryland, at any rate, are enthusiastic lovers of poetry still, and whatever our mood, find no such companion for it as a volume of verse."

Here is quite the frank sort of response which we hoped to evoke, and we should be extremely sorry to undervalue any part of it. After all, it is mostly the

young, and largely those under eighteen, who have always formed the following of the poets, and it is they who enjoy poetry most, and perhaps judge it best. It must be still a living thing if they like it, and however deliberately, or even mechanically, it is fashioned, if their hearts respond to some pulsation in it, there can be no doubt of its divine origin.

II

But there can be too much youth in those whose liking testifies of the persistent love of poetry; and we cannot accept the charming witness of the mother who tells us of the delight of her children in Mr. Riley's "Raggedy Man," and in "Hiawatha," though it is psychologically interesting to know that they care nothing for the prose legends that ordinarily take the fancy of childhood. For herself she confesses that the hundreds of books which she and her husband have read together since their marriage have been principally prose. "Among the poems which appeal most strongly to our taste are 'In Memoriam,' 'The Idyls of the King,' 'Maud,' 'Enoch Arden,' 'Snowbound,' 'Evangeline,' 'Miles Standish,' 'Lucille.' Perhaps it is because we do not know of the best along this line that we are not familiar with present-day poetry: perhaps it is because so little good poetry is written to-day, as compared with that of years ago, that we fail to care so much for the new. I should be sorry to feel that any of the above if written now would fail to charm us."

This correspondent writes us from Kentucky, but from half the continent away, among the hills of Vermont, comes a message of as much cheer, or more. "May I assure you," the writer asks, "that there is at least one young woman who is a lover of poetry even in this degenerate age; one who can find enjoyment—and she hopes profit—in the work of many poets, especially of our later poets—Walt Whitman or Rossetti, in Kipling or Tennyson, in Eugene Field or Browning? In her school-days she read Shakspeare with pleasure, but must admit that she feels no compelling desire to renew the acquaintance. She has conscientiously tried to read 'Paradise Lost,' but has never got beyond the first ten pages. She finds Wordsworth's 'Excur-

sion' a very 'weary' one, though for some of his poems she will yield in admiration to none. She treasures in memory many exquisite bits of poetry from Ben Jonson to Bliss Carman and Stephen Phillips. . . . She has faith that there will ever be 'lovers of poetry' and 'lords of rhyme.' She believes even now there are those worthy of allegiance."

In Iowa, "a most affectionate reader," to whom the Easy Chair would gallantly kiss its hand if it had one, begs less circumstantially to declare that she "loves poetry, truthfully and honestly. It is no exaggeration," she assures us, "to say that occasionally some bit of poetry which I happen to find seems like an experience I had been living."

Another devoted reader of the Easy Chair is candidly of another mind. Speaking, in the silence of all other voices, for the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as well as for herself, she avows: "I have never cared *much* for poetry with the exception of . . . one or two long poems like 'In Memoriam,' where it was the *thought* and not the poetical garb that attracted me." But she adds to her letter, which is all too praiseful of this department of the Magazine for free quotation here, a postscript which seems to give her away for a friend of poetry in disguise: "I *do* love 'Lycidas'; but who doesn't?"

A correspondent from our next neighbor, New Jersey, has noted some facts bearing upon the question in hand which give us a high and hopeful sense of the poetic taste and culture of that State. We shall not ask the reader to share our optimistic impression at second hand, but will give some passages which we think will impart it to him directly. After owning that one swallow does not make a summer, the writer professes that she knows (for it is again she who writes) "three persons very intimately who have a real absorbing passion for poetry. They seem to represent three very distinct phases, too, for one, the writer herself, is a young old maid; the other an art-student of about twenty-five; and the third the most incorrigible of small boys, aged seven. Do you think it possible that the young old maid is a survival of the golden age of poetry that has passed, and the small boy a prophet

of a glorious era that is still to dawn? . . . Most people would fancy there was something radically wrong with the art-student's brain, for she says she always feels that she gets more out of poetry than prose; and, wonder of wonders, has been reading Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' from cover to cover, every moment of her spare time during the past week. She has turned a deaf ear to all kinds of fascinating modern literature during this week, sitting absorbed in the poem, only to burst out every now and then with some especially fine passage. Last night, after reading your article, a discussion came up as to what twelve authors one would select, if he were to be deprived of all others. After a hot discussion had gone forward for a half-hour or so, the art-student finally announced, 'Well, if it came to the point, my entire choice would be poets.' If the edict goes forth from the Easy Chair that the love of poetry has declined and is no longer the fashion, what would you advise this trio to do? Still cherish the love of poetry in their inmost hearts, in the hope of a revival in poetic appreciation, when their passion may be proclaimed from the house-tops?"

By all means. Our own hope of a poetic revival, or survival, has been so greatly strengthened by the facts presented that we begin already to believe in the dawn of a brighter day when the poets shall leave the booksellers' shelves, which they now hold in an unbroken phalanx, and march to victory over the whole reading world. This prospect is indeed so heartening that we will not turn from it even to the tempting inquiry of just what a "young old maid" may be, or in what pleasant nook of the later twenties or earlier thirties she might be lingering. The notion of "a young old maid" is a poem in itself; and no wonder that the State where it was invented is given over to the Muse by such a handsome minority as three!

It is possibly in a mystical obedience to the meaning of the word, "Here we rest," that we have kept Alabama to the last, in this count of witnesses concerning poetry as an actual interest. Our correspondent writes from Birmingham, a centre of the new industrialism of the

South, and her judgment may be clouded by the smoke of her ambient furnaces and founderies to an undue effect of gloom. At any rate, she suggests that the decay of poetry is a result of the modern commercial conditions, and is inevitable in "an age dominated by trolley-cars, electricity, and newspapers." Leisure, repose, scholarly seclusion are gone; we leave the woods and fields, and crowd the cities; and everywhere the dominant mood of the Anglo-Saxon race rules in an unsparing and arrogant utilitarianism. "We at no time have been an emotional people, and this is particularly an age in which emotions are at a discount. As for myself (if you want a personal opinion), I care very much for some fugitive verse—chance poems that for thought and literary style are worthy of immortality. When I pick up a new magazine I always look at the poetry first; I even like to try my own hand at verse-making; yet with this liking for lyric expression I don't often care to read poetry at length, and I never have been able (I say this with mortification) even to finish 'Paradise Lost.' Of course Shakspeare is different from the rest. I have read—and still read—him over and over. . . . He is perennial. I am giving this attitude of my own with regard to poetry because I think it is likely to be representative. I consider myself average, and perhaps what is true of me may be true of many."

III

We are aware that the foregoing expressions, though far indeed from chaff, are of the nature of those straws that the politicians so eagerly inspect before election-times, in order to find which way the wind is blowing. Commonly a tentative vote is taken in the railroad trains, which are rightly supposed to represent a mean proportion of public opinion; and if it were practicable, it might be well to apply this test in the sort of inquiry we have been making. Though so few of our readers have been willing to stand up and be counted by letter, it would not be impossible to ascertain their feeling by having the conductor ask, as he takes up their tickets, "Are you fond of poetry, sir?" In the sleeping-cars, the porter, upon learning that the part-

ing passenger wishes to be brushed, might prolong the question with him, as he plies the flying broom, after some such query as, "Do you think Mr. Phillips is a great dramatic poet, sir?" or, "How did you like that last thing of Mr. Kipling's, sir?"

It is not merely because men alone have the right of suffrage, or because the masculine is understood always (grammatically) to embrace the feminine, that we have not imagined women taking part in these experimental canvasses, but because we consider them already committed to the love of poetry by a large majority. Not one of our correspondents, who are five-sevenths of them women, really hates poetry, as we fear some men do; and if any begins to hint that she does, she takes it back before the end. Pessimists or optimists, they all somehow enjoy it, perhaps in virtue of their perpetual youth, for youth of some sort seems a condition of enjoying poetry, as we see in the case of the two men who have written us, one being young through being a poet, and the other being actually in his minority.

Though few, our correspondents are uncommonly fit, we think, to judge the matter, and their letters afford valuable glimpses of that great reading world with which the small writing world is really so little in touch. Literary people, or people who live by literature, are apt to fancy, from their continually dealing with it, that it is solely or mainly for them. But if it is genuinely literature, if it is truly the report of life in any of its opener or obscurer phases, it is almost exclusively the reader's affair, and only incidentally the professional writer's. He will probably enjoy and appreciate it less than the least of those little ones who would not dream of so bold a thing as producing it, and if he would be wise in it, he would do well to consider their ways. If he could surprise their secret, he might write the book we poor scribblers are always longing to write, the book that shall find them all in their homes, and live with them in their hearts forever.

But he is not likely to do this, and he must content himself as he can with some guess at it from the response that our frank invitation has only too meagrely

elicited. It appears from this that, upon the whole, poetry generally is still one of the pleasures of the unprofessional literary world. But the fact we find most significant is that people in that far outer world, which we touch so casually when we touch it at all, mostly like good poetry, or try to like it; and that among these wholesome intelligences there is no question but that you should read such a poet as Milton, if you can. We are afraid that the case of the girl art-student alleged by that young old maid who writes us so interestingly is indeed exceptional, and that there are few girls, students of art or not, who would not turn from "Paradise Lost" to the fool's paradise found in the new romances. But it is so much to have this one girl devoted to a poet whose epic marches down the corridors of time like an army with banners, that we are fain to believe her example, when known, may encourage others to turn from the circus processions now parading through literature with knights in tin armor and kings in pasteboard crowns, and lords and ladies in cotton velvet and spangles. This would be much, though they did not turn to Milton, or, if turning to him, they found at first little pleasure in his serious splendors. "I do love 'Lycidas,'" one of our fair unknowns declares; "but who doesn't?" and it is not here so much a question of a brief elegy, as of a tremendous epic in twelve books.

It is of "Paradise Lost" that one thinks when one thinks of Milton; or at least we will own that we have always had this in mind when we have lately wondered whether people still read Milton. It appears that they do read him, sometimes eagerly, sometimes reluctantly, but always with the sense of his importance in English poetry; and the fact is so very interesting that we wish the inquiry could extend itself much farther than we should be able to carry it, judging from the small result in the larger question whether people still read and still like poetry. Shakspeare will not quite do for the kind of test which we should like to apply. Shakspeare is of course; Shakspeare is a part of effortless life; Shakspeare is of the nature of unconscious cerebration in us; our minds have been nourished upon him; we have seen him if we

have not read him; he is in the air we breathe, and we unknowingly syllable many of our ordinary thoughts in his phrase.

But Milton is another affair. He and his great work are now exterior to our daily being, if once they were not so, and they form the ordeal by which the martyr-make of the reader may be put to proof. There is, indeed, something formidable in every epic poem, almost too formidable for human nature when it is tempted as it is now by slighter and lighter things. The frame-work, the argument, dismays; the singing lines fatigue with their rhythm or their rhyme; the machinery, the superstition, which seems necessary to the operation of the story, affronts the modern intelligence, which unwillingly accepts the proposed make-believe; and it is all this the reader of any epic must suffer before he can taste the pleasure of the work. In "Paradise Lost" the pleasure is very great, but the way to it is hindered by uncommonly hard conditions. Not the least hard is that austere Calvinistic religiosity which once formed the attraction and support for the reader, but now forms his chief offence and obstacle. Besides, it is a very learned and scholarly poem; one may not approach it ignorantly, but only by much other literature, if he would feel all the significance of its wide and constant allusion. Then, most of its sublimity and much of its most exquisite beauty are cast in alien literary forms which our speech accepts unwillingly, and which only such mastery as Milton's could teach it to wear gracefully. It is one of his chief triumphs that he does this, and it is one of his greatest charms for those who have acquired the taste for olives. The time was when the simple process of parsing once extracted the flavor of these alien forms, but we believe that this process has long been obsolete. The students of grammar no longer parse through "Paradise Lost," and if they read it they have to make what they can of its inversions and ellipses, and all its far-fetched feats of rhetoric. That it should still remain not merely one of the duties of the reader who wishes to be cultivated, but should be counted one of his highest pleasures, does, we own, surprise us, and we should prophesy much

more hopefully of the reading world than the writing world is otherwise able to do if we could believe the casual facts were of wider indication than they seem to be. Even as they are, they are of an encouragement which we shall make the most of in the optimism characteristic of this seat; and we shall be glad of any other facts which seem to point to a Miltonic survival.

IV

While pondering the material of this paper the other day, the Easy Chair turned to a person of the sex which has the true and beautiful in its peculiar keeping, perhaps because it is itself so true and so beautiful, and asked the sad question, "Do people still read poetry much?" "I do," she answered as sadly; "but I am of the old poetic period—the last part of it," she added, as if she had been owning a remoter origin than any woman need, in the best of causes. There are those of the old poetic period who are disposed to look more cheerfully upon the readers of the day, and who insist that they have their just defence in the perfected form of modern prose. They would not quite urge that modern poetry had become more prosaic, but they would suggest that modern prose had become more poetic, and that its increasing succulence satisfied the thirst that once could slake itself only at Helicon.

But the question is not merely whether a draught from that fount still gives the old delight, or whether they who thirst resort to it still; the question is also whether the sacred spring is beginning to run dry; and here, as the Easy Chair has beforetime contended, we think we have reason for faith, as well as hope, and not for charity alone. There is a larger average of good verse written now than ever there was in the past, and there is now and then a loftiness in the rhyme which, if it no longer scales the skies, takes the light of the sun and the stars very cheerfully upon its summit. Our English speech lends itself to the music of noble feeling and generous thinking, such as exalted the heart of the hearer when Milton and when Wordsworth sang, in an ode like that of an un-

laurelled laureate on the coronation of an uncrowned king; and there is no fear of a faltering inspiration or a decaying art in our poetry while it can offer such proofs of vitality. The latest word from William Watson is such as those who have loved and honored him from the first could have wished him to speak; and we Americans that must disown the personal fealty which figures the majesty of a people in a prince, cannot feel less, but perhaps more, than the most loyal Englishman the wide imaginative reach gathering from a vision of illimitable empire the lesson of ambitions turned duties and of rule implying self-rule. If the ode on the day of the coronation contained no lines of poetry but these on Ireland,

—the lovely and the lonely bride,
That we have wedded but have never won,—

these lines would ally it with the poems of the unpassing times when the English poets had her glory on their consciences, and showed their love of her in speaking the truth to her. But they are matched, and more, by the serious grandeur of the closing lines, into which Americans may read a moral for themselves:

O doom of overlordships! to decay
First at the heart, the eye scarce dimmed
at all;

Or perish of much cumber and array,
The burdening robe of empire, and its pall;
Or, of voluptuous hours the wanton prey,
Die of the poisons that most sweetly
slay. . . .

Far off from her that bore us be such fate,
And vain against her gate
Its knocking. . . .

Let her drink deep of discontent, and sow
Abroad the troubling knowledge. Let her
show

Whence glories come, and wherefore glories
go,

And what indeed are glories. . . .

Nor must she, like the others, yield up yet
The generous dreams! but rather live to be
Saluted in the hearts of men as she
Of high and singular election, set
Benignant on the mitigated sea;
That greatly loving freedom loved to free,
And was herself the bridal and embrace
Of strength and conquering grace.

Editor's Study.

I

OUR readers have, of course, observed the range of variety which in recent years has characterized this Magazine, and which, we trust, has been appreciated by them as an element of value. Whatever the general satisfaction on this account, the editor would rather lay stress upon the unity in all this variety, the prevailing harmony in each number and in the successive numbers of the Magazine. The admission of anything eccentric or merely miscellaneous in character, though it might count for variety, would do so at the sacrifice of a more worthy excellence.

For the most part the organic unity of a first-class magazine is determined by the wants and reasonable expectations of cultivated readers. Every magazine of this class would doubtless lay claim to consistency in its own method of meeting such wants and expectations and insist upon its organic unity. The tastes and aspirations of cultivated readers, however much these readers may have in common, are infinitely varied, and no one magazine can undertake to satisfy all, any more than one college or university can meet the varied preferences of all students. A larger number of readers than is generally supposed take three or four monthly magazines, thus having the advantage of the student, who cannot attend more than one college at a time. This catholicity of patronage would not exist were not each of the magazines so distinctive. The distinction is not the result of a deliberately planned scheme; there is no explicit theory of magazine-making, any more than there is an explicit philosophy of history. Such a scheme as a magazine has, with its scope and limitations, is disclosed only in its evolution. The editor does not invent the scheme; it is rather his study. Given a magazine whose growth has been one with that of the culture of a people, what we are likely to see in its unfolding is, first of all, its individual genius; next, and accordant with that, an exposition of contemporary literature, abounding in surprises—so far is it from the ex-

cution of any plan—with equally surprising pictorial illustrations; and finally the more evident results of initiative effort on the part of the conductors, whose sensibilities are keenly alive to such new impulses and activities as at once elevate a people and express its ideals. The magazine, its readers, and its contributors meet on the ground of a culture common to all three. The interests of this culture are imperative, and in meeting these the editor is but a part in the harmonious combination.

What we have been saying applies, in greater or less degree, to every illustrated magazine of the first class in this country; if it is more especially applicable to this Magazine, it is so chiefly because the latter has had a longer and deeper intimacy than any other with the popular life of America. The scheme of this Magazine has changed with each of three successive generations, its genius remaining the same, and, indeed, demanding these modifications of its embodiment, until now, we may be allowed to say, it stands in a class by itself. We are not saying this in self-praise or as laying claim to superiority, but meaning just as much as if we said that a certain college—Williams, for example—holds by reason of its scheme a unique place among educational institutions. Uniquity might easily be obliquity. But in either of these cases, is it? The parallel suggested is significant. For Williams College, in its new departure, is undertaking for education a work analogous to that which in the field of literature has seemed to devolve upon this Magazine. In this new course that college has limited its scope so far as to forego certain rivalries that were distractions from the culture of the humanities. This Magazine has in like manner limited its scope by relegating to the daily press, to reviews, and to other magazines whole classes of subjects to which formerly it gave place. From the outset it excluded partisan politics and all subjects upon which readers were divided on sectarian lines in religious thought and feeling. For many years past it has excluded a

class of articles having a special educational value because this kind of literature was abundantly supplied elsewhere. Now, in its appeal to its third generation of readers, it has still further limited its scope by the exclusion not only of all matter that is otherwise accessible to the reader, but of the acutely journalistic article that used to be classed as "timely." In this exclusion it stands alone. Thus, by way of illustration, it is the only magazine which during recent months has contained nothing about volcanoes or about Edward VII.

These are limitations, but we trust that our readers have been so abundantly supplied with information as to every possible aspect of the excluded topics that they have been quite ready to give their attention to others not thus amply and satisfactorily treated elsewhere. It is, moreover, through these self-imposed limitations that we are able to give so many pieces of fiction, and such a variety of articles upon every subject, in every department of life, which appeals to the interests of our contemporary culture. We have widened what we conceive to be our proper field.

Thus in our House of Imagination there are many new rooms in which we trust our readers find pleasure. The field of the humanities, however, includes much besides fiction, as we have already intimated. Science belongs to this field. In the new curriculum of Williams College it will find its place in a way quite different from that adopted in a university—that is, the ground-work will be cultivated rather than the special application. In this Magazine science must be given in another way, a way more nearly associated with that of the university, yet avoiding all questions of practical application and commercial value—an important limitation. Within this limitation our readers have a right to expect from us an intelligent exposition of radioactivity and of any new scientific development. It lies within our proper scope to tell them on the very best authority what the astronomers are doing; and the recent development in private forestry is a subject of great concern in country living, as germane to the humanities as architecture or landscape-gardening. The question as to the inclusion

of such articles in this Magazine is not so much one of organic unity as of the degree of specialization that may be allowed within its proper scope. The same question might be raised concerning some articles on industrial economy by Professor Ely, recently published. Certainly no liberal culture worthy the name could ignore the principles discussed in these articles, which have been admitted solely because of their wise and humane philosophy.

The college curriculum is, of course, a very different thing from the course taken by the Magazine. Literature and art are not *taught* in a magazine, but are there represented, fresh from the mint; and what science finds there a place is not elementary or fundamental, but some new disclosure, just as fresh as the literature and art, and the result of just such specialization as is going on in the great laboratories. The entire contents of the Magazine—fiction, essays, even the humor—are freshly emergent specializations of genius and intellect. There is the academic standard, but not the academic procedure, which would, from the Magazine point of view, be as much an over-specialization as would articles interesting only to special students of the subjects treated. It is by the avoidance of this over-specialization and by absolute silence concerning topics adequately treated in the daily press and in the elaborate reviews that this Magazine is left free for its proper scope—for its appeal to the most essential interests of that culture from which it is itself nourished. Within this scope a variety is secured so extensive that upon a merely casual view it might in some minds perhaps awaken suspicion of the value of a scheme which renders it achievable.

Is it supposed that we have a Procrustean couch, within whose limits every contribution must be confined? On the contrary, no such thing as the arbitrary curtailment of an article is ever necessary. Length is comparative. A story, or any other contribution, may be over-brief in twenty pages or tediously long in one. Some themes are improved by terse treatment, and by the same treatment a story may be spoiled, defrauded of every natural charm. Only with great difficulty does the imagination of the great writer

capture the elusive elements of his sketch and present them in colors and in shapes that become the everlasting delights of literature, and woe to the vandal that shall dare touch them with violent hands! But, on the other hand, not a single inert word or phrase is to be tolerated. While the art of modern literature is largely in its ample vesture and atmosphere, yet over-elaboration is a vice.

Fortunately, as the daily newspaper, by its efficiency, relieves the magazine of the journalistic function, so the able reviewer does its proper work so well that the elaborately complete articles dealing with subjects of weighty concern are no longer necessary or even welcome in the scheme of a monthly magazine. In this way the necessarily long article is discarded, and a larger number of brief contributions may be hospitably entertained without suspicion or prejudice. Thus the Magazine meets the great body of cultivated readers at as many points of interest as possible.

We doubt if our readers would willingly consent to the omission of the few very short articles that appear in this Magazine from month to month. They are as complete within their natural scope as are the articles of greater length.

Some short stories demand more than others an elaborate texture and development. Some of the most interesting are simple sketches.

II

The American writers for the Magazine are scattered over an immense territory, and our readers are, through their stories of lives near and familiar to them, made acquainted with the most diverse traits of character and local environment. One who has written some of the best of these thus speaks of such material in a recent letter to the editor:

"When one gets to know a few country people who are brought into range under the influence of a simple every-day excitement of their human nature—the story's cause—then one must give them their background, their *weather*, and a glimpse of the effect at the close. All this must be done with as few touches as possible, just telling it and not talking about it. Sometimes I think that to make the reader know and recognize *these few*

people ('the eternal types') is what such sketches really accomplish; one admires that so deeply in George Sand's best brief work, and in such a thing as Maupassant's *Ficelle*. It is easy to deceive the reader by making the story longer—then it seems to become much more important and even exciting—but I don't think it is good art. I have been much interested as I grow older in trying to put long 'stories' into these brief sketches; just about what one would get if the thing happened near by; then each reader's imagination (if the thing is done right) takes its own share of suggestions."

How interesting this comment on the near-at-hand study of real people by one who herself does that kind of thing in the very best way! This writer has also done the far-away study in a novel where it was possible for her to avail of her sure knowledge of her home people (though dealing with an earlier generation of them), but which was finally finished so late that when published it came in for all the recent shallow talk about "historical novels," as if she too had been constructing an imaginary environment. We turn therefore with interest to her equally suggestive comment concerning fiction dealing with an older time.

"Surely," she writes, "we must have some atmosphere, some distance or time between us and our theme, to get any perspective, whether we are painters or writers. One can get color, action, beauty, in one's composition of past or present, if one knows to the heart's core the materials with which one works; it is the thing of to-day, the voices on the street, the action in one's own house, that is most impossible to do, because we can only half understand it, being so close. Which is, to my mind, the cause of failure in beauty, in depth, in art—in short, in what we are pleased to call Realism. We don't get the spiritual sense of it; we are putting on paper our crude capital of observation, not our income from it, which is the body (the soul too) of art."

Such writers as this one whom we have been quoting, whether their stories take the near or remote view, have made the best part of that American literature which has during the last fifty years been conveyed to readers through the medium of our most important magazines.

The Settlement of Dryden *vs.* Shard

BY W. O. INGLIS

IT was with deep relief that Theron Slocum fell into the easy-chair before his library fire. After two weeks of slavish delving, night and day, he had finished the preparation of the plaintiff's case in *Gormley vs. Glendinning*.

As Slocum's eyes rested upon the glowing bank of red coals he felt as if Nirvana could bring no finer joy than this consciousness of good work faithfully done. Dreamily he heard the tinkling chime of the quarter past midnight. Then—oh, too ridiculous! Yet as he tried to give himself once more to reverie he distinctly heard again an apologetic cough behind him.

"Out with you! How did you get in here?" he exclaimed as he whirled toward a thin man, very tall, and with a face the color of ashes, who stood regarding him mournfully. Slocum's hand grasped at the man's shoulder and swept through empty air. He staggered. He could feel his hair spring erect and bristle as a clump of dry sedge. He could not articulate.

"Pardon this intrusion," said the stranger, "but I've come to ask you to take my case. I have no card, but you may put down in your diary to-morrow that the ghost of Clark Dryden has called upon you."

Slocum's heart began to beat again. The necessity of impressing a client revived him. He lit a cigar. The late Dryden inhaled the fumes gratefully.

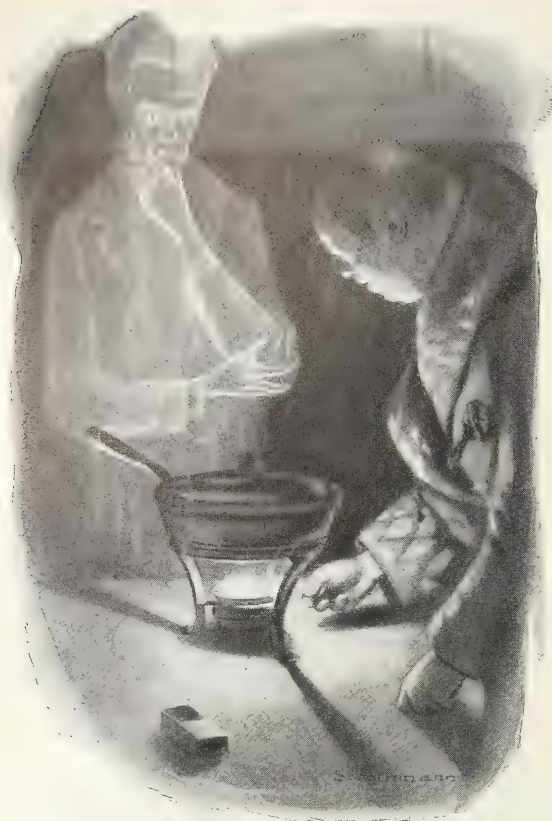
"The only way we ghosts can enjoy tobacco," he explained, "is by getting to leeward of a live smoker. Let me tell you the saddest instance of treachery you have

ever heard. I want you to sue Teunis G. Shard for \$10,000 for professional services. Please don't interrupt me. My claim is quite regular. I worked for him—worked hard, too—as a haunter. He cheated me.

"Mr. Slocum, Shard is the worst man on earth. I was his confidential clerk for ten years. When he found a little shortage in my accounts he held it over me like a whip, and made me work for small wages: he and drink soon made an end of me. The



MRS. SHEPHERD SAW ME FIRST



HE LIT THE LAMP OF THE CHAFING-DISH

first midnight I was allowed to revisit earth I crept up behind him just as he turned off the lights in his bed-room, and I uttered the most awful moan I could manage. What do you think the old brute did? He laughed at me. He knew my voice.

"Don't go 'way mad, Dryden," the old robber said to me. "I think we can do some business. How'd you like a little drink?"

"Now you see, Mr. Slocum, the only way we ghosts can drink is to inhale the fumes of burning alcohol. I was just dying— Well, I mean, I wanted a drink pretty badly. The old fellow must have seen me jump, for he lit the lamp of a chafing-dish and went on:

"You and I can do a neat turn in real estate, and I'll supply you with drink. You know the Shepherd place in Montvale, on the Gun Hill road? Shepherd has built him a new house at Montclair, and the old one's on the market. I've offered him \$18,500 for it, but he wants \$25,000. You go over there and groan and meander through the place a few nights, and I guess he'll be glad to let it go for \$15,000."

"I won't try to excuse what I did; but please remember I needed a drink more than anything else in the world—the next world. Old Shard promised to reward me with half a pint of flaming alcohol every night, and I fell into the bargain.

"My efforts were successful. Mrs. Shepherd saw me first, and her screams woke her husband, and I wailed, and he dived into a wardrobe and pinched his fingers in the door in his hurry to lock it. Then old Shard dropped in casually next day, and Shepherd was glad to sell out to him for \$13,500.

"Shard sold the house in less than three months for \$20,000. First he ordered me to quit haunting. Then he coaxed the Psychological Research committee to investigate, gave 'em punch and supper for three or four nights—that stood him in only \$80 or \$90—and got their written certificate that there was no ghost on the place.

"Within three years I wrecked more happy homes than any other individual you ever heard of. Plaindale, Somerville, Montclair, Morristown, and all the Oranges were my stamping-ground. Old Shard went around picking up property for half its value and selling it soon afterward at a big advance. He was deep enough not to let me wreck two homes in one town, so no one suspected him. He used to give me my flaming half-pint of alcohol at three o'clock every morning as I was on my way home from a hard night's haunting, groaning, and clanking. Clank? Certainly. Next time I call on you I'll bring over the clanker I've invented. It is far more terrifying than all the old ancestral gyves and common chain clankers you ever heard of.

"When Shard had made enough money out of me to thrust himself into a lumber company and the silk business, and get himself made president of the Plaindale First National Bank, he deserted me. Said it was dangerous to burn alcohol in his library at that time of night. Think of it, Mr. Slocum—that man's made \$138,000 out of me, and he's cut off my alcohol! You go ahead and sue him for \$10,000 for my professional services."

"But, my dear sir," said Slocum, who was now puffing comfortably at his cigar, and had forgotten that he was talking with a ghost—"my dear sir, this is all very irregular—decidedly interesting, but highly irregular. I couldn't think of going into such a case."

"You won't?" exclaimed the ghost. "Why, your balance at the bank is down to two hundred dollars or less. You owe the tailor, the butcher, the baker. You need the money—"

"Get out! Run away, or I'll scatter you!" cried Slocum, who had now lost all sense of fear. The ghost involuntarily leaped back, but soon advanced again.

"You take my case," he wailed, "or I'll haunt your wife into hysterics. You don't think you can convince her I'm harmless, do you? You've tried explaining things to your wife, haven't you? Ha! ha! Just wait till she hears me gibber!"

Slocum surrendered. Before he fell asleep he had roughly drafted a method of action.

Teunis G. Shard, expanded from a man of mean affairs in New Jersey to an unscrupulous man of affairs in New York, sat in his Pine Street office. His secretary handed him a letter, saying it seemed new and important, and discreetly withdrew. He had read only one line when he bounded out of his big chair with an agility surprising in one of his bulk, and snapped the latches of



"SUREST THING IN THE WORLD," REPLIED THERON

both doors of his private office. Then he read carefully the letter, which was from Theron Slocum.

"Clark Dryden's claim," the lawyer wrote, "for \$10,125 55 for professional services rendered to you has been placed in my hands for collection. He claims to have assisted you in acquiring certain parcels of real estate, on which the commissions due are set forth in the schedule I enclose. If the claim is not settled forthwith, I shall feel obliged to begin an action to recover the commissions."

Can Dryden recover? thought Shard. Surely not. How can a ghost sue or get judgment? A ghost is not a person. The Thing clearly had been able to consult counsel—the schedule showed that. But how could a ghost testify in court, when his hours on earth were limited from midnight to cock-crow? With a groan Shard remembered that Judge Deane, who presided in his district, was a member of the Psychical Society, and would hold sessions of court at any hour to hear evidence against him.

There was nothing for Shard to do but call on the ghost's lawyer. He hated lawyers—they took none of the risks and they always got part of the profits.

"Tell Mr. Slocum I must see him at once. Tell him it's Mister Shard!" roared a bullying voice on the sixteenth floor of the Warren Arcade building.

"Ask the gentleman to come in," was Mr. Slocum's reply.

Mr. Shard entered and slammed the door. Then, with his best bullying, apoplectic manner,

"How dare you, sir?" he began, shaking the lawyer's letter high in air. "How dare you—"

"Mr. Shard," interrupted the lawyer, with a calmness that was wonderful when we consider his straits—"Mr. Shard, if you want a bill of particulars in this action, you had better let your attorney apply for it in the regular way. I am prepared to give every detail."

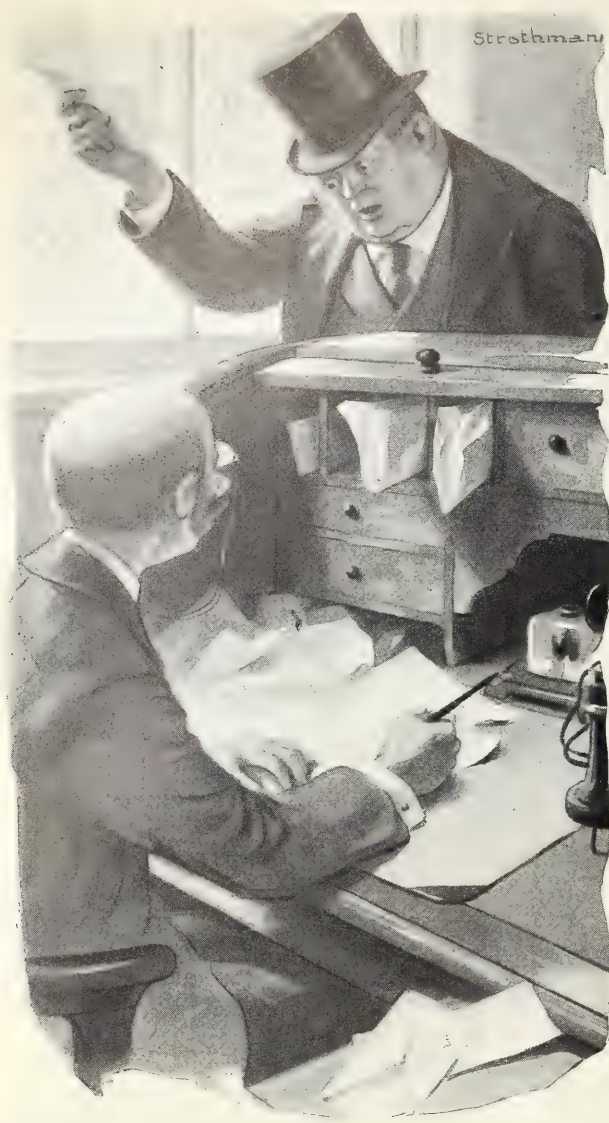
Only too well the financier understood. Great beads came out on his brow.

"I—I'll make you a proposition," he stammered. "I'll pay your client \$5000 and take his general release."

"That's something," mused Theron, with great gravity; "still, I wouldn't miss the fun of trying this case for any consideration. I am moved, I must admit, by the spectacle of suffering respectability that you present. I will do this: I will accept \$7000 in settlement of my client's just claim. I am his attorney in fact as well as at law, and I can give you your general release at once."

Teunis G. Shard hastily drew a check-book from his pocket, filled out a form and signed it—not without a groan—and handed it to the lawyer. Slocum, in turn, filled all the blanks in a formidable-looking document, which to this day witnesseth that Clark Dryden, late of the State of New Jersey, doth release the said Teunis G. Shard, of the State of New Jersey, him and his heirs and assigns forever, of any and all claims of whatsoever kind and of whatsoever cause arising. When it was signed the financier read it and put it in his pocket.

Success burned in Slocum like a fever



"HOW DARE YOU, SIR?"

until Saturday night. For two hours before midnight he sat in his tiny library. Then he turned off the gas and lit the lamp of the chafing-dish, and instantly became aware of his friend Dryden hovering over the wavering blue, gold-threaded flame and murmuring: "Here's how!" For minutes the shade enjoyed the slaking of his post-humous thirst.

"How's our suit?" he asked at last.

"Settled out of court for this," replied Theron, tossing the check on a table remote from the alcohol.

"Um-m-m! You're a wonder," cried the ghost. "Well, you can keep the money. It's no use to me, you know. All I ask is one half-pint of alcohol every Monday night for three months and two nights. By that time I hope to get the better of the habit. Is it a bargain?"

"Surest thing in the world," replied Theron, lighting a Carolina perfecto for his own and his disembodied client's benefit, and presently regarding him over a tinkling glass in which was an exhibition of something Scotch and mellow: "Surest thing in the world. Dryden, here's to you!"

The Rain People

THE Rain People dance on the roof,
All holding their garments aloof;
In their slippers of white
They trip through the night
Weaving their measure's soft woof.
The little Rain People
Tilt on the steeple,
And balance on teetering spires;
They hang to the tip
Of the heather-bell's lip,
And run down the silvery wires.

The Rain People build up the bowers
To shelter the beautiful flowers;
They bring life to all
Wherever they fall
In such glittering, flitting showers.
With musical laughter
They go racing after
Each other and fly through the air;
When the sun comes around
They slip through the ground
By a strangely invisible stair!

G. ORR CLARK.

The New Education

MY friend was teaching the primary class in a city Sunday-school. The lesson was the story of the wandering Israelites who were miraculously fed upon manna.

"I don't know," she said, in a soft aside to me, "just what manna looks like, but I have this little bottle of homœopathic pills for an illustration," taking from her pocket a tiny phial and shaking it lightly.

She made the story interesting, and every little face was turned upward expectantly as she proceeded. She told of the cloud by day and the pillar of fire at night, the coming of the quails and the fall of manna, then rapidly reviewed the whole, asking questions to test the attention of her audience.

"And what did the Lord feed the children of Israel upon?" she asked.

"Pills!" they all shouted, without a dissenting voice.

Then, for a moment, there was silence, while the teacher bent low, to look into her reticule after something which was not to be found.

The Escape of Nazr-Eddin-Hoja

NAZR-EDDIN-HOJA hung up his clothes one night in the window when he went to bed.

In the night he awoke and mistook them for a thief, and shot at them again and again. In the morning he was filled with horror at finding his clothes full of bullet-holes.

"Allah, I thank Thee," he said, "that I was not inside of that shirt."

An Unexpected Reply

DR. J. L. M. CURRY, the present special ambassador to Spain, and the long-time genial agent of the Peabody fund, tells the following anecdote.

In the discharge of his duties in promoting the cause of education he has been frequently called upon to address the pupils of schools he has been visiting. On one occasion he was at a rural school, and the usual address was expected at the close of the exercises. The children went through a number of calisthenic exercises, which were, probably, somewhat elaborated in honor of the distinguished visitor, and then came the Doctor's speech. Thinking that it was a favorable occasion to impress upon his youthful auditors the importance of drill and practice, the Doctor, after expressing the pleasure that the exercises had given him, told the children that they had done far better than he could have done, and then asked:

"Can some one of you tell me why it is that I cannot do these calisthenic exercises as well as you have done them?"

After an instant's pause a small hand went up, and, on receiving an encouraging word from the Doctor, a little boy stood up and said:

"'Cause you are old, and stiff in the j'int's,"—which was not exactly the answer either expected or desired.

Unnecessary

JAMES and Wilson, two little brothers, were in the woods looking for the cows. They could not find them, and night was coming on. Retracing their steps for a while brought them no nearer home, and at last the tired and frightened children, looking the situation squarely in the face, decided that they were lost.

James, kneeling by an old moss-covered log, prayed that God would show them the way home, and about nine o'clock the little wanderers straggled in, relieving the anxiety of the parents, who were just starting to search for them.

"What did you do, boys?" asked their mother, standing with an arm around each of them; "what did you do when you found you were lost?"

"James prayed," answered Wilson, promptly.

"And didn't you pray too, Wilson?"
"Nope! I thought if God got James out, I could tag along behind and get here too."

The City Acrobat

I AM the janitor's little boy.
I 'ain't got even a single toy,
But every day I play and play.
I live 'way up in the top of the house;
I'm jest as spry as a little mouse,—
And I can climb like a monkey, for I'm
The janitor's little boy.

My pa 'ain't got no regular home;
He lives 'way up in a big round dome.

He says to me, "You play, you see!
Jest any old way you see to play,
You play," says he to me one day;
And so I climb and I climb, for I'm

The janitor's little boy.

I walk wherever there's room to stand;
I hang on the edge by jest one hand.

I love to see folks look at me
Like I was really a circus clown.
"Oh my!" they cry, "he'll tumble down!"
But I don't fall when I climb, for I'm

The janitor's little boy.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.



• UNDER HIS EYE •

"Your face, dear gardener, must be large!"
Sighed Susie Spogg, so shy.
Since you say birds are building nests
Under your watchful eye.



The Unspoken

I'VE talked to you of roses fair,
Of birds and blooming trees,
Of sunsets, and the evening air—
Of trivialities.

But, ah, the words I have not said,
The eager words I have not said!

I've wondered if the day was fine,
And what the news from town.
I've asked you frequently to dine,
And worn my neatest gown.

But, ah, the words I have not said,
The trembling words I have not said!

We've chatted over newest books,
Of pictures lately hung,
The reigning beauty's changing looks,
The songs that have been sung.

But, ah, the words I have not said,
Have thought, and prayed, and never said!

L. M. S.

The Passing of Florimel

OVER the meadow comes she straying,
Bonnet swinging, form a-swaying,—

Ah, me! that I should meet her!
Rustling in bonny bright array,
Crisp as for kirk or holiday,
The clovers crowd to greet her.

New-knighted by a sunbeam stroke,
Each spreads his tiny purple cloak,
To prank earth for her treading.
Faith, little Raleighs, bravely done!
Methinks the guerdon richly won,
Though thanks be—just beheading!

Aye! 'twere indeed a gracious boon,
To kneel before those little shoon,
And serve her fair and knightly;
But all such privilege to miss,
And still to lose one's head, I wis,
Is fate one bears not lightly!

A. C. CHENEY.



INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS

BRONX. "So you did not receive my letter, and I am sure it was addressed correctly—Mr. Digenscratch, New York city."

MANHATTAN. "Ah! New York city is a large place. You should have addressed it to my borough."

Scotch Prudence

AN Englishman and a Scotchman were disputing over the relative merits of Shakspeare and Burns.

"And you say, do you, that Billy Shakspeare was a greater mon than Bobbie Burns?"

"Yes, I do, and every Englishman knows it."

"But you say that it was Shakspeare that said, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a croon.'"

"Certainly it was Shakspeare. Bobbie Burns could never have said that."

"Noo, noo, Bobbie Burns would ne'er hae said that; he haen o'er-much sense to say a thing like that."

"O'er-much sense, man! What do you mean?"

"Yes, yes, Bobbie Burns would hae known that ony king would hae taken his croon off and hung it on the back of the chair before lying doon. Mon, dinna ye remember he was a Scotchman?"

F. S. B.



NOT TO BE DICTATED TO

DAUGHTER. "You say you dropped a trunk on your foot?"

FATHER. "Yes. I was trying to move it, and your mother said 'Henry, be careful.' Now I'm not the man to be dictated to."



REASSURING

"Yes, sir, for a moment I was a bit frightened going under the heavy fire, but as soon as I heard the ping-pong of the bullets I didn't mind it; no sir."

With his Own Weapons

A MINISTER in a country town once instituted a series of reform measures against the local organization analogous to Tammany. He began his political campaign by sending to the chief boss of the district a card upon which were written the number and chapter of a verse in the Bible. When the boss and his associates looked up the text they found it to be a fire-breathing threat against evil-doers. The minister had hoped to awe them by the use of Scripture.

The worst resort in the town was a so-called hotel known as "The Firs." "The Firs" was the headquarters of the "gang," and the minister preached hotly against the place for two months preceding election, making "The Firs" a household word synonymous with evil. The evil-doers, however, not only refused to tremble, but they won the election.

Some months afterward, when all was going at the lively pace of old, the minister received a postal card which read thus:

"DEAR SIR,—We respectfully refer you to the 14th chapter of Isaiah, 8th verse.

'THE FIRS.'"

The devil was quoting Scripture, and the minister was curious. Upon looking up the text he was amazed to read the following:

"Yea, the fir-trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us."

Ye Abbrevyatedde Courtshyppe

DAN CUPID shotte atte my sweteherte's herte,

Butte shee dodged, and ye arrowe Mr.
Soe I tooke ayme atte hyr swete redde lippes
And, in spyte of hyr dodgeyng, Kr.

Ye dere lytel soule was quyte dysmayd;
Butte, explayning I was ye Dr.,
I quyck applyde more two-lippe salve,
And in my armes' craydel Rr.

Shee whyspered that shee'd a syster bee,
And "woldent I bee juste a Bro.?"
"Notte muche, pette!" I sayd; "trie thys
instedde—"
Heir I jentlie gayve hyr Ano.

"My trewe luve, canst thou notte bee my bryde?"

I questyoned—and pressed for ye Ans.
A softe voyce behynde myne eare replyde,
"You're soe pressyng, perhappes I Cans."

Nowe, "faynte herte never wonne laydie fayr,"—

Noe, nor ever chaynged Miss to Mrs.,—
An ye luve a mayde, bee notte afrayde,
Butte, when arrowes flie wyde, trie Krs.

W. E. P. FRENCH.



LET THE PLANET THAT
GOVERNS THE HERB BE ANGULAR AND THE
Stronger the Better - if they can - in HERBS of SATVRN
let Saturn be in the Ascendant

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Amana:

A STUDY OF RELIGIOUS COMMUNISM

BY RICHARD T. ELY, Ph.D., LL.D.

THE interesting second quarter of the nineteenth century is that to which belongs the era of communism based upon fraternity and rationalism. Some communistic settlements of this class may have been founded after 1850, but the faith in the regeneration of mankind through this sort of communism had already begun to wane by that date. The communistic settlements of this class, having as their watchwords "Liberty, equality, fraternity," are connected chiefly with three names, and I think we may indeed say three great names, even if these leaders were visionaries. These names are Robert Owen, a great manufacturer, at one time the "prince of cotton-spinners," the friend of lords and sovereigns, who was listened to with respect by the Congress of the United States; the French enthusiast, Etienne Cabet, who wrote his romance *Voyage to Icaria*, and in the year 1848 led to this country an advance-guard of communists who, as they thought, were to redeem the world. The third among these leaders is the one who produced, after all, the greatest impression in the United States, namely, Charles Fourier, who captivated the hearts and imaginations of a considerable number of the noblest Americans — Americans whose names adorn our history. We naturally think in this connection of Brook Farm, and of men like Horace Greeley, George Wil-

liam Curtis, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Ripley, and William Henry Channing. Hinds mentions some twenty communistic settlements which attempted to carry out the fraternal ideas of Fourier. Alas! these all long since followed to the grave the settlements of Robert Owen and his friends.

Icaria, Iowa, existed over thirty years, although during that period there were many schisms, and several different colonies were established by those who broke away from the original settlement. No better account of a communistic society has probably ever been written than that given by Dr. Albert Shaw in his book *Icaria: a Chapter in the History of Communism*. Dr. Shaw describes it as the "most typical experiment in rational democratic communism." When Icaria ceased to exist the last communistic settlement founded on a non-religious (not necessarily irreligious or anti-religious) basis perished. Outside of Amana, the only communistic settlements of any note now existing in the United States are those of the Shakers, and their thirty-five communities do not all together have as many members as are embraced in the Amana Society. Amana, then, comprises more than half the communists of the United States, and unless I am mistaken, in studying Amana we are examining the history of altogether the largest and strongest communistic settlement in the entire world.

The Amana Society is known also as

the "Community of True Inspiration." The historians of the community trace the society back to the early years of the eighteenth century in Germany, connecting it with the pietism and mysticism of that period in German history. It is said that J. F. Rock established in 1714 in Hessa, Germany, a new religious sect which has now become the "Community of True Inspiration." It was not until nearly the middle of the nineteenth century, however, that these people began the practice of communism. While still in Germany, where they were persecuted on account of their religious beliefs, they assisted one another generously and displayed a spirit of communism. For self-protection and self-support they worked and lived together, communistic practices springing up unconsciously, without any thought of social transformation. In 1842 one of the members became inspired, as they thought, and in his inspiration recommended a community of goods. It seems evident that Cabet and Fourier both had made their influence felt upon these religious people. They felt moved

to emigrate to this country in 1842, and in 1843 they made a settlement at Ebenezer, which is now in the suburbs of Buffalo. There they prospered for ten years, but felt that they were too much under the influence of the world near such a large and rapidly growing city, and decided to emigrate to some quieter place in the then "Far West." Finally selection was made of a large tract of land southeast of the central part of the State, along both sides of the Iowa River, where they now live. They have added to their domain until it embraces 26,000 acres of fine land, including some 10,000 acres of forests, while their numbers have increased until there are nearly 1800 souls among them, and they occupy seven villages—namely, Amana, West Amana, South Amana, East Amana, Middle Amana, High Amana, and Homestead.

The community was incorporated in Iowa in 1859, under the name of the Amana Society, and their main purpose and central thoughts cannot be better described than in the following words quoted from their constitution:

"That the foundation of our civil organization is and shall remain forever God, the Lord, and the faith, which He worked in us; . . .

"That the land purchased here, and that may hereafter be purchased, shall be and remain a common estate and property, with all improvements thereupon and all appurtenances thereto, as also with all the labor, cares, troubles and burdens, of which each member shall



ON HIS WAY TO WORK



From a painting by Miss Benedict of Hull House

A BIT OF AMANA

bear his allotted share with a willing heart.

"Agriculture and the raising of cattle and other domestic animals, in connection with some manufactures and trades, shall under the blessing of God form the means of sustenance for this Society. Out of the income of the land and the other branches of industry the common expenses of the Society shall be defrayed.

"The surplus, if any, shall from time to time be applied to the improvement of the common estate of the Society, to the building and maintaining of meeting and school houses, printing establishments, to the support and care of the old, sick, and infirm members of the Society, to the founding of a business and safety fund, and to benevolent purposes in general."*

Like the Puritans and Pilgrims who settled New England, the members of the Community of True Inspiration recognize God as the foundation of their

social order, and regard His service as the chief end of man. Like the Puritans, too, there is a pronounced strain of asceticism in their beliefs and practices. This earth is a vale of tears, a period of probation during which the children of God are chiefly concerned with the preparation for a future paradise.

It is not necessary to dwell at length upon any peculiar features in the theology of this religious society. They hold to Christianity, and in the main as ordinarily accepted by the various evangelical Christian bodies. In some particulars, however, they resemble the Quakers more closely than any other Christian denomination. They hold baptism to be purely spiritual, and consequently do not baptize with water. On the other hand, they celebrate the Lord's Supper, practise feet-washing, and enjoy love feasts, according to the manner, as they claim, of primitive Christians. Like the Quakers they are opposed to war, and regard oaths as inadmissible. They also object to all worldly plays and recreations which divert the mind from God, and practise extreme simplicity in dress. These characteristics of simplicity

* *History of the Amana Society or Community of True Inspiration.* By William Rufus Perkins and Barthinius L. Wick. Published by the University, Iowa City. 1891. pp. 84-5.

and fraternal communism follow them one by one as they are laid away in the grave. Each member takes his place in the cemetery according to his death, being laid next to the one who died last, and each grave is marked by a simple white slab, upon which we find inscribed only the name and age of the deceased. Their two great leaders in this country have been Christian Metz and Barbara Heinemann Landmann, and I was interested in searching out their graves. The slabs which marked them were like all the others, save that they seemed to be even smaller than most of them.

The society is called the Society of True Inspiration because they believe in the continuity of inspiration, but they do not believe that all inspiration is true inspiration; in other words, the spirits are to be tested. Their great movements have been directed by their inspired members, but with the death of Barbara Landmann in 1883 inspiration has ceased up to the present.

It is the firm belief of the leaders of the Amana people that religion is the

necessary foundation of communism, and that their own communism is simply an outgrowth of their religious life. The most fundamental thing with them, then, is not communism, but religion. The ideas which underlie rational, democratic communism have but little sympathy with them. They have their elders in their church; and the trustees, in whom is confided chief power, are elected from among the elders. As one of their elders told me, and told me truly, the rock upon which their organization is built is obedience. As the three words which give form and direction to democratic communism are liberty, equality, and fraternity, so the three words which express what is most fundamental in this Christian communism are authority, obedience, fraternity. The authority which exists in Amana is not on its industrial side so strict and exacting as in a great modern factory. I should say that it is distinctly milder in this particular than the authority which I witnessed at Pelzer and Cleveland, as described in my previous articles in this Magazine. This may be



A TYPICAL GROUP



STORE AT AMANA

because it is characterized by fraternity, and has in view the equal good of all. It is, however, more far-reaching, since it is religious, and religion exempts from its sway no part of our life, however private it may be. Marriage, and the family, and the entire mode of life fall under the influence of religion, and cannot do otherwise when religion is taken earnestly.

Next to agriculture their principal industry is, probably, the manufacture of woollens. They have also calico print works and some other industries. Their woollens, it may be remarked, are celebrated, and are found in every part of the country. Their goods are always what they profess to be, and "colony" products have everywhere a high reputation. Here again, however, we see a difficulty in the way of life in accordance with the principles of peace in a world of strife. Knowing that the "colonists" are non-combatants, and opposed to legal as well as physical strife, unscrupulous persons are inclined to take advantage of their love of peace and to palm off as Amana products various goods which are produced elsewhere.

I visited their woollen-mills, interested to learn whether or not the peculiarities of fraternal communism would manifest themselves in a high-grade manufactur-

ing establishment. It did not take long to discover differences between the Amana woollen-mills and the cotton-mills which I had visited a few months previously in the South. The number of adults and even old men and the absence of children first attracted my attention. Education is compulsory, and it is needless to say that in Amana compulsory education means what it professes to mean, which, unhappily, is not always the case in our country. All the children attend school between the ages of five and fourteen, and are not at work when they ought to be preparing themselves for their future life. Those are employed in manufacturing who have some special aptitude therefor, and also many who, on account of age or otherwise, are too feeble to engage in agriculture or pursuits which require full vigor of body. No one is, however, given more work than he ought to do, and it is probable that the machinery is not "speeded up" so high as in other mills. Seats are provided, so that while watching the spinning frames and looms and whenever this can be done the operators may sit down. No needless effort is required of any one, but, on the contrary, the aim seems to be to render work as easy as possible with the maintenance of efficiency. It is said that frequently in the mill flowers may be seen, but I did

not notice any while there. Understanding that a considerable number of women are employed in the woollen-mill, I was struck by the fact that only two or three were at work. I was told, however, that this was because it was Monday, and they were engaged in doing family washing. This illustrates the manner in which one sort of work is adjusted to another. My visit was in June, at a time when activity for the fall trade had begun. The hours were long just at this time, thirteen and a half per day, but yet I am confident that no one was overworked. Usually the hours are ten per day.

Probably one could not readily find a more contented lot of working-people. They are obliged to hire some outside working-people, but so far as the members of the community themselves are concerned, many of the difficulties which are experienced in the competition of private industries are from the very nature of the case excluded. There is no room for conflict between labor and capital when the same persons own the capital and furnish the labor. There can be no opposition to improved machinery when the workers themselves directly and immediately enjoy the full benefits of it, and can readily perceive that they do so. There can be no unemployed, because there is always some work for every one, whatever may be his physical or mental powers. There is no "dead-line" beyond which it becomes difficult to secure employment. When a man becomes too feeble for one sort of work, some other can be provided, and he suffers no harm. Old age has no economic terrors for the toilers of Amana, because the very constitution of the society provides for all. It is simply required that each one should do his best. It is the general testimony of all those in the neighborhood that no one is overtaxed, and also that no one lacks the necessities and comforts of life. "They don't work too hard," is an expression which one may hear with reference to these people. But, on the other hand, laziness does not appear to afford trouble at Amana. Curiously enough, too, indolence has never been, so far as I have observed or been able to learn, one of the rocks upon which communistic societies have made shipwreck. Others who have studied communistic settlements

have noticed this, which is worthy of attention, in view of the common allegation—didn't Emerson say it?—that "man is as lazy as he dares to be." Charles Nordhoff in his work on the *Communistic Societies of the United States*, published a quarter of a century ago, says this, after having visited the more important communistic settlements at that time existing in the country: "How do you manage with the lazy people? I have asked in many cases. But there are no idlers in a commune. I conclude that men are not naturally idle."

Probably the annual per capita production of wealth is not so great as it would be in a similar population equally well provided with land and capital. The Amana Society has a great estate, entirely free from debt, and a favorable situation. The number of children and old people to be supported is relatively large, there being among the 1767 members 187 under five and 321 over the age of sixty. They are all brothers, and the essential equality of treatment thereby required acts in some cases as a drawback to the greatest efficiency. One of the most intelligent members of the society told me that this operated against the productiveness of agriculture. The usual number of working-hours in the manufacturing establishments is ten, and this renders it difficult to exact the long hours which farmers generally think necessary. All have a generous satisfaction of their material wants, but the life is simple and economical, with an entire absence of display. Generally there is at least a small balance on the right side at the close of the year's operations, so that there is some progress in the accumulation of wealth. Yet sometimes at the close of the year there is a deficit. The surplus production is, at any rate, comparatively small, and a large part of the wealth has come from the increment in land values.

The distribution of wealth is a comparatively simple matter. All members give their services and put in any property which they may have. They receive an adequate and comfortable dwelling, and an abundance of good food. Each one has also an annual allowance in the form of credit at the "store." With this credit they purchase their clothing and



From a painting by Miss Benedict of Hull House

ALONG THE ROAD-SIDE

satisfy other wants, whatever is purchased being charged against the purchaser in a credit-book, with which all are provided. In making purchases the credit-book is handed in to one of the employees of the store, and whatever is purchased is entered. The annual allowance varies considerably—say, from \$35 to \$75. It is considered meritorious to leave any unexpended balance in the funds of the society, and in this way credits are sometimes accumulated. The variations in allowances suggest inequalities which at first might appear to be contrary to the principles of communism. Inequalities, however, are recognized in wants. The educated physician and his family have, as every rational man will have to admit, wants beyond those of the ordinary man who follows the plough. The physicians do not confine their practice to the members of the community, who, of course, receive their services gratis, and the fact that their occupation takes them more into the outside world makes a difference,

But this is, after all, not the whole story. "If you thrust Nature out with a pitchfork, she will return." There must be some kind of an aristocracy in every society, and in so stable a community as Amana it will be a natural aristocracy. Originally some members of the community were wealthy, one member having put into the common fund, it is said, \$50,000, and some were in general culture and station superior to others. The most highly educated members of the community are probably the physicians. One of them might not be treated better than others, and would not be treated better than others because his profession might bring a large income to the society, but there would be a respect for his learning. Within certain limits, then, equality is interpreted to mean proportional satisfaction of needs.

Each family, as already stated, has its adequate dwelling, and each member of a family his own room. Each family has its own little garden, and

what is raised in this garden belongs to the family. The gardens are exceedingly well cultivated, and afford many dainties in summer and winter; grapes are grown abundantly and furnish home-made wine. Although it is not encouraged, it is still allowed to sell things from the garden, and what is received belongs to the family. The families are also divided into groups and live together in a "kitchen-house." In Amana, the largest one of their villages, with 600 inhabitants, there are sixteen of these kitchen-houses. There is, in other words, co-operative housekeeping. Now with each kitchen-house there goes a large garden, and the group of persons so associated may sell the produce from their garden and use this to provide such food as they may see fit for the kitchen, in addition to that which is granted by the community. I found one little group which seemed to derive a considerable revenue from an excellently managed hennery. Great pride appeared to be taken in the skill displayed by one of the women in this group who had a large supply of eggs when they were selling for thirty and forty cents a dozen, and other people's hens had almost altogether ceased laying. All this may be contrasted with the French community of Icaria, where, as Dr. Shaw tells us in his work, the individual gardens were destroyed, in order that a mathematical equality among the members might be preserved. Is it any wonder that quarrels ensued which at that time threatened the existence of Icaria?

It has been mentioned that all children are sent to school. The religious life is the chief end, and not the intellectual life, but still there seems to be a desire to give the members of the community as good an education as their means will permit. Apart from a few religious holidays, the children go to school every day, beginning at about seven o'clock in the morning. There is no regular vacation except Saturday afternoon. The teachers are all men and conduct school in accordance with old-fashioned principles. After the school exercises there comes a "play hour," and then follow various exercises—knitting and crocheting for the girls, and work in field or factory for the boys. Their time

is very fully occupied, and no room is left for idleness. One of the interesting sights at Amana is the "school forest" planted by the children. It consists of long rows of trees, mostly pines and firs, which form beautiful green avenues. What has been done at the school forests in Amana affords a valuable suggestion for country schools generally.

Those who are destined to become physicians are sent away to carry forward and finish their education. Three of them have gone to the University of Iowa, one has carried on postgraduate work in New York city, and another has spent a year in Germany.

Everywhere in communistic settlements the members frequently live to a great age. I was impressed with this when I visited the Shakers at Mount Lebanon. During the year preceding my visit, there had been three deaths; two brothers had died aged eighty-seven and ninety-one respectively, and a sister had departed this life at the age of one hundred and eight. Daniel Fraser, who is delightfully described by Howells in his *Undiscovered Country*, was then between eighty and ninety, and his intellectual powers were so keen that it was a delight to converse with him. The leader of Mount Lebanon was Elder Frederick Evans, seventy-eight years of age. "How old do you take this horse to be?" he asked me, pointing to a horse which was drawing a load of apples. "I should say that he was about twelve," I replied. "He is thirty," said Elder Evans; "but he has enjoyed Shaker treatment, not the world's." Mr. Hinds, in his book to which reference has been made, tells us that recently, when he inquired, he was told that one member of the Amana Society had, not long ago, died over one hundred years of age; that there were two living members above ninety, and about twenty-five between eighty and ninety. The Shakers speak of their "watch-tower," and among them one has the feeling that one is standing on a watch-tower, looking at the great, busy world through a telescope, as it were. But the Shakers neither marry nor give in marriage, and their life is more isolated and separated from that of the competitive world of industry than is that of Amana.

The villages have the appearance of a German Dorf, or agricultural village, but they are far more beautiful than any German village I have ever seen. In each village there is a long, straggling street, with a few side streets branching off irregularly. The houses are of brick or stone or wood, but the wooden houses are unpainted. Unpainted houses are generally associated with poverty and thriftlessness, and most visitors to Amana think these unpainted frame houses unattractive or even ugly. The artist, however, will prefer the weather-stain to the white-painted frame houses with green blinds which one so generally sees in the country village. And, indeed, the weather-stained houses are not unattractive when one has learned to dissociate the absence of paint from poverty and thriftlessness.

There is no attempt at architecture in the construction of the buildings, but an effort is made to secure simple, solid comfort. The yards about the houses are typically German in the ways in which vegetables, trees, and fruit-bearing bushes are intermingled with flowers, with here and there a tiny lawn interspersed, all the ground beautifully cared for, and no unutilized land. The one particular in which the love of the beautiful finds complete expression among these simple Germans is in their flowers. Flowers abound everywhere in the richest profusion. Probably in no other place of the same size outside of California could one-twentieth as many roses be found as I saw in bloom in Amana in June. All the old-fashioned flowers are cultivated: roses, geraniums, marigolds, dahlias, peonies, honeysuckles, petunias, phlox, etc. I saw more flowers in Amana than in the two hundred miles and more between Amana and Chicago.

The kindly nature and the benevolence

of the people of Amana are shown in many directions. One is in the care and love of animals. In Homestead, which I visited with a friend from the University of Iowa, my friend pointed to a car-



BRIGHT, WIDE-OPEN CHILDREN'S EYES

riage drawn by two horses, with the remark, "That does not belong to the colony." When asked why, he replied, "The carriage is too fine, and the horses not good enough." Oxen, horses, and mules find Amana an earthly paradise. Bird-houses in the yards are also another evidence of love for the lower animals. Tramps and vagabonds are but too inclined to misuse their good-nature, while the penitent prodigal, man or woman, is not turned away. They are good American citizens, even if they are unwilling to engage in war, and disinclined to take a very active part in politics. During the civil war they contributed to benevolent purposes some \$20,000. They take a pride in the privileges of this free country, and were pleased when, in response to inquiries, I expressed myself very favorably concerning the University of Iowa and its recent growth and improvement.

Women are treated well in the community, but the association of one sex with the other is not generally encour-



A TYPICAL RESIDENCE

aged. On the contrary, it is considered injurious, probably the feeling being that it diverts attention from the higher and more spiritual interests of life. Marriage is not held to be so high a state as celibacy, and yet they generally do marry. It is interesting in this case to see that the control and regulation exercised in the competitive world of private industry by economic conditions must necessarily be replaced by some other force in a different form of society. Most of us are obliged to defer marriage, in order to make provision for the support of a wife and family. This necessity does not exist in Amana, but manifestly the population would grow too rapidly for the means of support if the younger people could marry whenever they chose. On this account, and doubtless also to prevent rash marriages, there must be the age of at least twenty-four on the part of men and of twenty on the part of women before marriage can take place, and even so the intended marriage must be announced at least a year before the ceremony may be performed. After marriage, the parties contracting it apparently suffer loss in their standing in the church, but can gradually regain a high position by evidences of spirituality.

The officers of the law, so far as they are repressive in their activity, have little to do in Amana. Crime does not exist, and pauperism from the very nature of the case is excluded.

At Amana I was impressed with the

tremendous, irresistible world-sweep of democracy, which, for good or for ill, seems destined to carry everything before it. How, then, shall a few villages of eighteen hundred souls in the heart of enlightened Iowa—the Massachusetts of the Mississippi Valley—stand up against it? Ebenezer was left in 1853 because the influence of near-by Buffalo was adverse, but the great American democratic life flows through Amana in a thousand streams. The United States post-office connects these villages with all parts of the earth, public roads lead out indefinitely, while the public school does its work in Amana as elsewhere. Now the public library is likely soon to make its advent, and that in its work spares neither youth, middle life, nor old age. The seclusion of Amana is necessarily yielding to the influence of American environment. Carriages with brightly clad young people, devoted to the pleasures of life, are continually seen in Amana; the trains bring excursions into this strange community; on Sunday, people from the outside world take dinner at the hotels in the villages; and bright, wide-open children's eyes see all the teeming life, and the force of imitation cannot fail to be felt. A happiness is imagined beneath gay colors and under flower-trimmed hats which does not exist, while the real substantial comforts and the solid privileges of their own life are not likely to find full appreciation in the minds of youth. Will the solvent of American life destroy this prosperous community? It has lasted sixty years. It may last sixty years longer. It may follow Zoar inside of twenty years when the founders and those most closely associated with them have passed away. Who is wise enough to forecast the future? Who can fail to admire the quiet heroism of these honest God-fearing German spinners, weavers, and peasants, as they lead their own lives, serving God diligently according to their lights, seeking Him daily in public prayers and loving one another with their substance; going back to Pentecostal days, as they think, and holding all things in common, so that among them there is none that lacks, distribution being made to every man according to his need.

The Healer from Far-Away Cove

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

WHEN Jared Luff came to Poverty Cove from Green Bay, at the end of a search of that gray, jagged coast for better fishing, Ishmael Roth determined to go away, though he had been born there. "They's too many folk t' Poverty Cove now, Skipper John," he called to John East one clammy dawn, when they were hauling the salmon-nets off Frothy Head. "Sure, I've nothin' agin' Jared Luff, but with him come here they's handy t' twenty-seven families t' the Cove. 'Tis too many for me, b'y. I feels crowded like. I'll be goain' away, I'm thinkin'—far away, down t' the Labrador, where 'tis quieter." Skipper John paused, with the dripping net in his hand. He looked over the sea to the blue-black waste of rock and stunted spruce whither the mist was drifting—to that break in the bluff where the cottages were huddled as though shrinking from the desolation round about. Then he said, with a wise and solemn wag of his head: "'Tis a bit crowded, b'y. Maybe, now, you has the right of it. An' a man must follow his bent." So, when the salmon run was over, Ishmael Roth put all that he had in a punt—his net and tackle and Bible and flour and pork and seed-potatoes, and the like—and set out to discover a new harbor where he might establish himself in quiet. "I hates t' leave it, Skipper John," he said, as he pushed off from the stage. "Sure, I does! I hates wonderful t' leave un all. But 'tis gettin' fair crowded, an' I got t' goa where 'tis quiet. Iss, b'y, I got t' goa."

He called the new harbor Far-Away Cove. There he lived all alone until he was old; and he was content, for all of sea and wilderness that the horizon encompassed was his for elbow-room.

"The Lard led me to this place," he told himself, by-and-by. "'Tis like, now, He'll have some wark for me t' do. I'll listen—I'll *listen for His voice!*"

In the dawn and in the dusk, when the gray wind, as it coursed over the sea, stirred up waves to fret his punt, he listened to the hiss of the waters, lest the Voice should sound therein. In the mist, when the punt was hanging off-shore and the sea was beating the veiled rocks, he sought the Word in the deep thud and crash of the breakers. In the night, when the ncr'east gale swept from the sea's bleak hidden places—when it pelted the windows with sleet and ran like mad into the wilderness, he listened for the Voice of the Lord, surely expecting it. When deep snow was on the hills, and the ice-packs covered the sea, he thought to hear the Word come out of the silence. In the evening, when the sun made great clouds flush and flare, turning at last their glory to a sullen glow, with the blackness of night following close—at the sunset, he looked far into the west that he might by favor see the face of the Lord, and the winging host of angels ascending and descending, as it is written. At all times he listened, believing always that the Lord would speak to him in the noises of that desolation, or appear to him in its vast and rugged beauties. By-and-by, it must be, when his long hair had turned white and a strange light was in his eyes, he heard the voice of the Lord, as he has said, commanding him to do some great thing. Traders and storm-bound Labrador fishermen, who had put into Far-Away Cove for shelter, brought the news down the Newfoundland coast that old Ishmael Roth held communication with the Lord God Almighty, who had appeared to him in visions. Then the people wondered what marvel Ishmael Roth would work—whether greater or less than the common marvels of a glory-fit.

"Sure," thought Ishmael, at Far-Away Cove, "the Lard He've called me at last. He've give me a wark t' do."

So Ishmael prepared himself for the

work; this he did by diligently poring over an old book, which had come down to him from his grandfather, who, as I believe, had taken it from a wreck of those old days. It was "*The English Physician Enlarged*. With three hundred & fifty-nine Medicines. Being an Astrol-ogo Physical Discourse of the Vulgar Herbs of this Nation; Containing a compleat Method of Physick, whereby a man may preserve his Body in Health, or Cure himself, being Sick, for Three Pence Charge. Herein is also shewed the way of mixing Medicines according to the Cause and mixture of the Disease and part of the Body afflicted. By Nich. Culpepper, Gent., Student in Physick and Astrology. Sold by Nicholas Boone at the Sign of the Bible in Cornhill." In this book it is written that "A dead mouse, dried and beaten into powder, and given at a time, helps such as have pains in the sides." Moreover, it is set down that "Elks' claws or hoofs are a sovereign Remedy for the falling sickness, though it be but worn in a ring, much more being taken inwardly; but, faith Mizaldus, it *must be the hoof of the right foot behind*." Continuing, it is urged that "A man that hath the Dropsie, being set up in Sea Sand to the middle in it, draws out all the water," and that "The bone that is found in the Heart of a Stag is as sovereign a Cordial and as great a strengthener of the Heart as any is, being beaten into Powder." All this I know to be true, for I have seen the book and know what it contains.

"Sure, the Lard He cast away the vessel," Ishmael argued, "an' the Lard sent my grandfather t' the wreck; the Lard took my grandfather when his time had come, nor neglected t' give the book into the hands of my father, who gave it to me. Sure, 'tis all the doin' o' the Lard, whose voice I've heered in the waves o' the sea an' in the wind that comes from beyond."

Ishmael pored over the book by day, and at night it fashioned strange dreams for him—vivid dreams, dreams of the cure of diseases.

"I am a healer by dreams," he thought. The consciousness of his high calling thrilled him. "I am a healer by dreams. The Lard He've commanded me t' goa down the coast healin' all people."

Whereby you may know that the things of the wilderness and of the sullen sea, which are past understanding, had undone old Ishmael Roth.

Now while the healer from Far-Away Cove came down the coast, working strange cures, Ezra Westerly, of Ragged Harbor, waited patiently for a singular manifestation of the Lord's favor and great power to heal. He was a punt-fisherman, was Ezra—a young, big-boned man, gigantically framed, fearless in lop and gusty wind, and used to meeting the sea in all the strength and bitterness of its raging. But he was a consumptive; a spring gale, which swept over the hills with an ugly design upon the Ragged Harbor fleet, had cast him away on an ice-floe—a sleety wind, with frost following—and he was now a lean, gasping wreck.

"Sure, I wants t' get well," he said to Solomon Stride. "I does that. I thinks—I *thinks* I will get well. But I wants you t' know, Solomon, b'y, that I isn't afeered t' die. If the Lard takes me, I'll be fair willin' t' goa. I'll do noa grievin', b'y,—none at all, b'y; none at all. But—"

"Ay, but—" said Solomon. "Sure, 'twill turn out all right. 'Twill be a—"

"If 'tis," Ezra went on, closing his scrawny fist—"if 'tis oonly a son, Solomon, I'll get well. I knows it."

"Ay," said Solomon, "they's great virtue in the touch o' the seventh son of a seventh son. 'Tis like 'twill cure you."

"Just t' touch the weenie finger o' the babe," Ezra said, eagerly, "an' 'twill cure you, they tells me, them that knows—'twill cure you!"

"They'll be news from Fortune Harbor soon, I'm thinkin'."

"Ay, sure. 'Twill be noa moare than a day or two now."

"The Lard 'll send she a son, I'm thinkin'," said Solomon, hopefully.

"If oonly 'tis," was the wistful response—"if—oonly—'tis—a son!"

Solomon drew nearer. "Is you prayin'?" he whispered.

"Iss, b'y," Ezra answered, solemnly. "I'm prayin' desperate."

"So'm I," said Solomon.

"I take it kind o' you, Solomon," said Ezra. "Sure, the Lard listens t' such men as you."



AT NIGHT IT FASHIONED STRANGE DREAMS FOR HIM

"'Sh-h, man!" said Solomon. "'Tis nothin'."

The wife of Thomas Bow, of Fortune Harbor, gave birth to the seventh son of a seventh son. Great is the favor of the Lord! said the folk of that place. But 'twas a pity, said they, that 'twas at the cost of the life of Amanda Bow, who was a neighborly woman and a good mother. There was a gale abroad that night—a sweeping, swirling wind from the northeast, where the great gales are loosed upon the sea. But the punts put out from Fortune Harbor to spread the news of the birth of the seventh son of a seventh son. Those men who had been waiting to carry the tidings to the sick of their harbors ran into the mist and wind without show of fear. The seventh son of a seventh son had been born!

"'Tis a son!" thought Ezra Westerly, when he was awakened by a great knocking on the door at dawn. "Sure, 'tis Jimmie Lute come t' tell me the news."

Again the knocking.

"Ezra! Ezra!"

The consumptive went to the window

and put out his head. "Is it a son t' Fortune Harbor, Jimmie?" he gasped. The exertion of raising the window had been too much for him.

"Sure, 'tis," cried Jimmie. "I heered un cry afore I come away. Quick, man! Leave us get started. They fears the child's a bit—"

A gust of wind put an end to the sentence. Ezra shrank from the cold, wet blast.

"'Twill be a beat over," said he.

"Ay, a dead beat into the wind. They's a nasty switch on the sea. But us 'll get over, man. Make haste, now."

With the help of his wife, Ezra dressed in haste. "'Tis a son, Mary!" he said, again and again, hysterically repeating it. "'Tis a son, woman. Think o' that! 'Tis the seventh son of a seventh son." Haste and hope wrought him into a high fever of excitement. He could do nothing to help himself. Petulant exclamations broke from him. "Hut, woman!" he cried, "has you nothin' but thumbs? That's noa way t' button a man's gal-luses!" When he was helped down to the

wharf his clothes were all awry and his wraps were falling from him. Jimmie Lute lifted him into the punt and covered him with a tarpaulin. "Push off, b'y! Push off!" said Ezra. The punt ran through the narrows to the sea, where a gray light was spreading over the waves. "Drive her, b'y! Drive her!" said Ezra. Driven she was—that stout little punt; and in four hours she reeled into Fortune Harbor, with a crested wave at her heels, loggy with shipped water, and dripping wet from stem to stern.

"That 'll be the house, I'm thinkin'—that wee white one on the hill, under the bluff," said Ezra.

"Iss," said Jimmie. "The one with the crowd at the door. 'Tis where the child lies."

"Leave us hurry," said Ezra, eagerly.

They met Thomas Bow on the path up the hill. Ezra was resting—to catch his breath and quiet his heart. Thomas was downcast and bewildered.

"Is you come t' be healed, Ezra?" he said.

"Iss, b'y. Sure, I've come t' touch the child. But I'll touch un easy, Thomas—just as easy as I'm able."

"Will you, now?" said Thomas, running his hand through his frowzy hair, staring the while at Ezra in a vacant way.

"Just a touch, b'y. Sure I wouldn't think o' hurtin' the wee thing."

"I doan't know as 'twill do you any good," said Thomas, with a puzzled frown.

Ezra darted an anxious glance into his eyes. "Is they noa cures worked yet?"

"The child's dead," said Thomas.

Ezra gasped. "'Tis a pity!" he cried, his voice strong and athrill with sympathy. "'Tis a pity, man, t' lose your wee child like that. I'm fair sorry for you."

"Iss," said Thomas, with a sigh. "'Twould 'a' been grand t' have the seventh son of a seventh son t' fish from the same punt with me. 'Tis a pity."

"Ay, 'tis a wonderful pity!"

"I'm thinkin'," said Thomas, "that they was too many folk in the room. The women handled the child a wonderful lot. 'Tis like, now, that they—they—they was too much huggin' an' handlin' o' that there child."

They watched the mist break and lift—the sunlight spread over the sea.

"Leave us goa hoame, b'y," said Jimmie.

"Iss," Ezra whispered, for his voice had grown of a sudden very weak. "I'm thinkin'," he went on, with a fine smile, "that the Lard wants me in heaven. Leave us goa hoame."

They went down the path very slowly.

Meantime the healer from Far-Away Cove had come down the coast, passing from harbor to harbor in a rotten, ragged old punt, everywhere applying those cures which, as he believed, the Lord disclosed to him in dreams.

"I am a healer by command o' the Lard," he told the people.

His eyes were blue and exceedingly mild, wide and benignant, betraying no guile, but yet with a strange, fine light in them, such as might have burned in the eyes of prophets. The people believed in him as he believed in himself.

It was at Wreck Arm that Ishmael came upon James Elder, who had suffered long of a pain in the foot.

"'Twill be a carn that's troublin' you, I'm thinkin'," said the healer.

"Ay, man," said James, looking wonderingly into Ishmael's eyes. "Tell me, now, how did you come by the knowledge o' that?"

"'Tis like, now," said Ishmael, not heeding the question, "that if you got rid o' the carn you'd be rid o' the pain."

"'Tis reasonable t' think so," James admitted.

"'Tis like," said the healer, lifting his voice, "that if you put some gunpowder on the afflicted part an' touched a match to un 'twould rid you o' the carn."

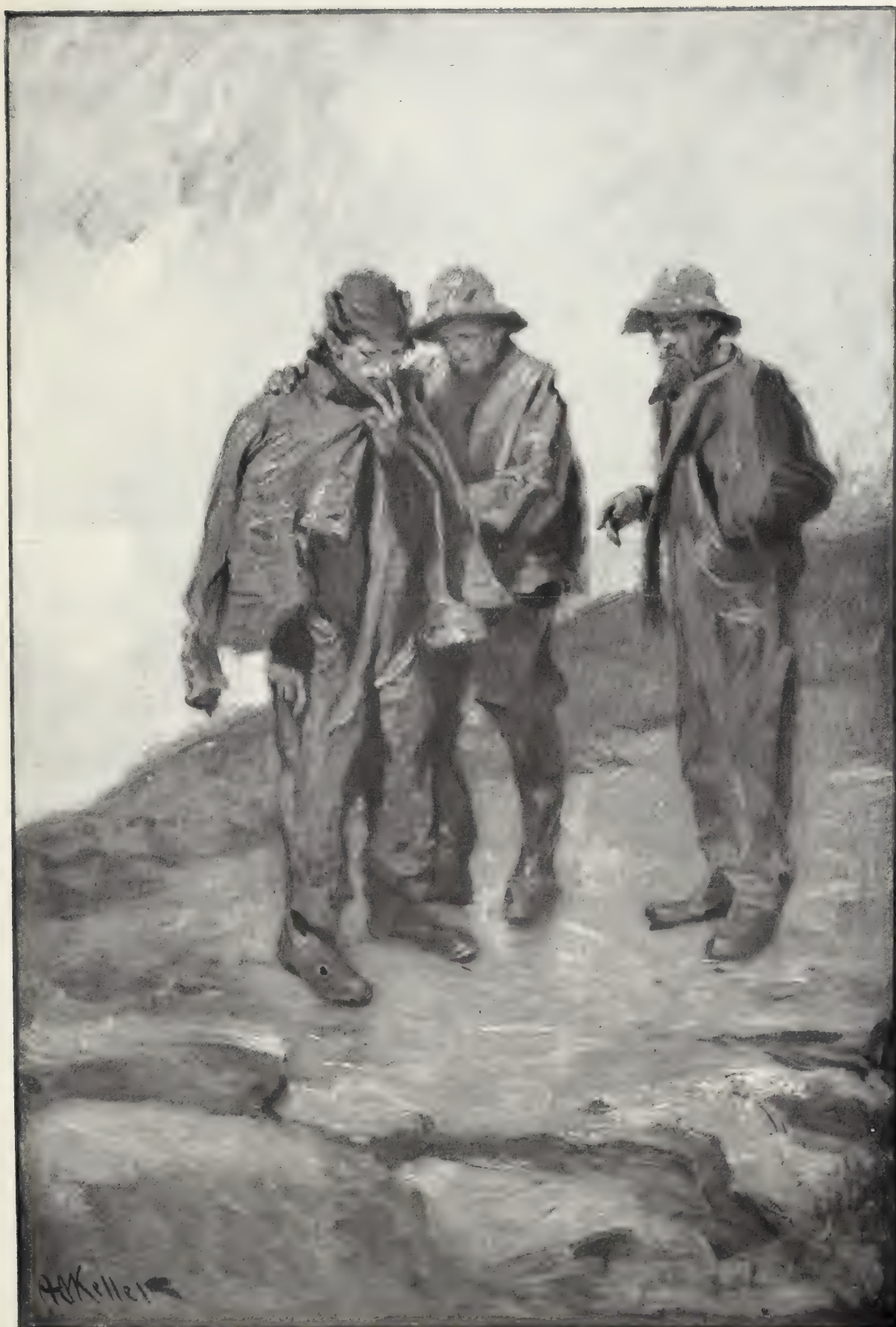
"Ay," said James, "'tis reasonable t' think 'twould blow un off."

"Do it, lad!" said the healer.

Thus it came to pass that James Elder was relieved of his corn and his left foot—the latter in the hospital at St. John's, some months later, where he was taken in a schooner. But the healer, when he came to treat Jabez Tulk, of Narrow Tickle, did not know that the foot was in danger.

"I'm troubled a wonderful sight with the rheumatiz in me knee," said Jabez.

"That's bad, b'y," said Ishmael. "I'll have t' dream over that—ay, I'll have t' dream over that."



"THE CHILD'S DEAD," SAID THOMAS



"I AM A HEALER BY COMMAND O' TH' LARD"

That night he consulted the book that Nich. Culpepper, Gent., Student in Physick and Astrology, long ago wrote. In his sleep the Lord, as he thought, gave him a cure for rheumatism of the knee—the left knee. The next day he sought out Jabez in great anxiety.

"Is un the *left* knee, b'y?" he asked.

"Ay," said Jabez, "'tis the left."

"'Tis a sign! 'Tis a sign!" Ishmael cried, lifting a radiant face to the sky. "Sure I thought 'twas in the right knee, and 'twas for the right knee I asked the cure, but the Lard He give me a cure for the left. 'Tis a sign; 'tis a sign!"

"Have you the cure, b'y?" said Jabez.

Ishmael looked for a long time into his patient's eyes. He seemed to be dreaming of some remote and lovely thing. There was a smile upon his face—a mild, radiant smile. He was now sure of his inspiration.

"Iss," said he, "I've the cure. Jabez b'y, you must bury the knee in the earth for three days. 'Twill soak up the rheumatiz."

"'Tis terrible rocky hereabouts," said

Jabez, doubtfully. "I fear they's nar a place where it could be done handy."

"Hut!" said Ishmael, in anger. "Will you despise the healin' the Lard provides? Borrow the earth, b'y! Borrow un from Skipper Jonathan's garden. Sure you can give un back when it soaks up the rheumatiz."

When Ishmael put out from Narrow Tickle, bound down to Ragged Harbor, he left Jabez Tulk lying on the ground, the afflicted knee buried in earth. By grace of an iron constitution Jabez survived the pneumonia that followed. Thereupon the rheumatism left his knee, and to this day he maintains that he was healed by the man from Far-Away Cove.

In the evening of the day when the seventh son of a seventh son had died, Jimmie Lute made Ragged Harbor from Fortune, with Ezra Westerly lying exhausted and silent in the bow of the punt. The west was flaring red—the wind had fallen away—all the earth was quiet, save where the breakers lashed the rocks—the punt slipped over long, soft bil-

lows. Ishmael Roth rounded the Pillar just as Jimmie passed the Staff; the punts crept side by side down the narrows to the still water of the harbor, where it lay at feet of the grim hills, all crimsoned by the sun.

"Is there a place where a man can be took in for a bit?" Ishmael called.

"Ay," said Ezra, lifting himself on his arm. "They's always a place t' Ragged Ha'bor where an honest man can bide."

Ishmael brought his punt alongside and caught hold of the other's gunwale. He saw the pallor and hollowness of Ezra's face and heard the rattle in his throat.

"You is sick, man," he said. "You is desperate sick."

"I'm took with the decline, zur," said Ezra.

The need of healing, the sight of pain, made Ishmael's great heart ache. He wondered if the Lord would grant him a cure for this man.

"You has a wife, I'm thinkin'?" he said.

"And a wee babe," Ezra answered, smiling.

"An the Lard will oonly let me," said Ishmael, looking far off, "I'll cure you."

So Ishmael was given a place in the home of Ezra Westerly. Night after night he waited for the Lord to make known the cure in a dream. By day he fished for Ezra from Ezra's punt—going regularly at dawn to the grounds off Mad Mull, and returning with his catch in the evening; taking Ezra's turn in the bait-skiff when the caplin schools came in; slitting cod far into the night if the fish were running thick; spreading the catch to dry on the flake when the Mad Mull shallows were deserted. At odd times he pored over the old book, lest the Lord should think him lukewarm in his search for the cure. One night he read that section relating to "medicines made out of living things,"—read and puzzled until his head was aching and muddled. "I am of opinion," said the book, "that the Suet of a Goat mixed with a little Saffron is as excellent an oyntment, especially for pains, as any is." Then, "The Bone that is found in the Heart of a Stag is as sovereign a Cordial and as great a strengthener of

the Heart as any is, being beaten into Powder." Thus on and on—poring over the list of strange cures.

"The heart of a stag," he thought, putting his hand to his brow. "Now they's a deal in that, I'm thinkin'."

He fell asleep over the table at last.

Ishmael brought the punt in from the grounds early next day. The sun was out—shining bright and warm; the morning mist had been driven away. The harbor was still and hot and yellow. Ezra was sitting in the sunshine by the cottage door, sea and harbor spread before him, from the mossy rocks below to the far-off line of blue. He was looking dreamily over those places which had long been known to him.

"'Tis a fine time t' sit in the sun," he said, when Ishmael came up.

"Ay, b'y," said Ishmael, his eyes shining; "but you'll soon be *sailin'* in it. 'Twill be moare t' your taste."

"Ishmael," said Ezra, "has you—*has you had the dream?*"

Hope grew strong in his face. Then his lips quivered, and he turned his eyes away, fearing new disappointment.

"Ay," said Ishmael, "the dream has come."

"Is it a sure cure, man? Tell me—"

"'Tis the heart of a bull—the heart of a black bull with a white face," said Ishmael. "Sure I knows noa bull like that, but they must be one somewheres, else the Lard wouldn't 'a' told me so."

"They is," Ezra whispered in awe. "'Tis Jacob Swift's bull t' Round Island. I knows un well. 'Tis a black bull with a white face."

"I knowed they was," said Ishmael, quietly. "Well, b'y," he went on, "you takes the heart from a live black bull with a white face. Then you biles un for two days in a black pot. Which done, you smokes un an' dries un like a salmon. Then you grinds un to powder—an' takes un reg'lar in goat's milk. 'Tis a cure for the decline—'tis a sure cure!"

"Ah, Ezra," said Mary, "but 'twill be *fine* t' have you strong agin. My, but 'twill!"

"Blessed be the name o' the Lard," said Ishmael, "because He has made known the cure!"

Jimmie Lute was despatched to Round

Island with the healer from Far-Away Cove to buy the heart of the black bull with the white face. When Jacob Swift, who owned the bull, perceived the urgency of their business, he demanded all that they had; for, said he, "If the Lard God A'mighty keeps an eye on my bull, 'tis a gran' fine bull; an' if the Lard sets such a store by the heart o' the beast, 'twould be noa moare'n respectful for me t' put a good price on it." But what cared Ezra? What cared Mary? What cared the healer? What cared Jimmie Lute? What cared they all when they had the queer, black powder safe in the jar? It was a happy, wonderful hour, indeed, when the cure was begun.

"T' think o' you bein' strong agin!" said Mary. "Just t' *think* o' that! Sure I can hardly bear it, Ezra—I can hardly bear the joy of it."

"Ay, 'tis a wonderful thing, this cure," said Ezra. "Does you think, Ishmael," turning to the healer, "that 'twill cure me in two weeks?"

"I'm not so sure o' that, b'y," said Ishmael. "Sometimes the Lard works slow, an' sometimes 'tis wonderful fast. 'Twill not be moare'n three weeks, I'm thinkin'."

"The herrin'-bait 'll be comin' in," said Ezra, taking the medicine-jar in his hand to fondle it. "In three weeks I'll be settin' me nets agin. 'Tis hard t' think it. Ay," he whispered, "'tis hard t' believe."

Mary was quick to mark his exhaustion—his dull stare, the flush, the rasping breath.

"'Tis time for you t' be goain' t' bed, b'y," she said, softly.

"Ay," he answered, "'tis time for you t' help me up. But at this time o' night, come three weeks," he went on, looking up to her with a smile, "I'll be splittin' fish—me own catch, Mary, me own catch."

"'Tis gran' t' think it," said she.

There came a night in the fall, with a gale driving the rain against the windows of the little room where Ezra lay, when the man knew that his hope had been mistaken. Great gusts of wind, breaking from the sea, shook the house.

"'Tis a barb'rous bad night," said he.

The old healer from Far-Away Cove

sighed. His head was fallen over his breast. He had no heart to look up.

"Ah, Ishmael," said Ezra, a rush of pity for the broken man making his voice quiver and his gray lips tremble, "you'll not be grievin' no moare because the cure failed. 'Twas but a mistake, man."

"Ay," said Mary, "he've done what he could."

Ishmael looked up. His face was sal-low and haggard. "I've been thinkin'," he whispered, "that I'm nothin' but a misled man."

"Noa, noa," said Ezra. "The Lard leads *you*, Ishmael."

"I'm thinkin'," the healer went on, his face contorted by agony, "that I've mis-took my callin'. 'Tis like the Lard never meant *me* t' be a healer."

"Sure He did!" said Mary. "They's nar a doubt about that."

They were silent—all cast down in bitterness and despair, while the rain rattled on the window-panes.

"Ishmael," said Ezra at last, "you done your best."

"Ay," said the healer, "I done my best."

"An' I done my best," said Ezra.

"They's noa call t' grieve, Ishmael," said Mary. "They's noa call at all."

"I'm thinkin'," said Ezra, "that they was a mistake. The Lard would make noa mistake, Ishmael; but the instruments, man—was they noa mistake made by them?"

Ishmael looked up.

"Ishmael," said Ezra, "'twas the heart of a *live* bull the Lard told us t' take."

"Ay, a live bull."

"Ishmael, *is you sure the bull wasn't dead when you cut the heart out?*"

Then the old strange light, the light that might have burned in prophets' eyes, shone again in Ishmael's.

"O Lard," he cried, lifting up his face, his faith restored, "great is Thy power and marvellous are Thy works!"

Ezra sighed happily, though he was dying.

So the healer from Far-Away Cove went back to the north—to that far-off desolation where, in the dawn and in the dusk, in the thud and crash of breakers, he might listen again for the Voice.

And there he died.

Knickerbocker Era of American Letters

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

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FATHER KNICKERBOCKER was the first literary creation of our country. The little old man in the old black coat and cocked hat who strayed from his lodgings, and was near being advertised for by the police of that day, and who left behind him the curious history that was to be sold for his debts, was destined by the spirit of humor to be the eldest child of our originality, and he proved his title deeds of true birth so well that the estate of New York proudly received and owned him, and gave him the island and river realm, and took to itself and its belongings the name of its droll saint. He was a myth, like all our types; for American genius has never yet created a man or a woman so much of nature's stamp as to live in our memories and affections like one of ourselves, as Uncle Toby or Hamlet or Pickwick does; but, like all true myths, he had a root in the soil. It was characteristically American, premonitory of a land of many races, that this Dutch grotesque, so pure in his racial strain as to incorporate all the old traditional blood in his small figure, should have issued from a brain half Scotch and half English, the first-born of Irving's invention; but Dietrich Knickerbocker could hardly have seen himself in Dutch eyes, and so from the very first it was the blending of the stocks that gave literary consciousness and set up the reactions that breed imagination and humor.

The city, nevertheless, was pure-blooded in those early days, at least by comparison with its later conglomerations; and it was, in fact, the expression of local pride of race in Dr. Mitchell's *Picture of New York* that gave occasion to the graceless half-breed, this

young Irving, to amuse himself and the town with its author's vanity and heaviness. The Knickerbocker "History" was the sort of broad travesty that the victim calls coarse caricature, and it might not have survived so long and so acceptably if the victorious English race had not grown with the city and continued the local temper that most enjoyed the humor. Certainly the old Dutch town cannot be credited with producing Irving, except on the theory of opposites; it furnished the material, but the hand that wrought it was English by blood and breeding. It belonged to the situation that the observer should be of a different kind; the subject gained by his aloofness from it. If one to the manner born could never have seen the broad humor of it, neither could he have touched the Knickerbocker world with that luminous sentiment which by another smile of fortune made Rip Van Winkle immortal. Individuality has played an uncommonly large part in our literature, and its part is always greater than is usually allowed; and, after all, Irving created this past; he was the medium through whom it became visible; and it still lies there in the atmosphere of his genius, not in the crudity of its own bygone fact. He found the old Dutch life there in the little city, and up and down the waterways, in his cheerful, tender, and warm youth; he laughed at it and smiled on it; and what it was to his imagination it came to be as reality almost historic to his countrymen.

It is all a colonial dream, like Longfellow's *Acadie*; and the witchery of literature has changed it into a horizon of our past where it broods forever over the reaches of the Hudson northward. Hawthorne's Puritan past is

not more evasive; but a broad difference is marked by the contrast of *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*; the absence of the moral element is felt in the latter; and a grosser habit of life, creature comfort, a harmless but unspiritual superstition, a human warmth, a social comradery, are prominent in Irving's lucubrations, and these are traits of the community ripened and sweetened in him. Irving must have been a charming boy, and in his young days he laid the bases of his life in good cheer, happy cordiality, the amiableness of a sensitive and pleasurable temperament, which he developed in the kindly and hospitable homes of the city. He was all his days a social creature, and loved society, masculine and feminine; and going from New York to a long European experience of social life, he returned to be one of the finest types of a man so bred, fit to be one of the historic literary figures of a commercial and cosmopolitan city.

Irving, however, thorough American of his day though he was, bore but little relation to the life of the nation. He was indebted to his country for some impulses of his genius and much material which he reworked into books; but he gave more than he received. Our early literary poverty is illustrated by the gifts he brought. He was a pioneer of letters, but our literary pioneers, instead of penetrating further into the virgin wilderness, had to hark back to the old lands, and come again with piratical treasures; and in this he was only the first of a long line of Continental adventurers. Much of American literary experience, which comes to us in our few classics, was gained on foreign soil; and, in fact, it must be acknowledged that, like some young wines, American genius has been much improved by crossing the seas. Irving was the first example. Commerce naturally leads to travel, and he went out as a man in trade to stay a few months. He remained seventeen years. It was not merely that he received there an aristocratic social training and opportunity peculiarly adapted to ripen his graces—and the graces of his style and nature are essentially social graces—but subjects were given to him and his sym-

pathies drawn out and loosed by both his English and his Spanish residences.

Sentiment and romance were more to him than humor, and grew to be more with years; and in the old lands his mind found that to cling to and clamber over that otherwise might not have come to support his wandering and sympathetic mood. Genius he had, the nature and the faculty of an imaginative writer; what he needed was not power, but opportunity; and at every new chance of life he answered to the time and place, and succeeded. He alone of men not English-born has added fascination to English shrines and given them that new light that the poet brings; and he has linked his name indissolubly for all English-reading people with the Alhambra and Granada. It was because of his American birth that he wrote of Columbus, and perhaps some subtle imaginative sympathy always underlies the attraction of Spain, which is so marked, for American writers; but it was not unfitting that in his volumes of travel sketches the romantic after-glow of Spain should bloom in our western sky. By such works, more than by his English scenes, which will always seem an undivided part of English literature, he gave to our early literature a romantic horizon, though found in the history and legend of a far country, which it had hitherto lacked; and it is a striking phenomenon to find our writers, on whom the skies shut down round the shores of the New World, lifting up and opening out these prospects into the picturesque distance of earth's space and the romantic remoteness of history, as if our literary genius were gone on a voyage of discovery. It shows the expansion of the national mind, the cessation of the exiguous exile of the colonial days, the beginning of our reunion with the nations of the world, which still goes on; and in this reunion, necessary for our oneness with man, literature led the way in these romantic affections of our first travelled man of letters, Irving, in whose wake the others followed.

The third point of contact that Irving's genius found with the larger life of his native land was in the realm of exploration. It was long now since the human tide had swept from the shores

and inlets of the sea through the great forests and down the Appalachian slopes and broken in broad streams upon the open prairie; and the adventurers were already threading the thin trails of the desert and high mountain solitudes. Here was the new and unused material of national experience, and to this day its riches have gone to waste, so far as literature is concerned. Irving, however, on his late return home, was struck with admiration at the vast progress made into the western wilderness; and he perceived its literary utility. A journey he made in the southwest gave him the near view he always needed to stimulate his descriptive power and to wake his eye for incident, and in his *Tour of the Prairies* he wrote down our best literary impression of the actual scene. It was no more than a traveller's journal, but it remains unique and interesting. Unfortunately his temperament was not such as to respond with creative power over this new world.

The theme did not pass beyond the realistic stage of treatment, just as in the case of Poe, who also saw the subject in his *Julius Rodman*, though Irving's handling far surpasses Poe's by virtue of his personality and the charm that radiates from it. Even less in *Astoria* and *Captain Bonneville* did Irving win the heart from this western mystery. The matter remained crude, fine in its facts, but unimaginative, unwakened, unbreathed-on by the spirit that giveth life. The Americanization of the wilderness was going on, but its literature was like that of the settlement of the coast in the earlier time, a mass of contemporary, rudely recorded experience and memory; the routes of the fur-traders still led only to and from the Astor counting-room; Irving observed and noted, and made a book or two of the discovery, but his imagination was not of the sort to draw out the romance of it, for it had no element of the past, and the past was his mother muse.

It was the second writer who sprang up in the old city of New York, Cooper, who was to create in this broad field of national expansion, though in narrowly limited ways far from adequate to the vast sweep and variety of its immensely efficient life. Cooper subdued for litera-

ture the forest and the sea, and brought them into the mind's domain; but it was rather as parts of nature than as the theatre of men. The power of the scenery is most felt in his work, and prevails over the human element. It is a just perspective, nevertheless, and true to the emotion of the time and place.

He began very naturally. His first interest was in character, the personality that he immortalized as Harvey Birch, and in the events so near in memory to him and so close in locality, the Revolutionary scene as it was in Westchester; and out of these he made a historical tale that was the corner-stone of a great literary reputation. But it was not long before he went deeper into the sources of his own experience for theme and feeling, and his most characteristic work was a part of himself, and that self which had shared most widely in the novel and broad experience of American life. He had grown up under the shadow of the wild forest and in the sunlight of the lake and clearing, in close contact with nature all his boyish days; familiarity with the forest gave him at a later time of youth the open secret of the sea, so much the same are the ground-tones of nature; and ceasing to be midshipman and lieutenant, he had, so to speak, made the rounds of the great elements in whose primitive simplicities he set his story. There was something of the artist in him, but nothing of the poet, and he felt the impressiveness of nature, its opposition to society and law and man, as our common humanity feels them, not in Wordsworthian aloofness and spiritual interpretation, but as a real presence, an actuality, a thing of fact. His popular vogue in France was prepared for him by a pre-established harmony between the eloquent French dream of the life of nature and his narrative where nature still brooded as in a lake, so near was he to her presence; but what was to the foreigner a new Arcadia only, an illusion of the heart, was to him a living world.

Being a novelist, he concentrated this vague emotion of the free majesty of nature in a character of fiction, Leather Stocking, one of the great origi-

nal types of romanticism in the past century. Yet Leather Stocking, like Knickerbocker, is pure myth, though with a root in the soil too; an incarnation of the forest border, a blend of nature and man in a human form, thoroughly vitalized, impressive, emotional, an ideal figure. It is characteristic of our greater writers, even our humorists, to be nearer to the American idea than to anything concretely American. The infusion of grandeur—the word is not inappropriate—in Cooper's work is what gives it distinction, and most in its most imaginative portions. It is true that he invented the sea novel, as was not unnatural in view of his experience of our maritime life and of the great place of that life in our national activity and consciousness; and he used colonial, Revolutionary, and border history out of our stores to weave incident, plot, and scene; but it is not these things that make him national, but the American breath that fills his works; and where this is least, the scene grows mean, petty, awkward, inept, feeble; and where it is greatest, there the life is found, in *The Pathfinder*, *The Deerslayer*, *The Prairie*. He was abroad, like Irving, for many years, and gained thereby, perhaps through contrast and detachment merely, a truer conception and deeper admiration of democracy, its principles, aims, and energies; but he was national, when Irving was international; and if Irving, in his literary relation to his country, is rather thought of as an influence upon it, Cooper was its effluence, the American spirit in forest, sea, and man taking on form, feature, and emotion first in his world, sentimentalized, idealized, pictorial though it was. The best that literature achieves is a new dream; this was the first dream of American life, broad and various, in its great new solitudes of sea and land.

Irving and Cooper were the two writers of the first rank in our letters. Sharply contrasted in their careers as well as in character, and curiously overlapping in their experience and writings, neither of them was a true product of the city, or bound to it except in ephemeral ways. The one beloved, the other hated, their reputations were alike national. American literature, which was in no sense provincial, began with them. A

third great name, which is as large in tradition, at least, is linked with theirs in the city's literary fame. Bryant was a New-Englander by birth and remained one in nature all his life, but his name lingers where he had his career, in the metropolis. It belongs to a city in which, of all the cities of the earth, nativity is the least seal of citizenship to appropriate justly the works of its foster-children; and Bryant illustrates, as a New-Yorker, its assimilation of the sons of all the nation. In the Niagara of life that forever pours into its vast human basin there has been a constant current from New England, important in the city's life and control. What Beecher was in religion, Bryant was in poetry, an infusion of highly liberalized moral power. Irving said there was nothing Puritanical in him, nor had he any sympathy with Puritanism; and Cooper hated the New England type, though he was pietistic to an uncommon degree. Between them they represented the temper of the New York community on both its worldly and evangelical side. Bryant, however, offers a sharp contrast to them, for he had precisely that depth of moral power that was his heritage from Puritanism, and marked in the next generation the literature of New England, setting it off from the literature of New York. Depth, penetration, intensity, all that religious fervor fosters and spirituality develops, was what Irving and Cooper could lay no claim to. In Bryant something of this, in an early, primitive, and simple form of liberalism, came into the city, though it was not naturalized there. So lonely is it, indeed, that it is almost impossible for the mind to identify Bryant the poet with Bryant the editor. He himself kept the two lives distinct, and his distance and coldness was the aloofness of the poet in him from the world about him.

It is hard in any case to localize Bryant, not merely in the city, but in America, because he is so elemental in his natural piety. That something Druidical that there is in his aspect sets him apart; he was a seer, or what we fancy a seer to be, in his verse, a priest of the holy affections of the heart in communion with nature's God, one whose point of view and attitude suggest the early ministra-

tion of adoring Magians, the intuition of Indian sages, or the meditations of Greek philosophers. A sensitive mind can hardly rid itself of this old world or early world impression in respect to Bryant. The hills and skies of Berkshire had roofed a temple for him, and the forest aisled it, and wherever he moved he was within the divine precincts. Eternity was always in the same room with him. It was this sense of grandeur in nature and man, the perpetual presence of a cosmic relation, that dignified his verse and made its large impression; even his little blue gentian has the atmosphere of the whole sky. He was a master of true style, as refined in its plainness as was Irving's in its grace. If he was not national in a comprehensive sense, he was national in the sense that something that went to the making of the nation went to the making of him; the New England stock which had spread into the west and veined the continent with its spirit as ore veins the rock was of the same stuff as himself, and the rare manifestation of its fundamental religious feeling in his pure and uncovenanted poetry was the same as in Channing's universality. Present taste may forget his work for a time, but its old American spirit has the lasting power of a horizon peak; from those uplands he came, and some of the songs sung there the nation will long carry in its heart. He was the last of the early triad of our greater writers, and his presence is still a memory in the city streets; but the city that was greater for his presence, as for that of Irving and Cooper who had passed away before him, is also greater for their memory.

Between the greater and the lesser gods of the city there is a broad gulf fixed. Irving, Cooper, and Bryant were on the American scale; they were national figures. There were almost none who could be described as second to them. Every metropolis, however, breeds its own race of local writers, like mites in a cheese, numerous and active, the literary coteries of their moment. To name one of them, there was Willis; he was gigantic in his contemporaneity. He is shrunk now, as forgotten as a fashion-plate, though once the cynosure of the literary town. He was

the man that Irving by his richer nature escaped being, the talented, clever, frivolous, sentimental, graceful artifice of a man, the town-gentleman of literature; he was the male counterpart of Fanny Fern and Grace Greenwood; he outlasted his vogue, like an old beau, and was the superannuated literary journalist. Yet in no other city was he so much at home as here, and in the memoirs of the town he would fill a picturesque and rightful place. A court would have embalmed him, but in a democracy his oblivion is sealed.

One or two other early names had a sad fortune in other ways. Drake and Halleck stand for our boyish precocity; death nipped the one, trade sterilized the other; there is a mortuary suggestion in the memory of both. Halleck long survived, a fine outside of a man, with the ghost of a dead poet stalking about in him, a curious experience to those who met him, with his old-fashioned courtesy and the wonder of his unliterary survival. Of the elder generation these are the names that bring back the old times, Willis, Drake, and Halleck; and they all suggest the community in a more neighborly way than the national writers.

There was a culture in the old city, and a taste for letters such as grows up where there are educated men of the professions and a college to breed them. The slight influence of Columbia, however, and the main fact that it developed professional and technical schools instead of academic power, point to the controlling factor in the city's life, its preoccupation with practical and material interests. Literature was bound in such a modern community to be bottomed on commerce; whatever else it might be, it was first an article of trade to be used as news, circulated in magazines, sold in books. It has become, at present, largely an incident of advertising. New York was a great distributing centre, and editors, publishers, and writers multiplied exceedingly. The result was as inevitable here as in London or Paris, but the absence of a literary past and of a society of high-bred variety made a vast difference in the tone and in the product. Parnassus became a receding sentimental memory, fit for a child's wonder-

book like Hawthorne's; but Bohemia was thronged, and its denizens grew like mushrooms in a cellar. There was, too, from the beginning, something bibulous and carnivorous in the current literary life; the salon did not flourish, but there was always a Bread-and-Cheese Club in the city, and indeed its literary legend from the days of Irving's youthful suppers, not excluding its greater names, might be interestingly and continuously told by a series of memoirs of its convivial haunts. The men who frequented them and kept each other in countenance were as mortal, for the most part, as Pfaff's, for instance, once the Mermaid of the town wits. Such resorts, too, are hot-houses for the development of clever lads; and literature suffered by the overproduction of small minds. When in the history of letters gregariousness begins, one may look out for mediocrity. Great writers have found themselves in exile, in prison, in solitudes of all sorts; and great books are especially written in the country. Literature, too, is naturally exogamous; it marries with the remote, the foreign, the strange, and requires to be fertilized from without; but Bohemia, shut in its own petty frivolities, breeds the race of those manikins of Manhattan whose fame Holmes giped at as having reached Harlem. Open Griswold and find their works; open Poe's *Literati* and find their epitaphs; of such is the kingdom of the Bohemians the world over. Such a race is incidental to a metropolitan literature. Nor were they altogether inferior men; many of them led useful lives and won local eminence; some even achieved the honors of diplomacy. They contributed much to their own gayety, and enlivened life with mutual admiration and contempt. Poe stirred up the swarm considerably. But no satire embalmed them in amber, and they are forgotten even by their own successors.

The city grew to be, through these middle years of the century, an ever-increasing mart of literary trade. The people, with their schools and Sunday-schools and habits of home reading, were to be supplied with information and entertainment; and New York, like Philadelphia, became a great manufactory of books. The law of demand and supply, however,

has a limited scope in literature; it can develop quantity, but not quality. Text-books, encyclopedias, popular knowledge, travel, and story all spawned in great numbers; but the literature of creation and culture continued to be sparse. It might have been thought that the literature of amusement, at least, would have flourished, and songs and plays have abounded; in fact, they did not exist except in the mediocre state. This infertility of the metropolis in the lasting forms of literature brings home to us the almost incredible famine of the time more sharply than even the tales that are told of the lack of expectation of any appreciation felt by the first great writers.

Irving's discovery that he could live by literature was a surprise to him; he had begun with an experiment rather than an ambition, and, having thus found his humor, he went on to make trial of sentiment, pathos, and romance. Cooper had no confidence, scarcely a hope, that an American novel would be accepted by his own countrymen. They had become so used to their lack of native productions as to mistake it for a permanent state. It was almost an accident that Cooper ever finished *The Spy*, and he did it much as the writer of a poem of classic rank to-day would complete it, in the scorn of circumstance and probably in ignorance of its reception.

The success of the greater writers was immediate and great; the city gave them dinners and has reared their statues, and was proud of them at the time in a truly civic way; but a cold obstruction of genius has set in ever since. The lesser writers approached them only on their feeblest side. Perhaps the bulk of emotional writing in every kind was of the sentimental sort. The men produced a good deal of it, but the women revelled and languished in it. "Ben Bolt," the popular concert-hall tune of its day, was a fair example of its masculine form; and such writers as Mrs. Osgood and the Cary sisters illustrate its feminine modes. Sentimentality is apt to seem very foolish to the next generation in its words, but in character it survives with a more realistic impression; and in Poe, in his relations to these literary women, one sees the contempo-

rary type. He was mated with Willis as the dark with the sunny, and as misery with mirth. He enchanted the poetesses, and was enchanted, finding in each one a new lost *Lenore*. All his female figures, in their slightly varied monotone, *Annabel* and *Annie*, are in the realm of this sentimentality gone maudlin in him, as it had gone silly in others. It was most wholesome when it stayed nearest to nature and domestic life; but here, too, it was feeble and lachrymose. The breath of the civil war put an end to it for the time; but even that great passion left few traces of itself in our letters. The writings of Dickens favored sentimentality, and much more the poems of Mrs. Browning and the early verse of Tennyson. We had our "little Dickens-es," but it is significant of the temperament of our literature that we had not even a "little" Thackeray. Just above this level there was here and there a cultivated author, reminiscent of sentiment in its purer forms—of Lamb and Irving, for example—of whose small number Curtis stands eminent for cheerfulness, intrinsic winningness, and unfailing grace. He was the last of the line that began with Irving, through which the literary history of the city can be traced as if in lineal descent. In him sentiment was what it should always be, a touch, not the element itself.

It is quite in the order of things that in a literature so purely romantic as our own has been in the greater writers, sentimentality should characterize those of lesser rank, for it naturally attends romanticism as an inferior satellite. It has all vanished now, and left *Lenore* and *Annie* and *Annabel* its lone survivors. We are a romantic and sentimental nation, as is well known, and we are also a nation of efficiency. The literary energies of the nation, apart from its genius, have been immense, in reality; they have gone almost wholly into popular education in its varied forms, and in no city upon such a scale as in New York. The magazines and the great dailies exhibit this activity in the most striking ways, both for variety

and distinction; and on the side of literature, in the usual sense, from the days of the old *Mirror*, *Knickerbocker*, and *Democratic*, the growth has been steady, and has carried periodical writing to its height of popular efficiency both for compass and power. The multitude of writers in the service have been substantially occupied with the production of news in the broadest sense. The poem and the essay have been rather a thing conceded than demanded, and make a small part in the whole; but the news of the artistic, literary, and scientific worlds—fact, event, personality, theory, and performance—all this has been provided in great bulk. The writers strive to engage attention, to interest, and the matter of prime interest in such a city is the news of the various world. Even in the imaginative field something of the same sort is to be observed in the usual themes and motives. The popularity of the detective story, for example, and of Japanese or other foreign backgrounds, and of the novel of adventure; and the travel and animal sketches, and the like, have an element of news; and the entire popularization of knowledge belongs in the same region of interest.

Thought, reflection, meditation, except on political and social subjects, does not flourish; that brooding on life and experience out of which the greatest literature emerges has not been found, whatever the reason may be, and in fact it is rather a matter of original endowment than of the environment. The literary craft, however, if it lacked genius, has been characterized by facile and versatile talent, and its product has been very great in mass and of vast utility. In no other city is the power of the printed word more impressive. The effective literature of the city is in reality, and has long been, its great dailies; they are for the later time what the sermons of the old clergy were in New England, the mental sphere of the community; and in them are to be found all the elements of literature except the qualities that secure permanence.

Into Action

BY BEULAH MARIE DIX

I

THE November twilight came early, with a trickle of slow rain. Long before the reading was over the darkness had gathered in the far corners of the room. Anne Telford moved from her place on the cushioned window-seat, and kneeling on the hearth-rug, finished the story.

When she had finished, there was a moment's silence, broken only by the snap of pine splinters and the sizzle of pitch in the fire. Margaret, the graduate student, spoke first. It was her room in which the three friends were gathered.

"That's an admirable story. The phrasing—how clever and clear-cut! And the characterization is so delicately done. Yes, I agree with you, Anne. It's an exquisite bit of work."

Anne heard this approval with tempered gratitude. She had esteemed Margaret's critical judgment since her early college days, when Margaret had shown her that Dickens's novels were full of the pathetic fallacy. But of late Anne had come to esteem her own judgments. That Margaret should like this story that she had discovered was a matter of course, and she waited with assurance for Katharine's verdict.

"No, I don't like the story," said Katharine, from the depth of the Morris chair.

Margaret uttered a murmured protest.

"It's well phrased," Katharine went on, "but phrasing is not quite everything. I don't like the main idea, Anne—the heroine's indifference to her brother. I don't think it is—well, quite human."

"Oh, it's not conventional," Margaret said, hastily.

"I'm glad to say that I don't think it is," answered Katharine. "I should number affection for one's family among our most reasonable conventions. It seems to me the kind of convention that is based in the needs of human nature."

Anne closed the magazine with a flutter of the pages. "You've always been an optimist, Katharine. Now the more I see of life—"

Anne paused. Even in the mid-career of argument she remembered that Katharine had seen far more of life than she.

"It's a question of temperament, perhaps," she amended. "But still I'll not admit that the convention of affection for one's family is based in reason." It was quite dark in the room, and the darkness invites reckless confidences. Anne plunged forward, almost without realizing what she did. "To have affection there must be sympathy in the higher things of life. Does that sympathy come from the accident of two people's being born of the same parents, living in the same household? Why, you two are far nearer to me than either of my sisters, than my father and mother."

Anne turned her face abruptly and sat gazing into the fire. She knew that she had said too much, and yet her heart protested that she meant it. What had she to do with home, with the little, forsaken Maine village where she had been born, where her family lived? For five years she had been away from them, at school and at college, spending her shorter vacations with her cousin in the city, returning home only in the long summer-time. That last summer time! She fairly hated the memory of it. Fresh from the semi-luxury of the college dormitory and the order and decorum of her cousin's house, fresh from hours-long discourse with Margaret and Katharine on all subjects in heaven and earth, she had gone back to the little, gossiping village and to her father's house—the shabby house of an old-fashioned country doctor. Sitting now in Margaret's room, where the fire-light played upon the dainty cushions of the couch, on the silver desk-set and the bowl of violets, on the Rembrandt heads and the Botticelli Ma-



SAT GAZING INTO THE FIRE

donna, Anne remembered with a shudder the chromos—fruit and flower pieces—on the dining-room walls at home, the steel-engraving of the Death Bed of Webster in the parlor, the pink china vases on the mantel-piece. And the people of that household—what sympathy had she with them? There was her father's old aunt, who drank her tea noisily; the old maid-of-all-work, who talked on terms of equality with Mrs. Telford, who even sometimes sat at table with the family; there were the two younger sis-

ters, noisy little creatures, who had invaded Anne's room, hanging upon her, clamoring for notice; there was her mother, who gossiped with her neighbors, who pinned her faith in matters of dress and deportment on the dicta of the weekly paper, who, as the doctor's wife, lorded it at the Woman's Club. Oh, that club! Anne writhed as she recalled how her mother had presented her with pride to a visiting member as her daughter "who had been at college." But her father—Anne clinched her hand. That was

worse, for once, before she went to college, there had been perfect sympathy between them. But the last summer she had found his old War stories tedious, his admiration for Dickens banal, his belief in a high tariff narrow and prejudiced. He had been the last link between her and the family at Hamilton, and now that link was snapped. Her life, her work, surely lay here with the friends she had chosen.

Katharine's voice broke almost harshly on Anne's swift reflections. "What do you call the higher things of life?" she asked abruptly.

It was Margaret who answered: "Anne means sympathy in matters of appreciation, unity of taste—"

Katharine put out her hand and, with a discordant rattle, took a paper-knife from the table at her elbow. "That's the trouble with college," she said. "We live on the edge of things till we lose all sense of real values. Why, Margaret, Anne, there are bigger things to base love upon than an admiration for Patmore; there are bigger things in life to do than to polish a sentence for an hour. Perhaps it's because we're in college, perhaps it's because we're women, but we fight here about shadows. You'll know how different things—the real things—are when once you go into action."

"Hush!" interrupted Margaret. "Isn't some one knocking across the corridor?"

For an instant the three sat listening.

"Yes; it's at my door," Anne said, leisurely. "I'll go." She rose to her feet and went out into the corridor.

Katharine reached for the matches and lit the lamp on the table beside her. "There!" she said. "Now we'll talk sensibly about the fall dramatics."

At that moment Anne Telford opened the door. She came a step into the room so that the lamp-light fell full upon her face. The corners of her nostrils and of her mouth were curiously deepened. "Margaret," she said, in a quiet voice, "have you the new time-table over the western division? I've had a telegram. My father is dead. I'm going home."

II

It was not till the train was rolling out from the northern station that Anne had time to think. The last hour had gone

in a whirl. She had flung a few articles into her dress-suit case, she had caught a car to the city, she had resolutely eaten a little supper in the railway restaurant. She had been quite alone. Margaret with tears and Katharine with argument had begged to see her to the train, to help her, but she had refused them. She wanted to be alone. Now, with the train jolting over the switches of the great station-yard and rumbling over the trestles, she could think at last. But her thoughts scattered. She wondered if Katharine would think to hand in that history paper of hers next morning. It was all ready, folded and docketed. She wondered if she had remembered to put her brush into the suit-case, and worried for five minutes over the possible omission. The train roared through a little city. She saw the blur of station lights flash by. Then the dark closed in again. She shut her eyes and leaned her forehead against the cool window-glass. Outside she could hear the spatter of rain. She was riding into a storm.

Anne lay down early in her berth, but without undressing. She was to leave the train at the Junction, at one in the morning. There was no need of a berth, perhaps, she reflected. She should have saved the money. There must be saving, now that her father was gone. Beyond the present she became aware of a black possibility of want, of sordid struggle—the struggle in which he had fallen. That must be considered later. For now she lay quiet in her berth and listened to the noises of the train.

The whistle of the engine came back to Anne in a muffled shriek. She heard the dull roar which meant the train was passing through a cut, the long beat and rattle of a stretch of level road-bed, the hollow thunder of a trestle, and then the jolt of wheels over frogs, the puff of steam, and the jar with which the whole train came to a halt. They had reached a station. Beneath her window-curtain Anne saw a line of light, and she heard men run along the platform. Some one called, "Well, good-by!" and then presently, as the train puffed out, Anne heard a man stumble into the car and heard him growl to the porter, till he subsided at last with a rustle into the neighboring berth.

The train went swaying on through the night, with rattle and clank of wheels, and Anne, broad awake in her berth, found that the rattle beat time to the lines that echoed in her head:

All that live must die
Passing through nature to eternity.

The words chanted themselves, recombed, adapted themselves grotesquely to popular tunes. Anne pressed her hands to her ears and began to count—anything to drown the rattle of the wheels and that unseemly chant.

A flash of light came between the curtains of Anne's berth, and the black face of the porter looked in upon her. She rose and let the man put on her jacket, steadying herself as the train swayed and jolted to a standstill. When she stepped off the car, she found the rain was still falling. The platform glittered darkly with wet, and the station lights were blurred. Throughout the downpour she made out, at the farther side of the platform, the train that she was to take—a "combination" freight and passenger, that would carry her to Hamilton.

As Anne reached the steps of the passenger-car, the conductor, with his lantern under his arm, came forward. He was a stocky fellow with a gray mustache—Russ Bodwell, a Hamilton man.

"Why, Annie!" he exclaimed. All the Hamilton people among whom she had grown up called her Annie.

Bodwell took Anne's suit-case from the porter and helped her into the car. "Shouldn't have thought to see you here this time o' night," he said cheerfully. "Hope nothing's wrong."

Anne sat down slowly and turned her face to the blank, wet window. "My father is dead," she answered. There was an instant's silence.

"I want to know!" ejaculated Bodwell. "Doc Telford *dead*? Why, he was at the station this morning when we went through, chipper as ever he was. He was telling the boys that story about the old sheep, time he was in the army. You've heard that story? And now he's dead! I want to know!"

Still murmuring, the conductor walked away. Anne stared out at the car window. The train on which she had come pulled slowly out of the station, and she saw its

green light disappear in the dark. Then, after a long time, her own train crawled away from the lights of the station and ploughed into the dark of the night and the rain. Anne looked about her. She was the only passenger in the dingy car. She noted the rusty stove in the corner and the peanut shells on the dirty floor at her feet. A young brakeman with a day's growth of beard on his chin passed through the car, looking curiously at her. Then Bodwell came in again.

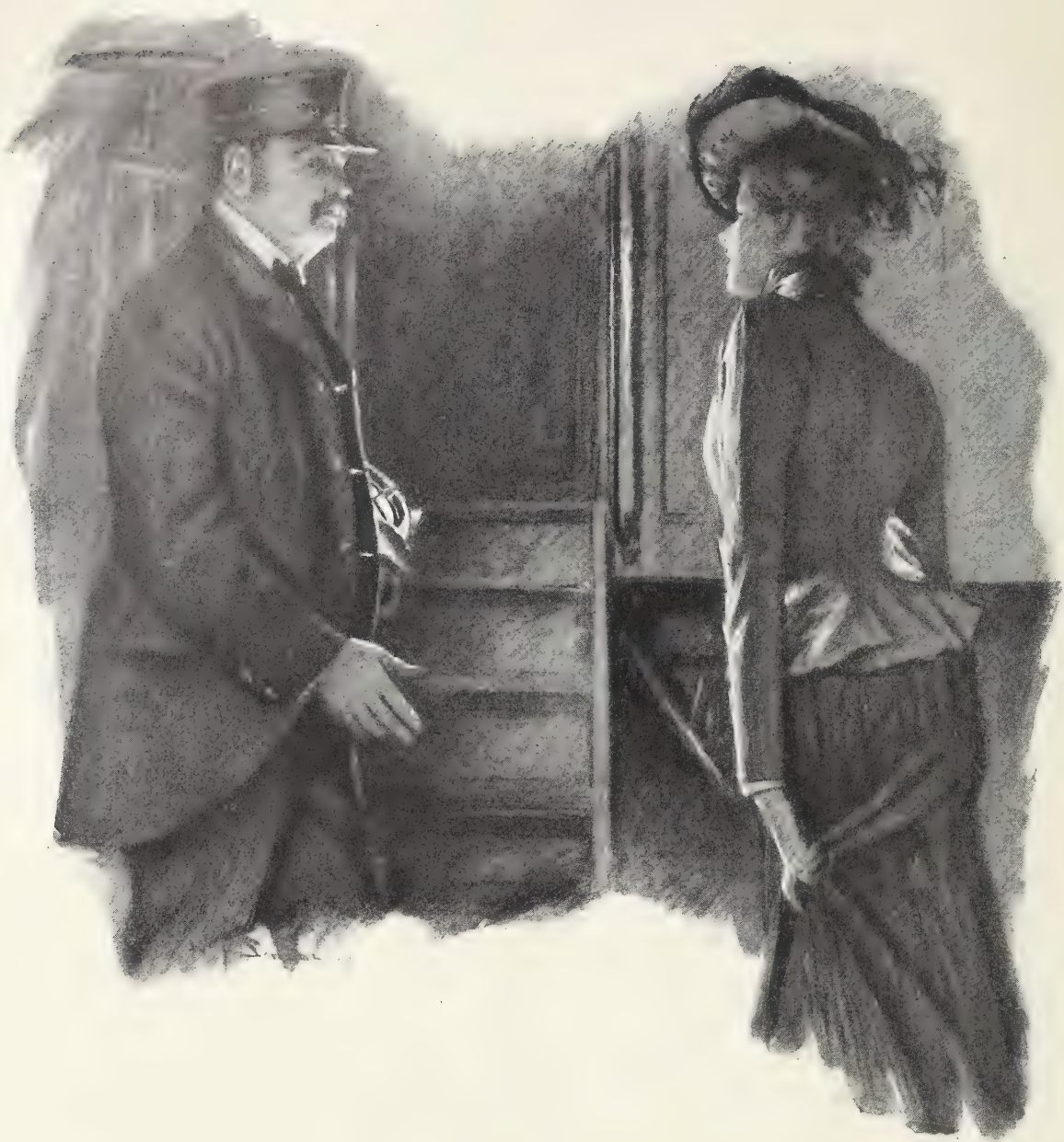
"You warm enough?" he asked, anxiously, and poked the fire in the rusty stove. Then he came and stood by Anne. "Awful sudden, wasn't it?" he asked. "But I don't know as 'twas so strange. That pneumonia last spring sort o' pulled him down. Some trouble with his heart, wasn't there?" Then after a moment, as Anne still sat silent, he went on: "It 'll be a great loss to the town. There wasn't anybody so looked up to, as you may say, as Doc Telford. They'll miss him on the school committee."

Yes, he was on the school committee, Anne remembered. His old-fashioned views on education had vexed her. Only last summer they had disagreed on the subject of teaching English. And she remembered vaguely, too, that Russ Bodwell's son, a surly lad whom his father adored, had been suspended from school, and taken back only at the doctor's intercession. People said now that the boy had not been to blame. Her mother had told her some long story about it.

"Yes, it will be a great loss to the town," repeated Bodwell. "There are not many men like him, Annie."

The train panted heavily on the up grades, rattled down long slopes, wheezed on uneven levels. It was a miserable stretch of road-bed on this branch line. Once and again, for a long half-hour, the train backed and filled at a way station, where more freight was taken on. Anne looked at her watch. Three o'clock! She should be home by six. She framed her face in her hands and stared out into the dark trees by the side of the track.

The trees shrank down, the flaring lamp of an open flag station shone into Anne's eyes, and the train halted with a jar through all its length. Five minutes—ten minutes dragged out. Then Bodwell once more came into the car.



"WHY, ANNIE!" HE EXCLAIMED

"What has happened?" Anne asked, crisply, at the first sight of his face.

"There's a wash-out just ahead of us," he answered, concisely. "I'm sorry for it, Annie. But we won't get through to Hamilton before noon."

Anne pressed her hands together. "I've *got* to get home," she said, between set teeth. There was a moment's silence. The rain tapped persistently on the car windows.

"What place is this?" Anne asked, abruptly.

"Whitney." The conductor gave the name of a tiny village some twelve miles north of Hamilton.

"Can't I get a carriage? Some one to drive me over to Hamilton?"

Bodwell shook his head. "I don't know. It's storming pretty hard, and it's dark as Egypt. Well, I'll go over to the hotel with you, if you say so."

Once more Anne stepped out into the storm. Bodwell went beside her with the lantern, but it gave only the scantest light. The lane from the little station to the village was over-shoe deep with mud. The wind whipped Anne's heavy skirt against her ankles, and the rain came beating into her face.

"Whew! It's a dirty night!" the conductor kept repeating.

The hotel, as he called it, was a road-house, kept by a certain Jimmie Sinkler. Anne knew the place by repute, but she entered its office now without a tremor. The floor was grimy, and the colored fly-paper of the preceding summer still hung from the ceiling. Against the wall, on brackets, were two smoky kerosene-lamps, and on a little shelf, behind the counter, stood a white-faced clock with staring black figures that marked twenty minutes to four. Early though the hour was, the news of the wash-out had kept Sinkler from his bed. He was sitting at the great stove in his shirt sleeves, and with him were his hostler and the young brakeman. At sight of Anne they all got up, and the brakeman offered her the leather-cushioned chair in which he had been sitting. Anne shook her head and went to the black window, where she stood looking out upon the endless rain.

Behind her she heard Bodwell urging Sinkler. Couldn't he hitch up and take "this lady" over to Hamilton? Most certainly Jimmie Sinkler couldn't, not on a night like that, with mud like that! He'd see Russ Bodwell much farther before he thought of it!

"Oh, come, Jimmie!" Bodwell cried. "It's Doc Telford's girl on her way home. Doc died yesterday morning."

When Anne turned from the window she found that Sinkler had gone out. The brakeman was staring at her, but he lowered his eyes as he met her gaze. Presently Bodwell came in from the kitchen with a cup in his hand.

"They've some coffee all made, Annie," he urged. "You'd better drink it."

The cup was of thick earthenware, and the coffee had slopped over into the saucer. But the drink, though weak, was at least hot. Anne swallowed it thankfully. As she set the cup upon the counter, Sinkler came and leaned in the door of the office. He was a tall man, with a face mottled red in patches, and a drooping, wet, yellow mustache.

"Say, miss," he drawled, shifting his eyes before Anne, "if you want to go to Hamilton, my team is hitched up, and I guess I can take you."

III

For the first mile no words passed between Sinkler and Anne. The horse, a

lean, long creature, strode ahead through the mire and the rain. The lantern, slung to one side of the dasher, cast a circle of light on the sodden road and on the horse's wet, black rump. From time to time Sinkler cried, "Get on, Joe!" or clucked with his lips.

Anne sat with her coat collar turned up and the rubber boot wrapped across her knees. The rain drove against her face, though Sinkler's bulky body partly shielded her. He sat beside her on the seat of the open buggy. She had heard of him, heard little good of him, but she scarcely thought of that now.

"Did you come down from Portland last night, miss?" the man questioned, suddenly.

"No. From Boston."

"You don't say! Get on, Joe."

Once more they splattered and splashed along the heavy road. Through wet woods they trotted, into a sleeping village, where a night-lamp burned in one window, and out into the woods again.

"G'on, Joe! Pretty sudden, wasn't it?" asked Sinkler.

"Yes."

Again there was silence, except for the sound of the horse-hoofs and the squelch of mud. Sinkler cleared his throat and spat into the dark. "He was a darned good doctor," he said, presently. "I had him, two years ago last summer. My wife was sick."

"I hope he cured her."

"Naw." Once more Sinkler spat over the wheel. "Couldn't do nothing. She died—she and the baby. Get on Joe!"

They trotted across a bridge, with hollow thump, thump of hoofs. Then came again the squelch of deep mud beneath wheels. "He never dunned me, neither," Sinkler broke out again. "Said he'd wait till I was on my feet. My barn burned down that summer. Say, he was a darned good man."

Anne made no reply. With lips set and hands pressed together, she sat staring forward at the moving head of the long-limbed horse. But the night was ending. She had thought never to see it end. As they climbed the hill from Upper Hamilton, the village just north of her own home, she saw on the left hand a rift of paler light in the gray sky. Sinkler, at her side, with his drooping,

limp hat-brim and pendulous mustache, came into clearer lines.

"'Most there now," he said, and looked at her for the first time. "Say, you'd ought to have had a shawl or something, miss. Ain't you wet?"

Anne shook her head.

In the uncertain morning light she could now recognize landmarks—Curry's big barn, the bridge over the north creek, all seen blurrily through the rain. At the farther side of the bridge they passed a grove of evergreens—pines and balsams—that she knew well of old; and beyond the grove—Anne caught her breath and turned away her face as they trotted by the old Telford graveyard.

Down the long hill they rattled and through the single street of the village. It was morning now—a gray, rainy morning. The back doors of the houses were open. Anne was nearing home.

"How much do I owe you, Mr. Sinkler?" she asked.

Sinkler was silent a moment while he guided the horse round the turn of the lane that led to the Telford place. "Well," he said at last, "I guess—"

They had turned in over the grass-plot, and he halted the horse at the back door of the old house. From the barn came a distressed whinner. The doctor's mare was calling. Anne bit her lip.

"Guess I won't charge ye anything," said Sinkler. "Scuse me not getting out to help ye, miss, but Joe don't stand well alone."

Anne jumped out over the muddy wheel. She glanced at Joe, long and black and dripping; he must be Sinkler's best horse, she thought. "Thank you, Mr. Sinkler," she said; but Sinkler had already turned his buggy and was plodding out of the yard, and she went up the back steps. Still she could hear in the

barn the whinner of the mare. The door opened, and the old maid-of-all-work stood before her with hands uplifted.

"For the land sake, Annie, you poor child! Come right in. Your poor ma 'll glad to see you. Take that wet coat right off, do!"

She put out her calloused hands, shaking with desire to serve. Anne noted that her eyes were red, and went by the maid, into the dining-room, where the chromos on the wall glared down at her. The old aunt who drank her tea noisily sat by the open fire. She had a folded handkerchief in her hand, and with it she kept touching her eyes. It came to Anne's mind that for years her father had sheltered the poor creature. Her own children had turned her out. They were above the convention of family affection.

"Oh God!" Anne whispered beneath her breath; and then, "Auntie, where is he? Where have they put him?"

Following the motion of the old woman's head, she went through the entry, past her mother's bed-room, into the parlor. The curtains were half drawn, but there was light enough for her to see the Death Bed of Webster, the pink china vases, the worn volumes of Dickens on the what-not. And she saw, too, the awful lines of the casket that stood in the middle of the room.

The click of the latch made Anne turn. Her mother, in her night-dress, stood in the doorway. Anne saw how gray was the hair that fell about her face, how pinched her lips, how shrivelled her bare feet upon the cold floor.

Anne took a step forward and caught her in her arms. "Oh, mother, mother dear!" she burst out sobbing. "I know now. I loved him so—I love you so. I'll be good to you, mother! I'll be good to you!"





ONE goes to Monte Carlo—it is well to give our vices at least the appearance of an excuse—first of all to admire. No one goes there to gamble; that is understood. One plays a louis just for fun; then two; then ten. You lose, get the fever, and the passion for the game seizes you body and soul. Very few escape. The influence of the play is subtle, compelling. To many who risk their money the great thing is to become notorious, to strive for the distinction of being pointed out as one of the few who have succeeded in breaking the bank. It is the rendezvous of the rich do-nothings, of the true and false nobility, and of the rich decadents, those whose fortune vice has destroyed, and who go there to risk everything on a throw of the dice.

The azure sea, the palace half hidden among the flowers, the blue capes on the horizon, this superb country where the purples of the setting sun gleam in a flood of beauty from between the marble columns—sunsets that would ravish a Turner—all that is only the background half concealed by this gilded and idle bohemia, by the arrogant and haughty silhouettes of the passers-by.

A restless throng, types of every nationality in the world, passes and re-passes between the two séances of play. Every one walks with a curious air of

importance. To deceive one's neighbor and to be taken for a great personage—that seems to be the one great motive. And, in fact, there are many princes—Montenegrin, Russian, Servian, Bulgarian—who exchange cards emblazoned with coats of arms, who carry their heads high in true royal fashion, and who, as they pass, criticise and inspect each other secretly from the corners of their eyes.

And there is the Monte Carlo boy, as well as the Monte Carlo prince. The former, a good fellow, rich—nine times in ten the type of American who does London, Paris, the Rhine, and Switzerland in eight days, stops over only a train or two at Monte Carlo *en route* for Italy. He risks a few dollars at roulette, wins or loses, and departs. The Monte Carlo boy usually travels without a valet, whom he considers so much useless baggage, with which European slowness encumbers itself.

But the Monte Carlo prince without a valet—never! Just at the sight of his perfumed skin and his smooth hair, of his painted eyebrows, his carefully curled mustache, his fingers covered with too many gold rings, and his big diamonds out of all proportion to his pocket-book, the hotels would shut their doors in his face, and the safety-deposit vaults would almost lock of themselves. Alone,



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

VISIONS HAUNT THEIR BRAINS

he looks like a pickpocket. With a valet, could one suspect a man whom an enormous valet calls Monseigneur? Never. On the contrary, the paper announces his arrival; he is Monsieur le Duc, Signor Conte, Mylord So-and-So, Herr Wohlgeboren, Señor, Marques, Bey, Boyard, Pacha, Rajah. . . .

The passers-by salute each other; the ladies become very friendly.

"Think, my dear, a prince who without doubt owns a palace at Paris—what a companion for this winter!"

To all of them, lost in admiration of titles, of splendor, and of millions, the word prince is magic. It is the open sesame of their dreams. Old historic châteaux, fêtes, gala-days, good times to come. . . . Ah, if with the turn of a magic wand some fairy could let them see only half the real truth, and could show to them the great majority of these so-called "princes" as they are!

Then there are some true princes, after all. This little dwarf of a man, for example, with the pug nose and little wild-cat whiskers, who calls his valet



THE WHEEL TURNS

Half-tone plate engraved by S. P. Smith

and is answered with a "Monseigneur"—he is a boyard who has come to risk at roulette the money earned from the wine sold to the Russian peasants, in the little wooden hut back of his palace. And the palace itself, and his immense forests in the Russian plain, and the hut from which breathes the heavy smell of alcohol, the best part of his revenue, he risks it all at roulette, to be devoured by a single turn of the wheel.

And presently we shall have the pathetic spectacle of Monseigneur completely ruined, leaving Monte Carlo without sound of tambourines or trumpets—and without valet. A sad business, by-the-way, that of valet to a prince at Monte Carlo. When the roulette wheel has finally levelled to the ground all the castles in Spain, the master flees, and the valet, in true comedy fashion, has only the satisfaction of shaking his fist at the sky, and calling in vain for his unpaid wages. But the master is gone, never to return. The beys and the pachas seek their dupes elsewhere, or, disgusted by the failures of fortune, take up again their old business as couriers of noble families, courtiers at Belgrade, at Stamboul, interpreters at hotels at Smyrna, at Beirut, at Cairo. . . .

Besides these princes, noble unknowns deign also to take part. Look at that one, calm and disdainful in the midst of the other players, who are bending their wrinkled, anxious faces over the roulette table and the table of "trente et quarante." With what an air of supreme carelessness he holds the roll of bank-notes in his aristocratic hand! He wins or loses with an imperial, royal indifference. At his side, with an air half wolf, half fox, his monocle fastened in his eye, is the Parisian boulevardier, the director of a newspaper of scandal. He is the parasite who is always found where good living is to be had, and whose gaze is fixed upon the successful players rather than upon the play. A German baron, lolling in his chair, turns his blue eye-glasses toward the roulette table and watches the play.

Farther along the inevitable maniac with wrinkled brow and the infallible system for winning pulls out his note-book, takes notes, examines the figures, remakes for the hundredth time the calcula-

tion that some day cannot fail to break the bank. Near by one of the women players makes her bet, and chews her gloves with anxiety as the roulette wheel turns. Another, her face painted and repainted, follows the play with passion. Other tables in the vast hall are like this one, surrounded by attentive, feverish victims, at first indifferent in appearance, and then little by little seized with the desire to play, transfigured by the infernal passion. The sight of gold seems to intoxicate them. Visions haunt their brains. Gold—gold—pleasures, banquets, horses, champagne—gold to enjoy, to become young with again, to live. And all this at once, without waiting, without work, if only fortune is favorable. . . .

Their parched lips are silent, but it seems that one can hear the beating of their hearts. The wheel turns; its red reflections make it shine like the sun; it illumines with its rays all the faces that are bent over it, puts a flame into those hungry eyes; its light adds an air of mystery and of terror.

In the splendid hall there is an ominous silence. The columns, with their capitals of gold, the gilded mosaics, the paintings where, upon a golden background, are drawn the splendid groups of goddesses and cupids, the heavy ceiling lacquered with gold—all that seems to be in grotesque harmony with the passion of the players.

From time to time brief sounds are heard: "Rien ne va plus," "rouge gagne," "rouge perd," the noise of a rake that gathers in the gold and the bank-notes on the table, a light scraping of chairs moved here and there—"faites vos jeux"—and then silence. Again the wheel turns.

It is truly curious to observe the crowd when everything is finished. There is the old maniac, note-book and pencil in hand, remaking his calculation, understanding nothing at all of his system—"it was really that, though, the plan ought to succeed—ah, never mind, it will be to-morrow"—and the old visionary gesticulates, corrects his notes, and talks to himself very softly, as if to hush a child to sleep.

One of the women has lost. She makes fun of it—"Unfortunate in play, fortunate in love," says the proverb.



THE RECEPTION-HALL AT MONTE CARLO

She is radiant, and goes out proudly on the arm of an admirer, Prince X., who one must believe has won.

Then there is the triumphant queen. In spite of her rouge she is not beautiful—but she has been fortunate. She piles up the gold and the bank-notes in her little satchel, where they clink fraternally with her powder-box and her tortoise-shell comb. She has won. To-morrow the newspapers will announce her victory. It will encourage others. Sounds of admiration precede and follow her. They admire her; indeed, she is almost pretty. Behind her the boulevardier twists his mustache and decides to pay his court to her. These men and women promenade under the palm-trees, seat themselves in groups here and there, and breathe in the freshness of the evening after the long, busy day.

Gossip begins. With one phrase one denounces the whole company. Nothing escapes their sarcasm. They curse in every language. The unfortunate players rehearse together and enjoy among themselves the latest scandals from Paris and from London, and comment upon the story told in Florence of the beautiful Madam Y., and upon the scandals of the various winter resorts. They criticise the passers-by.

"Apropos of idiots, just look at that one—"

"That little hunchback?"

"No hunchback at all. It is Z., the psychological novelist. He walks bent over, as one bending under the great weight of life."

"And that pretty little brunette who gives him her arm?"

"It is the Italian singer. He goes out now only with her, since the time when he said in one of his novels, 'The Italian woman does not believe herself loved until one is capable of committing a crime for her,' and he wishes to make himself believe that he is capable of committing a crime for love."

"Meanwhile he plays like a madman."

"And he wins. You know the proverb, 'fortunate in play—'"

Farther on a different group smokes cigars and watches the passers-by.

"See, there goes M——, the former minister."

"Ah, yes," screams a voice, "the one the newspapers call 'an honest man.'"

"And why not? An honest man is certainly one variety of the human race."

"A variety that loses at roulette what it gains in power." And from one end to the other of the promenade in the calm of the evening malice is poured out to overflowing.

At the sound of the orchestra in the distance the crowd starts toward the dining-hall. The vast hotels scattered everywhere over the hills are brilliantly lighted. A fragrance of flowers, of cooking, and of tobacco mingles with a breath from the ocean. The bells for the different tables d'hôte sound. The crowd separates, to come together after a while in the gilded gambling-rooms. They say au revoir to each other in dialects as varied as those heard at the Tower of Babel.

In a corner, an English reporter, solitary and funereal-looking, notes all this for the *Morning Telegram*, which has asked from him a detailed account of French society.

Several years ago Monte Carlo was in the common expression a pitiable thing; it was only a splendid rock, like a bouquet on a coast, covered with roses, cactuses, and palm-trees. Little terraced villages overlooking the sea shielded discreetly the poets and the lovers and the artists who came there to enjoy the view. One amused one's self without show, one fished, one hunted, and for three francs a day—was it not humiliating?—one had on the table all the game of the hills, all the fish of the sea, and all the fruits of Eden. Fresh air and liberty were not reckoned in the bill.

Was it not a shameful thing that there was not at that time either a casino, or a gambling-hall, or theatres, or cafés, and that living did not cost fifty francs a day?

Presently a company of financiers put themselves to work. First they built the gambling-hall. The flat-roofed villas were torn down, beautiful cafés were erected in their place, and railroads levelled down the fields of roses. The scandal of oranges picked from the trees and of flowers whose fragrance could be breathed



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

LOST IN THE OCEAN OF PARISIAN ROOFS



"X. STARTED YESTERDAY FOR A LONG VOYAGE"

for nothing was suppressed once for all. Advertising filled the newspapers, and the financiers laid the foundations for immense fortunes, to which every snob in the universe contributed.


And since that time Monte Carlo has known a glorious destiny. It draws its victims from every side, destroys them, sucks their blood, drains their gold; and it is the country where one laughs and finds amusement. There are no unhappy faces, no broken-down players. To such the company offers a railroad ticket, that the enchanted land may be freed as soon as possible of their lamentations.

One sees only the appearances of luxury and of gayety in this glittering community. Despair would make a blot upon it. Those who have lost their fortunes disappear like magic, and while the newspapers announce on their first page, "Monsieur le Duc has left the azure coast and has returned to his sumptuous apartments," the poor devil goes to conceal his shame in some little shanty lost in the ocean of Parisian roofs.

But all have not the courage to go

away. Many stay. Of such not a word is heard. The cold, the rain, the fog, ruin, and death are and ought to be, according to the announcement of the company and the press, wholly unknown in this favored spot. Orange-trees always in flower, palm-trees always green, and the sky always blue, a continual fête, winners, fortunate gamblers, nobles, millionaires, counts, dukes, grand-dukes, highnesses, and princes, princes, *princes*—that is what people want at Monte Carlo.

A pistol-shot is never heard, never wakes an echo, never causes a scandal. The walks where the cactuses stretch out in perspective toward the sea are always clean and well sanded. One never sees a drop of blood. It only needs a little water and a rake, and all is finished—only, the next day, when you unfold your paper, you read something like this: "X. started yesterday for a long voyage of exploration around the world. We wish him good luck"—and the world knows what it means.



In Autumn

By *Mary Applewhite Bacon*



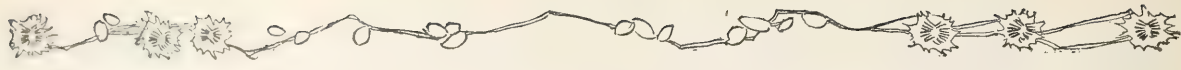
SEPTEMBER.—If in the fierce heats of summer Nature seems indifferent to her child, with the first hint of autumn given by the few crimsoning leaves of the black-gum in a forest of green, or the day of chill east wind and rain striking in abruptly towards the end of August, she begins to cheat his mind into forgetfulness of past wrongs and to prepare for him enchanted palaces.

As yet the uplands are showing but little change in their verdure; the foliage of the trees seems even darker, and there are tones of yellow in the grassy hedge-rows; but the meadows, especially in the mellow light of late afternoon, wear a quiet richness that seems peculiar to this season. Fodder was gathered a fortnight ago, but there is something pleasant to the eye in the dull yellow of the long rows of corn-stalks with their slowly hardening ears. Along the narrow watercourses is a luxurious growth of shrubs and grasses, tangled with climbing plants and dashed with bright color—the purple of iron-weed, the intricate orange threads of the love-vine, the scarlet berries of the cat's-paw growing about a soft husk which mimics the pretty cushion under pussy's foot, and, more charming than any of these, the ceaselessly moving blue and yellow of tiny silken wings.

This has been a busy morning, but not too busy to note the pure freshness of the air blowing from yonder far-off mountains and the sweet rustling of the leaves; to listen to the song of some young orioles and the clear notes of two jolly little wrens; or to delight one's eye with the picture made by a brown cabin in the field opposite, where the branches of a plum-tree are hung from end to end with a morning-glory vine and wave its wide leaves and frail rosy trumpets above the low roof and before the half-open door. It were even happiness enough for one morning to watch the stirring of the green branches of the row of apple-trees yonder with their reddening fruit, or the kaleidoscope of leaf-image and sunlight on the white walk below.

. . . The garden is overspread with gorgeous color. The whole scale of reds and yellows, shading into richest brown, is exhibited in the salvia, marigolds, and dahlias, the pale blue of plumbago in lovely contrast. There are rose-buds just parting—white, pale pink, and crimson; above the zinnias butterflies repeating their own rich hues rise and sink endlessly; and, oh joy! a humming-bird, an iridescent beam, flashes in and out of the scarlet cypress. One might say that the nasturtiums are at their best, but that, like some rare human friends, they seem always at their best. Even the broad bronze leaves and vermilion-tinted fruit of the palma-christi against the sweet blue sky are not to be despised. The air has in it the faint odor of petunias, the fragrance also of madeira blooms, hundreds of whose tiny blackened corollas the light breeze blows in eddies along the gravel paths.

OCTOBER.—The sudden gala of maples under the rich blue of the sky is as affecting as the fragile loveliness of the snowdrop whose white bells ring low prophecies of Spring. There has been a daily enrichment of color in the landscape; in its larger masses of green only by a gradual blending of red and yellow tones, like a skilful crescendo in music, but in the open places on hill and meadow by the wide blossoming of golden-rod and white and purple asters past all numbering. The sunshine is almost a



palpable gold, and a blue haze, Autumn's supreme enchantment, has laid its touch upon the earth. And often still, with the long level rays of the low sun striking across the meadows, somewhere in their cool coverts a mocking-bird sings.

. . . . The pageant grows daily more splendid. To the thousands keeping festival in white and blue and gold by the road-side and in the open fields, are joining themselves the majestic priesthood of the forests, robed in vestments for glory and for beauty. Above is a vault of sapphire, and the spaces of the vast temple are pervaded with blue as with the smoke of incense. And with the day's passing, the sunset gathers up all the colors of earth and sky into a swiftly changing phantasma lingering in the translucent opal depths till the stars shine and the airs of evening breathe benediction.

It is too pretty to see how one or two cherry-trees in the garden have put forth a few scattered white blossoms in the warm air as if dreaming of Spring, as little children prattle in their sleep of the day's vanished pleasure.

. . . . One may after a fashion name the changing aspects of these fair days, but a language more mystical than human speech is needed wherein to suggest the strange sweetness of these still nights, with their "long glories" of the harvest-moon.


NOVEMBER.—The myriad pomp of the wild flowers has passed; softest grays and pale yellowish-browns have taken the place of purple and white and gold; and for ordered ray and flower are tiny tufted masses sending at every breath of air minute white-winged seeds. The oak leaves cling stubbornly to the tree, some of them still richly colored. The brilliant variegation of the sweet-gums has become deepest purple and wine red with scattered touches of orange; beneath them is a carpet of the same colors, and close at hand one may see many of the pretty branches almost bare.

The shy wood-birds—round-bodied little fellows they are now, perhaps with much feeding on sumac-berries and red and purple haws—make their sharp little cries as they dart in and out of the hedge-rows, concealed almost instantly in the grays and browns of the weeds and shrubs.

. . . . We have had a few days of rain; since then fitful gusts of wind detaching rapidly the fading leaves from the trees and whirling them with all prettiness of motion through the air or along the ground. To-day the sunshine seems more than usually pervading, perhaps because there are more open spaces into which its soft pale brilliance may reach.

. . . . Just the close-knit grass rising and sinking with the low furrows of fields long left only to the action of sun and rain, the wind stirring its long, jointed fibres; its vivid witnessing to glorious summer long past, the desolation of winter not yet upon it.

. . . . Late in the month as it is, the sky continues a lovely blue. I went out this afternoon before it had faded to silver, and walked along the lonely fields, looking at the gray belts of woodland, at the sombre green of the pines, at the dim, dim forms of the mountains. I came to a long sloping field covered only with the homely brownish-yellow of broom-sedge, discovering as I stood there that even it had its own quiet beauty. I marked the level surface, the silver lustre of the silken-winged seeds, the fine purple lines along their sheaths. Purpling shadows lengthened eastward on the still earth as I had seen them lengthen before. At intervals from a belt of woods hard by came the calling of a dove with its tender sweetness. In the pale, rose-tinged blue of the evening sky a star shone softly luminous, and the day died in a low canticle of peace.



Lady Rose's Daughter

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART VI

CHAPTER XI

“**H**ERE it is,” said the Duchess, as the carriage stopped. “Isn’t it an odd little place?”

And as she and Julie paused on the pavement, Julie looked listlessly at her new home. It was a two-storied brick house built about 1780. The front door boasted a pair of Ionian columns and a classical canopy or pediment. The windows had still the original small panes; the *mansarde* roof with its one dormer was untouched. The little house had rather deep eaves; three windows above; two, and the front door, below. It wore a prim old-fashioned air, a good deal softened and battered, however, by age; and it stood at the corner of two quiet back streets, destined no doubt to be rebuilt before long, in the general rejuvenation of Mayfair.

As the Duchess had said, it occupied the site of what had once—about 1740—been the westerly end of a mews belonging to houses in Cureton Street, long since pulled down. The space filled by these houses was now occupied by one great mansion and its gardens. The rest of the mews had been converted into three-story houses of a fair size looking south, with a back road between them and the gardens of Cureton House. But at the southwesterly corner of what was now Heribert Street, fronting west, and quite out of line and keeping with the rest, was this curious little place, built probably at a different date, and for some special family reason. The big planes in the Cureton House gardens came close to it, and overshadowed it; one side wall of the house, in fact, formed part of the wall of the garden. The Duchess, full of nervousness, ran up the steps, put in the key herself, and threw open the door. An elderly Scotch woman, the care-taker, appeared from the back, and stood waiting to show them over.

“Oh! Julie!—perhaps it’s *too* queer and musty!” cried the Duchess, looking round her in some dismay. “I thought, you know, it would be a little out-of-the-way and quaint—unlike other people—just what you ought to have! But—”

“I think it’s delightful,” said Julie, standing absently before a case of stuffed birds, somewhat moth-eaten, which took up a good deal of space in the little hall; “I love stuffed birds.”

The Duchess glanced at her uneasily. “What is she thinking about?” she wondered. But Julie roused herself.

“Why, it looks as though everything here had gone to sleep for a hundred years!” she said, gazing in astonishment at the little hall with its old clock, its two or three stiff hunting pictures, its drab-painted walls, its poker-work chest.

And the drawing-room! The care-taker had opened the windows. It was a mild March day, and there were misty sun-gleams stealing along the lawns of Cureton House. None entered the room itself, for its two semicircular windows looked north over the gardens. Yet it was not uncheerful. Its faded curtains of blue rep, its buff walls, on which the pictures and miniatures in their tarnished gilt frames were arranged at intervals in stiff patterns and groups; the Italian glass, painted with dilapidated Cupids, over the mantel-piece; the two or three Sheraton arm-chairs and settees, covered with threadbare needle-work from the days of “Evelina”; a carpet of old and well-preserved Brussels,—blue arabesques on a white ground; one or two pieces of old satinwood furniture, very fine and perfect; a heavy centre table, its cloth garnished with some early Victorian wool-work, and a pair of pink glass vases; on another small table close by, of a most dainty and spindle-legged correctness, a set of Indian chessmen under a glass

shade; and on another a collection of tiny animals, stags and dogs for the most part, deftly "pinched" out of soft paper, also under glass, and as perfect as when their slender limbs were first fashioned by Cousin Mary Leicester's mother, somewhere about the year that Marie Antoinette mounted the scaffold:—these various elements, ugly and beautiful, combined to make a general effect, clean, fastidious, frugal, and refined, that was in truth full of a sort of acid charm.

"Oh! I like it!—I like it so much!" cried Julie, throwing herself down into one of the straight-backed arm-chairs, and looking first round the walls, and then through the windows to the gardens outside.

"My dear!" said the Duchess, flitting from one thing to another, frowning and a little "fussed." "Those curtains won't do at all! I must send some from home."

"No, no, Evelyn! Not a thing shall be changed; you shall lend it me just as it is, or not at all. What a character it has! I *taste* the person who lived here."

"Cousin Mary Leicester?" said the Duchess. "Well, she was rather an oddity. She was Low Church, like my mother-in-law; but oh! so much nicer! Once I let her come to Grosvenor Square, and speak to the servants about going to church. The groom of the chambers said she was 'a dear old lady, and if she were *his* cousin he wouldn't mind her being a bit touched.' My maid said she had no idea poke-bonnets could be so *sweet*! It made her understand what the Queen looked like when she was young. And none of them have ever been to church since that I can make out.—There was one very curious thing about Cousin Mary Leicester," added the Duchess, slowly,—"she had second-sight! She *saw* her old mother—in this room,—once or twice—after she had been dead for years. And she saw Bertie once—when he was away on a long voyage—"

"Ghosts, too!" said Julie, crossing her hands before her with a little shiver,—
"that completes it!"

"Sixty years!" said the Duchess, musing. "It was a long time, wasn't it, to live in this little house,—and scarcely ever leave it. Oh! she had quite a circle of her own. For many years her funny little sister lived here too. And there was

a time, Bertie says, when there was almost a rivalry between them and two other famous old ladies who lived in Bruton Street—what *was* their name? Oh! the Miss Berrys.—Horace Walpole's Miss Berrys. All sorts of famous people, I believe, have sat in these chairs. But the Miss Berrys won."

"Not in years? Cousin Mary outlived them."

"Ah!—but she was dead long before she died," said the Duchess as she came to perch on the arm of Julie's chair, and threw her arm round her friend's neck. "After her little sister departed this life, she became a very silent, shrivelled thing—except for her religion,—and very few people saw her. She took a fancy to me—which was odd, wasn't it, when I'm such a worldling!—and she let me come in and out. Every morning she read the Psalms and Lessons, with her old-maid, who was just her own age—in this very chair. And two or three times a month, Bertie would slip round and read them with her—you know, Bertie's very religious! And then she'd work at flannel petticoats for the poor, or something of that kind, till lunch. Afterwards she'd go and read the Bible to people in the workhouse or in hospital. When she came home, the butler brought her the *Times*; and sometimes you'd find her by the fire, straining her old eyes over 'a little Dante.' And she always dressed for dinner—everything was quite smart—and her old butler served her. Afterwards her maid played dominoes or spillikins with her,—all her life she never touched a card,—and they read a chapter—and Cousin Mary played a hymn on that funny little old piano—there, in the corner,—and at ten they all went to bed. Then one morning the maid went in to wake her, and she saw her dear sharp nose and chin against the light—and her hands like that, in front of her—and—well, I suppose, she'd gone to play hymns in heaven!—dear Cousin Mary! Julie! isn't it strange the kind of lives so many of us have to lead?—Julie!"—the little Duchess laid her cheek against her friend's—"do you believe in another life?"

"You forget I'm a Catholic," said Julie, smiling rather doubtfully.

The old clock in the hall struck. The Duchess sprang up.



THE DUCHESS PERCHED ON THE ARM OF JULIE'S CHAIR

"Oh! Julie—I have got to be at Clarisse's by four. I *promised* her I'd go and settle about my Drawing Room dress to-day.—Let's see the rest of the house."

And they went rapidly through it. All of it was stamped with the same character, representing as it were the meeting-point between an inherited luxury and a personal asceticism. Beautiful chairs, or cabinets transported sixty years before from one of the old Crowborough houses in the country to this little abode; side by side with things the cheapest and the commonest;—all that Cousin Mary Leicester could ever persuade herself to buy with her own money. For all the latter part of her life she had been half a mystic, and half a great lady; secretly hating the luxury from which she had not the strength to free herself; dressing ceremoniously, as the Duchess had said, for a solitary dinner; and all the while going in sore remembrance of a Master who "had not where to lay his head."

At any rate, there was an ample supply of household stuff for a single woman and her maids. In the china-cupboard there were still the old-fashioned Crown Derby services, the costly cut-glass, the Leeds and Wedgwood dessert-dishes that Cousin Mary Leicester had used for half a century. The care-taker produced the keys of the iron-lined plate-cupboard, and showed its old-world contents, clean and in order.

"Why, Julie! If we'd only ordered the dinner I might have come to dine with you to-night!" cried the Duchess, enjoying and peering into everything like a child with its doll's house. "And the linen—gracious!"—as the doors of another cupboard were opened to her. "But now I remember, Bertie said nothing was to be touched till he made up his mind what to do with the little place. Why, there's everything!"

And they both looked in astonishment at the white fragrant rows, at the worn monogram in the corners of the sheets, at the little bags of lavender and pot-pourri ranged along the shelves.

Suddenly Julie turned away, and sat down by an open window, carrying her eyes far from the house and its stores.

"It is too much, Evelyn!" she said, sombrely.—"It oppresses me. I don't think I can live up to it."

"Julie!"—and again the little Duchess came to stand caressingly beside her. "Why, you must have sheets!—and knives and forks! Why should you get ugly new ones, when you can use Cousin Mary's? She would have loved you to have them."

"She would have hated me with all her heart!" said Miss Le Breton—probably with much truth.

The two were silent a little. Through Julie's stormy heart there swept longings and bitterness inexpressible. What did she care for the little house and all its luxuries! She was sorry that she had fettered herself with it... Nearly four o'clock in the afternoon—and no letter—not a word!

"Julie!" said the Duchess softly in her ear, "you know—you can't live here alone. I'm afraid Bertie would make a fuss."

"I've thought of that," said Julie, wearily. "But—shall we really go on with it, Evelyn?"

The Duchess looked entreaty. Julie repented, and drawing her friend towards her, rested her head against the chinchilla cloak.

"I'm tired, I suppose," she said in a low voice. "Don't think me an ungrateful wretch.—Well,—there's my foster-sister and her child."

"Madame Bornier, and the little cripple girl?" cried the Duchess.—"Excellent! Where are they?"

"Léonie is in the French Governesses' Home, as it happens, looking out for a situation, and the child is in the Orthopædic Hospital. They've been straightening her foot. It's wonderfully better, and she's nearly ready to come out."

"Are they nice, Julie?"

"Thérèse is an angel—you must be the one thing or the other, apparently, if you're a cripple. And as for Léonie—well, if she comes here, nobody need be anxious about my finances. She'd count every crust and cinder. We couldn't keep any English servant; but we could get a Belgian one."

"But is she nice?" repeated the Duchess.

"I'm used to her," said Julie, in the same inanimate voice.

Suddenly the clock in the hall below struck four.

"Heavens!" cried the Duchess. "You don't know how Clarisse keeps you to your time. Shall I go on, and send the carriage back for you?"

"Don't trouble about me. I should like to look round me here a little longer."

"You'll remember that some of our fellow-criminals may look in after five? Dr. Meredith and Lord Lackington said, as we were getting away last night—Oh! how that door-step of Aunt Flora's burnt my shoes!—that they should come round. And Jacob is coming; he'll stay and dine. And, Julie,—I've asked Captain Warkworth to dine to-morrow night."

"Have you? That's noble of you—for you don't like him."

"I don't know him!" cried the Duchess, protesting. "If you like him—of course it's all right. Was he—was he very agreeable last night?" she added, slyly.

"What a word to apply to anybody or anything connected with last night!"

"Are you very sore, Julie?"

"Well—on this very day of being turned out—it hurts. I wonder who is writing Lady Henry's letters for her this afternoon?"

"I hope they are not getting written," said the Duchess, savagely; "and that she's missing you abominably! Good-by—*au revoir!* If I am twenty minutes late with Clarisse, I sha'n't get any fitting, Duchess or no Duchess!"

And the little creature hurried off; not so fast, however, but that she found time to leave a number of parting instructions as to the house, with the Scotch care-taker, on her way to her carriage.

Julie rose, and made her way down to the drawing-room again. The Scotch woman saw that she wanted to be alone, and left her.

The windows were still open to the garden outside. Julie examined the paths, the shrubberies, the great plane-trees; then she strained her eyes towards the mansion itself. But not much of it could be seen. The little house at the corner had been carefully planted out.

What wealth it implied—that space and size, in London! Evidently the house was still shut up. The people who owned it were now living the same cumbrous, magnificent life in the country which they would soon come up to live in the

capital. Honors, parks, money, birth,—all were theirs, as naturally as the sun rose. Julie envied and hated the big house, and all it stood for; she flung a secret defiance at this coveted and elegant Mayfair that lay around her, this heart of all that is recognized, accepted, carelessly sovereign, in our "materialized" upper class.

And yet all the while she knew that it was an unreal and passing defiance. She would not be able in truth to free herself from the ambition to live and shine in this world of the English rich and well-born. For, after all, as she told herself with rebellious passion, it was or ought to be her world. And yet her whole being was sore from the experiences of these three years with Lady Henry—from those, above all, of the preceding twenty-four hours. She wove no romance about herself. "I should have dismissed myself long ago!" she would have said, contemptuously, to any one who could have compelled the disclosure of her thoughts. But the long and miserable struggle of her self-love with Lady Henry's arrogance; of her gifts with her circumstances; the presence in this very world, where she had gained so marked a personal success, of two clashing estimates of herself, both of which she perfectly understood—the one exalting her, the other merely implying the cool and secret judgment of persons who see the world as it is:—these things made a heat and poison in her blood.

She was not good enough, not desirable enough, to be the wife of the man she loved. Here was the plain fact that stung and stung.

Jacob Delafield had thought her good enough! She still felt the pressure of his warm strong fingers,—the touch of his kiss upon her hand. What a paradox was she living in! The Duchess might well ask,—why, indeed, had she refused Jacob Delafield, that first time? As to the second refusal, that needed no explanation, at least for herself. When, upon that winter's day, now some six weeks past, which had beheld Lady Henry more than commonly tyrannical, and her companion more than commonly weary and rebellious, Delafield's stammered words—as he and she were crossing Grosvenor Square in the January dusk—had

struck for the second time upon her ear, she was already under Warkworth's charm. But before?—the first time? She had come to Lady Henry firmly determined to marry as soon, and as well, as she could; to throw off the slur on her life; to regularize her name and place in the world. And then the possible heir of the Chudleighs proposes to her—and she rejects him!

It was sometimes difficult for her now to remember all the whys and wherefores of this strange action, of which she was secretly so proud. But the explanation was in truth not far from that which she had given to the Duchess. The wild strength in her own nature had divined and shrunk from a similar strength in Delafield's. Here indeed one came upon the fact which forever differentiated her from the adventuress—had Sir Wilfrid known. She wanted money and name; there were days when she hungered for them. But she would not give too reckless a price for them. She was a personality, a soul; not a vulgar woman; not merely callous or greedy. She dreaded to be miserable; she had a thirst for happiness; and the heart was, after all, stronger than the head.

Jacob Delafield?—no!—her being contracted and shivered at the thought of him. A will tardily developed, if all accounts of his school and college days were true, but now, as she believed, invincible; a mystic; an ascetic; a man under whose modest, or careless, or self-mocking ways, she, with her eye for character, divined the most critical instincts, and a veracity, iron, scarcely human; a man before whom one must be always posing at one's best:—that was a personal risk too great to take for a Julie Le Breton.

Unless, indeed— Her cheeks flamed. If it came to this, that one must think no more of love, but only of power—why, then—

A ring at the door, resounding through the quiet side street. After a minute, the Scotch woman opened the drawing-room door.

"Please, miss—is this meant for you?"

Julie took the letter in astonishment. Then through the door she saw a man standing in the hall, and recognized Captain Warkworth's Indian servant.

"I don't understand him," said the Scotch woman, shaking her head.

Julie went out to speak with him. The man had been sent to Crowborough House with instructions to inquire for Miss Le Breton, and deliver his note. The groom of the chambers, misinterpreting the man's queer English and thinking the matter urgent—the note was marked "immediate"—had sent him after the ladies to Heribert Street.

The man was soon fee'd and dismissed, and Miss Le Breton took the letter back to the drawing-room.

So, after all, he had not failed; there on her lap was her daily letter. Outside, the scanty March sun, now just setting, was touching the garden with gold. Had it also found its way into Julie's eyes?

Now for his explanation?—

"First, how and where are you? I called in Bruton Street at noon. Hutton told me you had just gone to Crowborough House. Kind—no, wise little Duchess! She honors herself in sheltering you.

"I could not write last night—I was too uncertain, too anxious. All I said might have jarred. This morning came your note, about eleven. It was angelic to think so kindly and thoughtfully of a friend—angelic to write such a letter at such a time. You announced your flight to Crowborough House, but did not say when—so I crept to Bruton Street, seeing Lady Henry in every lamp-post, got a few clandestine words with Hutton, and knew at least what had happened to you—outwardly and visibly.

"Last night did you think me a poltroon to vanish as I did? It was the impulse of a moment. Mr. Montresor had pulled me into a corner of the room, away from the rest of the party, nominally to look at a picture, really that I might answer a confidential question he had just put to me with regard to a disputed incident in the Mahsud campaign. We were in the dark and partly behind a screen. Then the door opened. I confess the sight of Lady Henry paralyzed me. A great, murderous, six-foot Afghan—that would have been simple enough. But a woman!—old and ill and furious—with that Medusa's face,—no! My nerves suddenly failed me—what right had I in her house, after all? As she advanced into the room, I slipped out behind her. Gen-

eral Fergus and M. du Bartas joined me in the hall. We walked to Bond Street together. They were divided between laughter and vexation; I should have laughed—if I could have forgotten you.

"But what could I have done for you, dear lady, if I had stayed out the storm? I left you with three or four devoted adherents, who had, moreover, the advantage over me of either relationship or old acquaintance with Lady Henry. Compared to them, I could have done nothing to shield you. Was it not best to withdraw? Yet all the way home I accused myself bitterly. Nor did I feel, when I reached home, that one who had not grasped your hand under fire had any right to rest or sleep! But anxiety for you, regrets for myself, took care of that; I got my deserts.

"After all,—when the pricks and pains of this great wrench are over—shall we not all acknowledge that it is best the crash should have come? You have suffered and borne too much. Now we shall see you expand in a freer and happier life. The Duchess has asked me to dinner to-morrow—the note has just arrived—so that I shall soon have the chance of hearing from you some of those details I so much want to know. But before then you will write?

"As for me, I am full of alternate hopes and fears. General Fergus, as we walked home, was rather silent and bearish,—I could not flatter myself that he had any friendly intentions towards me in his mind. But Montresor was more than kind—and gave me some fresh opportunities of which I was very glad to avail myself. Well, we shall know soon.

"You told me once that if, or when, this happened, you would turn to your pen, and that Dr. Meredith would find you openings. That is not to be regretted, I think. You have great gifts, which will bring you pleasure in the using. I have got a good deal of pleasure out of my small ones. Did you know that once long ago when I was stationed at Gibraltar I wrote a military novel?

"No, I don't pity you because you will need to turn your intellect to account. You will be free; and mistress of your fate. That, for those who, like you and me, are the 'children of their works,' as the Spaniards say, is much.

"Dear friend,—kind, persecuted friend! —I thought of you in the watches of the night—I think of you this morning. Let me soon have news of you."

Julie put the letter down upon her knee. Her face stiffened. Nothing that she had ever received from him yet had rung so false.

Grief? Complaint? No! Just a calm grasp of the game—a quick playing of the pieces—so long as the game was there to play. If he was appointed to this mission, in two or three weeks he would be gone,—to the heart of Africa. If not—

Anyway, two or three weeks were hers. Her mind seemed to settle and steady itself.

She got up, and went once more carefully through the house, giving her attention to it. Yes, the whole had character, and a kind of charm. The little place would make, no doubt, an interesting and distinguished background for the life she meant to put into it. She would move in at once,—in three days at most. Ways and means were for the moment not difficult. During her life with Lady Henry she had saved the whole of her own small *rentes*. Three hundred pounds lay ready to her hand in an investment easily realized. And she would begin to earn at once.

Thérèse—that should be her room—the cheerful blue-papered room with the south window. Julie felt a strange rush of feeling as she thought of it. How curious that these two—Léonie and little Thérèse—should be thus brought back into her life! For she had no doubt whatever that they would accept with eagerness what she had to offer. Her foster-sister had married a schoolmaster in one of the Communal schools of Bruges, while Julie was still a girl at the convent. Léonie's lame child had been much with her grandmother, old Madame Le Breton. To Julie she had been at first unwelcome and repugnant. Then some quality in the frail creature had unlocked the girl's sealed and often sullen heart.

While she had been living with Lady Henry, these two, the mother and child, had been also in London; the mother, now a widow, earning her bread as an inferior kind of French governess, the

child boarded out with various persons, and generally for long periods of the year in hospital or convalescent home. To visit her in her white hospital bed,—to bring her toys and flowers,—or merely kisses and chat,—had been, during these years, the only work of charity on Julie's part which had been wholly secret, disinterested, and constant.

CHAPTER XII

IT was a somewhat depressed company that found its straggling way into the Duchess's drawing-room that evening between tea and dinner.

Miss Le Breton did not appear at tea. The Duchess believed that after her inspection of the house in Heribert Street, Julie had gone on to Bloomsbury to find Madame Bornier. Jacob Delafield was there; not much inclined to talk, even as Julie's champion. And one by one Lady Henry's oldest *habitués*, the "criminals" of the night before, dropped in.

Dr. Meredith arrived with a portfolio containing what seemed to be proof-sheets.

"Miss Le Breton not here?" he said, as he looked round him.

The Duchess explained that she might be in presently. The great man sat down, his portfolio carefully placed beside him, and drank his tea under what seemed a cloud of preoccupation.

Then appeared Lord Lackington and Sir Wilfrid Bury. Montresor had sent a note from the House to say that if the Debate would let him he would dash up to Grosvenor Square for some dinner, but he could only stay an hour.

"Well—here we are again—the worst of us!" said the Duchess, presently, with a sigh of bravado, as she handed Lord Lackington his cup of tea, and sank back in her chair to enjoy her own.

"Speak for yourselves, please!" said Sir Wilfrid's soft smiling voice, as he daintily relieved his mustache of some of the Duchess's cream.

"Oh! that's all very well!" said the Duchess, throwing up a hand in mock annoyance,—"but why weren't you there?"

"I knew better!"

"The people who keep out of scrapes are not the people one loves!" was the Duchess's peevish reply.

"Let him alone," said Lord Lackington, coming for some more tea-cake. "He will get his deserts. Next Wednesday he will be *tête-à-tête* with Lady Henry."

"Lady Henry is going to Torquay tomorrow," said Sir Wilfrid, quietly.

"Ah!"

There was a general chorus of interrogation, amid which the Duchess made herself heard—

"Then you've seen her?"

"To-day for twenty minutes—all she was able to bear. She was ill yesterday. She is naturally worse to-day. As to her state of mind—"

The circle of faces drew eagerly nearer.

"Oh, it's war," said Sir Wilfrid, nodding—"undoubtedly war!—upon the Cave—if there is a Cave."

"Well, poor things!—we must have something to shelter us," cried the Duchess. "The Cave is being aired to-day."

The interrogating faces turned her way. The Duchess explained the situation, and drew the house in Heribert Street—with its Cyclops-eye of a dormer-window, and its Ionian columns—on the tea-cloth, with her nail.

"Ah!" said Sir Wilfrid, crossing his knees reflectively,—"Ah!—that makes it serious."

"Julie must have a place to live in!" said the Duchess, stiffly.

"I suppose Lady Henry would reply that there are still a few houses in London which do not belong to her kinsman the Duke of Crowborough."

"Not perhaps to be had for the lending, and ready to step into at a day's notice," said Lord Lackington, with his queer smile,—like the play of sharp sunbeams through a mist. "That's the worst of our class. The margin between us and calamity is too wide. We risk too little. Nobody goes to the work-house."

Sir Wilfrid looked at him curiously. "Do I catch your meaning?" he said, dropping his voice;—"is it that if there had been no Duchess, and no Heribert Street, Miss Le Breton would have managed to put up with Lady Henry?"

Lord Lackington smiled again. "I think it probable. . . . As it is, however, we are all the gainers. We shall now see Miss Julie at her ease and ours."

"You have been for some time acquainted with Miss Le Breton?"

"Oh! some time. I don't exactly remember.—Lady Henry of course is an old friend of mine, as she is of yours. Sometimes she is rude to me. Then I stay away. But I always go back. She and I can discuss things and people that nobody else recollects—no, as far as that's concerned, you're not in it, Bury! Only this winter, somehow, I have often gone round to see Lady Henry,—and have found Miss Le Breton instead so attractive—"

"Precisely," said Sir Wilfrid, laughing; "the whole case in a nutshell."

"What puzzles me," continued his companion in a musing voice, "is how she can be so English as she is—with her foreign bringing-up. She has a most extraordinary instinct for people—people in London—and their relations. I have never known her make a mistake. Yet it is only five years since she began to come to England at all; and she has lived but three with Lady Henry. It was clear, I thought, that neither she nor Lady Henry wished to be questioned. But—do you, for instance—I have no doubt Lady Henry tells you more than she tells me—do you know anything of Mademoiselle Julie's antecedents?"

Sir Wilfrid started. Through his mind ran the same reflection as that to which the Duke had given expression in the morning,—"*she ought to reveal herself!*" Julie Le Breton had no right to leave this old man in his ignorance, while those surrounding him were in the secret. Thereby she made a spectacle of her mother's father; made herself and him the sport of curious eyes. For who could help watching them—every movement, every word? There was a kind of delicacy in it.

His reply was rather hesitating. "Yes—I happen to know something. But I feel sure Miss Le Breton would prefer to tell you herself. Ask her! While she was with Lady Henry, there were reasons for silence—"

"But of course I'll ask her!" said his companion, eagerly,—"*if you suppose that I may.* A more hungry curiosity was never raised in a human breast than in mine, with regard to this dear lady. So charming, handsome, and well-bred!

—and so forlorn! That's the paradox of it. The personality presupposes a *milieu*—else how produce it? And there is no *milieu*—save this little circle she has made for herself through Lady Henry. . . . Ah! and you think I may ask her? I will!—that's flat!—I will."

And the old man gleefully rubbed his hands,—face and form full of the vivacity of his imperishable youth.

"Choose your time and place!" said Sir Wilfrid, hastily. "There are very sad and tragic circumstances—"

Lord Lackington looked at him, and nodded gayly, as much as to say, "You distrust me with the sex?—me!—who have had the whip-hand of them since my cradle!"

Suddenly the Duchess interrupted: "Sir Wilfrid!—you have seen Lady Henry—which did she mind most—the coming in—or the coffee?"

Bury returned, smiling, to the tea table.

"The coming in would have been nothing if it had led quickly to the going out. It was the coffee that ruined you."

"I see," said the Duchess, pouting—"it meant that it was possible for us to enjoy ourselves without Lady Henry. That was the offence."

"Precisely. It showed that you *were* enjoying yourselves. Otherwise there would have been no lingering—and no coffee."

"I never knew coffee so fatal before," sighed the Duchess. "And now,"—it was evident that she shrank from the answer to her own question,—"*she is really irreconcilable?*"

"Absolutely. Let me beg you to take it for granted."

"She won't see any of us—not me?"

Sir Wilfrid hesitated.

"Make the Duke your ambassador."

The Duchess laughed, and flushed a little.

"And Mr. Montresor?"

"Ah!" said Sir Wilfrid in another tone—"that's not to be lightly spoken of."

"You don't mean—"

"How many years has that lasted?" said Sir Wilfrid, meditatively.

"Thirty, I think—if not more. It was Lady Henry who told him of his son's death,—when his wife daren't do it."

There was a silence. Montresor had lost his only son, a subaltern in the Lancers, in the action of Alumbagh on the way to the relief of Lucknow. .

Then the Duchess broke out—

"I know that you think in your heart of hearts that Julie has been in fault—and that we have all behaved abominably!"

"My dear lady," said Sir Wilfrid after a moment,—“in Persia we believe in fate; I have brought the trick home.”

"Yes, yes, that's it!" exclaimed Lord Lackington; "that's it! When Lady Henry wanted a companion—and fate brought her Miss Le Breton—"

"Last night's coffee was already drunk!" put in Sir Wilfrid.

Meredith's voice, raised and a trifle harsh, made itself heard.

"Why you should dignify an ugly jealousy by fine words I don't know! For some women—women like our old friend—gratitude is hard. That is the moral of this tale."

"The only one?" said Sir Wilfrid, not without a mocking twist of the lip.

"The only one that matters. Lady Henry had found or might have found a daughter—"

"I understand she bargained for a companion."

"Very well. Then she stands upon her foolish rights—and loses both, daughter and companion. At seventy, life doesn't forgive you a blunder of that kind."

Sir Wilfrid silently shook his head. Meredith threw back his blanched mane of hair, his deep eyes kindling under the implied contradiction.

"I am an old comrade of Lady Henry's," he said, quickly. "My record, you'll find, comes next to yours, Bury. But if Lady Henry is determined to make a quarrel of this, she must make it. I regret nothing!"

"What madness has seized upon all these people?" thought Bury, as he withdrew from the discussion. The fire, the unwonted fire, in Meredith's speech and aspect amazed him. From the corner to which he had retreated he studied the face of the journalist. It was a face subtly and strongly lined by much living, of the intellectual, however, rather than the physical sort; breathing now a studious dignity, the effect of the broad

sweep of brow under the high peaked lines of grizzled hair; and now broken, tempestuous, scornful, changing with the pliancy of an actor. The head was sunk a little in the shoulders as though dragged back by its own weight. The form which it commanded had the movements of a man no less accustomed to rule in his own sphere than Montresor himself.

To Sir Wilfrid, the famous editor was still personally mysterious, after many years of intermittent acquaintance. He was apparently unmarried; or was there perhaps a wife, picked up in a previous state of existence, and hidden away with her offspring at Clapham, or Hornsey, or Peckham? Bury could remember, years before, a dowdy old sister, to whom Lady Henry had been on occasion formally polite. Otherwise—nothing. What were the great man's origins, and antecedents—his family, school, university? Sir Wilfrid did not know; he did not believe that any one knew. An amazing mastery of the German and—it was said—the Russian tongues suggested a foreign education; but neither on this ground nor any other connected with his personal history did Meredith encourage the inquirer. It was often reported that he was of Jewish descent; and there were certain traits of both feature and character that lent support to the notion. If so, the strain was that of Heine or Disraeli; not the strain of Commerce.

At any rate, he was one of the most powerful men of his day,—the owner, through *The New Rambler*, of an influence which now for some fifteen years had ranked among the forces to be reckoned with. A man in whom politics assumed a tinge of sombre poetry; a man of hatreds, ideals, indignations, yet of habitually sober speech. As to passions, Sir Wilfrid could have sworn that, wife or no wife, the man who could show that significance of mouth and eye had not gone through life without knowing the stress and shock of them.

Was he too beguiled by this woman?—*he too?* For a little behind him, beside the Duchess, sat Jacob Delafield; and, during his painful interview that day with Lady Henry, Sir Wilfrid had been informed of several things with regard to Jacob Delafield he had not known before.

So she had refused him,—this lady, who was now the heart of this whirlwind? Permanently? Lady Henry had poured scorn on the notion! She was merely sure of him; could keep him in a string to play with as she chose. Meanwhile the handsome soldier was metal more attractive. Sir Wilfrid reflected, with an inward shrug, that once let a woman give herself to such a fury as possessed Lady Henry, and there did not seem to be much to choose between her imaginings and those of the most vulgar of her sex.

So Jacob could be played with—whistled on and whistled off as Miss Le Breton chose? Yet his was not a face that suggested it, any more than the face of Dr. Meredith. The young man's countenance was gradually changing its aspect for Sir Wilfrid, in a somewhat singular way; as old impressions of his character died away and new ones emerged. The face, now, often recalled to Bury a portrait by some Holbeinesque master, which he had seen once, in the Basle Museum, and never forgotten. A large thin-lipped mouth that, without weakness, suggested patience; the long chin of a man of will; nose, bluntly cut at the tip, yet in the nostril and bridge most delicate; grayish eyes, with a veil of reverie drawn, as it were, momentarily across them, and showing behind the veil a kind of stern sweetness; fair hair low on the brow, which was heavy, and made a massive shelter for the eyes:—so looked the young German who had perhaps heard Melancthon; so, in this middle nineteenth century, looked Jacob Delafield. No!—anger makes obtuse; that, no doubt, was Lady Henry's case. At any rate, in Delafield's presence, her theory did not commend itself.

But if Delafield had not echoed them, the little Duchess had received Meredith's remarks with enthusiasm.

"Regret! No, indeed!—why should we regret anything, except that Julie has been miserable so long! She *has* had a bad time. Every day and all day—ah! you don't know—none of you!—you haven't seen all the little things as I have!"

"The errands—and the dogs," said Sir Wilfrid, slyly.

The Duchess threw him a glance half

conscious, half resentful, and went on—"It has been one small torture after another. Even when a person's old you can't bear more than a certain amount, can you?—you oughtn't to! No, let's be thankful it's all over, and Julie—our dear, delightful Julie—who has done everybody in this room all sorts of kindnesses—hasn't she?"—

An assenting murmur ran round the circle.

—"Julie's *free*! Only she's *very* lonely! We must see to that, mustn't we? Lady Henry can buy another companion to-morrow,—she will! She has heaps of money, and heaps of friends; and she'll tell her own story to them all. But Julie has only us. If we desert her—"

"Desert her!" said a voice in the distance, half amused, half electrical,—Bury thought it was Jacob's.

"Of course we sha'n't desert her!" cried the Duchess. "We shall rally round her and carry her through. If Lady Henry makes herself disagreeable, then we'll fight. If not, we'll let her cool down.—Oh, Julie darling—here you are!"

The Duchess sprang up, and caught her entering friend by the hand.

"And here we are"—with a wave round the circle—"this is your court—your St.-Germain."

"So you mean me to die in exile!" said Julie with a quavering smile, as she drew off her gloves. Then she looked at her friends. "Oh! how good of you all to come!—Lord Lackington!"—she went up to him impetuously, and he, taken by surprise, yielded his hands, which she took in both hers.—"It was foolish, I know,—but you don't think it was so *bad*,—do you?"

She gazed up at him wistfully. Her light form seemed almost to cling to the old man. Instinctively, Jacob, Meredith, Sir Wilfrid Bury, withdrew their eyes. The room held its breath. As for Lord Lackington, he colored like a girl.

"No, no—a mistake perhaps, for all of us!—but more ours than yours, made-moiselle—much more! Don't fret indeed!—you look as if you hadn't slept; and that mustn't be. You must think that sooner or later it was bound to come. Lady Henry will soften in time—and you will know so well how to meet her! But now we have your future to think of.



"I HAVE BROUGHT THE SHEETS OF THE NEW SHELLEY BOOK, MISS LE BRETON"

Only, sit down. You mustn't look so tired—where have you been wandering?"

And with a stately courtesy, her hand still in his, he took her to a chair, and helped her to remove her heavy cloak.

"My future!" She shivered, as she dropped into her seat.

How weary and beaten-down she looked—the heroine of such a turmoil! Her eyes travelled from face to face, shrinking—unconsciously appealing. In the dim soft color of the room, her white face and hands, striking against her black dress, were strangely living and significant. They spoke command—through weakness, through sex. For that, in spite of intellectual distinction, was, after all, her secret. She breathed femininity—the old common spell upon the blood!

"I don't know why you're all so kind to me!" she murmured. "Let me disappear! I can go into the country and earn my living there. Then I shall be no more trouble!"

Unseen himself, Sir Wilfrid surveyed her. He thought her a consummate actress; and revelled in each new phase.

The Duchess, half laughing, half crying, began to scold her friend. Delafield bent over Julie Le Breton's chair.

"Have you had some tea?"

The smile in his eyes provoked a faint answer in hers. While she was declaring that she was in no need whatever of physical sustenance, Meredith advanced with his portfolio. He looked the editor merely, and spoke with a businesslike brevity:

"I have brought the sheets of the new Shelley book, Miss Le Breton. It is due for publication on the 22d. Kindly let me have your review within a week. It may run to two columns,—possibly even two and a half. You will find here also the particulars of one or two other things—let me know, please, what you will undertake."

Julie put out a languid hand for the portfolio.

"I don't think you ought to trust me."

"What do you want of her?" said Lord Lackington, briskly. "'Chatter about Harriet'? I could write you reams of that myself. I once saw Harriet."

"Ah!"

Meredith, with whom the Shelley cult was a deep-rooted passion, started, and looked round;—then sharply repressed

the eagerness on his tongue, and sat down by Miss Le Breton, with whom, in a lowered voice, he began to discuss the points to be noticed in the sheets handed over to her. No stronger proof could he have given of his devotion to her. Julie knew it; and rousing herself, she met him with a soft attention and docility; thus tacitly relinquishing, as Bury noticed with amusement, all talk of "disappearance."

Only with himself, he suspected, was the fair lady ill at ease. And indeed it was so. Julie, by her pallor, her humility, had thrown herself, as it were, into the arms of her friends, and each was now vying with the other as to how best to cheer and console her. Meanwhile her attention was really bent upon her critic—her only critic in this assembly; and he discovered various attempts to draw him into conversation. And when Lord Lackington, discomfited by Meredith, had finished discharging his literary recollections upon him, Sir Wilfrid became complaisant; Julie slipped in and held him.

Leaning her chin on both hands, she bent towards him, fixing him with her eyes. And in spite of his antagonism he no longer felt himself strong enough to deny that the eyes were beautiful, especially with this tragic note in them of fatigue and pain.

"Sir Wilfrid"—she spoke in low entreaty—"you *must* help me to prevent any breach between Lady Henry and Mr. Montresor."

He looked at her gayly.

"I fear," he said, "you are too late. That point is settled—as I understand from herself."

"Surely not—so soon!"

"There was an exchange of letters this morning."

"Oh! but you can prevent it—you must!" She clasped her hands.

"No," he said, slowly; "I fear you must accept it. Their relation was a matter of old habit. Like other things old and frail, it bears shock and disturbance badly."

She sank back in her chair, raising her hands and letting them fall with a gesture of despair.

One little stroke of punishment—just one!—surely there was no cruelty in that.

Sir Wilfrid caught the Horatian lines dancing through his head—

Just oblige me and touch
With your wand, that minx Chloe,—
But don't hurt her much!

Yet here was Jacob interposing!—Jacob who had evidently been watching his mild attempt at castigation, no doubt with disapproval. Lover or no lover, what did the man expect! Under his placid exterior, Sir Wilfrid's mind was in truth hot with sympathy for the old and helpless.

Delafield bent over Miss Le Breton.

"You will go and rest? Evelyn advises it."

She rose to her feet, and most of the party rose too.

"Good-by, good-by!" said Lord Lackington, offering her a cordial hand. "Rest and forget! Everything blows over. And at Easter you must come to me in the country. Blanche will be with me, and my granddaughter Aileen—if I can tempt them away from Italy. Aileen's a little fairy—you'd be charmed with her. Now mind, that's a promise—you must certainly come."

The Duchess had paused in her farewell nothings with Sir Wilfrid, to observe her friend. Julie, with her eyes on the ground, murmured thanks; and Lord Lackington, straight as a dart to-night, carrying his seventy-five years as though they were the merest trifle, made a stately and smiling exit. Julie looked round upon the faces left. In her own heart she read the same judgment as in their eyes: "*The old man must know!*"

The Duke came into the drawing-room half an hour later, in quest of his wife. He was about to leave town by a night train for the North; and his temper was apparently far from good.

The Duchess was stretched on the sofa in the firelight, her hands behind her head—dreaming. Whether it was the sight of so much ease that jarred on the Duke's ruffled nerves, or no,—certain it is that he inflicted a thorny good-by. He had seen Lady Henry, he said, and the reality was even worse than he had supposed. There was absolutely nothing to be said for Miss Le Breton; and he was ashamed of himself to have been so

weakly talked over in the matter of the house. His word once given, of course, there was an end of it—for six months. After that, Miss Le Breton must provide for herself. Meanwhile Lady Henry refused to receive the Duchess,—and would be some time before she forgave himself. It was all most annoying, and he was thankful to be going away, for, Lady Rose or no Lady Rose, he really could not have entertained the lady with civility.

"Oh! well, never mind, Bertie!" said the Duchess, springing up. "She'll be gone before you come back, and I'll look after her."

The Duke offered a rather sulky embrace; walked to the door, and came back.

"I really very much dislike this kind of gossip," he said, stiffly; "but perhaps I had better say that Lady Henry believes that the affair with Delafield was only one of several. She talks of a certain Captain Warkworth—"

"Yes," said the Duchess, nodding. "I know!—but he sha'n't have Julie!"

Her smile completed the Duke's annoyance.

"What have you to do with it? I beg, Evelyn—I insist!—that you leave Miss Le Breton's love-affairs alone."

"You forget, Bertie, that she is my friend."

The little creature fronted him, all wilfulness and breathing hard, her small hands clasped on her breast.

With an angry exclamation, the Duke departed.

At half past eight a hansom dashed up to Crowborough House. Montresor emerged.

He found the two ladies, and Jacob Delafield, just beginning dinner, and stayed with them an hour; but it was not an hour of pleasure. The great man was tired with work and debate; depressed also by the quarrel with his old friend. Julie did not dare to put questions, and guiltily shrank into herself. She divined that a great price was being paid on her behalf; and must needs bitterly ask whether anything that she could offer or plead was worth it,—bitterly suspect, also, that the query had passed through other minds than her own.

After dinner, as Montresor rose with

the Duchess to take his leave, Julie got a word with him in the corridor.

"You will give me ten minutes' talk?" she said, lifting her pale face to him. "You mustn't, mustn't quarrel with Lady Henry because of me!"

He drew himself up, perhaps with a touch of haughtiness.

"Lady Henry could end it in a moment. Don't, I beg of you, trouble your head about the matter. Even as an old friend, one must be allowed one's self-respect."

"But mayn't I—"

"Nearly ten o'clock!" he cried, looking at his watch. "I must be off this moment. So you are going to the house in Heribert Street? I remember Lady Mary Leicester perfectly. As soon as you are settled, tell me, and I will present myself. Meanwhile"—he smiled, and bent his black head towards her—"look in to-morrow's papers for some interesting news."

He sprang into his hansom, and was gone.

Julie went slowly up stairs. Of course she understood. The long intrigue had reached its goal; and within twelve hours the *Times* would announce the appointment of Captain Warkworth, D.S.O., to the command of the Mokembé Military Mission. He would have obtained his heart's desire—through her.

How true were those last words, perhaps only Julie knew. She looked back upon all the manœuvres and influences she had brought to bear,—flattery here, interest or reciprocity there, the lures of Crowborough House, the prestige of Lady Henry's drawing-room. Wheel by wheel she had built up her cunning machine; and the machine had worked. No doubt the last completing touch had been given the night before. Her culminating offence against Lady Henry—the occasion of her disgrace and banishment—had been to Warkworth the stepping-stone of fortune.

What "gossamer girl" could have done so much? She threw back her head proudly, and heard the beating of her heart.

Lady Henry was fiercely forgotten. She opened the drawing-room door, absorbed in a counting of the hours till she and Warkworth should meet.

Then, amid the lights and shadows of the Duchess's drawing-room, Jacob Delafield rose and came towards her. Her exaltation dropped in a moment. Some testing, penetrating influence seemed to breathe from this man, which filled her with a moral discomfort, a curious restlessness. Did he guess the nature of her feeling for Warkworth?—was he acquainted with the efforts she had been making for the young soldier? She could not be sure; he had never given her the smallest sign. Yet she divined that few things escaped him where the persons who touched his feelings were concerned. And Evelyn—the dear chatterbox—certainly suspected.

"How tired you are!" he said to her gently. "What a day it has been for you! Evelyn is writing letters. Let me bring you the papers—and please don't talk."

She submitted to a sofa, to an adjusted light, to the papers on her knee. Then Delafield withdrew and took up a book.

She could not rest, however; visions of the morrow, and of Warkworth's triumphant looks, kept flashing through her. Yet all the while Delafield's presence haunted her—she could not forget him; and presently she addressed him:

"Mr. Delafield!"

He heard the low voice and came.

"I have never thanked you for your goodness last night. I do thank you now—most earnestly."

"You needn't. You know very well what I would do to serve you if I could."

"Even when you think me in the wrong?" said Julie, with a little hysterical laugh.

Her conscience smote her. Why provoke this intimate talk—wantonly—with the man she had made suffer? Yet her restlessness, which was partly nervous fatigue, drove her on.

Delafield flushed at her words.

"How have I given you cause to say that?"

"Oh! you are very transparent! One sees that you are always troubling yourself about the right and wrong of things—"

"All very well for one's self!" said Delafield, trying to laugh. "I hope I don't seem to you to be setting up as a judge of other people's right and wrong."

"Yes! yes! you do," she said, passionately. Then, as he winced—"No! I don't mean that. But you do judge—it is in your nature—and other people feel it."

"I didn't know I was such a prig," said Delafield, humbly. "It is true I am always puzzling over things—"

Julie was silent. She was indeed secretly convinced that he no more approved the escapade of the night before than did Sir Wilfrid Bury. Through the whole evening she had been conscious of a watchful anxiety and resistance on his part. Yet he had stood by her to the end, so warmly—so faithfully!

He sat down beside her; and Julie felt a fresh pang of remorse, perhaps of alarm. Why had she called him to her? What had they to do with each other? But he soon reassured her. He began to talk of Meredith, and the work before her,—the important and glorious work, as he naïvely termed it, of the writer.

And presently he turned upon her with sudden feeling—

"You accused me just now of judging what I have no business to judge. If you think that I regret the severance of your relation to Lady Henry, you are quite, quite mistaken! It has been the dream of my life this last year to see you free—mistress of your own life. It—it made me mad that you should be ordered about like a child—dependent upon another person's will!"

She looked at him curiously.

"I know. That revolts you always—any form of command? Evelyn tells me that you carry it to curious lengths with your servants and laborers?"

He drew back, evidently disconcerted.

"Oh! I try some experiments. They generally break down!"

"You try to do without servants, Evelyn says—as much as possible?"

"Well, if I do try, I don't succeed," he said, laughing. But—his eyes kindled—"isn't it worth while, during a bit of one's life, to escape, if one can, from some of the paraphernalia in which we are all smothered! Look there! What right have I to turn my fellow-creatures into bedizened automata like that?"

And he threw out an accusing hand towards the two powdered footmen, who

were removing the coffee-cups, and making up the fire in the next room,—while the magnificent groom of the chambers stood like a statue, receiving some orders from the Duchess.

Julie, however, showed no sympathy.

"They're only automata in the drawing-room. Downstairs they are as much alive as you or I."

"Well, let us put it that I prefer other kinds of luxury," said Delafield. "However, as I appear to have none of the qualities necessary to carry out my notions, they don't get very far!"

"You would like to shake hands with the butler?" said Julie, musing. "I knew a case of that kind. But the butler gave warning."

Delafield laughed.

"Perhaps the simpler thing would be to do without the butler."

"I am curious," she said, smiling—"very curious. Sir Wilfrid, for instance, talks of going down to stay with you?"

"Why not? He'd come off extremely well. There's an ex-butler, and an ex-cook of Chudleigh's settled in the village. When I have a visitor, they come in and take possession. We live like fighting-cocks."

"So nobody knows—that in general you live like a workman?"

Delafield looked impatient.

"Somebody seems to have been cramming Evelyn with ridiculous tales—and she's been spreading them. I must have it out with her."

"I expect there is a good deal in them," said Julie. Then, unexpectedly, she raised her eyes, and gave him a long and rather strange look. "Why do you dislike having servants, and being waited upon, so much, I wonder? Is it—you won't be angry?—that you have such a strong will, and you do these things to tame it?"

Delafield made a sudden movement; and Julie had no sooner spoken the words than she regretted them.

"So you think I should have made a jolly tyrannical slave-owner?" said Delafield, after a moment's pause.

Julie bent towards him with a charming look of appeal—almost of penitence. "On the contrary, I think you would have been as good to your slaves—as you are to your friends."

His eyes met hers quietly.

"Thank you. That was kind of you. And as to giving orders, and getting one's way,—don't suppose I let Chudleigh's estate go to ruin! It's only"—he hesitated—"the small personal tyrannies of every day that I'd like to minimize. They brutalize half the fellows I know."

"You'll come to them," said Julie, absently. Then she colored suddenly, remembering the possible dukedom that awaited him.

His brow contracted a little, as though he understood. He made no reply. Julie, with her craving to be approved, to say what pleased, could not leave it there.

"I wish I understood," she said, softly,

after a moment, "what or who it was that gave you these opinions."

Getting still no answer, she must perforce meet the gray eyes bent upon her, more expressively perhaps than their owner knew. "That you shall understand," he said, after a minute, in a voice which was singularly deep and full, "whenever you choose to ask!"

Julie shrank and drew back.

"Very well!" she said, trying to speak lightly. "I'll hold you to that.—Alack! I had forgotten a letter I must write."

And she pretended to write it, while Delafield buried himself in the newspapers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shut In

BY JESSICA HAWLEY LOWELL

BUT who shall say the zest of life is done?
 I still may feel the ardor of the sun
 That lingers, laughing, o'er my window-sill;
 The glamour of the stars may find me still,
 And moon-beams tinge my nights with poetry;
 While freely, through my window, come to me
 The heaven's blue and rose, the rain-cloud's gray,
 The wind's caress that drives the mist away.
 For me the rhythmic dropping of the rain
 Is melancholy music on the pane,
 And in the wailing madness of a storm
 Weird-woven symphonies for me take form.
 Of winter's chill and summer's ecstasy
 How many a glimpse my casement holds for me!
 I love them all—the frost with feathery trace
 That shuts the world behind a veil of lace,
 The wintry aspect of the trees and hills,
 The spring's young green, the brook's unfettered rills,
 The long fair day of summer, and hot noons
 Burning the lowland where the lily swoons,
 When through the open casement leans the vine
 With slender fingers seeking to entwine
 My own, perhaps,—when drift from censers rare
 Sweet odors to me on the languid air.
 Sometimes I drowse, and sometimes in my dreams,
 From all the weight of years set free, it seems
 That I can gayly step the window through,
 Tread the sweet sod just as we used to do,
 Embrace the dear old trees and kiss the flowers,
 Wander again those hills that once were ours.—
 O love, all these so long I have but seen
 The borders of my window-frame between!

Mother

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

"A," YOU said.
"And what's that?"
"B."

"And that?"
"C."

You sat in Mother's lap. The wolf-wind howled at the door, and you shuddered, cuddling down in Mother's arms and the glow. The wilder the wolf-wind howled, the softer was the lamp-light, the redder were the apples on the table, the warmer was the fire.

On your knees lay the picture-book with its sad, sad little tale. Mother read it to you—she had read it fifty times before—her face grave, her voice low and tragic, while you listened with bated breath:

"Who killed Cock Robin?
'I,' said the Sparrow,
'With my bow and arrow—
I killed Cock Robin.'"

It was the first murder you had ever heard about. You saw it all, the hideous spectacle—a beautiful, warm, red breast pierced by that fatal dart—a poor, soft little birdie, dead, by an assassin's hand. A lump rose in your throat. A tear rose in your eye, two tears, three tears. They rolled down your cheek. They dropped, hot and sad, on the fish with his little dish, on the owl with his spade and trowel, on the rook with his little book.

"P-poor Cock R-robin!"

"There, there, dear. Don't cry."

"But, M-mother—the Sparrow—he k-killed him."

Alas, yes! The Sparrow had killed him, for the book said so, but had you heard?

"N-no—w-what?"

The book, it seems, like other books, had told but half the story. Mother knew the other half. Cock Robin was murdered, murdered in cold blood, it was true, but—oh, merciful, death-winged arrow!—he had gone where the good birds go.

And there—oh, joy!—he had met his robin wife and his little robin boy, who had gone before.

"And I expect they are all there now, dear," she told you, kissing your tear-stained cheek, "the happiest robins that ever were."

Dry and wide were your eyes. In the place where the good birds go, you saw Cock Robin. His eyes and his fat red breast were bright again. He chirped. He sang. He hopped from bough to bough, with his robin wife and his little robin boy. For in the mending of little stories or the mending of little hearts, like the mending of little stockings, Mother was wonderful.

In those times there were knees to your stockings, knees with holes in them at the end of the day, with the soiled skin showing through.

"Just look!" Mother would cry. "Just look there! And I'd only just mended them."

"Well, you see, Mother, when you play Black Bear—"

"I see," she said, and before you went to bed you would be sitting on the edge of a tub, paddling your feet in the water.

"You dirty boy," she would be saying, scrubbing at the scratched, black knees; but when you were shining again, she would be saying,

"You darling."

And though your stockings were whole in the clean of morning, when you scampered out into the sun, in the dirt of night, when you scampered back again—O skein, where is thy yarn? O darning-needle, where is thy victory?

Summer mornings, in the arbor seat of the garden, Mother would be sewing, her lap brimming, her work-basket at her feet, the sun falling golden through the trellised green. In the nap of the afternoon, when even the birds drowsed and the winds slept, she would be sewing, ever sewing. And when night fell and the

dishes were put away, she would be sewing still, in the lamp-light's yellow glow.

"Mother, why do you sew and sew?"

"To make my little boy blue sailor suits, and my little girl white frocks, and to stop the holes."

"Do you like to sew, Mother?"

"I don't mind it."

"But doesn't it make you tired, Mother?"

"Oh, now and then."

"But I should think you'd rest sometimes, Mother."

"Should you, dear?"

"Yes. I would. Oh, I'd sew a *little*—just enough—and then I'd play."

"But Mother does sew *just enough*, and it takes all day, my dear. What do you say to that?"

You pondered.

"Well," you said, and stopped.

"Well?" she said, and laughed. Then you laughed too.

"A mother," you told them afterward, "is a person what takes care of you, and loves you, and sews and sews—just enough—all day."

Since mothers take care of little boys, they told you, little boys should take care of their mothers, too. And you did.

Right in front of her you stood, bravely, your fists clinch-



THE PICTURE-BOOK

ed, your lips trembling, your eyes flashing with rage and tears.

"You sha'n't touch my mother!"

But Mother's arms stole swiftly around you, pinning your own to your side.

"Father was only fooling, dear," she said, kneeling behind you and folding you to her breast. "See, he's laughing at us."

"Why, little chap," he said, "Father was only playing."

Mother wiped away your tears, smiling at them, but proudly. You looked doubtfully at Father, who held out his arms to you. Slowly you went to him, urged by Mother's hand.

"You must always take care of Mother like that," he said, "and never let any one bother her, when Father's away."

"Mother's little knight," she said, kissing your brow. And ever afterward she was safe when you were near.

"Oh, that Mrs. Waddles. I wish she wouldn't bother me."

Under her breath Mother said it, but you heard, and you hated Mrs. Waddles with all your soul, and her day of reckoning came. Mother was in the garden and did not hear. You answered the knock yourself.

"Little darling, how—"

"You can't see my mother to-day," you said, stiffly.

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Waddles, with a forward step.

"No," you said, a little louder, throwing yourself into the breach and holding the door-knob with all your might. "No! You mustn't come in!"

"You impertinent little child!" cried Mrs. Waddles, threateningly, but you faced her down, raising your voice again:

"You can't see my mother any more," you repeated, firmly.

"And why not, I'd like to know?" demanded the old lady, swelling visibly. "Why not, I'd like to know?"

"'Cause I'm to take care of my mother when my father's away, and he said not to let anybody bother her that she don't want to see."

It was a long explanation and took all your breath.

"Oh, is *that* it?" cackled Mrs. Waddles, with withering scorn. "And how do you *know* that your mother doesn't want to see me—*hey?*"

"'Cause—she—said—so!"

You separated your words like the A B C book, that Mrs. Waddles might understand. It was a master-stroke. Gasping, her face on fire, gathering her skirts together with hands that trembled in their black silk mits, Mrs. Waddles turned and swept away.

"I never!" she managed to utter as she slammed the gate.

You shut the door softly, the battle won, and went back to the garden.

"Well, *that's* over," you said, with a sigh, as Mother herself would have said it.

"What's over, dear?"

"Mrs. Waddles," you replied.

So you took care of Mother, so well that she loved you more and more as the days of your knighthood passed; and she took care of you, so well that your cheeks grew rosier and your eyes brighter and your legs stronger, and you loved her more and more, with the days of her motherhood.

Even being sick was fine, in those days, for she brought you little things in bowls with big spoons in them, and you ate till you wanted more—a sign that you would not die. And so you lay in the soft of the pillows with the patchwork coverlet that Mother made with her own hands. There was the white silk triangle from her wedding-gown, and a blue one from a sash that was her Sunday best, long ago, when she was a little girl. There was a soft gray piece from a dress of Grandmother's, and a bright pink one that was once Lizbeth's, and a striped one, blue and yellow, that was once Father's neck-tie in the gay plumage of his youth.

As you lay there, sick and drowsy, the bridal triangle turned to snow, cold and white and pure, and you heard sleigh-bells, and saw the Christmas cards with the little church in the corner, its steeple icy, but its windows warm and red with the Christmas glow. That was the white triangle. But the blue one, next, was sky, and when you saw it you thought of birds and stars and May; and if it so happened that your eyes turned to the gray piece that was Grandmother's, and the sky that was blue darkened and the rain fell, you had only to look at the pink piece that was Lizbeth's, or the blue and yellow that



BEFORE YOU WENT TO BED

was Father's, to find the flowers and the sun again. Then the colors blended. Dandelions jingled, sleigh-bells and violets blossomed in the snow, and you slept—the sleep that makes little boys well.

The bees and the wind were humming in the cherry-trees, for it was May. You were all alone, you and Mother, in the garden, where the white petals were falling silently, like snowflakes, and the birds were singing in the morning glow.

Your feet scampered down the paths. Your curls bobbed among the budding shrubs and vines. You leaped. You laughed. You sang. In your wide eyes, blue of the great sky, green of the grasses. On your flushed cheeks, sunshine and breeze. In your beating heart, childhood and spring—a childhood too big, a spring too wonderful, for the smallness of one little brimming boy.

"Look, Mother! See me jump!"

"My!" she said.

"And see me almost stand on my head."

"Wonderful."

"I know what I'll be when I grow to be a man, Mother."

"What will you be?"

"A circus rider."

"Gracious!" said she.

"On a big white horse, Mother."

"Dear me!"

"And we'll jump 'way over the moon."

"The moon!"

"Yes, the moon. See!"

Then you jumped over the rake-handle. You were practising for the moon, you said.

"But maybe I *won't* be a circus rider, Mother, after all."

"Maybe not," said she.

"Maybe I'll be President, like George Washington. Father said I could. Could I, Mother?"

"Yes—you might—some day."

"But the Jones boy couldn't, Mother."

"Why couldn't the Jones boy?"

"Because he swears and tells lies. I don't. And George Washington didn't, Mother. I guess I won't be a circus rider, after all."

"Oh, I'm glad of that, dear."

"No; I guess I'll keep right on, Mother—as long as I've started—and just be President."

"Oh, that will be fine," said she. She was sewing in the arbor, her lap filled with linen, her work-basket at her feet.

"Mother."

"Yes."

"I think I'd like to sing a song now."

Straight and proper you stood in the little path, your heels together, your hands at your sides, and so you sang to her the song of the little duck:

"'Quack, quack,' said the Duck

'Quack, quack.'

'Quack, quack,' said—"

You stopped.

"Try it a little lower, dear."

"'Quack, quack,' said—

"No, that's *too* low," you said. You tried again, and started right that time and sang it through, the song of the little duck who

"... wouldn't be a girl,

With only a curl,

I wouldn't be a girl, would you?"

"Oh, it's beautiful," Mother said.

"Now it's your turn, Mother, to tell a story."

"A story?"

"Yes. About the violets."

"The violets?" she said, poisoning her needle musingly. "The blue, blue violets—"

"As blue as the sky, Mother," you said softly, for it is always in the hush of the garden that the stories grow.

"As blue as the sky," she said. "Ah, yes. Well, once there wasn't a violet in the whole world."

"Nor a single star," you said awesomely, helping her. And as you sat there listening the world grew wider and wider—for when you are a little boy the world is always just as wide as your eyes.

"Not a violet or a single star in the whole world," Mother said. "And what do you think? They just took little bits of the blue sky and sprinkled them all over the green world, and they were the first violets."

"And the stars, Mother?"

"Why, don't you see? The stars are the little holes they left in the blue sky, with the light of heaven shining through."



"WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DREAM!"

"Oh!" you said, softly. "Oh, Mother!"

And then, in the hush of the garden, you looked at her, and, lo! her eyes were blue like the violets, and bright like the stars, for the light of heaven was shining through.

She was the most wonderful person in the whole world—who never did anything wrong, who knew everything, even who God was, watching, night and day, over little boys. Even the hairs of your head were numbered, she told you, and not a little bird died but He knew.

"And did He know when Cock Robin died, Mother?"

"Yes. He knew."

"And when I hurt my finger, Mother? Did He know then?"

"Yes. He knows everything."

"And was He sorry, Mother, when I hurt my finger?"

"Very sorry, dear."

"Then why did He *let* me hurt my finger—why?"

For a moment she did not speak.

"Dearie," she said at last, "I don't know. There are many things that nobody knows but God."

Hushed and wondering you sat in Mother's lap, for His eye was upon you. Somewhere up in the sky, above the clouds, you knew He was sitting, on a great bright throne, with a gold crown upon His head and a sceptre in His hands—King of Kings and Lord of All. Down below Him on the green earth, little birds were falling, little boys were hurting their fingers and crying in their Mothers' arms, and He saw them all, every one, but did not help them. You crept closer to Mother's bosom, flinging your arms about her neck.

"Don't let Him get me, Mother!"

"Why, darling—He loves you."

"Oh no, Mother—not like you do; not like you."

The bees and the wind were in the apple-trees, for it was May. You were all alone, you and Mother, in the garden, where the white petals were falling, like snowflakes, silently. In the swing Grandfather built for you, you sat swaying, to and fro, in the shadows; and the shadows swayed, to and fro, in the gale; and to and fro your thoughts swayed in your dreaming.

The wind sang in the apple boughs, the flowering branches filled and bent, and all about you were the tossing, shimmering grasses, and all above you birds singing and flitting in the sky. And so you swayed, to and fro, till you were a sailor, in a blue suit, sailing the blue sea.

The wind sang in the rigging. The white sails filled and bent. Your ship scudded through the tossing, shimmering foam. Gulls screamed and circled in the sky, . . . and so you sailed, and sailed, with the sea-breeze in your curls.

The ship anchored.

The swing stopped.

You were only a little boy.

"Mother," you said softly, for your voice was drowsy with your dream.

She did not hear you. She sat there in the arbor seat, smiling at you, her hands idle, her sewing slipping from her knees. You did not know it then, but you do now—that to see the most beautiful woman in the whole world, you must be her little boy.

There in her garden, in her lap, with her arms around you and her cheeks between your hands, you gazed, wondering, into the blue fondness of her eyes. You heard her voice, sweet with love-words—

"My dearest."

"Yes."

"My darling."

"Yes."

"My own dear little boy."

And then her arms crushing you to her breast; and then her lips; and then her voice again—

"Once in this very garden, in this very seat, Mother sat dreaming of you."

"Of me, Mother?"

"Of you. Here in the garden, with that very bush there red with blossoms, and the birds singing in these very trees. She dreamed that you were a little baby—and while the wind sang to the flowers, Mother sang you a lullaby, and you stretched out your hands to her and smiled; and then—ah, darling!"

"But it was a *dream*, Mother."

"It was only a dream—yes—but it came true. It came true on a night in June—the First of June, it was—"

"My birthday, Mother!"

"Your birthday, dear."

"Oh, Mother," you said, breathlessly—"what a beautiful dream!"

Plant Battles

BY JOHN J. WARD

PLANT life is besieged with enemies on every side, and those plants which are not prepared and fully armed to battle with their numerous foes sooner or later must go to the wall. It is evident to every one that plants assume an infinite and extraordinary variety of forms and habits, often very dissimilar to each other. And as all natural forms of living things are in some way connected with the economy of the organism, we may rest assured that nature did not produce these varied structures and characteristics for the sake of mere variety. Indeed, science points to the fact that nature encourages nothing other than that which serves a definite purpose, even if it is but an unobtrusive speck of color, or a hair, on a flower or leaf. And when the requirements of that hair or color speck have been fulfilled and become of no further service to the plant, then it disappears.

A plant which develops habits and structures that successfully checkmate its enemies tends to be preserved, and reproduces its kind, and these latter generally possess the same successful traits of character in a strengthened degree. Many plants have taken advantage of their opportunities in life, and we look to these as successful examples of natural progression or selection, and call them "common plants." Hence

common plants are businesslike plants that have learned how to manage their own affairs and protect themselves from their numerous enemies.

How a plant protects itself from its enemies depends largely on the kind of foes it has to fight against. For example, if the foliage of a plant is continually devastated by caterpillars, and a variety or "freak" of this particular species happened to develop a few sharp prickles on its leaves, differing in this respect from its relations, which perhaps produced



NO. 1.—THE HAWTHORN DEFENDS ITSELF FROM ANIMAL ATTACKS BY DEVELOPING SHARP THORNS



NO. 2.—THE PEACEFUL HEDGE-ROW, A VERITABLE ARMY OF PLANTS, IS FULLY EQUIPPED FOR BATTLE

acteristic of the plant, its chances are gone. For if the plant flourishes unmolested for a season, these more favorable and advanced features become strengthened as time goes on, until it becomes altogether too much for the caterpillar, and it has to resort to the weaker and original plant stock, which it is but a matter of time for the stronger species to crush out of existence.

On the other hand, if the enemies of the plant were browsing animals, the freak with the defensive spines would probably gain protection thus, as also the nauseous flavor might again serve.

nothing stronger than a few hairs, in all probability this freak would gain no particular advantage in "the struggle for existence," because the caterpillars would not be prevented from eating the foliage by occasional thorns. But if it should occur that a seed of the species germinates on soil where perhaps a new chemical element enters into its composition, or, owing to some other cause, it develops a flavor or odor that is objectionable to this particularly troublesome caterpillar, then, indeed, the plant has advanced in development and gains on its enemy, and unless the caterpillar at once adapts itself to the new char-

Although the casual observer may regard plants as helpless victims in the presence of animal attacks, closer observation will show that although plants seldom directly attack animals, yet they at least very frequently act on the defensive. No. 1 illustration shows a portion of a branch of a very familiar and successful plant, viz., the common hawthorn, or white-thorn (*Crataegus oxyacantha*). In the course of its history there is good reason to believe that it has been troubled by large and strong browsing mammals, perhaps not only by their eating of its foliage, but probably by their breaking of its branches. But these



NO. 3.—THE TWINING BINDWEED HAS NO FEAR
OF THORNS

animals have become painfully aware that the hawthorn has learned how to defend itself from their attacks; and likewise man, who has taken advantage of this defensive feature developed by the hawthorn, and universally cultivated artificial hedges of this shrub to separate his lands and cattle.

The progressive characteristics of the hawthorn are its strength and spiny abortive branches. Each branch terminates in an extremely sharp and strong thorn; and each separate branch and leaf cluster is again protected by a sharp spine-like thorn at its base, as will be seen by the illustration. Also, it should be observed that the branches radiate from all sides of the stem, each branch forming a veritable *cheval-de-frise* of bayonet points, which no soft-nosed animal cares to approach.

Although the hawthorn can wage warfare against its most dangerous enemies if attacked, yet it has a host of other minor enemies, like caterpillars, insect galls, fungi, etc., which it has to tolerate, and, generally speaking, flourishes notwithstanding. But apart from these

troubles it sometimes has to deal with what are generally considered troublesome and unscrupulous neighbors, of which more anon.

Nothing perhaps illustrates more simply the strugglings and daily trials of plant life than the green lane crowded hedge-rows. From early spring to late autumn the contest goes on, each plant striving to find the best position for itself, strategy and devices, ingenious and marvellous, exhibited at every point. Of course tropical vegetation illustrates this feature in a much more intensified degree; but my purpose is to take a simple example where we can consider the individuals of the crowd, and the part they play in it, along with their relationship to the whole.

At No. 2 illustration is shown a typical example of hedge-row foliage. The common theory that the tangled vegetation of the numerous hedge-row plants is fiercely jostling and struggling for supremacy is, in my idea, perhaps rather overdone, for, as I will presently endeavor to show, there is much to be said in favor of this massing together of various species of plants with entirely different habits.



NO. 4.—SPRINGLIKE TENDRILS INSTEAD OF LEAVES

I have shown that the hawthorn is a successfully instituted and well-protected plant, and flourishes well at least in temperate climates. Now so soon as a plant is well established and shows prosperity a rather human feature presents itself—that is to say, it begins to gather round it a host of associates. If a hawthorn hedge-row is planted in the open fields, it quickly becomes hawthorn and a number of other plants that are always seen more or less associated. So much so is this that the hawthorn, although the ground-work and stay of the late-comers, becomes sometimes quite a secondary consideration amongst them. A glance at the foot of the hedge-row at any season of the year when vegetation is conspicuous at all reveals a host of more or less herbaceous plants. And if we just consider these various plants for the moment that are apparently struggling and striving with each other for breathing-space and sunlight, we shall observe that it is comparatively seldom that we find any of these plants in other but these crowded situations beneath the hedge. It is not necessarily the shade

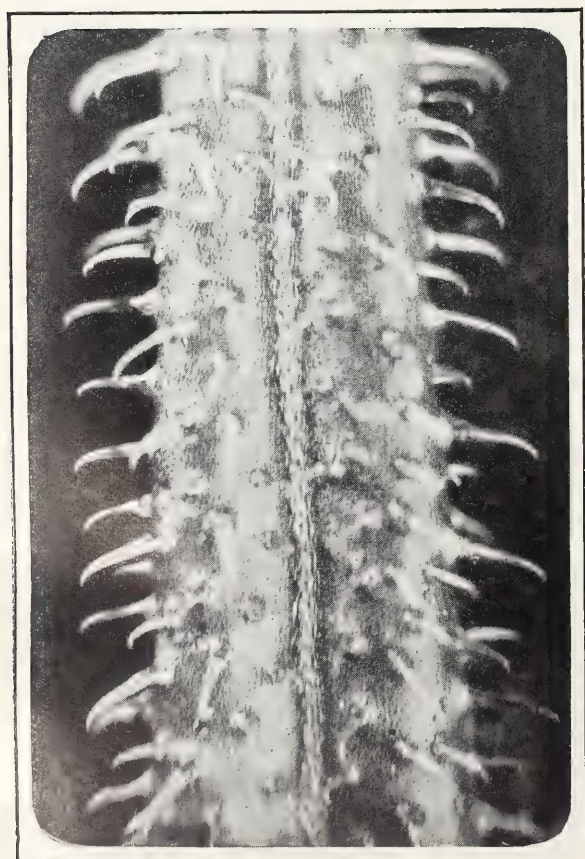
or moisture that is sought, although some of the more delicate kinds may seek these advantages, for these plants often develop a moderate expanse of leaves to expose to the sunlight, considered in relation to their size.

Why, then, do they prefer the crowded hedge-row to the more open ground, where in all probability many kinds would flourish much more advantageously? Take the common stinging nettle as an example; almost invariably this familiar plant appears in large beds along the hedge-row side; but if on occasion it does happen to get a waste open space, it flourishes perhaps even better in such a situation, its stinging hairs protecting it in a large measure from many of its enemies. But it needs greater protection than these latter from some of its stronger enemies. A clumsy cow or horse comes along, trampling and wrecking the whole life-work of the nettle in a moment.

So the nettle seeks the hedge-row for protection; and in all probability the greater number of these crowded herbaceous plants derive this same benefit from their strong and well-armed neighbors. And this protection is advantageously superior to the little extra sunlight that the plant would possibly obtain in more open situations where there is such peril of dangerous injury.

The illustration shown at No. 2 includes hawthorn, sloe or blackthorn, bramble, and nettles. The sloe, or blackthorn (*Prunus spinosa*), is a shrub often found in close companionship with the hawthorn, and a plant that exhibits similar tactics, amongst which is the protective woody thorns. But even the thorns, when present, are often blunt and almost harmless. Evidently the sloe has not yet fully acquired the art of protecting itself like the hawthorn.

The bramble, or blackberry (*Rubus fruticosus*), while not developing thorny branches like the two former examples, has stiffened its hairs into stout, sharp prickles, which render protective service, and also serve to assist in the climbing and supporting of its scrambling branches. Often, too, growing along with this prickly shrub, another that follows similar tactics adds its armed branches to the crowd, and is familiar as the wild dogrose (*Rosa canina*).



NO. 5.—GOOSE-GRASS, OR CLEAVERS, WITH ITS DEFENSIVE HOOKS

Then again, outside these, other ingenious and perhaps unscrupulous plants introduce themselves. I say ingenious, because with a small stock of material these plants generally attain superior positions and sunlight to those of their woody and stronger neighbors. And unscrupulous, because at first they spring from their seed or rootstock and develop leaves as any ordinary plant might do, but later the stem curls and revolves as if seeking for something, which it eventually finds and at once embraces. It is quite immaterial whether it is a nettle or bramble stem; their weapons are useless to check the twining stems of these plants, which grow rapidly, seizing plant after plant as they make their onward progress. No. 3 illustration represents a single-handed combat between the twining bindweed and armed but helpless nettle.



NO. 6.—THE GORSE GROWS FEARLESSLY ON THE OPEN HEATH

Other of these plants develop sensitive tendrils instead of leaves, and so as their stem reaches the branches they take hold and pull themselves up, the tendrils often being spirally twisted so as to act like springs, as the example of the white bryony (*Bryonia dioica*), shown at No. 4 illustration. While another weak trailing plant, the goose-grass, or cleavers (*Galium aparine*), attains the same end by developing on its stems and leaves myriads of tiny hooks, some of which are shown magnified at No. 5.

Just for the moment let us recapitulate. The hedge-row concentrates itself with the strong woody and thorny hawthorn; this is often accompanied by the stout woody sloe, whose thorns are frequently but not always sharp; then we have the wild dog-rose, with its powerful stems and curved or hooked prickles; after which the bramble throws its trailing barbed-wire-like branches over the surface of the whole; and then at the base a large area of the foreground is occupied by nettles with poisonous stings. So that our peaceful view of vegetation shown at No. 2 illustration becomes on investigation a veritable army of plants, every individual of which is fully equipped for battle if occasion demands it.

Surely the plants gain mutual advantage by this stronghold of arms. A young cow or sheep rubbing against the hedge-row, and once caught and em-

braced by the elastic and spiny branches of the bramble, gets a lesson taught it that is not readily forgotten, and in the future gives the hedge-row a wide berth. And so, although a certain amount of sunlight and air may be sacrificed by over-crowding, benefits are derived which counterbalance this by minimizing the considerable risk of fatal injuries which might readily arise if the various hedge-row plants grew apart in more open situations. And so it comes about that in successive ages the various plants have in a large measure adapted their habits and foliage to suit their environments.

Even the climbing hedge-row plants, although perhaps troublesome neighbors, add to the general protection of the plant army; as observation will show, these plants almost invariably possess acrid or poisonous properties in their leaves and fruits, and which, as their foliage is generally exposed on the hedge surface, probably serve as protection at least from some plant-depredators. Even the crowded vegetation beneath offers a large variety of aromatic, acrid, and poisonous properties.

It may perhaps be considered by some readers that it is just coincidence that these protected plants have gathered round about the hawthorn, but the best way to decide that point would be to look to

another well-protected plant and see if its protection is sought in a like way. No. 6 illustration speaks for itself in the way of well-developed protection. The gorse, or furze (*Ulex europæus*), has no necessity to seek protection from other plants; it constitutes an army in itself; every branch and every leaf becomes a weapon. Hence it selects the most open situation possible, viz., open heaths or stony wastes, and there fearlessly holds up its golden blossoms for the bees to fertilize. Straightway other less-protected plants seek its shelter. And so another plant army arises, and plant-enemies become aware from painful experience that "discretion is the better part of valor" in the presence of such formidable foes.

Just one other instance of a common tree or shrub that has learned the art of self-protection in a very high degree. Of course if a well-protected plant, as the furze, could grow alone in the open, it would probably, as it derives the full benefits of air and sunlight, flourish the better without its attendant throng. Hence if it occurs that a plant developed tactics that baffled animal and plant foes

alike, it would indeed be an example of almost perfect protection. Now if we look to the holly (*Ilex aquifolium*), we get, I think, the nearest approach to this attainment of our larger indigenous shrubs.

To effectively appreciate the protective element of the holly it must be seen in its wild state, where its foliage grows thick and bushy down to the ground, its dense masses of strong and prickly leaves protecting its stem and bark; and it should be observed that almost invariably it grows alone—in fact, for some distance round about it very little vegetation of consequence is seen, unless it is large trees. Why is this? The closely packed, opaque, and coriaceous leaves of the holly prevent the sunlight reaching the ground, and so the seeds have little or no opportunity of germinating, or of growing afterwards if they should. And even climbing plants seldom select the holly as their host, and those that do are usually plants that have made a mistake in life, because the tender green leaves and stems with strong winds and rain get jostled and lacerated on

the innumerable prickles amongst which they have become hopelessly involved as the holly and their own branches have developed. And being an evergreen—always on the alert—it gives no other enterprising plant an opportunity of ingress; producing, too, its tender green leaves at a time when there is abundant food for browsing animals; and at the same time these are exceedingly bitter in flavor.



NO. 7.—A COMMON ENGLISH WILD PLANT THAT CATCHES FLIES



NO. 8.—MAGNIFIED VIEW OF THE LEAF OF A SUNDEW PLANT, SHOWING CAPTURED INSECT

While self-defence is abundantly exhibited in plant life, it is less often that plants actually attack animals; yet there are examples even of this class to be found more or less in every part of the globe.

A very pretty and simple example of this class of plant is shown at No. 7 illustration, one of the English sundews (*Drosera anglica*). These insectivorous plants grow in bogs and wet ground; their leaves are thickly covered with glandular hairs, which secrete a sticky fluid to entrap various small flying insects, which on alighting become entangled in the gummy slime. The hairs then bend over and pour out still further quantities of this digestive liquid, which eventually dissolves out all the nitrogenous and other matter from the insect, to serve as manure food to the plant, nitrogenous material being difficult to obtain in these boggy situations. No. 8 illustration shows the leaf of one of these plants magnified to show the glandular hairs with a captured insect. The Nepenthes, or pitcher-plants, of Indo-Malaysia, develop still more remarkable leaf structures. The end of the

leaf becomes prolonged into curious jug- or pitcher-like vessels, at the mouth of which is secreted a sweet liquid to attract insects, which crawl downwards into the pitcher, but cannot return, owing to the passage being barred with recurved hooks. The insects are eventually drowned in the liquid. The walls of the pitcher are lined with glands which secrete a digestive fluid with an acid reaction, which acts upon the accumulating animal matter until the plant can digest and assimilate it.

Perhaps more wonderful than any is the American Venus's-flytrap (*Dionaea muscipula*), whose leaves, hinged at the centre, close sufficiently rapidly to entrap an insect, and which remain closed while the insect struggles, but open to catch other unwary insects when it becomes exhausted.

Occasionally plants prefer to pay "blackmail" to their enemies, or even make allies of them. In the former instance perhaps a little sweet nectar is secreted on various parts of their leaves, difficult of access, and yet where the ants or similar honey-thieves are sure to meet with it when seeking for the nectar



NO. 9.—SILICIOUS HAIRS ON A LEAF; CONSIDERABLY MAGNIFIED

of the flowers. And so the ants are beguiled into wasting their time, while the honey of the flowers is reserved for the proper fertilizing insects.

In the latter case it may be instanced by an acacia of tropical America, known as the "bull's-horn thorn," which accommodates and provides rations for armies of ferocious ants. This acacia is subjected to the attacks of the leaf-cutting ants, to check the depredations of which this standing army is garrisoned. The branches bear hollow thorns, which become tenanted by ants, and in which situation they rear their young; and, as Mr. Belt has shown, the plant supplies not only lodgings, but board is also provided, in the form of honey or nectar secreted from special glands at the base of the leaflets. And still more wonderful, solid food, in the form of little yellow fruitlike bodies; these are also developed on the leaflets.

Thus the plant is always guarded by an efficient army, and any intruding ant, caterpillar, or inquisitive mammal only has to approach too closely to become fully acquainted with the fact. And so

this plant hires and pays mercenaries to do its defensive work, instead of developing weapons of its own.

Ants and similar troublesome enemies of plants are often baffled by complicated and elaborate arrangements of hairs, so frequently observed on all parts of plants, especially in the floral structures. And it does not follow because a plant may seem apparently unprotected against its enemies that such is the case. Most effective weapons often exist quite invisible to the unaided eye. At No. 9 illustration I have shown a portion of a plant leaf, *Onosma tauricum*, magnified to show its remarkable hair structures, barely visible to the human eye, but which when magnified become exceedingly like weapons of defence. A depredating insect surrounded in every direction by such an array of lancelike weapons would, I should imagine, certainly not approve of its position.

And so it is plain that plants have a host of mechanical and chemical protective contrivances by means of which they can hold their own, at all events against their worst foes.

The Price of the Past Participle

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THAT Prentiss Ford was a noteworthy young man, predestined to a successful career, was in no way more clearly indicated than by the fact that, although a suburban resident of some years' standing, it was his habit to finish his leisurely breakfast a good five minutes before it was necessary for him to start on his briskly easy walk to the train; and this was the more remarkable in that Ford's regular train was the 7.20, known as "the clerks'," to distinguish it from "the works'" at 6.10, and "the shirks'" at 8.30. "The clerks" mostly ran to the train, and it was not uncommon to see several panting passengers furtively buttoning their cuffs and adjusting their cravats after the train had pulled out of the station.

Not so Prentiss Ford. He rarely arrived a half-minute before the locomotive came in sight around the curve, but, on the other hand, he seldom had to hurry his stride in order to step upon the platform before the train started, and a similar promptness and exactness marked the conduct of all his affairs.

But there came a morning when he found himself face to face with a problem for which he could find no solution. The following day would be his wife's birthday, and his habitual readiness had given way before his masculine uncertainty as to what gift would meet with the sincere approval of a fastidious woman. As he met her answering smile across the breakfast table, he paid mental tribute, for the thousandth time, to her daintiness. Ford was appreciative, and two years of constant association with it had not dulled his consciousness, born of long experience in boarding-houses, to the fact that the exquisite finish of Stella's morning dress was but one indication of a certain characteristic perfection of taste in all things, which constituted, for him, her most potent charm.

Sometimes, however, he felt a dis-

tressing uncertainty as to his ability to meet in full all its requirements. This was one of the times, and he wished that he might ask her for a suggestion; but since it was one of her immutable convictions that a birthday gift, to be complete, must be a surprise, it was obviously impossible to appeal to her for help. He thought that he had canvassed all the possibilities, going into unfrequented corners of his mind in search of them, and they had all proved undesirable. Thus he found himself, on the day before the anniversary, not only entirely unprepared for the event, but depressed by the conviction that he had exhausted his mental resources, and he had a vision of himself receiving Stella's pretty thanks for something which he had stupidly bought at the last moment in desperation, and which he knew that she would never, under any circumstances, have selected for herself.

He folded his napkin with his accustomed deft deliberation, and joined his wife at the window to read, over her shoulder, the head-lines of the morning paper, as was their wont before his daily departure.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Mayhew's gotten his berth."

Prentiss was given, in moments of excitement or extreme concentration, to the use of the obsolescent past participle, a habit of which Stella vainly tried to break him.

"Who's Mayhew?" she asked.

"Billy Mayhew, otherwise William B., Junior," explained Ford. "Not as young as the Junior would seem to indicate, however. You see he's been appointed consul at San Salvador. Capital fellow. Handles all John S. Babcock's business."

"That argues mental dexterity," she said.

"More than that; it proves shrewdness, courage, energy, and good judgment," he replied.

Stella raised her eyebrows. "All of which he now purposes to devote to the service of his country in a petty consulate in a remote and insignificant republic?" she whimsically queried. "Such patriotism seems worthy of a more cordial recognition by the powers that be."

"It's not patriotism; it's a tardy operation of the first law of nature," replied her husband, laughing. "Mayhew has had a good many irons in the fire, and I heard some time ago that his physician had ordered him to rest, and advised a warmer climate, but I had no idea that it would come to this. It must be serious. I wonder who'll get Babcock's business now?" he reflectively added.

"Would you like to have it?" she asked.

"Like it!" he exclaimed. "My dear girl, that business is worth at least five thousand a year to an attorney, aside from the prestige it gives to be Babcock's lawyer. Would I like it!"

"Well," she questioned, "why don't you get it?"

Ford glanced at her with amusement, tempered with just a shade of annoyance. "Unfortunately," he said, dryly, "an attorney is hampered by a professional prejudice which forbids his assaulting a man, in the progressive commercial fashion, and demanding his business. The dignity of the law—"

"Oh, quite so!" she interrupted. Prentiss had ponderous moments, which she had learned to dodge adroitly. "But there are other ways."

"Are there?" He laughed again. "For example?"

"How should I know? I'm not a business man."

"Well?" His tone suggested that there was no possible answer to its question.

"There's always a way," she said.

"If one is not fastidious." His tone had not changed.

"Prentiss!"

"Oh, well—" he began, apologetically.

"As if I would suggest—"

"No, no, certainly not!" he hastily interposed. "But—what do you suggest?" he added.

"I don't know," she again admitted. "But why shouldn't you have it?"

"Being a 'wee, modest, crimson-tippèd

flower,' I see no reason," he said, still laughing; "but Mr. Babcock probably seeks a man of acknowledged experience and mature judgment—"

"Well," she again interrupted, "suppose he does? What else was it that made you guard the point that none of their experienced old lawyers thought of in the Fullerton case? And they all admitted that the suit would have been lost but for that. What was it that made you win the Dexter case but shrewdness and good judgment? You are young, of course," a reluctant admission, "but Mr. Babcock might go farther and fare worse!" Bright spots of color glowed in her cheeks, and Prentiss regarded her with gratified admiration.

"You are using the personal equation as a numerator," he protested. "Good-by, dear."

She followed him into the hall. "I called on Miss Mowbray yesterday," she said.

"Who's she?" Prentiss was brushing his hat.

"Mrs. Babcock's niece, you know—visiting them. She's a dear! We must do something for her," she added. "A dinner party, or something."

"Yes," he absently assented, "that would be a good idea."

She kissed him good-by, and stood on the steps looking after him. "And you will think of a way, won't you, dear?" she called.

"Perhaps," he said, closing the gate.

John S. Babcock was not only a wealthy man himself, with a controlling interest in several good companies and a directorship in several more, but he held various positions of trust, and was the custodian of sundry large funds of one sort and another, so that his legal business was not a matter to be lightly awarded, and on the way to the station Ford's mind was full of queries concerning the remote probability of his obtaining at least a share of it, and he temporarily forgot his quandary about Stella's birthday gift.

On the train he met a man named Sabbin, with whom he usually sat on the way to town, and the two fell into a desultory exchange of the day's news over their papers, although one lobe of Ford's brain still held the consciousness

that the Babcock business was afloat and unanchored.

"Oh, thunder!" suddenly ejaculated his friend.

"What's the matter?" carelessly inquired Ford.

"They've changed the bill at the opera to-night. Somebody's unable to sing, and they're going to put on *Lohengrin*!"

The Metropolitan Opera Company was making one of its angel's visits to the city near which they lived and in which their offices were located.

"Well?"

"Well, I've got tickets, but I'll be hanged if I want to hear *Lohengrin*! German opera's one too many for me!"

Ford's problem returned to him, but he saw a glimmer of its solution. "How many tickets have you?" he asked.

"Two, in the parquet. Imagine paying seven dollars a seat for the privilege of enduring an evening of German opera!" growled Sabin.

"Do you want to dispose of them?"

"Sure! Do you want them?"

"Yes, I'll take them," said Ford. He paid the fourteen dollars, and slipped the tickets into his pocket with a sigh of relief. Stella was a discriminating lover of music, and devoted to Wagner, but owing to the excessive price of the seats they had not as yet attended the opera this season. He remembered vaguely that there was a book on the Wagnerian operas which she had once expressed a desire to own. He would get that as a permanent souvenir of the evening, and this arrangement, with a nice little supper, he comfortably reflected, would certainly do very well.

As he was leaving the train he met John S. Babcock coming from an adjoining car.

"No, his defalcation didn't surprise me," Mr. Babcock was saying to some one behind him. "Look at the reckless way in which that man spent money! It was evident that he was living beyond his means all the time, and naturally the money had to come from somewhere, so the company paid. I have found it an excellent plan to judge of a man's value to me by the way in which he takes his pleasures. If he's extravagant, I won't have him, and parsimony is almost as—Oh, good-morning, Ford," he interrupted

himself, nodding cordially to the young attorney. "How's Mrs. Ford this morning?"

When he reached the office, Prentiss found a client from a neighboring town awaiting him, and entered at once upon a long and earnest discussion of important business. As they went deeper into the subject it became evident that Ford would be obliged to give his entire day to the matter, and he resolved to telephone to Stella that he would not dine at home, and ask her to meet him in town in time for the opera. He told the office-boy to ring up Mrs. Ford, and after a few minutes received the information that the telephone in Mr. Ford's residence was out of repair. He was in the midst of an explanation of an abstruse legal point, but paused long enough to pull a tablet toward him and write:

"Mrs. Prentiss Ford, Riverbank:

"Have gotten tickets for *Lohengrin*. Bring dress-suit. PRENTISS FORD."

"Here, Fred," he said to the boy, "take this to the telegraph-office at once." He then turned to resume his interrupted discussion with his client.

Early in the afternoon, while he was still very busy, a telegram was brought to him. He opened it and read,

"Thanks have asked babcocks miss mowbray galvins tallants and pomeroy.
STELLA."

He read the message twice uncomprehendingly. Then he remembered the dinner party that Stella was planning for Miss Mowbray. Probably these were the guests. But why wire him? And why thanks? Oh, the opera seats, of course! Stella was punctilious about acknowledging an invitation—it was one of the many manifestations of her good taste—and as her mind was full of her dinner, she had used the remaining nine words to enumerate her guests. It was one of her delicious feminine economies never to send a telegram of less than ten words. She said it was wasteful. Ford smiled, tucked the slip of yellow paper into his waistcoat pocket, and returned to the struggle of the hour.

His client was obliged to take a train

at half past four, and Ford accompanied him to the station, intending to return at once to the office to attend to some work which the business of the day had forced aside, but finding himself excessively fatigued, and wishing to be fresh for the evening, he decided to take a brisk walk and an early dinner, after which he would work until it was time to go to the train to meet Stella. She would arrive on the theatre train at quarter before eight, giving him just time for a quick change of dress at the office, which was midway between the station and the opera-house.

He bought the book on Wagnerian operas for his wife, and shortly before six o'clock he was again ready for work. As he neared the office-building where most of his days were spent, he noticed a woman approaching him from the opposite direction, carrying a suit-case. Something about her figure and the poise of her head reminded him of Stella. A moment later the wind caught a corner of her black coat and blew it back, revealing the light gown beneath. Ford quickened his steps, suddenly realizing that it was Stella, and that she had probably taken an early train, in order to dine with him. She was glowing with enthusiasm, and greeted him warmly. "Are you just getting back?" she asked, as they ascended the steps together. "We telephoned from the station about half after four, and Fred said that you had gone out, but that he expected you back soon."

"We?" he queried.

"Mrs. Babcock and I," she supplied. "We are invited to dine with them at the University Club."

"But I have dined," he objected.

"Oh, have you?" Disappointment shadowed her face for an instant, and then vanished. "Oh, well, never mind! You can't have had much at this hour, and the *chef* at the University Club would tempt a saint on a fast-day!"

They entered the elevator and were whizzed up six stories. As they went down the dusky hall toward the office, Stella tucked her hand into his.

"It was so dear of you to plan this, Prentiss!" she exclaimed. "It's my birthday party, isn't it?"

"Yes," he said, tenderly pressing her fingers. "Do you like it?"

"Better than anything! But you're very extravagant, aren't you?" There was a suggestion of anxiety in her tone that Ford hastened to dispel.

"Not a bit!" he heartily protested. "Business is looking up, and we can afford to be a little indulgent to ourselves—particularly on your birthday," he added, pulling out his keys. Stella sighed with content.

"Then I'm quite happy," she said. "The dinner with the Babcocks will be a delightful preliminary, and the others are to meet us at the opera-house. It was so like you to let me invite them myself!" She patted his hand as he fitted the key in the door.

"Eh?" ejaculated Ford, turning to look at her, a disturbing suspicion crossing his mind. "What others?"

"Why, didn't you get my message? I wired you that I had invited the Babcocks and Miss Mowbray, the Galvins, the Tallants, and Ogden Pomeroy. He's for Miss Mowbray," she swiftly added. "I think they'll suit each other to perfection."

"Oh," he said, throwing open the door and stepping back to allow her to enter. "You mean the dinner."

"No, I don't!" she cried in surprise. "The Babcocks give the dinner—just for us. I mean our theatre party—my birthday party, you dear thing! And, oh—perhaps I ought not to mention it, but I don't mind your combining the two. Indeed I don't! It makes it just that much more delightful! And it was so clever of you to find a way!"

"A way?" he asked, puzzled.

"Yes—to interest Mr. Babcock. You know how he loves German opera!"

"But I didn't ask Mr. Babcock!" he cried.

"No, but you knew I would!" she rejoined, with enthusiasm. "That was where you were so perfectly delicious! You left it to me! And of course"—she dimpled with demure satisfaction—"we wouldn't give a theatre party—particularly so large a party—without asking the Babcocks!"

It was characteristic of Ford that he showed no surprise, and in her happy excitement she did not notice the straws whose pointing might have attracted her attention in a calmer moment.

"Stella, how did I word that message?" He spoke very quietly. "Do you remember?"

She laughed irrepressibly. "Indeed I do! I know it by heart! 'Mrs. Prentiss Ford, Riverbank,'" she recited, with affected seriousness. "'Have got ten tickets for *Lohengrin*. Bring dress suit. Prentiss Ford.'"

Ford recognized his ancient enemy, the obsolescent past participle.

"You might have added another word, Prentiss," she continued, reproachfully. "There were only nine. Why did you ask?"

"Oh, I just wondered what gave you the impression—"

"That you wanted the Babcocks invited? Dear boy, I may not be a brilliantly clever young attorney," with a caressing accent, "but I am the next best thing, the herein-before-mentioned attorney's wife. And here's your dress-suit—I carried it all the way from the station myself when I found you were not there to meet me—and you must make haste and dress, or we shall be late to dinner."

Ford in the mean time had been doing some rapid thinking. He looked at his watch and found it was twenty minutes after six. Every man in the building had gone at that hour. He put his hand in his pocket, knowing that he should find there a dollar and some cents in silver, which, with ten dollars in another pocket, constituted his sole supply of cash in hand. Eight additional opera seats would cost fifty-six dollars. He contemplated taking Stella into his confidence, but he instantly saw with what consternation and chagrin she would learn of the mistake, and that the knowledge would only cause her distress at a time when he wanted her to be especially happy, without in the least altering the conditions. At present she was radiantly content, and to disturb her equilibrium would be to add to the discomforts and dangers of the situation, while if she could be kept in ignorance of the true state of affairs, her genuine unconsciousness would help to carry off any hitch that might occur later.

He quickly decided that he dared take no more risks than the circumstances compelled, and that he would send Stella

to the dinner, excusing himself on the quite justifiable plea of pressing business. In this way he would secure two hours in which to find means wherewith to meet his obligations.

"Prentiss dear, you must hurry!" again urged his wife.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart," he said, with very sincere reluctance in his tone. "I can't go to the dinner with you. No, it's quite impossible." He answered the protest in her face. "I have something on hand which must be done."

"To-night?"

"To - night—within two hours," he added.

"But Mr. Babcock— This is such an opportunity!" she begged.

"I know, but it can't be helped." He spoke with decision. "It's quite impossible for me to go. I had planned to spend the time before you arrived at work, and I simply cannot neglect this matter."

"Oh, well—perhaps it's just as well, after all." She bravely struggled with her disappointment. "Perhaps it will give him a better impression if you are too busy to accept even his invitation—and too conscientious to neglect your client's interests," she concluded, with a flush of pride. Ford winced inwardly. He preferred not to deceive his wife, even for her good, but his decision was made, and there was nothing left but to carry it through.

He called a cab and sent Stella to the dinner, laden with his messages of regret; and as the lights of her carriage disappeared, he turned with determination to his quest. He made a quick canvass of the building, on the chance of finding some lingering man whom he knew, and the still remoter chance that the man, if found, would have the necessary sum at hand. But every office was dark, and he reached his own door with that faint hope extinguished. He looked at his watch; it was twenty-five minutes before seven. The party would arrive at the opera-house about eight, and he must be there sufficiently ahead of them to have the tickets in his possession. Suddenly it occurred to him that it might not be possible at this late hour to get ten seats together. He went to the 'phone and called up the opera-house.

"Can you give me ten seats in a block?" he asked.

"No, sir," came the prompt answer.

"No chance of arranging it in any way?" he asked.

"No, sir. There are only six seats left on the lower floor. We can give you three together. The others are scattering."

Ford's heart sank. "How about the balcony?" he inquired.

"Nothing at all there. Every seat sold. You wouldn't want a box?"

"There are ten in my party," said Ford.

"I can give you two adjoining boxes—five seats in each. The only ones left."

"How much?"

"Forty-five dollars each."

"All right," said Ford, quietly. "Will you reserve them for me until I can get down there?"

"Well—how long will that be?"

"Oh, half an hour or more," replied Prentiss, with affected carelessness. "I'll have to dress; and I'm some distance out," he mendaciously added.

"What name, please?"

"Prentiss Ford."

"Address?"

"My offices are in the Attorneys' Building. I live at Riverbank."

"You think you can be here in half an hour, Mr. Ford?"

"I think so. Perhaps you'd better allow me an extra ten minutes."

"All right, sir."

"There won't be any slip about this?" asked Ford, as if he were cross-examining a witness. "I shall arrive there with my party, and I don't wish to disappoint them," he added.

"No, sir; that'll be all right."

"Oh, by-the-way," said Prentiss, as an after-thought, "if you should have calls for seats in the parquet, I have a couple that I shall not need now."

"Yes, sir; that'll be all right," repeated the voice.

Ford hung up the receiver with one hand and took out his watch with the other. It was twenty minutes of seven. He would secure the seats first and dress afterwards. Being a man of much reserve, his friendships, while warm, were few, and it happened that three of his close friends—Bert Galvin, George Talant, and Ogden Pomeroy—were in the

party that his wife had invited to the opera, which effectually erased them from the list of possibilities. Moreover, they had probably all gone home on an early train, in order to dress and return in the evening, as he would have done but for his urgent business. He smiled sardonically as he glanced at the untouched work lying on his desk. He took the money from his pockets and found that he had eleven dollars and sixty-five cents. The opera tickets that he had bought of Sabin in the morning would bring his cash capital up to twenty-five dollars. This left sixty-five that he must obtain in some way before he could secure the seats for his party.

Then it occurred to him that a supper must follow the opera. He couldn't decently give an entertainment of this elaborate nature without offering his guests something to eat. That would require at least twenty—possibly thirty—dollars more; ninety-five in all that he had still to get. A nice little sum for a young attorney to spend in entertaining, he thought; the price of the obsolescent past participle!

Suddenly he remembered Mr. Babcock's words: "I have found it an excellent plan to judge of a man's value to me by the way in which he takes his pleasures. If he's extravagant, I won't have him."

"There goes my last and only chance," he grimly said to himself. "This will settle his opinion of me!"

Floating through his mind, jostling these calculations, were various plans for obtaining the money, all more or less impracticable. With the independence characterizing the management of popular organizations, the oracle in the box-office during the opera season had peremptorily and persistently refused to accept checks in payment for seats, so Prentiss knew that any attempt to make such an arrangement would prove futile. He tried to telephone to two men whom he knew sufficiently well to ask for a loan, and found one of them out of town, and the other not yet arrived at home. It occurred to him that possibly Sabin might have remained in town, in which case he might dine at Germaine's, where they sometimes took lunch together. Ford ran down six flights of stairs,

as the elevator had stopped for the night, and he also ran three of the five blocks to the restaurant, modifying his pace only when he came into the more frequented streets. He passed through the restaurant, looking eagerly from side to side, but Sabin was not there. He decided to ask the proprietor, who would remember him as a frequent patron, to cash his check, and learned, upon inquiring at the desk, that Mr. Germaine was ill, and had gone home.

At that moment he remembered a lawyer who lived in town, a middle-aged bachelor named Robbins, who might possibly have the money within reach, and crossed the street to a public telephone station. He was relieved to learn that Mr. Robbins was at home, and a moment later he was saying:

"Robbins, can you put your hand on seventy-five or eighty dollars? I'm in no end of a hole, and I've got to get out somehow within half an hour."

"My dear fellow, I'm awfully sorry," Robbins's pleasant voice answered, "but I've just loaned my last dollar to my nephew. I've exactly enough car-fare to get down town in the morning. Is it imperative?"

"Absolutely," replied Ford. "Well, thanks, just the same. I'll make some other arrangement."

"Haven't you anything you can pawn?" asked Robbins, laughing.

"I'll see," said Ford. "How much will they loan?"

"About a third of the value of your collateral."

"Thanks. Good-by."

He looked at his watch. It was five minutes past seven. He had only fifteen minutes more at the outside. He remembered a pawn-shop near the opera-house. His knowledge of those Meccas of impoverished youth was purely theoretical, as he had never before in his well-ordered life been found without some preparation for any emergency that might befall, or some adequate resource upon which he could depend. Now he had less than fifteen minutes in which to obtain sixty-five dollars, or lose his seats, disappoint his friends, distress his wife, and humiliate himself. After that he had still to find the money wherewith to purchase the supper.

He ran out of the telephone station, hailed a passing cab, and drove to his office, where he ran up six flights of stairs, seized his suit-case, and plunged down to the cab again, bidding the man "drive like the devil" to the pawn-shop. As he left the cab, still panting from his run up and down stairs, he looked at his watch. It was fifteen minutes past seven.

He found a telephone and called up the opera-house. "This is Prentiss Ford," he said, as calmly as if he were not gasping for breath. "I am on my way down, but have been detained. Will you hold those boxes for me until half past seven?"

"You'll surely take them, sir?"

"Oh yes," with cheerful assurance; "I am on my way down town now."

"Very well, sir."

Prentiss hung up the 'phone and went to the pawn-shop. "What will you give me for the suit I have on?" he asked. "It's new."

The man fingered the coat. "Sixteen dollars," he said.

"And my watch?" continued Ford.

"Twenty-five dollars," said the Jew, after an examination.

"I must have more than that," said Ford.

"What else have you got?" asked the man.

"Nothing," said Prentiss. Then his glance fell on a card upon which were displayed some cheap imitation pearl studs. "Hold on!" he exclaimed. He opened his suit-case, and took the pearl studs from his dress-shirt. The Jew examined them carefully.

"Twenty dollars," he said.

"How much are those?" asked Ford, indicating the imitations.

"Seventy-five cents."

"That will do," promptly replied Ford. "I'll take those, and you may have these." In the mean time he had found his patent-leathers. "How much for my shoes?" he went on, putting up his foot for examination.

"Two dollars."

"Very well," he agreed. "Have you a place where I can change my clothes?"

He was taken into an evil-smelling apartment, where he quickly dressed, packing his business suit in the suit-case.

"How much for the case?" he asked, as he came out.

"Three dollars."

"All right. The clothes are packed in it, and here's the watch. Hurry up!"

But the old Jew wished to be thoroughly assured that all that he had paid for was in the case. After having satisfied himself on this point, he deliberately counted out sixty-six dollars, and gave Ford the customary tickets for the redemption of the goods.

As Prentiss was leaving the opera-house, after having secured the seats, he heard some one call,

"Hullo, Ford!"

Turning, he saw Ogden Pomeroy.

"What are you doing down here all alone?" asked Pomeroy. "And where's Stella?"

"Stella is dining with the Babcocks," replied Prentiss. "I was busy and couldn't go, and I came down here a little early to make sure of my seats. I hadn't been able to get down for my tickets before."

"Business must be rushing with you," remarked his friend. "Where are you going now? Aren't you going to wait until the rest come?"

"No," said Ford, thinking of his supper. "I—the truth is, I'm looking for a man."

"Won't I do?" asked Pomeroy. "Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks. I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

"It must be a case of 'battle, murder, and sudden death' to hurry you!" rejoined Pomeroy, laughing. "Can I be of any assistance?"

"Why—er—no," began Ford, and then he hesitated. Pomeroy was a bachelor and a good fellow; he could be relied upon to keep his own counsel, and the case was becoming desperate.

"I'm at your service," said Ogden.

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm somewhat short of money. I have been unexpectedly called upon for a large amount," explained Prentiss, with a last effort to preserve his dignity, "and it has left me without enough to pay for the supper I want to give after the opera. If you happen to have twenty or thirty dollars about you—"

Pomeroy groaned, and putting his hand

in his pocket, brought out a handful of small change. "That's all I have," he said, ruefully, "that and my commutation ticket."

Ford looked his disappointment. "Oh, well, never mind," he said in a moment. "I'll manage somehow."

Pomeroy suddenly conceived an idea that he felt to be brilliantly original in its association with Prentiss Ford. "Why don't you pawn something?" he asked. "There's a little shop down here where—" He stopped, impressed by the irony of Ford's smile.

"Man," said Prentiss, "I've pawned the clothes off my back, the shoes off my feet, and the jewels out of my shirt front!"

Then the whole story came out, interrupted by shouts of laughter from Pomeroy.

"Here!" he cried, when Prentiss had finished. "Come on! I have my watch. We'll pawn that! Certainly we will!" he persisted, in answer to Ford's protests. "It's the least I can do for you!"

Ogden's watch brought seventeen dollars and a half, but by adding his fob and a quaint and valuable ring that he wore they obtained a sum that they felt would be sufficient.

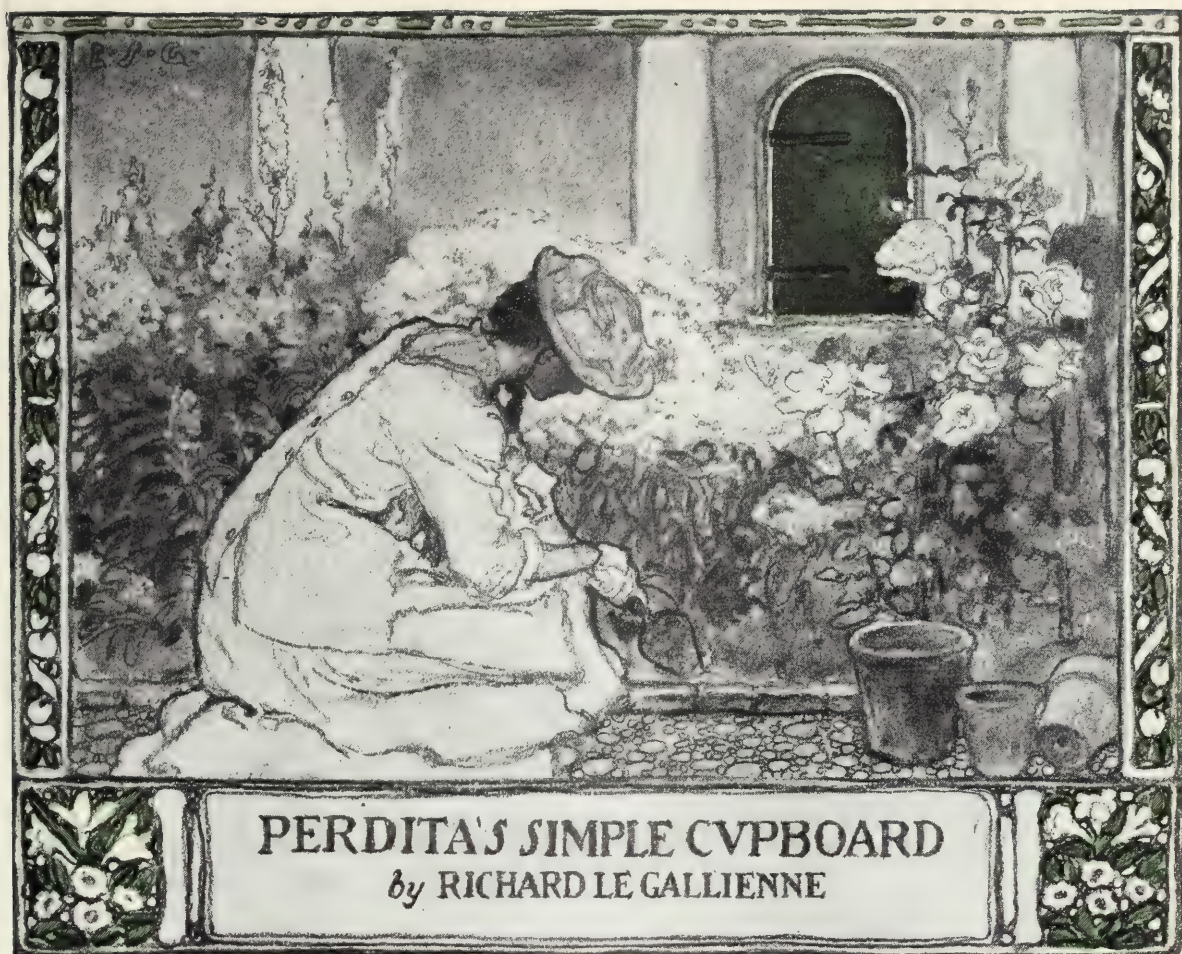
When the rest of the party arrived at the opera-house they found their host and Pomeroy unconcernedly smoking and chatting near the entrance, and Ford received the greetings of his guests as calmly as if this entertainment had been as entirely of his planning as they believed it to be, while Stella was exquisitely radiant.

After they were seated in the boxes, Mr. Babcock said to his wife: "Prentiss Ford is a noteworthy young man. He has always lived well within his income, and he must be meeting with remarkable success to be able to give an entertainment like this."

But it was not until the next day that Prentiss fully realized what his past parteciple had done for him. Then it was that John S. Babcock came into his office and said:

"Mr. Ford, my attorney, Mr. Mayhew, has been called away, and I am without a legal adviser. Do you think you could find time to help me out?"

Prentiss thought he could.



I
NO form of stage lends itself so sympathetically to play-acting as an old garden; and when I say play-acting I mean the word to stand for any form of fanciful makebelieve that delights the heart of men and women, that curious delight in "pretending" which begins in our earliest childhood, our very babyhood, and is never forfeited by any one who has really been a child. You feel the need of—getting out of yourself. One of the most satisfactory, and one of the prettiest, is Perdita's way: to put yourself into a garden. Why Perdita should need to get away from herself I cannot guess—for I have never wanted to get away from Perdita. Indeed, when I come to think of it, I believe that Perdita's gardening, and all the occult sciences which go with it, are not so much self-escape as self-expression. Perdita—and why not!—is really an egoist: and her idea is to write her name over and over again in flowers. If so, she has certainly chosen that form of page on which one can most

legibly and lastingly write one's name: a page of the good green earth—in her case only quite a small page, a mere three acres at most, yet what clever tender things she does with it.

Perdita is a learned lover of our old poets—as we call those poets who are young forever—and one corner of her garden, which she calls the Poets' Corner, she has reserved for flowers mentioned by several poets whose original octavos, and even folios, make a cozy nook of warm old leather in her little library.

It is one of her truest pleasures, and prettiest vanities, to take you into the garden and show you how she has translated one of these musical old fellows into phlox and daffodil and sweet-mary-joram. If you want to make Perdita happy you have only to ask her to be allowed to take tea in the garden of Herrick's "Hesperides," while she turns over the leaves—I had almost said petals—of a precious first edition as yellow now as his own daffodils, yet no less fresh and fragrant.

One of the votive gardens to which



she is particularly devoted is called the "Garden of the Faithful Shepperdess," for here grow the many flowers dear to Fletcher, that sweet lyrist whose English honey keeps sweet against decay, as no mere dramatic strength of Beaumont could—that beloved lumber-room of Elizabethan drama, that apple-loft of old English pastoral, that vast old fireside folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, which Charles Lamb took home one night, with such glee, from Barker's in Covent Garden.

Then Perdita has a little garden for Campion—him, you know, who sang "There is a garden in her face"—and another garden reserved for those flowers which deck the laureate hearse where Lycid lies. Next to Shakspeare, no other poet except Milton has made flowers so much more wonderful than they are—by the mere inspired mention of their names.

Perdita, like many dream-gardeners, had conceived the idea of a garden in which only Shakspeare's flowers should be grown. But, when she came to consider, she realized that Shakspeare had loved too many flowers, for her to give him a whole province of her limited space to himself. Taking further thought, however, she came to see that the whole garden was Shakspeare's, and that there was no flower in any particular garden which was not his too, which was not indeed more his. Except the daisy! Ah! yes! except the daisy—for is that not pre-eminently Chaucer's flower, and not even Shakspeare himself can rob him of it. Remembering this, Perdita had begged from the gardener a corner of the lawn "ypoudred with daisy," and there the lawn-mower never came—only that Queen Alceste "That turned was into a dayesie." And almost overgrown with the happy rioting grass was an inscription, like a gardener's label, written in Perdita's fine hand:

"Every day this May or thou dine
Go look upon the fresh daisie."

This, as a charming American writer has pointed out, was the prescription of the nightingale in one of Chaucer's most delightful poems; and the writer adds: "A blessed pharmacy this, freely found in meadow and field."

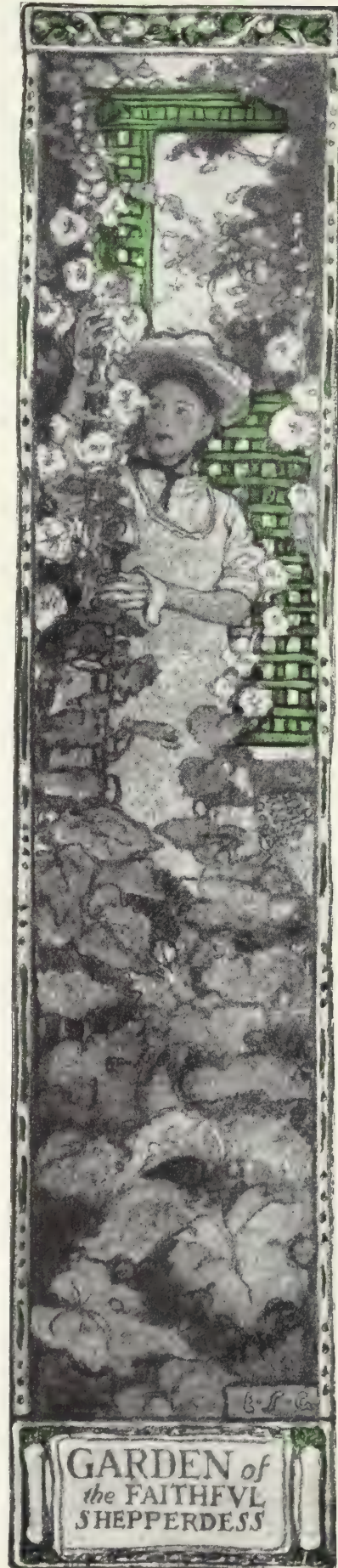
II

This quotation brings me to the more immediate subject of my thoughts. Perdita's latest fancy, her "Physick Garden"—*Hortus Medicus et Philosophicus*, as the learned Joacimus Camerarius, physician, of the Republic of Nuremberg, entitled his treatise upon healing herbs, published at Frankfort-on-Main, 1588; a quaint little quarto of some rarity, which Perdita picked up from a catalogue a short while ago.

Sometimes we call this garden "The Astrologer's Garden"—for Perdita has taken pains, so far as her astrological lore permits, to select her plants on purely astrological principles—as one of her herbalist friends, Nich. Culpepper, Gent., in his *English Physician*, most urgently advises: "Let the planet that governs the herb be angular and the stronger the better; if they can, in herbs of Saturn, let Saturn be in the ascendant, in the herbs of Mars, let Mars be in the mid heaven, for in those houses they delight; let the moon apply to them by good aspect, and her let not be in the houses of her enemies; if you cannot well stay till she apply to them, let her apply to a planet of the same triplicity; if you cannot wait that time neither, let her be with a fixed star of their nature . . . gather all leaves in the hour of that planet that governs them."

Though Perdita tries to make you believe that she takes her physic-garden seriously from a medicinal point of view, and is prepared to vindicate the hedge-row pharmacy of the old wives of the country-side, yet I am sure it is the haunted names of the various old romantic weeds, rather than their medicinal virtues, that prompt her to spend whole days in following up the waifs and strays of the highways and waste places, and persuading them to accept a comfortable home, and live a respectable life in her garden. Some are glad of the good food she gives them, and the freedom from vegetable strife, but many others seem incorrigibly devoted to a vagabond existence, and sicken in their polite surroundings.

Plants whose very names made the blood of our ancestors run cold are to be found in Perdita's garden, side by side with sober-coated pot-herbs put to no



more dangerous uses than the stuffing of turkeys or the seasoning of omelets. There grow the roots "that take the reason prisoner," hemlock and henbane and hellebore; vervain and rue, and many another unholy ingredient of the witches' caldron; and Perdita particularly congratulates herself on her mandragora-bed. Strictly speaking, as the reader must be aware, the mandrake will only grow under a gallows-tree, for it finds its most sustaining nutriment in the juices that drip and drip from the bodies of decayed murderers. Its fat fleshlike root is said to be shaped like a man, but in this particular Perdita has been disappointed, as indeed Gerarde was before her: "I mysele and my servannts also have digged up, planted and replanted verie many; and yet never could either perceive shape of man and woman," says the old herbalist, in disgust with those "idle drones" that have nothing better to do but circulate such idle superstitions. At the same time, Perdita is inclined to hold it true that mandrakes are to be found most plentifully under the shade of some old gallows-tree, or on its site. Else, why should the hill close by us on the highroad, known as "Gallows Hill," be the one spot all the country round where she has found the ill-famed vegetable growing? It is known without a doubt from current tradition that "Gallows Hill" is well manured with the bodies of departed highwaymen, and there are very old people still living who have seen the moon through the ribs of emaciated malefactors, and heard their chains creaking and whimpering on windy nights. One of the scarred and shattered old trees has a rusty chain hanging to it to this day, and it was beneath this very tree that Perdita found her first mandrake. She was no little afraid of uprooting it, because, as you know, the mandrake in old times, when uprooted, used to give forth strange groans and screams as of a human being in agony. However, in this respect our mandrakes were a disappointment. They came up out of the ground quietly enough, and took kindly to the corner provided for them in the *Hortus Medicus et Philosophicus*. Perhaps they have grown milder with the peaceful times. It is so long since they have seen a highwayman.

Plants less darkly associated with forbidden mysteries, yet powerful to possess the mind of man with a madness no less desperate, "the cruel madness of love," grow too in Perdita's garden—for love-philters are a branch of country medicine which Perdita has made a special study. Two of the wicked plants already named, vervain and mandrake, are known to wield strange power over the affections. Rosemary and the innocent thyme also turn the heads and hearts of man and maid, particularly when used on St. Agnes eve. Basil, purslane, cumin-seed and cyclamen, wormwood and marjoram, are strong ingredients of the magic loving-cup, as likewise are the simple-sounding pansy, crocus, periwinkle, mallow, and marigold.

I sometimes feel a little shiver as I pass by Perdita's physic-garden; for it seems like so much sleeping dynamite. Were not Perdita a tender-hearted Medea, there is no estimating what fantastic mischief she might not work with all these charged roots and poisonous leaves and flowers.

III

Having got her physic-garden well established, Perdita's next step was to set up her own still-room, or stock her simple-cupboard. It is no use making-believe unless you makebelieve seriously, and Perdita will never admit but that she takes her simpling quite seriously—"that excellent art of simpling, which"—she sometimes quotes at me from Gerarde—"hath been a studie for the wisest, an exercise for the noblest, a pastime for the best . . . a science nobly supported by wise and kingly favourites; the subject thereof so necessarie and delectable that nothing can be confectioned either delicate for the taste, daintie for smell, pleasant for sight, wholesome for bodie, conservative or restorative for health, but it borroweth the relish of an herbe, the flavour of a flower, the colour of a leafe, the juice of a plant, or the decoction of a roote . . . who would therefore look dangerously up at Planets that might safely look down at Plants?"

As I have said before, one of the charms of an old house is the number of out-of-the-way rooms and cupboards



I MYSELF AND MY SERVANTS
ALSO HAVE DIGGED UP PLANTED AND REPLANTED
verie MANY and yet never could either perceive
Shape of Man and Woman

which you don't know what to do with. In one of these rooms, prettily looking out across the sun-dial and the cut yews, Perdita set up her herbal laboratory, and there you may often find her nowadays like some fair young alchemist, surrounded with alembics and mortars and gallipots and other mysterious-looking vessels, and poring with knit brows over some old folio, endeavoring to wrest from it the secret of some sententiously elaborate recipe or mysteriously worded process.

As an example of at once the lucidity and the mysteriousness of some of these old instructions, here is the process recommended by an eighteenth-century herbalist for the distillation of "Spirits: Take the Herbs, Flowers, etc., beat them in a Mortar and Pickle them with Salt, in an Earthen Vessel, by mixing the Salt therewith; put all well into a well-glazed Earthen Jar, pressing them well down: Stop the Vessel very close, and put it into a cellar for three or four months, till they have a sharp or Wine-like Smell, then distil in a Vesica, in Balneo, or Sand, or Ashes to driness. Cohobate the Spirit and distil again, after which rectify it in a Glass Matrass, in a gentle Balneo, or Sand-heat."

When you come to think of it, and if you care to picture Perdita in her still-room, I think you will agree with me that few games you could play at could be more stimulating to the imagination, or more rich in comprehensive suggestiveness. Perhaps no single study concentrates so much of the romance of human thought as the study of simples. All the lore and all the legend of the ages, so much of all the dark and shining history of time, the strange old beginnings of wisdom, the eternal poetry in the child-like heart of man: all this is implicit in the very sap and shape and fragrance of every storied herb and flower you gather. Terrible mysteries of fearful old creeds, beautiful stories of dead gods and goddesses, adventurous guesses at the starry sky, picturesque experiments in the unknown properties of things, dark tales of human passions; yes, the whole wandering history of the soul of man is to be found written somewhere in leaves and flowers. Take for a moment a few plants with the simplest, most familiar

associations. Mistletoe, we say, or asphodel; think of the immediate vividness with which those two words call up a mysterious religion and a whole mythology. Or, again, hyssop and hemlock. Is it possible to use those words without thinking in the same instant of the two great death-scenes in human history—death-scenes which together symbolize from different points of view the whole extended tragedy of human thought? Is not the long agony of a noble race stamped forever on the little shamrock as the sorrow of a god is printed each spring upon the "lettered hyacinth"? And who can pluck the narcissus without seeing a beautiful Greek boy loving his own face in a spring? How much of human dream and human history is bound up with these seven plants alone, chosen at random as being most obvious to the memory.

Besides, consider the delight of the mere method of the study. Other studies crook your back, contract your chest, and impair your complexion, but to go a-simpling means day after day of fresh air, and hardy trudging of the countryside. You do your work knee-deep in daisies, and birds and butterflies and sweet smells are your fellow-students all day long in the blue-domed library of the green earth. Should you miss the plant you are after, you have at least found a fine exhilaration of the blood, you come home with cheeks like wild roses and all the sweetness of the racing breeze in your lungs. Therefore, say I, be advised to go a-simpling.

IV

As a passion for simpling probably begins in that library corner of warm old leather—a fancy for collecting old herbals—so it necessarily consummates itself, through the intermediate ardors of the physic-garden and the still-room, in the simple-cupboard—where are hoarded all the gains of your herb-craft, the various thrilling secrets you have wrested from nature: the potent distillations, the sovereign balms, the subtle essences, the stealing opiates, the magic roots, the deadly tinctures, the dreaming gums. Perdita's simple-cupboard is a little dimly lighted closet most effective in its air of mystery. The light falls into it



THEREFORE
say I BE ADVISED TO GO
a-simpling



stealthily through some small squares of green bottle-glass set in the top of the door. At first you can barely distinguish the dim array of phials and jars upon the shelves, and a mystic aromatic odor pervades the room; but as you grow used to the light you find yourself able to read the prettily written labels, and to realize with a smile the decorative thrift which has inspired Perdita to dignify with such romantic uses many a household flask and pipkin previously associated in your mind less with the mysteries of astrologic botany than with the more accustomed mysteries of delicate gastronomy.

You think first rather of a delicatessen shop with its quaint pots and picturesque glass jars come together from so many classic corners of the gastronomic world. Here surely is your old friend *pâté de foie gras* in its prescribed earthen-ware mug, with the rimmed lid. But you look at the label and read: "*An excellent paste of rue, walnuts, figs, and juniper berries, eaten by the great Mithridates as a defensive against poison.*"

Again your eye falls on one of the slim urn-shouldered wine-bottles of Capri, and looking at the label you read: "*Distilled water of broom-flowers as used by Henry VIII. against surfeits.*" A tiny pot, looking for all the world as if it had once held Liebig's extract of beef, contains, you read, "*Ash-sap against serpents.*" Here is a fluted glass jar indissolubly associated in your mind with olive-orchards and violets. You look at the label and read, "*Juice of arum—good for the plague.*" Yonder is a nabob-bellied jar that must contain ginger. No—"Peony roots against convulsions." And here is an old scent-bottle labelled: "*Sap of dogwood from East Prussia—to fulfil your every wish.*"

So with delightful incongruity larder and laboratory meet on every label.

Perdita touches old science with the wand of her fancy, and makesbelieve like one of her own babies. Surely there is no prettier and more appropriate game for those living in an old house than to play at simpling.

The Little Ghost

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

UNDER the shadow of the wood
Soft in the dawning flowed the stream,
And shining there the shad-bush stood,
A slim ghost dreaming some deep dream.

Perchance an unknown troop had passed
In the dark night that way with her,
And where the tide some slow star glassed
Lingered till she forgot to stir.

And morning found her light foot caught
Fast in the flags along the brink,
While rustling all her veils she sought
Back to her glooms to fade and sink.

All day she saw the silver shad
Slide up the stream, and all day long
From reeds and pools a piping glad
Rose round her in a ceaseless song.

Frail as a flake of snow, she thrilled
When the blithe bees about her came,
Or when from southern heavens spilled
The bluebird's wing flashed like a flame.

And happy people on the bridge
Smiled at the sweet and airy thing,
And wayfarers along the ridge
Leaned low and said, Behold the Spring!

But still all day she stood and dreamed
Alone, till, when the moonlight hoar
Fell down and mantled her, she seemed
A glimmering, shimmering ghost once more,

The wraith of all the springs to be,
The wraith of all the summers dead,
One day a great wind set her free—
The little ghost had waked and fled.

A Successful Marriage

BY L. H. HAMMOND

SHE was sitting at one end of the hearth in a deep arm-chair, her quiet hands crossed upon her lap, and her eyes looking through the steady glow of the fire into a world of long ago. Outside the hushed and stainless earth lay white under the clear December sky; within, the midnight silence was unbroken. Tired with days and nights of watching, they had all, hours ago, gone to their rest, yielding what she had required as her right—this last night alone with her dead. He lay, as she had wished, on the great lounge in the library, where, if she raised her eyes to look through the open doors, she could see him, as she had so often seen him before, resting after his day's work. But now her eyes were on the fire, and she was thanking God from the depths of her soul for the success of her married life. It had been a hard battle; she bore the scars still; but it had issued in a victory which neither life nor death could tarnish.

It had all happened so long ago that for years it had rarely been even in the background of her thoughts; but now that she sat alone—alone though he still lay yonder—things long forgotten took substance and form; and through the clear glow of the fire she watched the woman who had once been herself, and the man who had made the tragedy and the glory of her life.

They were in the little house to which he had taken her as a bride, the poor little house at which some of her friends had looked in well-bred surprise, and at which others had never looked at all. They found it charming themselves, and the depth and joy of her love had shamed him out of even a wish to apologize for it. Being a practical young person, she was soon busy with unaccustomed tasks, puzzling over novel problems in domestic finance, and inventing ways past finding out for doing without things herself, while

providing them for the admiring and unsuspecting partner of the enterprise. The watcher by the fire looked on with eyes that saw not only the poverty, but the love which abolished consciousness of it as a thing to be regretted. Then her glance fell on the beautiful room in which she sat and the noble library beyond it, and she smiled as those may who have proved, both in the want and in the fulness of material things, that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.

The practical young woman was also an idealist; for although she believed that no man and woman could come to a perfect adjustment in the enforced intimacy of married life without some difficulties, yet one thing she held to be impossible: they might misunderstand one another, they might hurt one another until love found the remedy for their pain; but they could never degrade their life together by bandying angry words.

The woman by the fire followed her with pitying eyes which yet held a reproach for her reticence. If she had told the man all that was in her heart, would it not have made a difference?

But the years slipped by in unclouded happiness. More and more it was her joy not only to serve him, but to make his choice her own. There were many differences of opinion, but none that touched her conscience; and in any less vital matter it was her delight to adopt his choice before he found that she had a different one of her own. The woman by the fire sighed, seeing what the other woman did not know—that she was giving the man a false understanding of herself by so sinking her individuality in his that he grew to believe her an echo of himself; and that she was forcing him, by the insistence of her own love, to acquiesce in the absorption of all her energies in the provision for his comfort. He had little chance to give, she

so occupied him with receiving. "If the boy had come sooner—" thought the woman by the fire. But the boy had not come for five years, and in that time habits grow strong.

When the boy came, life was changed in the little house. The woman lay month after month in the tiny room which still served as sitting-room and parlor, though it was no longer as bare of comforts as before; and the man, not yet recovered from the agonizing fear of losing her, hung over her with a look of tenderness in his strong face the memory of which should have comforted her in the days to come, instead of cutting her like a whip as she went her way in silence with set lips.

After a while she began to move about the house, and to lift with listless fingers the burdens that had once been so light. "If even now she would allow his love the chance to make some of the sacrifices," thought the watcher; but she set herself to serve him as absolutely as in the old days of health, when no remnant of strength was needed for the boy. She did her best—or her worst. So far as his material comfort went, he missed nothing; but it was a listless face which was turned to him in the evenings which had long been so delightful. "She is thinking about the boy," he thought, half proudly, half resentfully, as he closed the book; but she was too tired to think at all; and when she did think, she would think first not of the boy, but of him.

But the boy was an unfathomable delight! The woman by the fire, whose boy upstairs had been married these many years, looked at the woman beyond the fire, whose boy lay in her arms, with a sudden pang of resentment. She would not have given the boy upstairs in exchange for the boy in the woman's arms—the years of deepening intimacy, the pride and joy in the character she had helped him to build up, were too dear; but at least the woman yonder need not have suffered so much when the boy was all her own, and she stood to him in the place of God!

For the woman had begun to suffer in a slow, puzzled way. She came of Puritan stock, and the cousins used to say that her conscience was her fetish. For

the first time since her marriage she saw a rift between her pleasure and her duty. The man was first in her love, but her conscience required her to prefer the boy before him. Returning strength had stopped at a point which it seemed destined never to pass, and she denied herself to the man that she might not fail to the boy. The outward appearance of the home—the body of it, so to speak—was as faultless as ever, but she herself, the soul of it, was changed. The watcher saw it and understood; the man saw it and understood nothing except that she frequently failed to respond as he expected, she who had trained him through all these years to make unlimited demands on her sympathy, her time, her strength, her deftness of hand and ingenuity of brain. Both women watched the cloud gather on his face, the changes in manner almost too subtle for thought. The woman by the fire understood. The woman at his side understood nothing, except that for the first time she was failing to please him.

"She never explains anything," thought the woman by the fire. "She is living as if every motive and ideal and sacrifice were as plain to him as to her; and she suffers as if he definitely rejected appeals which she never allows him to suspect. Nor does she suspect that her own understanding of him may fail."

She sat motionless, watching the vague shadow between the two darken; the boy darkened it, as he had first called it into being—the boy! In regard to the boy the man's theories and the woman's theories were one; but in the face of facts, in the face of a curly-headed little sinner with innocent eyes and the most engaging of smiles, the man's theories were as dreams of the night, while the woman's theories were as granite to the blandishments of the sun. From his babyhood the boy, to whom she explained everything except herself, divined the measureless tenderness of this uncoaxable mamma, and clung to her as he never did to the father of whom he was so proud. But to the man there was a double shock; the woman whom he had thought all tenderness could be hard to a little child; what was worse, the wife whose opinions had never once differed from his own—"Ah!" smiled the woman by the

fire—had not only learned to differ from him, but refused, in actions that spoke louder than words, to adopt his views when they were set before her. His remonstrances were frequent and sometimes sharp. The woman bore herself with outward serenity, but she wondered within herself why it should be her duty to do what would cloud the man's face; why the boy should stand between her and the love which was her life. Ah, the boy! Was she complaining that this miracle of love was hers? If the man was her life, the boy was her life too; and perhaps if she could make her love a little plainer to the man, if she could devise new ways of serving him, new plans for his comfort, he might forgive her that she must hold her own path with the boy. So she went on, taxing body and spirit more and more, unconsciously offering herself to him less and less, and trying with sacrifice and obedience to turn his eyes from the little circle in which her will must rule. "She takes it for granted," thought the watcher, "that he understands what she suffers; and he, when he hurts her most, understands nothing but that her will is steel against his and her face flint. How should he guess what is hidden behind her silence?"

The little house faded out, and a larger one took its place. The man, dressed for calling, came into the room where the woman sat waiting for him, the ghost of the old smile on her lips. She had secretly mourned her altered looks, and the one selfish joy which the filling of the family purse had brought her was the hope that with prettier clothes she might make herself more attractive to the man. Pretty the clothes certainly were to-day, from the dainty bonnet to the well-turned shoe, and she lifted her eyes to his with the pleased expectancy of a child. Then she rose suddenly, the shy color gone, her eyes wide with fear. The man's lips were white. He moistened them without speaking. She sat down again, her face turned from him, her whole body tense, her mind groping through darkness in shaking haste after any possible cause of offence. Gradually she began to understand his words—the boy was his boy, and he had forbidden her—but she had not understood; she would never have

disobeyed him in such a thing, she cried swiftly, a relief that almost stifled her sweeping over her. She made it her business not to understand, he answered; he was tired of stupidity as an excuse. Her face settled into stone. What was the use of words if her life failed to speak for her? As for the man, he saw the motionless figure, the outline of the impassive cheek, and gathered himself to beat his way through her indifference once for all, if he could. She had long since learned to cry without movement or sound. How should he know that tears were dropping on the pretty dress? So the irritation of a trying day in his office mastered him, and the anger which he would not vent on his associates swept him beyond all control as he raged against the quiet woman before him. When at last his wrath wore itself out her tears were quite dry and her voice clear and even as she reminded him of the engagement which they both must meet. He himself was spent with the force of his passion, and was already at the beginning of a wholesome shame for this first outburst of uncontrollable anger toward her. He looked at her, dainty, serene, untouched by what had shaken him to the depths, first with wonder, and then with resentment. It was clear that nothing he could say moved her; she cared for nothing but her own way; and he had thought her the most loving and yielding of women. His heart hardened against her as they went out together, and more and more as her utter indifference to him was borne in upon his mind.

As for the woman, it is true that one can cry without movement or sound; but occasionally one must have freedom for both. The woman by the fire knew, though the man never did, how she crept down stairs that night, through all the rooms, and out into the pantry, from which no sound could be heard in the rooms above. But the woman by the fire heard. She saw through the darkness the body that writhed on the floor; she saw the blood that oozed from between the set teeth. She understood, as she saw the woman crawl back to her place in the dawn, and as she listened to her even voice about the house in the days that followed, the desperate shame with which she went on in the intimacy of a life

which was no longer made sacred by love; for her own love was not enough, and surely his was gone forever: habit, passion, convenience—that was the bond for him; how could she set him free? But turn as she would, there was the boy. The boy must never know. The woman by the fire breathed deep, remembering what the boy upstairs had said to her a few hours before, when he kissed his dead father good-night and then kissed her. No, the boy had never known.

But there was another day. The woman by the fire closed her eyes, but it would not be denied. There had been many days and nights; but this one still stood out among them like the day when she sat waiting in the pretty dress. As usual, it was the boy; and the woman's conscience would not let her yield the point at issue. Some one called at the door to see the man for a moment, and she slipped away to steady herself for what she feared was coming. She knelt by the boy's bed, slipping her arm under his pillow, and he turned in his sleep to clasp her neck. Kneeling so, she heard the man's steps in the hall, and to her excited brain they seemed to reel with anger. She looked wildly about for a place to hide; but the boy was restless already, and if she moved he would waken. In a flash she knew how countless women, drunkard's wives, had cowered in silence, awaiting the coming blow, and the pity of it swept her out beyond herself for a moment, and steadied her. The words fell, and still she knelt there, her only distinct thought a dull wonder that the reality of pain should so exceed the dread of it, when the dread had been so great.

The watcher closed her eyes while the years slipped through her thoughts. When she looked again the other woman was ill and white, her chief hold on life a determination to stay with the boy as long as he needed her, atoning to the man, so far as she could, for living, by doing everything possible for his comfort, and burdening him as little as might be with her presence. The woman who watched looked at her pityingly, knowing that it was still herself whom the man wanted, and that his very love for her, sharpening his sense of lack, had driven him on to give her the final stab.

As he believed his own hold on her

love to be growing weaker, he had more and more resented her interest in other persons or things; he had even resented at times her love for the boy. Her resources had been taxed to the utmost to hide from the boy's eyes, as well as from the eyes of all the world, the deepening chasm between their lives. That she had succeeded was one of the miracles of love, to which all things are possible. Patience, quick wit, tact, speech, laughter, and silence, a self-control that could neither be shaken nor surprised, they had all been pressed into love's service, both for the man's sake and for the boy's, until the man came unconsciously to reserve his criticisms and his anger for her ears and her presence alone. The boy had never known. But for that blessed fact the woman would never have clung with such desperation to her life; but her grasp was growing weak, weaker than any one but herself and her physician knew. Because she felt that her one chance of staying with the boy depended on the doctor, she clung to him as she clung to life. The desperation of her appeal touched his sympathy, and the failure of an older physician roused his professional pride; success would mean a great deal to him, and he devoted his best energies to the case, until the woman began to feel that the hope of life was once more within her reach. It was then that the man, angered by the sudden thought that she regarded some one besides himself as necessary to her, commanded her to change her medical adviser, and added stingingly that a woman of finer moral fibre would not have waited to be told. His words beat down upon her, blow after blow, until suddenly, to her amazement, the tension beneath her outward calm gave way, her pain ceased, and his voice, near and strong as it was, seemed to come across measureless space. A sudden sense of remoteness, of freedom, rushed upon her. As she turned her face upon the cushions she realized that the tie which bound her to him had snapped—her love for him was dead. For the moment life seemed infinitely simpler; it was not until he had left her that the full extent of her calamity began to dawn upon her.

As to the physician, it simply meant that she must live without help instead

of with it, for live she would; but the last remnant of decency in her married life was gone. Worse than that, though she was ashamed of feeling it worse, was the utter desolation in her own heart. The first necessity of life was not to be loved, but to love. In the black chaos of this catastrophe, his loss of love for her was but as a shadow in the sunlight. For a time despair seemed like to crush her, body and soul. One instinct and one habit saved her—the instinct to do what was best for the boy, the habit of self-control. The boy must be free from the horror of this darkness; to her numbed brain that at least was clear; and until she could think and will and feel—if she ever could again—the blessed habit of outward serenity controlled her almost automatically. The days went on, and she saw with relief that no one except herself was conscious of any catastrophe. As the months passed, and her strength rallied in the bracing autumn days, the necessity for some adjustment to her circumstances became acute, and through the sleepless nights she struggled for some foothold from which to take up the burden of her altered life.

Her heart was filled with pity for the man who had borne this burden of a loveless marriage so long; and as the boy's needs laid upon them both the hard necessity that she should live, she sought some way through which their affliction, since it could not be lightened, might be borne in a not ignoble spirit. To accept her bonds meant freedom; and though happiness was impossible, there yet remained a fellowship in sacrifice, in patience, in suffering, and, through suffering, in sympathy with their kind. Why had she ever allowed her life to be an outward sham or an inward bitterness? By what right had she demanded happiness? She had told herself many times that she had given her all; but she saw now with what an imperious selfishness she had required an equal return. In the light of this sudden revelation came the vision of what life might be if one really lived to give, and not to receive. And so, in the gloom of the dying year, the life that had been outwardly serene all along knew the dawn of an inward peace. Trifles shrank into their true proportions; things which had once racked her with

agony moved her not at all. Realizing her own shortcomings, she began to understand that serious defects were not necessarily incompatible with a noble aim. If he were selfish, she saw that she herself had trained him to become so; and she remembered her own selfishness these many years. No love for him was in her heart, but a great humility grew upon her, and a longing to follow and to know the truth. The woman by the fire watched her with the boy. She knew not yet whether the prayer for her body's life were to be granted her or no, and she gathered all her powers to impart to the boy the life that was in her soul; she was sure that the boy would never forget; the woman who watched her knew that her faith was answered.

The years went by. Peace grew in the home and in the woman's face. The man, who understood nothing except that his love for the woman strengthened with the years, felt sometimes a sense of remoteness in her that almost frightened him, and the next moment would tell himself that no man and wife were ever so close together as he and she.

That was before the trouble came. It was a triple blow: the treachery of a trusted friend, the stab at his good name in the business world, the threatened loss of the labor of a lifetime. The woman and the boy were away from home when it came. The woman by the fire saw her sitting at a window looking out upon the sea when the boy rode by on his wheel and flung a letter into her lap. The letter was only a few lines; the woman by the fire knew them by heart; each word was like a cry. The woman in the cottage rose to her feet, her face white, the letter in her clinched hand. Suddenly a look of wonder swept over her face, and then the light of a joy beyond all words. Tears blurred the eyes of the woman by the fire, but she knew that the other woman was on her knees, her clasped hands stretched out upon the couch before her, her whole body shaken with sobs. For love had risen out of the grave—love had come back to her—love was not dead! In the sudden anguish which knowledge of the man's suffering had brought her the truth stood revealed—truth unsuspected, unasked for, un hoped for, yet truth still, truth for all time, truth for eternity,

please God. She had not been unhappy these past years; she felt that she had met fate and conquered it; it was a blessed thing to live, asking nothing for one's self, to live only that one might give. Death had overtaken her, but only to open for her a door into a wider life of comprehension, of sympathy, of helpfulness, both within and without her home. Until this moment she had not known that she, who asked nothing, had received anything; she had not given it a thought. Now, in the light of the supreme gift, she saw the others too—the pleasure that was in the little things, the trust and affection in many faces, the daily sweetness that had filled her life; and above it all, this! She rose, moving rapidly about the room, and leaving a note for the boy, took the afternoon train to the city. For once she did not want the boy. She had almost forgotten to write the note.

The woman by the fire saw her, late

that night, as she came into the room where the man sat alone. Her face was radiant as he had not seen it for many a day, and his own changed as he looked at it—changed still more when the woman whose caresses, even in those first years, had been shy and infrequent, threw herself into his arms, crying: "Oh, what does it matter? What does anything matter so long as we have each other?"

The woman turned her eyes from the fire, and her gaze rested on the still form upon the lounge. She rose and stood beside him, brushing the hair back from his forehead with a light touch. There was no sense of separation; years before she had learned the meaning of separation, and they had lived past that long ago. The boy upstairs would feel separated. He would feel separated from his father now; before long he would feel separated from her; but for her separation was done with, and death was swallowed up of life.

Love Triumphant

BY *FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES*

HELEN'S lips are drifting dust;
 Ilion is consumed with rust;
 All the galleons of Greece
 Drink the ocean's dreamless peace;
 Lost was Solomon's purple show
 Restless centuries ago;
 Empires died and left no stain—
 Babylon, Barbary, and Spain;—
 Only one thing, undefaced,
 Lasts, though all the worlds lie waste
 And the heavens are overturned.
 —Dear, how long ago we learned!

There's a sight that blinds the sun,
 Sound that lives when sounds are done,
 Music that rebukes the birds,
 Language lovelier than words,
 Hue and scent that shame the rose,
 Wine no earthly vineyard knows,
 Ocean more divinely free
 Than Pacific's drainless sea,
 Silence stiller than the shore
 Swept by Charon's stealthy oar,—
 Ye who love have learn'd it true.
 —Dear, how long ago we knew!

The Ordination of Asoka

BY MRS. EVERARD COTES

MY invitation came from Oo-Dhamma-Nanda. That was his name "in religion." Earlier he had been indicated by another, which implied, to those who knew it, an Irish diver employed in the pearl fisheries of Ceylon. But since the pearl-diver had gone forever, so, naturally, had his patronymic. There remained a priest of the yellow robe of Buddha called Oo-Dhamma-Nanda—"Lord of the Law of Happiness." He himself chose the designation, he told me. "You were not afraid," I said, "of such a name?"

"Oh, not at all," he replied. "I thought I'd like it."

He sat looking at me steadily and quietly, under the punka in my friend's drawing-room, from which one saw the evening light upon the Irrawaddy. His head was shaved, his bare feet were crossed on the floor. He was plentifully swathed in his saffron habiliments, but the upper one fell like a plaid, leaving the right arm and shoulder uncovered. It was curiously repellent, that bare arm and shoulder; it expressed a detachment that was almost an indecency. I found myself staring at it with unforgivable rudeness.

It had been hard to know exactly what to expect, hard to give any definition to one's vision of a man of one's own race dedicated to a religious ideal of the East. I had seen many priests of Buddha, poonghees—in throngs, in companies, or solitary upon the highways, humble and contemplative, holding their great palm-leaf fans between their eyes and temptation—he would not, I thought, be like those. But he was curiously like them. His shaven head was as disconcertingly smooth, the sun had tanned his skin almost as dark an olive. In his eyes, which were blue, sat the same look of withdrawal and of concentration, as if his spirit, intent upon inner examination, had turned its back upon the world.

When he spoke or answered it looked over its shoulder. And all with the strangest Hibernian echo, not only in his voice, but on his long upper lip, in the way his eyes darkened when he smiled—

Yes, he was like them. Every morning, for three years, he had taken the *thabeik*, the begging-bowl, and gone out barefooted, bareheaded, past the little bamboo houses of the people, collecting his daily food, asking nothing, rejecting nothing, saying no word of thanks, a mute opportunity for good works. Every day for three years he had eaten but twice, at nine and at noon, and gone to bed fasting to preserve the innocence of his dreams. Every day for three years he had walked with downcast eyes fixed never more than six feet in front of him, telling upon his rosary, "I worship the Buddha; I worship the Law; I worship the Assembly," and hundreds of times every day had he whispered to himself, "Aneissa, dokka, anatta"—"Misery, pain, illusion"—when perhaps the sun was bright upon the padowk flowers, or the women laughed much at the well. He was vowed to no possessions, no desires; as he ate he assured himself that he took food to sustain the body only, and found a sin in its savor, making no haste at his meal, and always leaving, moreover, a mouthful upon the plate. He drank from his own primitive filter that he might not even take life invisible, and always he meditated upon the Law. I knew that he had done these things and many others that belonged to the part he had chosen. It was plain from his face that he had done them.

It was bound to be a catechism, and the results were bound to be meagre. The mere spectacle of him was too dramatic, too absorbing—the wide gulf he had stepped across on the bridge of his yellow robe. It was as though I hailed him, with my questions, from the other side, as if he shouted to answer me, though his

voice was soft and his speech illiterate. That was extraordinary, his ignorant manner of speaking, quite discounted and, as it were, neutralized, by the refinement he had gathered somewhere—not in Dublin.

I asked him, of course, what determined him to the rule and the order he had adopted. He answered me carefully, picking his words; and though the brogue was thick upon them, I suspected that it was nothing to the richness that he suppressed.

"It first came before me, as you may say, in Ceylon. I studied it a bit there, and then I came up here to Burma to one of these kyaungs, which is Burmese for monasteries, and the priests they tuk me in hand and learned me till I was ready to enter the priesthood meself."

It was quite like that. But he seemed to have no more relation to his language than to any other circumstance of the life he had discarded.

"Do you read Pali?" I asked.

"I do not—yet. The sacred texts has got to be expounded to me. It's th' new letters of th' alphabet that comes hard to me—them an' the new language together. The other priests"—he smiled gently—"has got the start o' me there. They learned it as bhys, here in the kyaungs."

I wondered whether I had ever before heard a creature from my own side of the world admit, for any purpose or under any circumstances, that an Oriental had "got the start" of him. This was humility indeed, astonishing and curiously sweet.

"You are the first European, are you not, to become a Buddhist priest in Burma?"

"I am," he said, and just for an instant the old Adam looked out of his eyes in a ray of vanity. But he lowered them at once, and when he looked up again it was veiled. What I longed to get some inkling of was whether through mysticism and mortification he had really attained, even momentarily, another plane of experience; there was no reason, after all, why this should be contradicted by a brogue. I made a cautious approach.

"Do you meditate much?" I asked.

"Not so much as some. There's some that does nothing else."

"Then what—" I paused, being trou-

bled for words. He, too, looked troubled, as if definition were an exercise for which he felt himself ill-equipped.

"Well, I keep the rules, amountin' to two hundred and twenty-seven"—he looked at me as much as to say, "That's *something*"—"and I travel around wherever I can do anny good against the missionaries—"

"The Christian missionaries?"

"The same. I have nothing to say against Christianity, but it doesn't do here in Burma. I judge by results. I know the people that's Buddhists, and the people that's taken up with Christianity. It means that they're worse than they were before—they've got no religion. Buddhyism," he laid down with explanatory emphasis, "teaches them annyhow to lead good lives. Buddhyism is misunderstood. The Christian is apt to take it for idolatry."

"One does sometimes, even in Calcutta, hear the image of the Buddha described as a Burmese idol," I conceded.

"Well, there now," said Oo-Dhamma-Nanda.

It was in no way my desire that our interview should assume a disputatious character, and silence fell between us. Only for a moment, but it was long enough to convince me that Oo-Dhamma-Nanda would be the easiest person to be silent with I had ever met. He simply retreated from his bodily presence, which became at once as unembarrassing as a piece of furniture. Looking at him, I felt that the essence of what he had acquired, of what laid on him that eloquent difference, was still to defeat me. I grasped at the inevitable question. "Can you tell me what Nirvana is?" I asked.

His eyes darkened again with his spiritualized Irish smile. "I don't know as I could explain it, but if I maybe could, ye wouldn't understand," he said. "One thing's certain, it don't mean annihilation."

"If any teach Nirvana is to cease,
Say unto such they lie;
If any teach Nirvana is to live,
Say unto such they err."

I quoted, and Oo-Dhamma-Nanda said, "That's about it."

"Are you happy?" I ventured.

"That's none o' my business," he re-

plied, and then as if to soften this asperity, he added, "Happiness in Buddhism is different to happiness outside of it. Ye wouldn't understand."

I had a sense of compunction when he went on to say that if he might get his umbrella, which he had left at the back of the house, he would like to go now—a discreet idea that perhaps his happiness was none of my business, either. Something like apology trembled on my lips, but I am afraid I forgot it when he told me that the second induction of a European into the Buddhist priesthood would take place the next morning at nine o'clock, "there or thereabouts," and that I might come and see it if I liked. After all, to a person who had relinquished not only the world, but his birthright in it, what was an apology?

The kyaung stood back from the road under trees, as Burmese monasteries always do. They were beating a gong in front of it at nine o'clock next morning; but they beat a gong so often in Burma, and for reasons so obscure, that it mingles with the barking of the pariahs, and the cawing of the crows, and falls upon alien ears, dulled into a kind of constant accompaniment to life. It would not have called us, the Stoic and me; but we knew the address. The Stoic is an Administrator; let him go at that. He is captive to the service of this gentle country and his far-off King; he would call himself a Pagoda Slave, but that is too cruel a term even for bondage like his. Besides, I am not sure that the Stoic finds no hidden bliss in putting up with it.

The monastery was built of brown unpainted teak. It stood on piles and looked sleepily at a radiant world from under its many high-pitched roofs; its appearance was rickety. As we climbed the outer staircase, Oo-Dhamma-Nanda appeared at the door of the landing. He explained genially that all was not yet ready; I believe they were shaving the candidate. The place was full of Burmans, both priests and the laity, full of talk and laughter and cheerful bustling. The candidate was abandoning the garments of this world. Would we wait? Wouldn't we! But if we might have a couple of chairs under the mahogany-tree furthest from the gong, we thought we would prefer to wait there.

They brought us chairs, the laity, detailed in two comely Burmese maidens, each with a rose above her ear, each in a fresh pink silk tamine and spotless white jacket. Then they brought a table and spread a cloth upon it, and on this they set forth madeira-cake and a plate of those terrible little Italian confections, mostly of almond paste, which lure us in the East, and to these they added long glasses and a bottle of cider.

"Oh, Stoic," said I, "behold your breakfast," but he only smiled indulgently and cut the madeira-cake. There are stoics who regard the feelings of other people even before they repress their own. A gay-colored group gathered at a respectful distance to watch our enjoyment of the feast, and among them was a little Burmese boy. I hope it was not very wrong; I beckoned to the little Burmese boy, who came willingly.

An idea seized one of the rose-decked maidens; she fled away as fast as her tightly wrapped petticoat would permit, and presently reappeared with two large brimming cups of tea. "The intention is excellent," remarked the Stoic, "but the milk is of the bazar," and he said something in Burmese which meant, I believe, that we were the kind of people who never drank tea. They received this with perfectly cheerful understanding; but they began to think of other things, and to run into the monastery and get them—pink lemonade and chocolates. We could only submit, passively, and the Stoic ate everything he could. Time passed, and without intermission they beat the gong.

"Do you realize," I said, "that we are taking part in a feast to celebrate the relapse of a Christian into paganism?"

"Let us hope," replied the Stoic, "that he will make a good pagan."

"It is a strange change."

"The universe is transformation, life is opinion," quoted the Stoic.

"But whence this opinion?" I begged to know. "What wandering current from the heart of an exotic ideal thrilled Oo-Dhamma-Nanda and bade him follow? It must have had to penetrate so much."

"Perhaps he worships his daemon. Perhaps, unknown to his kind, he has always worshipped it. Buddhism provides generously for that. We of the West worship our activity, or our ambition, or our sense



BEARING OK VESSELS FOR FOOD OFFERINGS

of beauty; we never worship our dæmons. And to do it in real comfort you must make your body a negation, and dress it contemptuously in yellow cotton, and obey the Law."

"Oh," I said. There was no time to say more; it was ten o'clock, and midway on the grass between us and the monastery appeared Oo-Dhamma-Nanda, beckoning.

Most of the assemblage had drawn to one side of the room, and there it crouched on the floor upon its heels. On a mat before the people sat the old *Sadaw*, the abbot. He had the most benevolent face I have ever seen in the world; his eyes wandered about him as if they dreaded meeting pain, and he smiled constantly, as water will ever ripple. It was as if he wished to ward off sadness with his smile. I watched it, fascinated, for a long time, wondering if he succeeded. A younger priest hovered about him, others huddled in the background. There was not a semblance of order; quite as many Burmans, men and women, were walking about and talking as were sitting in rows on the floor. The women specially bustled and laughed at the other side of the room, bending over baskets of eatables, not in

any way humbled by the occasion, rather in their way mistresses of it. The room was divided by a long row of pagoda-shaped lacquered *ôk*, which cover the food offerings to the priests. I saw no furniture except the couple of chairs which were found for the Stoic and me, and the table which pursued us from outside, to be immediately placed at our elbows, laden with fresh confections. A few Chinamen mingled with the Burmans, and many in whom the races were plainly blended. Oo-Dhamma-Nanda moved among them with lifted, anxious eyebrows; his glance was deprecating when it fell on us, but we could not be sure whether we were the subjects or the objects of his apology. The place was open all round; we could see through the wooden lattices the sun flaming on the trees outside. From mid-roof hung the ghost of a once marvellous dragon-lantern, torn and tarnished. Sparrows had built in it and flew constantly in and out, adding their tribute to the festival. It seemed, as it hung there, a type of nugatory incarnations. "Yet we," said the Stoic, "perpetually ask for truth, and always the sparrows build."

Then, while we all still talked and

feasted, from an inner room appeared the candidate. He was dressed in robes of the priestly cut, but they were all white, and he stood in them a bent old man. His shaven head was as white as his garments, and so was his skin; his deep-set timid eyes had speculation and shrewdness in them; his nose was sharply aquiline, his lips tightly drawn. Surely, one thought, it was late. He desired to find peace and to annihilate sorrow, but would there be time? His steps could be so few upon the way; would the journey be worth the departure?

They all looked upon him kindly as he came forward among them, but the chatter did not cease until Oo-Dhamma-Nanda, through an interpreter, demanded silence. Then there was something like it, and the scattered groups melted upon the floor. The candidate was guided forward and shown where to kneel down. He carried his yellow robes in his arms, awkwardly. The officiating priest stood over him, the old abbot fixed his benignant gaze on him. The candidate kneeling, lifted his head and looked up at them, with affection and confidence and docility and submission, between man and man indeed a curious regard—across this gulf of race and tradition . . . how is one to write of the strange pang it brought? Out of the attitude, the delicate profile thrown back, the look of exaltation chosen and conviction desired, flashed a seizing resemblance. I looked at the Stoic and he at me. Together we ejaculated, "Cardinal Newman!" The image was the merest kaleidoscopic suggestion of dissolving circumstance, which immediately carried it away, but on the illusory scene of things we saw it for an instant painted before us.

The officiating priest began to speak, and the candidate repeated after him these things in Pali, addressing the abbot: "Grant me leave to speak. Lord, graciously grant me admission to deacon's orders. Lord, I pray for admission as a deacon. Again, Lord, I pray for admission as a deacon. A third time, Lord, I pray for admission as a deacon. In compassion for me, Lord, take these yellow robes and let me be ordained, in order to the destruction of all sorrow, and in order to the attainment of Nirvana."



GARBED IN PRINTED CALICOES

This prayer he also repeated three times. Leaning forward, the abbot took the bundle of robes and gently threw a band about the candidate's neck, thus formally clothing him, I suppose, with righteousness. At this the candidate again retired with the priest. Some circumstance attended his going; they made way for him. He moved bent and rigid and slow from among us—a corpse in its grave-clothes he strangely seemed, going with volition to its burial. In the inner room, we learned, he changed into the yellow livery, saying after the priest: "In wisdom I put on the robes, as a protection against cold, as a protection against gadflies and mosquitoes, wind and sun and the touch of serpents, and to cover nakedness—that is, I wear them in all humility, for use only, and not for ornament or show."

Again he came out and knelt before the abbot: "Lord, I pray for the refuges and the precepts."

"*Buddham sáranam gacchámi; Dhammam sáranam gacchámi; Sangham sá-*

ranam gacchāmi,"* sonorously repeated the priest, and quaveringly the old man said it after him. He stumbled over some of the words—there was pathos here—and the cadence he gave to some did not satisfy the priest, so that, looking up like a child, he was obliged to say them several times. The words of the precepts were harder still—that by which he vowed to abstain from beautifying his person with garlands contained twenty syllables—and here the candidate often broke down, shaking a discouraged head. The dignity and the solemnity fled away from him; he became only a bewildered old man, a puppet in a play which it was doubtful whether he wholly understood. The kindly eyes of the abbot alone redeemed the situation, and the devotion of an old Burmese woman who stretched out joined hands before this miracle, with a flower in them.

There was still the selection of a name, the new name on the old tombstone of an Englishman. This, according to the usage, was at the candidate's choice, several being submitted to him. It was

* "I put my trust in Buddha; I put my trust in the Law; I put my trust in the Priesthood."



THE MINISTER, IN COURT DRESS

plainly an interesting moment; the old abbot leaned forward and whispered, the officiating priest bent down, and the others drew around; even the audience—should I say the congregation?—gathered closer, freely offering suggestions, and Oo-Dhamma-Nanda hovered over all. "Oo-Sri-Visuddha," "Venerable Lord of Purity"; "Oo-Candimâ," "Lord of the Moon"; "Oo-Dhamma-Sami," "Lord of the Written Law"—should it be any of these? The candidate hesitated; his fancy was not caught. "Oo-Asoka!" contributed an intelligent layman in a queue, smiling broadly ("That chap," said the attentive Stoic to me, "is a clerk in the Finance Department"), and the old man turned at the suggestion. "I've heard of Asoka," said he, vacillating. Oo-Dhamma-Nanda settled it. "Cahl him Asoka," said he with authority, and it was agreed.

"Do you like your name?" asked an English-speaking Burman, good-naturedly. "Oh, it's a nice name," quavered the old man, "but I'm not equal to Asoka."

I think they scamped the service; we were in Lower Burma, where orthodoxy, of late years, has suffered some dilution; but it had at least one feature super-added to the ritual of Shin-Gautama. Oo-Dhamma-Nanda, through an interpreter, addressed the assemblage. He held up his bare arm and they listened, many of them devoutly; the old woman still stretched out her flower. For that instant he was the pictorial priest, all to them that he could ever be. Then—ah me!—then he spoke. Alas, he addressed them as "Ladies and Gentlemen"; he made them a speech. It was about "the work," the work of the Society for the Propagation of Buddhism, of which Oo-Dhamma-Nanda appeared to be a cornerstone. "The object of this soci'ty," said he, "is that we should spread Buddhism in all people whatsoever color they are." He spoke slowly, with his fingers joined at the tips, and at the end of every sentence he swayed forward on his toes and back—he might have been a ward politician addressing a crowd in the interests of Tammany. He referred to the new-made deacon—"this gentleman who ye see here with the specs"—as the society's ripest fruit. He made the inevitable appeal for support. "They say union is stren'th," said he. He related, with

modesty, some of his own exploits in defence of the indigenous faith. He had shut up no less than three mission stations, he told us, mainly by force of public argument, and he gave us details of one polemical struggle in which the missionary was fairly routed in the eyes of the audience, because he was unable to produce "anny sort of proof" for the story of Joshua and the sun. He was modest, but he also gloried. "If anny one gives throuble on these subjects," said he, "just you refer him to me. I don't think there'll be much more anxiety for public controversy so long as I'm around."

"It's Buddhyism cum shillalah," whispered the Stoic; and indeed the simple grotesqueness of it did appear. But the same flash showed Oo-Dhamma-Nanda in plainer revelation—his Western energy in full fling, all his vigor going out to preserve and proselytize, a figure of absurd and inconsistent violence vainly trying to merge itself in the great placid passive army of the yellow-robed. It proclaimed the compromise by which the spirit of the East might be brought to inhabit the blood of the West. The interpreter forged along, and the good Burmans, some of them large subscribers to the "Society," listened without obvious exultation, but appreciative and gratified. It was really not unlike a missionary-meeting at home; one saw the same depressed interest and respectful attention to the laborer returned from heathen vineyards. If the ladies had worn bonnets, the resemblance would have been complete.

One thing remained to finish the ordination of Asoka; he was to taste at once the essence of the abandonment of the body, to know without delay the new strange carelessness for the morrow which he was pledged to entertain. The priests



OO-DHAMMA-NANDA

put his begging-bowl into his hands and sent him among the women at the other side of the room. They heaped it heartily, one after another, with good things, rice and cakes fried in butter and condiments, putting in their packages with many jokes among themselves. Oo-Asoka, who moved gravely upon his quest, looked a little dazed at the laughter. . . .

We went down with the crowd, which showed as perfunctory a spirit as ever issued from a Broadway church. Nor did it lack its touch of cynicism, which came from the subordinate official in the queue, and was addressed to a paddy-broker in a checked silk petticoat. The clerk clapped the broker upon his fat shoulder. "'They are happy men,'" said he, smiling jovially, "'whose natures sort with their vocations.'"

My Stoic lifted his eyebrows. "Bacon!" said he—"Bacon—the ruffian!"



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"YOU ARE FOND OF FLOWERS, NICOLETTA?"

The Madness of Nicoletta

(From the Memoirs of Philip Tremont)

BY MARGARET HORTON POTTER

THUS by mid-April in that year (1740), the *Plymouth Lass* left me at Naples, scourged in mind and body, the sword-thrust in my right side a wound less troublesome than the deeper cut in my heart. Naples had only half a day of me, for I had no desire that I and my disgrace should be discovered to my mother's family there. But my Italian blood going out to this country of my birth, and the shadow of Vesuvius reminding me somehow of the clasp of my mother's arms, I secured lodging that became my straitened means with the family of a farmer, whose decent house and fertile strip of ground lay on the southern slope of the mountain. Once here, separated by hundreds of miles from the least association with Roberta Clyde and my infamous duel with her dispassionate husband, the stress of the last horrible weeks at last ended, and my brain suddenly gave way! I fell into what I remember only as a long, dim, nightmarish twilight of fever and pain.

It was nearly June when I woke one morning with the delirium gone and my senses normal, to find some one who had played a frequent part in my dreams sitting upon my bed. To this some one I had certainly never spoken a sane word; yet toward her I felt a very definite friendliness. I realized that through the long weeks of my illness she had been continually at my side, and that her touch had been as gentle as the May wind, and withal unerringly deft.

I remember my waking very well. I lay for a long time with my eyes half open, looking once in a while up at her pinched face and her big black eyes that seemed to find it hard to keep themselves in the present time and upon present things. Nicoletta Ferrachi she was, daughter of mine host, a child of

fourteen, much beaten, little cared for, and loved not at all by her world. So much I guessed now, and later learned for truth.

During the week that I had still to spend in my room after the return to my senses, Nicoletta was not often with me; but on the first afternoon that I forced my way out again into God's blessed sunlight I made immediate inquiry for her.

"Nicoletta? Most certainly she shall attend the signore. Fetch the baggage, 'Vanni. She is, as always, moping by the well—"

"Stay, Giovanni!" I cried out. "I will myself go to the well. Only tell me where it lies—"

"Excellency, it is too far. You cannot walk the distance."

"I can," I retorted, peevishly; and forthwith I went, following in the footsteps of the boy John, who did not stop to look back at me as he led the way round the house and a couple of hundred yards to the southwest. Here, in a little hollow, beside an unused well half filled with rubbish, sat Nicoletta, a torn and ragged heap, beset by half a dozen pitiless little gamins. These were at their long-accustomed game of tormenting her with insults of word and gesture, and with showers of little sticks and stones which they flung with no little art, so as to strike her again and again in long-bruised places that showed here and there through her rags.

I made short work of the small ruffians, and then stood over her for a little, looking down upon the rough black hair which hung, unbound and unkempt, about her shoulders. Curiously enough, since the use of a comb she evidently considered quite unnecessary, she had taken the trouble to twine into these locks of hers a few great white roses, and these gave me an opening for speech.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THERE WAS AURELIA, STIFF AND SILENT ON HER CHAIR

"You are fond of flowers, Nicoletta," I said, gently.

The girl did not answer, but some one else did. Giovanni, her half-brother, who had remained at my elbow, touched my arm in a manner which I resented, as he said, loudly:

"Nicoletta has devils, Excellency. She has been 'touched by Satan,' and sees unholy things. Come away, signore, She is 'seeing' now."

'Vanni's words caused me to peer quickly down into the girl's face. Her far-away eyes were gazing steadily off into space. She paid no attention to me. Suddenly, ashamed of my rudeness, I turned to the urchin and dismissed him as curtly as I could. And not until I was quite alone with her, out of sight and hearing, so far as I knew, of any of her tormentors, did I seat myself on the moss beside this little girl, the only being I had met whose unhappiness equalled mine own. And now that we were alone, I confess I looked for her to come out of her trance and thank me for my service. This, however, she did not do. Instead, a little smile overspread her face, and she murmured to herself half a dozen caressing words, which I failed to catch. Laying my hand as gently as possible upon her arm, I said, quietly,

"What is it, Nicoletta, that you say?"

Thereupon she repeated, quite distinctly, though still very softly: "*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*"

For a moment I was silent out of sheer astonishment. Then I cried out, so sharply that she shivered: "Nicoletta! Nicoletta! who taught you Latin?"

The big eyes turned slowly upon me. "Latin, signore?" she asked, stupidly enough.

"Latin—Virgil—Dido. That line—you used it to me: '*non ignara mali*'—'fore God it is true enough! '*Miseris succurrere disco*'—an experience can teach us, I should know that."

"What is it that you speak of, signore? I was saying no word to you. I but repeated what I heard him read from the scroll."

"Heard *him* read?—who?—when?"

At my tone, hard, curious, unsympathetic as it was, Nicoletta's whole manner changed. Her lips shut tight, a lit-

tle sparkle came into her eyes, a spot of color appeared in each pallid cheek. She made no attempt at escape. Her attitude had merely become one of rigid self-defence. I, too, sat silent now, watching her closely, doing my best to discover a means of safely reapproaching her former mood. I saw no opening, however, and therefore waited, content to let chance give opportunity if it would. After a quarter of an hour of silence, I laid my hand with irreproachable gentleness over hers, and whispered into her ear,

"Tell me more, Nicoletta, of him, of the scroll from which he reads."

She heard me, I knew. Yet for a full moment she made no reply. Then, when I had expected that least of anything, she was suddenly herself again, her lip began to quiver, her eyes brimmed full, and in a moment she was sobbing her wretched little heart out upon my stronger shoulder. I let the tears have their way. It is the only thing to do when a woman weeps because she must. When, after nearly half an hour, the low sobs ceased, and she had wiped her eyes with her hair, she stood up quickly, with remorse in her look.

"Signor—Signor Filippo! I have hurt you! See—you are not well! The face is white—you are sick again. The saints forgive me! May the padrona scold as I deserve! Come back to your bed."

"Bed! Tush, child! Nay, come here! You shall tell me now, after this, about him and the scroll you were speaking of. Sit back again—come." And I seized her by the hand and tried to draw her again down beside me.

Again I was wrong, as indeed I might have known I should be. The nurse in her was uppermost now, and in the end I had to submit to being dragged back to my cool room, and was weak enough finally to confess that the wretched bed in which my body had worn a great hollow was, after all, what I needed.

It was not till two days after that I found my Italian at the well again, this time alone, and deep in a trance, her knitting forgotten at her side, a handful of late violets clasped to her breast, her lips smiling, her head thrown a little back as if to catch a distant sound.

I sat down by her, determined on no false moves this time. Doing my best to fit my voice to her state of mind, I said, "Is it music?"

To my great satisfaction she nodded.

"Who plays?"

"Aurelia. She is a stranger, newly come to the city, staying in the house of Laches the Greek, as companion to his wife."

"And what is it that she plays?"

"Oh—the lyre,—an instrument brought from Greece. But her song is one that he wrote."

"He? Laches?"

"Nay. Tibullus," was the quiet, smiling reply.

"And where is Tibullus?"

"Beside Claudia. They are all in the peristylum of Laches' house. He is twining camellias for Aurelia to wear at the end of the song. He—"

"Tell me first of the peristylum. What is it like? How do they sit?"

"The peristylum? That is the open court, and in it is a marble basin filled with water in which fishes swim. And all about in the court are flowers and bushes, and little white statues such as Tibullus carves. And around the edge of the open space are white columns, with vines upon them. Back of these comes a wide covered space where there are stools of white with yellow covers, and there are red embroideries upon the floor and some upon the walls. But most of the walls are painted red, and have many pictures on them of women flying, and men in long cloaks, and cupids with flowers. Tibullus has carved a cupid in marble for the basin, and Laches gave him much money for it."

"Ah, Tibullus is a sculptor, then?"

"Yes."

"And he also writes songs?"

"Yes—but not for money."

"What does he look like, this Tibullus of thine?"

"Mine! He is not mine! He—he—oh, Mary! He is so beautiful!—He is fine and tall and dark; and his black hair is thick and curls about his head. It is bound about with a golden fillet stuck full of white flowers. His tunic is yellow, embroidered in leaves of gold. About his neck hangs a golden chain. This was given to him by the great men

of the city, because he made a beautiful statue of Hercules and the Stag, that is now standing in the public baths—"

"Baths, Nicoletta? Is this city that you speak of Rome?"

Nicoletta shook her head impatiently. "No, no. See, now the doves are flying over Tibullus' head. The song is finished. Tibullus is crowning Aurelia with his wreath. She kisses him for it upon the cheek—laughing. Claudia's face—her face—I cannot see it now—"

The eager, delighted sparkle of Nicoletta's eyes died away. Her cheeks paled again. Rather wearily she pushed the heavy hair back from her neck, and turned to me with a look of something like mingled shame and distrust. Then with great reluctance she faltered out,

"Will Signor Filippo forgive me for—the—wickedness—I have talked to him?"

"Wickedness, child?" I asked, vaguely.

"Oh, signore, signore, be merciful to me! Truly I am possessed of devils; yet I have committed no sin that I know that should bring the shame upon me. Oh—the Father Pasquale gives me of the Body of our Lord on Sundays now with sore misgiving. My soul is not likely to be sent happily forth from purgatory. Signore, if you tell of what I have talked to you to-day, there will be a beating from la padrona, and I shall be pinched and pulled by all the boys. My arms are very sore now—"

"Sh! little one. Be easy! No living soul shall hear a word of what you have told. But, Nicoletta, if I can help you in this thing, will you not let me?"

To my surprise the girl flushed vividly and her head drooped before me.

"I—am more wicked than you can think," she said, with a physical effort. "I do not *want* to lose the visions. I do not want to lose—*him*."

"Tibullus?"

She nodded, at the same time turning her face from me.

Thereupon I caught her hand again and held it by force, pressing it reassuringly. "Nicoletta, there is no wickedness in what you see. It is only something very wonderful. You have no devils. Of that I am sure. If you like, I will go to the father and tell him what I think of you and of this second sight of yours."

"If you could—if you could make him think that I am not sinful! He will believe you, because you are a great gentleman—"

"But then, Nicoletta, if I accomplish this for you, you must then help me."

"Help you, signore? I? How can I—but a low-born creature—"

"If I tell you what you can do for me, Nicoletta, you will do it?"

"Anything! Anything that it shall please the signore to ask! But—"

"Then it is this. You must take me with you again, and many times, to the city where Tibullus dwells. You must tell me all that he does, and how he lives, and all that goes on about him. In this way, Nicoletta, you will help me to forget my own unhappiness; and some day you may do the world a good by it."

"The signore laughs at me," she said, nervously twisting her dress, and just upon the verge of tears again.

"Nicoletta! Have I shown myself unkind to you?"

At that she melted, and though she still protested a little about recounting any more of her wonder-scenes, we ended by concluding the bargain that, after I had been to Father Pasquale about her state of soul, I might come every afternoon to the well, where, if she could go herself to the distant city, I should see everything as clearly as she could make me by means of her description.

On the day following this little scene I went first of all to Father Pasquale, a very kindly man, who was sufficiently troubled over Nicoletta's case to be glad of the opportunity of discussing it intelligently. From him I found that the girl's strange visions had begun immediately after a sharp illness, during which, as I surmised from certain points, the girl had been almost criminally neglected. So much ascertained, I turned to my original object in seeking out the priest, and, after some little exposition, happily succeeded in convincing him that the child was perfectly innocent of evil in mind and heart, and that the communion was in no danger of disaffection through contact with her.

The little maid herself kept her promise to me faithfully, and came, after a time, I think, to rejoice in me as a confidant. Almost every afternoon I sought

her at the old well; and, as often as I went, got from her lips some new and perfect description of life in a bygone day, as clearly expressed as, and infinitely more detailed than the accounts I find in Pliny or Plutarch, or even in the divine Horace himself. The girl's stories held me enthralled. I, too, had begun to live the life of Tibullus, the young, beautiful, and god-endowed sculptor of an ancient Roman city. Unreservedly I heard of everything that my companion saw, every scene of Roman life in which the young man figured; for he, as I shortly discovered, was never off the stage of her vision. It seemed as if his sunny life had been given to fill her joyless one. However that might be, and in whatever degree Nicoletta cared for him, I never caught in her the slightest tinge of jealousy of his relationships with the women that formed part of his existence. But that these relationships meant much to him neither Nicoletta nor I could doubt.

It was apparent enough to me from the first that the two maidens Claudia and Aurelia—Claudia, who had known Tibullus from babyhood, and Aurelia, who had first beheld him a few short weeks before—were both head over ears in love with the fellow. Accepting Nicoletta's own judgment as a fair one, I came shortly to espouse the cause of Claudia, who, in all justice, as it seemed to both of us, should have had him. But Aurelia was extremely beautiful, very sprightly, very witty, and coquette enough to make Tibullus fear indifference at every turn. Claudia, on the other hand, had long before shown her whole heart quite freely to the youth, whose fidelity she had never had cause to doubt. So, wherever he went, Tibullus bore with him a burden of love; for he knew that in all honor he was bound to Claudia. As the days went by and Aurelia grew warmer to him, he became more moody, more troubled, more silent. He carried his melancholy wherever he went: to the forum on oratorical days, to the temple at sacrifice, to the baths, to the tribunal, and to the theatre, where my inspired mentor quoted to me bits of the tragedies of Aeschylus, comedies of Aristophanes, and some Latin dramas with which I was unfamiliar. In every pleasure, in every

public duty, he showed himself a different man. His face was older than it had been, his step less buoyant, his laughter less ready, his songs less impassioned. Only at one hour and in one place was he, as of old, his true self always. This was in his work-room, of a morning, before he went forth into the world.

I have always liked to think him an admirable sculptor; and from what I learned of his high favor in the city, I believed him so to be. At any rate, he loved his work; and that is much. Graceful, not powerful, were the things he fashioned: sleeping cupids, chaste Dianas, Apollos more than one, a dancing-girl, with flying, diaphanous drapery—all the simple, eternal subjects that his world knew and continually required, and of which, it seemed, he had not yet wearied.

He was at work one morning, quite early, upon a grape-crowned Bacchus that promised well, when there came an interruption that, as Nicoletta related it, brought me a little pang of uneasiness. Aurelia herself invaded his sanctum, and severed the last bond that held him faithful to the old existence. Aurelia's shadow lay across his doorway; Claudia's broken love lay shadowlike across his heart. I shook my head frowningly at the incident; and Nicoletta seized my hand in indignant sympathy.

Aurelia had come to bespeak a statue of herself. Had he strength to refuse her? He might have, possibly; yet after a look into her eyes (they were Roberta's own, I think), I knew *I* could not;—nor did he. So a day or two later the Bacchus was put aside and the new sittings began. Such sittings as they must be—ay me! I could have pictured them well enough, I thought, without Nicoletta's description. After a day or two, however, it appeared that my conjectures were wrong. Here was the studio, the midsummer sun pouring through the half-open roof so blindingly that once or twice the lady begged to have the blue awning pulled across the space for the sake of her eyes. And here were the bright walls, stuccoed in vermilion, and frescoed with a thousand fairylike figures. Here were statues, three or four, of Tibullus' own fashioning, grouped in a semicircle about the shrine of his Lares.

Here, finally, upon a raised dais, was Aurelia herself, radiant as her name, crowned with camellias, golden-girdled, big-eyed, flushed, and—angry; for, below her, at a little distance, stood Tibullus, working in dogged silence, looking at her with hard, technical eyes, biting his lip now and then to keep back the usual song, withdrawing from her hourly more and more, lest she should see the mortal struggle that went on within him. This last I say on my own authority, as having loved.

Each morning, when the work-hours were over and Aurelia gone, I thought that the man, in his solitude, must show forth some of his true feeling. But no. Every noon he carefully covered the unfinished statue with a yellow cloth, replaced his tools in their box beside it, ate what he had in the house, and thereafter hurried away to the house of Claudia, his betrothed: this until I began to doubt my hastily formed decision that it was Aurelia whom he loved. In a week my sympathies had, in some inexplicable way, slipped round, till I was all for Aurelia, heart and soul, and suffered almost as much as she from Tibullus' unmannerly frigidity. In the after-hours that he spent with the dark-browed Claudia, once or twice I scented a hint of jealousy for her lover; but I think that at that time she suspected no serious feeling between him and her rival.

One morning Nicoletta came to me sorrowfully to tell me that for two nights past she had seen Tibullus, dressed as for the day, in his studio, half the time walking the floor, half the time on his knees before the unfinished statue of Aurelia. To this day I remember my keen satisfaction on hearing the statement; and eagerly enough did I await Nicoletta's afternoon leisure to know if a crisis might not be discernible through his daytime calm.

The instant that the tedious dinner hour was over, la padrona and the gamins were free to see me and Nicoletta hastening along the well-trodden path to the old well. My comrade was unwontedly nervous and excited to-day, and I began to fear that she was going to be unable to pierce the veil of years. At last, however, she found the figures that she sought in the gloom of their

great distance, and presently we were together in the studio, close beside the two principal actors in our drama. There was Aurelia, stiff and silent, on her chair; stiff and silent on the floor in front of her stood the sculptor, working over his clay. Between them the sun glared blindingly, and the air was heavy with the sickly perfume of the jasmine. Nicoletta's senses had suddenly become marvellously keen. She fairly read the minds of the beings before her. Her naked, graphic language I cannot get into English. Oh, that I might! But the scene holds, none the less.

For the past half-hour tears had lain very close to Aurelia's eyelids, and many incoherent, heart-sick words hovered upon her tongue. But her modesty forbade what her desire dictated, and what she really did at length was to lean forward fearfully, and say, in a tone that was half whisper, half gasp,

"Tibullus—how is it that I have made you hate me?"

The sculptor's instrument dropped from his hand. Helpless and speechless, he looked up into Aurelia's face. At that look she, who, in a sudden terror, had half risen from her place, sank back again, and in tremulous silence waited. Tibullus made no move to recommence his work. He stood perfectly still beside the clay, head bent, eyes now forced to the floor, fighting—for the last time—for Claudia. The pain of it grew presently past endurance. Suddenly his head went up, his clinched hands straightened themselves out. With one bound, and a deep, inarticulate cry, he was at Aurelia's side, and had thrown himself on his knees, his head in her lap. Then there poured from his lips such a flood of Latin love as Nicoletta could scarce repeat rapidly enough, or I translate with any surety. But Aurelia heard it all, and understood. The tears had come now, but their bitterness was gone. It was because her misery was at an end that she wept. Presently he sought her hands, and she made no resistance when he clasped them both to his breast. Then his face was upraised to hers, with a look of entreaty that needs no translation, though it spoke the oldest language that earth has known. Again Aurelia yielded. Slowly, slowly her adorable head bent

down toward his. Then—Nicoletta's little shiver told me when the lips met. And so they rested—one second—two—three—the Italian girl sitting motionless, palpitating beside me, uttering not a word; I myself quite chilled with eagerness. All at once Nicoletta gave a sharp cry, and seized my hand.

"*Che cosa è?*" I whispered, fearfully.

"Claudia! One moment ago Claudia stood at the door of the work-room. She saw them there—she said nothing—she looked—and she went away again. Ah, Signor Filippo, what means it? What will happen to him now?"

"How was it that she looked?" I asked.

"White—so white. And one hand she put to her head, and afterwards held with it her throat. Now—Tibullus has taken his lips away. He draws Aurelia down beside him. His hands are holding hers still. He is speaking to Apollo—I cannot hear—they fade.—They fade. I can see no more to-day. I am very tired, signore."

Nicoletta closed her eyes and leaned back upon my arm, resting there heavily for a few seconds, till I feared that she might be in a faint. But shortly her eyes came open, and afterwards we both arose and made our way back to the farmhouse without speaking. Our minds were on the selfsame subject. I was very uneasy for Tibullus' coming scene with Claudia; but even I apprehended nothing more than the inevitable storm, a broken troth-plight, a few days of remorse for the man, a longer period of tears for Claudia, and then—Aurelia's wedding with the sculptor. Certainly the thing could scarcely have been helped. Tibullus was but human, and Aurelia no weaker than the ordinary woman. But I put them away from me for the day; and, a touch of the old pain in my side coming on me in the evening, I retired at sunset, and went immediately to sleep.

It was but an hour after dawn next morning when there came a fluttering knock upon my door. I was up, having waked early to pay for my early retirement, and therefore I opened it myself. Outside, wild-eyed and white, stood Nicoletta.

"Child!—child!—what has happened to you? What is it?"

For answer she stared up into my face

and smiled—a smile that makes me shiver yet when I think of it. Without hesitation I went to her, picked her up in my arms, and carrying her over to my bed, laid her down upon it, and would have left her to call her father, when she suddenly stretched out both arms to me and cried, in a low, piteous voice:

“Tibullus is dead, signore,—Tibullus is dead. Last night—as he slept—came Claudia, creeping in upon him, and through his neck, at the back, she drove her long, golden pin. So he writhed and cried aloud, and spoke her name before he died.”

Then, without any warning, Nicoletta burst into a peal of laughter, the laughter of one gone truly mad at last.

The next hour was one which I can scarce bear to recall. The poor girl had lost all control of herself and her nerves; and in my own still weakened condition I found it at times almost impossible to hold her. She struggled, she fought, she struck at me; froth came to her lips, her eyes grew wild and bloodshot, and presently I began to wonder vaguely which of us would hold out longest. My strength was failing, while her onslaughts seemed to increase in fury and in frequency. In the moment or two while I could still hold her down, I bethought myself rapidly of some possible expedient in the unexpected dilemma; and, an idea coming to me, I determined to try it before shouting for help.

“Nicoletta,” I said, sharply, “Tibullus is angered with you for this behavior.”

“Tibullus!” The cry rang forth, pitifully, from her lips, and was followed by a sudden stillness. I was successful. The name, if not the other words, had caught her instantly. Now she lay in my arms, quivering and faintly moaning, like a wounded animal. I tried hard to soothe her further by stroking the rough hair back from her face, chafing her hands, which were quite cold, and wiping off her cheeks, which were wet with tears. Every now and then between the little sobs she faintly gasped out the name of the unreal being that had brought her to this pass.

At intervals during that morning, detail by detail, sentence by sentence,

Nicoletta recounted to me the murder of Tibullus. Therefore I have still the clear picture of how the young Roman lay upon his couch, smiling through his dreams, Aurelia filling his whole heart at last; how Claudia, having bribed his slave under a false pretence, was admitted to the house, and stole into his sleeping-room; how, for many minutes, she stood over him, with murder in her heart, relentlessly noting all the beauty of his face and form—that beauty which she had vowed should never belong to another; how, finally, she had drawn from her head-dress the long, cruel pin, with its amethystine top, and, without a quiver, had placed its fine point most skilfully just under the spinal cord at the base of the brain. Then, with the wild resolution of a creature crazed by jealousy, she drove it into him.

Tibullus saw and knew her at the last—knew why she came, and made no effort to live. “Claudia!” was the last word on his lips. The other name remained in his heart, unspoken, as if it were not fit for the ears of his murderer.

Nicoletta did not make the death scene horrible. Death had by this time lost its terror for her. Although I could find no physical reason, although I still believe her to have been bodily strong, the little Italian with whom I had spent so many fascinating hours herself slipped out of the world at sunset on that day, leaving her dead hand tightly clasped in mine. I was the only one, I think, who caught her last, half-finished sentence—

“The streets are silent now; the temples are deserted; the walls are fallen; no man—”

When my grief ended, I remembered this as a prophecy. It was not till eight years had passed, and I was again living happily in England, when a paragraph in one of the gazettes raised this curious story to remarkable consequence in my philosophy; for it was in the form of Nicoletta’s father that the workmen of Charles the Third discovered to human eyes the first houses of that long-buried city whose ghostly inhabitants had haunted the brain of my poor little comrade—the Roman city of Pompeii.

Newest Definitions of Electricity

BY CARL SNYDER

PROBABLY the world had begun to wonder, vaguely, what was this new thing called electricity long before Benjamin Franklin's famous experiments. But it was when Franklin showed that the lightning drawn from the clouds, and the sparks one gets from rubbing a cat's fur briskly, are one and the same that interest became acute.

Franklin was not merely the first of the great electricians, but a thinker as well. It is surprising to follow all his ingenious researches and realize how far he actually got. It was he, for example, who was the first electrocutionist—though his victims were hens rather than murderers—and it was he who first employed electricity for cooking.

Over the true nature of the thing whose properties he did so much to unravel, Franklin pondered long and hard. When, said he, I take a glass rod and rub it with a piece of flannel, I find that it will attract or repel certain substances—pith balls, for instance. Under a convenient arrangement, I can make this property pass, so it appears, through a wire, and produce the same effects at a considerable distance. What has happened? There were two alternatives. The particules of the glass rod might have been thrown into an especial form of motion, and this motion might produce attraction or repulsion, as it ran in one direction or the other. Electricity, passing through a wire, might in such a case be compared to a wave that travels across a pond. On the other hand, electricity might be a sort of fluid, a real substance, invisible, imponderable, subtle beyond any other known force.

Franklin's mind was of the concrete sort, and the last explanation seemed to him to cover the known facts in the most satisfactory way. His conjecture was that all bodies are normally electrified at all times. Under certain circumstances the quantity of electricity contained in

a given body could be increased; it would then display the properties of what is called positive electrification. If the normal quantity of the fluid was decreased, it would become negative. This subtle fluid must possess a sort of inertia; it seems to flow from a higher to a lower level, like water. Hence, for example, the appearance of the electric spark. The latter was the passage of a quantity of electricity from a positive or negative to a more nearly neutral stage.

Then other discoveries intervened. The matter hardly seemed so simple. First came Volta's invention of the voltaic pile, as it came to be called—that from an alternate arrangement of different metals, like copper and zinc, with bits of moist paper in between, an electric current would arise. From this came the modern battery, such as runs our telephones and fans and electric bells, and it was with this that Davy produced such marvellous effects, dissolving substances hitherto thought to be elements, and showing the intimate relations of electricity and chemical affinity.

And after this, Faraday, revealing how the armature of a magnet, swung round mechanically in the magnetic field, would give rise to a new kind of current, one that seemed to pulsate backward and forward with extraordinary rapidity,—what used to be called, to distinguish it from the voltaic current, faradic electricity, as the first was called, quite wrongfully, galvanic electricity, after Galvani, the predecessor of Volta. Nowadays the latter is regarded simply as a continuous current, the former the alternating current. Finally came the measurement of the speed at which electricity travels. It was found to be the same as that of light, 184,000 miles per second.

If the ideas of Franklin seemed to fit in fairly well with the discoveries of Volta and his immediate successors, it was not the same with the amazing per-

formances of Faraday. Davy and Arago had shown that an ordinary voltaic current, passing in a coil about a soft iron bar, converts the bar into a magnet so long as the current lasts. Faraday reversed this, and found that simply by pushing a bar of iron toward or away from a magnet generates a current. The latter was so small that though the great experimenter had his finest instruments trained to detect any effect, if there was one, it was days before he discovered that the thing he sought was actually there. But it was the seed of the oak. The modern development of Faraday's device is represented in the giant generators at Niagara Falls, where a line of ten massive dynamos converts the equivalent of 50,000 horse-power into a current of electricity, and sends it waving through the cables to Buffalo.

No better example could be chosen to stimulate the imagination and make it ask questions. Throw off the "load" of these Niagara generators, and at the same time shut the water from the penstocks which supply the power which turns them, and they will go on spinning for hours, so perfectly are they poised. But throw on the "load," and a power of 50,000 horse is consumed in keeping them going. Yet to the eye there has been no visible change; simply a shunt current has been sent through the coils of the dynamos and made of these inert masses of steel powerful magnets. To whirl the armatures in this magnetic "field" now requires tremendous power. What, then, are the armatures doing? They touch nothing. They are simply cutting the invisible "lines of force" which radiate through the field, and it is doing this work which constitutes the so-called "load." They are cutting paths through an invisible something which lies beyond human ken, but which is nevertheless as real as the waters through which the *Deutschland* ploughs its way; and some of its properties are measurable.

It was clear enough that any theory of electricity must take into account all these relations between the "fluid" and magnetism; and here Franklin's notions seemed rather crude. Moreover, the curious fact that light and electricity travel at the same unthinkable speed readily suggested that there might be intimate

relations between these two sets of phenomena as well. Meanwhile, in the domain of optics, some novel conceptions had surged.

Sir Isaac Newton was among the first to go very deeply into the nature of light; it was he who first split up the sunbeam into the rainbowlike spectrum, and it was his discoveries in this field that gave him his fame, and made the world listen, later on, when he proposed to reduce the universe to a mathematical equation. Like all great men of science, Newton was endowed with a lively and very vivid imagination, and it was needful for him, as it was for Franklin and Faraday, to make pictures about the matters of his thought. Regarding light, as regarding electricity, two conceptions in particular were open. Light might be, like sound in air, merely the rapid vibration of an invisible and imponderable something; or it might be pictured as an incessant hail of bodies so minute as to equally escape all means of direct investigation.

Newton pondered deeply, then chose the latter. He called the minute bodies his fancy had created "corpuscles," and in terms of these he built up the Newtonian theory of light. It did not stand very long, and by the time the last century had got fairly on its feet the scientific world had given its suffrage to the rival undulatory theory of Newton's contemporary, Huygens. The latter, in the hands of Young and Fresnel, imagined light simply as a peculiar wave, or wobble-and-wave, in the unending ether which fills up the blue outside the sky.

Later, to the mind of Clerk Maxwell, the English physicist who died so young, came the thought that electricity and light are, at bottom, identical — light, short ether waves; electricity, long ones. Maxwell never lived to see his brilliant guess verified. Heinrich Hertz, of Karlsruhe, did that, ten or fifteen years after Maxwell was gone. It was Hertz's discovery, as every school-boy knows, which made possible the wireless telegraph.

Naturally, then, scientific workers came to think of electricity in the same terms as those of light. Franklin's "fluid" theory was discarded, along with Newton's corpuscles, and dismissed.

Recently the distinguished successor of Clerk Maxwell in the chair of physics

at Cambridge, England, Professor J. J. Thomson, took these relics from their hiding-place, and found them singularly alive. The result is what has come to be known as the electron, or corpuscular theory of electricity, and, by inference, since the two can no longer be kept separate, of light as well. And there is hot talk now between the adherents of the newly old and the oldly new.

Readers whose memories run back twenty years may recall something of the flutter aroused when Sir William Crookes sought to demonstrate the existence of a *fourth state of matter*. Studying the peculiar actions which go on in that same Crookes tube which has become so familiar as the source of the Röntgen rays, Professor Crookes was led to the belief that the beautiful velvety greenish glow inside the vacuum tube which comes when an electric discharge passes is due to the incandescence of tiny fragments of matter, travelling at an incredible speed. But many doubted.

Professor J. J. Thomson has found a way to measure the speed of these particles, their weight, or mass, as well—in a word, to demonstrate that they are real. They seem to be wonderful as well, for they are the smallest things known to man, and it may be that out of them the universe is made. Taking a leaf from Newton's note-book, Professor Thomson calls them corpuscles. It is rather bewildering to be told that these corpuscles may turn out to be electricity, matter, light, the aurora borealis, magnetism, chemical affinity, and various other trifles, all at once.

These corpuscles have introduced an utterly new conception into the domain of electricity—that the latter is *atomic* in character, or, according to the new ideas, *atomic in structure*. In order to get at some sort of a working model of the processes which go on in his laboratory, the chemist was obliged to resort to the notion of ultimate units of matter, atoms—literally, that which cannot be cut. Choosing the lightest of the atoms, that of hydrogen, as a basis, the chemist weighs and measures his atoms of gold or sulphur or iron as if they were so much sugar or salt in his scale pans. A few years ago the notion that there exists a similar natural unit of electricity

would have been deemed bizarre enough. But the researches of Professor Thomson and others have shown that the bits of flying matter in the nearly absolute vacuum of a Crookes tube bear a high electrical charge; a stream of them may be bent and deflected by a magnet as if it were a piece of iron. Having found an extremely ingenious way actually to count the number of corpuscles within a tube, and knowing the total amount of electricity they bore, it was merely a problem in very long division to calculate the charge on each corpuscle. No matter what the origin of the corpuscles, or the substances employed, this charge is always the same. It is nature's electrical unit; obviously it needed a label, and Professor Stoney called it an *electron*.

Now, the initiate are endeavoring to determine what is the relationship of the electrical charge, the electron, to the bit of matter, the corpuscle, which carries it. Strange as it may seem, this may be but a schoolman's riddle. The electron is known only as it is associated with a something which has mass, or weight—that is, matter—brief, the corpuscles. In turn, the corpuscles are unknown save as possessing the properties of an electrified body—brief, surrounded by or charged with an electron. Are what we, in our ignorance, term matter and electricity, then, so indissolubly bound up together that they are to all intents one and the same?

That is how it looks now. The chemist's atom, in the new view, becomes but an aggregation of electrified corpuscles. The mass of the latter is but a thousandth part of that of the lightest of atoms—that of hydrogen; but a hundred-thousandth part of that of an atom of silver or gold. Clusters of these corpuscles, varying in number and arrangement, but absolutely identical among themselves, build up the different kinds of matter—the eighty or ninety “elements” known to the chemist. The corpuscles, in a word, constitute primal matter; they are the stuff of which all existing things, a starfish or a planet, a music-box or a mummy, are made.

On the other hand, the electrician is invited to see in the passage of a 10,000-kilowatt current but a drift of corpuscles,

or, if you prefer, electrons, along a wire. It is rather staggering, but the drift may be swift. Professor Thomson calculates the speed of the corpuscles in a Crookes tube at rather more than 50,000 miles per second—about one-third the speed of light. Professor Becquerel figures that the peculiar uranium radiation called after him the Becquerel rays travel at twice this rate. It is but a step to imagine others partaking of space with the voracity of light, and, what is the same, of electricity itself.

But this is merely a restatement, in slightly altered terms, of Franklin's old idea. A fluid need not be so grossly sensible as molasses, for example, to be a something which flows. So, in the present view, as water is a fluid made up of particles, which, in the form of vapor, in the air, may escape our senses, so electricity is but a fluid made up of particles—electrons or corpuscles—of so extremely subtle a nature as to be sensible only under conditions of extreme condensation, just as the water vapor must condense to drops before we become clearly aware of its presence. Such, in very crude fashion, is the new view.

Those who were reared to the Maxwell ideas, regarding electricity as a wave and

wobble in the highly hypothetical ether, have not failed to implant upon the new theory their collective feet. The matter, however, seems hardly to demand such vigorous discussion. For one may ask, in turn, what is this electrically charged corpuscle, this electron? Perhaps the ether still exists, filling the wavy ways, and the electron may be a sort of ether-strain or whirl—even the vortex-ring imagined long ago by Lord Kelvin.

Here available evidence stops, and fancy may have freest rein. So, if we like, we may imagine light to be just what old Sir Isaac imagined it long ago—just a bombardment of the retina by a hail of flying corpuscles, given off by every incandescent body. If this be a little amazing, seeing how sensitive is the active part of the eye, we may reflect that the corpuscle is amazingly small. We lack appropriate units of measurement, for to compute them in fractions of an inch would be like measuring the thickness of a hair, say, in fractions of a mile. Lord Kelvin figures out an average atom at about one twenty-five-millionth of an inch in diameter. A corpuscle is certainly not more than a thousandth part of that, and it may be a great deal less.

A Song for the Living

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL

LET thyself be in tune!
 Life is so sweet and goes so very soon!
 Miss not a single change or charm it has—
 Bend to it and dance with it as the grass
 Plays with the sun in June.
 So rare and brief a thing
 For happiness was meant
 And all delight.
 Time only for a song—
 A smile—a blossoming,
 With now and then an hour
 For silence and content.
 Live like the flower—
 Under the sun by day,
 The stars by night.
 Life is a gift, and gifts are sweet alway,
 But even the sweetest passes very soon,
 Then put thyself in tune!

The Queen's Death

[An unpublished Poem by Bret Harte]

When your men bowed heads together
With hushed lips,
And the globe swung out from gladness
To eclipse,

When your drums from the equator
To the pole
Carried round it an unending
Funeral roll,

When your capitals from Norway
To the Cape
Through their streets and from their houses
Trailed their crape,

Still the sun awoke to gladness
As of old,
And the stars their midnight beauty
Still unrolled,

For the glory born of Goodness
Never dies,
And its flag is not half-masted
In the skies.

Some Letters of Bret Harte

BY MARY STUART BOYD

THIS article does not propose to touch upon the published writings of an author whose work is world-famed; it would speak of Francis Bret Harte as he showed himself to his personal friends. Of distinguished appearance, courteous, and possessed of infinite tact, a warm welcome everywhere awaited him; yet, though his admirers were countless, those he admitted to the privilege of intimacy were few. The bestowal of his friendship was a matter entirely of personal preference, and though his circle numbered many of noted intellect and noble birth, it included others whose only claim to his regard was their affection for him. Having once chosen his friends, Bret Harte adhered to them steadfastly, grudging neither time nor trouble on their behalf. Looking through hundreds of letters written to our small household alone under dates varying from 1883 to 1902, we marvel that he, whose every written word commanded a high market value, should have wielded so prodigal a pen in purely private correspondence.

One feature that could not fail to

strike Bret Harte's associates was his strong attachment to the land of his birth. Throughout his long exile his love for and loyalty towards his fatherland never wavered. America was always "*my country*" with him; and I remember how he flushed with almost boyish pleasure when, in driving through some casual rural festivities, his quick eye noted a stray American flag among the display of bunting. At the time when there was some foolish talk of war between Britain and America, he, while deploring even the suggestion of such a catastrophe, earnestly avowed his intention of instantly returning to his own country should hostilities break out.

That an absence extending over nearly quarter of a century failed to dim his vivid recollection of the beauties of the Sierras that form so regal a background to most of his stories, the following extract from a letter written in Switzerland on September 5, 1895, proves:

"I have been wandering ever since I left England on the 19th of August. . . . I came direct to Cologne, without stopping at *Aix* as I had intended, and met

my friend there, with the son of one of his friends, and together we three made some trips up and down the Rhine in the hottest weather I ever experienced in Europe, and the densest crowds I ever mingled with out of an English Bank Holiday. Luckily they were *local* tourists, mostly German, and very good-natured, so for a few days we basked in the sun and the *sauerkraut*, and the dear old smell of pipes and dregs of beer-glasses—which reminded me of the old days. I found myself able to ‘check off’ the castles on the Rhine for my friends, and waved my handkerchief (to Collins’ intense English disgust) to all the other boats that passed, just like old times. We parted at Bonn, he and his friend to England, and I the same night through Strasburg and Switzerland to Bâle and Lausanne by Neuchâtel and on to Vevey, Montreux, Territet, Chillon, and Gluion. I have been round the lake (Leman)—up the Territet—Gluion Railway (a kind of lift that gives you the sensation of being dragged up stairs by your coat collar)—and up to Rocher de Naye—about 6000 feet! All this, I know, gives you no idea of what I’ve *really seen*, and what has particularly impressed me. *This* part of Switzerland is entirely new to me. I can only tell you that the two photographs I send you are absolutely *true* in detail and effect, and that the characteristic and even the defect of the scenery here is that it looks as if it were *artistically composed*: all the drop-curtains, all the stage scenes, all the *ballet* backgrounds you have ever seen in the theatre exist here *in reality*. The painter has nothing to compose—the photographer still less: that chalet, that terrace, that snow peak, is exactly *where it ought to be*. The view from my balcony at this moment is a *picture* hanging on my wall—not a view at all. You begin to have a horrible suspicion that Daudet’s joke about all ‘Switzerland being a gigantic hotel company’ is *true*. You hesitate about sitting down on this stone terrace lest it shouldn’t be ‘practical’; and you don’t dare to knock at the door of this bright venetian-awned shop lest it should be only painted canvas. There is a whole street in Montreux that I have seen a dozen times in Grand Opera. The *people*—tourists of all nations—are the

only things *real*, and in the hotels when they are in full dress on the balconies or saloons they look like—the *audience*!

“Imagine all this in an atmosphere that is almost as *unreal* to a Briton or American—an atmosphere, perfect in lightness, in clearness, in absolute purity; two weeks of unclouded sunshine, unsurpassed sunsets,—absolutely balmy nights, where you can sit out all night without a thought of imprudence—where going to bed seems the only thing artificial and even—improper! Since I left America I have never known what *summer* meant—in all its fulness and graciousness. Of course it isn’t ‘*bracing*’—no more than a *spectacle* would be—but I’m afraid it has forever spoiled me for the English climate. I dread going back! Imagine, I, who was quite content to hover on the English Islands for twelve years—have suddenly developed a taste for wandering on the Continent! And strangest of all, I find my heart going back to the old Sierras whenever I get over three thousand feet of Swiss altitude, and—dare I whisper it?—in spite of this pictorial composition I wouldn’t give a mile of the dear old Sierras, with their honesty, sincerity, and magnificent uncouthness, for 100,000 kilometres of the picturesque Vaud!”

Towards the close of the same month he again wrote:

“It was very nice to think that my letter pleased you, and that I did succeed in conveying to you—away off there in smoky London—the unalloyed and genuine delight that my surroundings of sunshine, scenery, and summer have given and are still giving me. For although this is already autumn by the calendar, it is still ripe summer to the eye and all the senses; there is an absolute joy in mere existence; it is a comfort to get up in the morning with the air about the temperature of your own body; to have no concern as to what you shall wear, except that it shall be the lightest; to grudge even the hours that you must sit down in a room to work—(for one must work even under these conditions, and I have really written a great deal since I left England),—and to enjoy your meals in the open air. This is quite enough to make my letters less grumblesome and more buoyant than usual. . . .

"I thought I would *not* like Geneva—imagining it a kind of Continental Boston, and that the shadow of John Calvin and the old reformers, or, still more, the sentimental idiocy of J. J. Rousseau and the de Staëls and Madame de Warens, still lingered there. But I was agreeably disappointed in the place. It is gay, brilliant, and even as *pictorial* as the end of Lake Lemán, and as I sit by my hotel window on the borders of the lake, I can see Mont Blanc—thirty or forty miles away—framing itself a perfect vignette. Of course I know the whole thing was arranged by the Grand Hotel Company that run Switzerland. Last night, as I stood on my balcony looking at the great semicircle of lights framing the quay and harbor of the town, a great fountain sent up a spray from the lake 300 feet high, illuminated by beautifully shaded 'lime-lights' exactly like a 'transformation scene.' Just then, the new moon—a pale green sickle—swung itself over the Alps! But it was *absolutely too much!* One felt that the Hotel Company were *overdoing* it! And I wanted to order up the hotel proprietor and ask him to take it down. At least I suggested it to the Colonel—and he thought it would do as well if we refused to pay for it in the bill.

"But I am 'overdoing' this letter-writing too. You do not tell me about yourself and Aleck and what you are doing. Tell him, I never before regretted that I was not a painter. Ask him if he ever saw an expanse of thirty miles of water exactly the color of the inner shell of a mother-of-pearl oyster. I *have!*

"Alas, I shall have to be returning soon to the dreadful months of the 'R's' and the oysters!"

Shortly after his return to England, while on a country-house visit, he wrote: "Alas! I have never been light-hearted since Switzerland!"

With this evidence of his almost boyish delight in the Swiss sunshine after so lengthened an endurance of our gloomy British skies, it is inexpressibly touching to know that during his last earthly days his thoughts returned wistfully to this glorious holiday, and that he sought to plan a second visit for the autumn that was to find the grass green upon his

grave in the little church-yard at Frimley in Surrey.

Bret Harte had a keen dislike to being lionized. His mental balance was too true to allow him to be swayed by the adulations of the crowd. *Tête montée*, that distemper so prevalent among writers whose talent meets with early recognition, had never afflicted him. He was generous to a fault in his estimation of others. Throughout our long friendship we never knew him speak a harsh word, or deny the least worthy the benefit of the doubt.

It is worthy of remark that Bret Harte, who has been said to hold a brief for the professional gambler, strongly objected to card-playing for money. When he was our guest one autumn in the country, by his desire the stakes played for at our after-dinner games of poker or euchre were invariably scarlet haws picked from the Sussex hedge-rows. On another occasion, when, after a friendly game of roulette, he found himself the winner of a half-sovereign, he declared that the possession of money that he had not earned made him uneasy, and that he would keep the coin apart till he had an opportunity of losing it.

Bret Harte never obtruded his personality. The dread that people regarded him for his work only, not for himself, haunted him as it must haunt like sensitive natures.

"Why didn't you tell me it was *Bret Harte* who sat next me at dinner last night?" wailed one of Society's smartest young matrons in a note to her hostess the morning after a large dinner-party. "I have always longed to meet him, and I would have been so different had I only known who my neighbor was."

"Now why can't a woman realize that this sort of thing is *insulting*?" queried the author, to whom the hostess had forwarded her friend's letter. "If Mrs. ——— talked with me and found me uninteresting as a man, how could she expect to find me interesting because I was an author?"

One August when we were staying with Bret Harte at Leamington, to the same hotel there chanced to come a typical party of provincial Americans. One morning soon after their arrival Bret Harte, whom we had left smoking an

after-breakfast cigar on the lawn, entered our sitting-room laughing. Seeing him alone, the leader of the party had introduced himself, speaking on behalf of his fellow-tourists of the pleasure it had given them to see their celebrated countryman. He concluded a warm eulogy of Bret Harte's stories—all of which he said were in his library in the States—by saying, "And now, Mr. Clemens—I suppose I may call you Mr. Clemens?"

"By all means, if you *wish* to," Bret Harte had replied, with what gravity he could command. "But—my name is Bret Harte!"

Bret Harte indulged in no sport, and, save his daily drives, took but little exercise. His liking for golf proved merely a fleeting fancy. Writing being his pastime as well as his work, he had no hobbies, though in 1897 he was genuinely interested in photography.

In 1888, writing from the vicinity of Stoke Pogis, he says:

"I am here with my old friends the Van de Veldes for a couple of months. We are only three miles from Windsor Castle, and not half a mile from the wildest woodland—penetrated only by 'Flies' from Windsor at 2s. 6d. per hour. . . . I had the honor yesterday of speaking to a man who had been in personal attendance on the Queen for fifty years. He was naturally very near the point of translation, and gave a vague impression that he did not require to be born again, but remained on earth for the benefit of American tourist. . . .

"I send you two leaves of ivy from Stoke Pogis—the 'Country Church-yard' of Gray's 'Elegy.' I took them from the green shoots at the base of the 'ivy-mantled tower'—now, alas! crowned with a hideous wooden 'meeting-house' spire! The poet Gray nestles with his mother near the church that he has consecrated. His monument on an eminence beyond the church-yard is a heavy affair in the most relentless form of British art—but is redeemed by a dozen of the noblest lines of the 'Elegy.' The whole thing looked quite new, and I was a little disappointed. But it was a perfect day. A few bees were humming around the tomb, as if they were chanting the 'Elegy,' and were half drunken with its sweets."

The following Scotch verses were written by Bret Harte in reply to some jesting stanzas in the vernacular written by my husband.

SCOTCH LINES TO A. S. B.

From an unintelligent Foreigner.

We twa hae heard the gowans sing,
Sae saft and dour, sae fresh and gey.
And paidlet in the brae, in Spring,
To scent the new mown "Scots wha hae."

But maist we loo'ed at e'en to chase
The pibroch through each wynd and close,
Or climb the burn to greet an' face
The skeendhus gangin' wi' their Joes.

How aft we said "Eh Sirs!" and "Mon"!
Likewise "Whateffer"—apropos
Of nothing. And pinned faith upon
"Aiblins"—though *why* we didna know.

We've heard nae mon say "gowd" for "gold,"
And yet wi' all our tongues up-curved,
We—like the British drum-beat—rolled
Our "R's" round all the speaking worruld.

How like true Scots we didna care
A bawbee for the present tense,
But said "we will be" when we *were*.
'Twas bonny—but it wasna sense.

And yet, "ma frien" and "trusty frere,"
We'll take a right gude "Willie Waught"
(Tho' what *that* may be is not clear,
Nor where it can be made or bought).

He was a constant buyer and reader of fiction, and while hypercritical regarding his own work, all that was worthy in the writings of other men roused him to enthusiasm. On its appearance in September, 1893, Stevenson's *Catriona* awoke his warmest admiration. Calling one day after reading the opening chapters, he spoke highly of his increasing interest in the story, and suggested lending us his copy when he had finished reading it.

Next day he hurried in, carrying a brand-new *Catriona*.

"You must read this. I haven't read all mine yet, but I want you to read *Catriona* right away now, so I bought you a copy. It's simply delightful!"

Another book that fascinated him was Ambrose Bierce's volume of weird stories, *In the Midst of Life*, a book but little known on this side of the Atlantic, and one which he had not heard of until, chancing upon the volume in a local library, I showed it to him.

Angels Unawares

BY GRACE LATHROP COLLIN

THE stream of Miss Sarah Jennings's energy knew no cessation. But it was not a stream which flowed in a smooth current; it moved in jets and spurts, consecutive, yet distinct. Her methods of procedure fell into numerical sequence. Thus on one August morning she might have been seen, first, picking her vigorous way among the dew-wet rows of vegetables leading to the barn door. Second, the head of a horse with whitish coat speckled with maroon, who had been viewing the universe with dispassionate benevolence from the stable window, abruptly withdrew. Third, after premonitory clatter, this horse progressed down the lane, drawing a top-buggy with wheels so clay-spattered that they matched the roadway. Fourth, leaving the horse fastened by a rope to the gnawed hitching-post, Miss Sarah, with accelerated energy, strode back to the house. Thereupon succeeded an exceptionally long pause before she reappeared for her fifth enactment, this time from the front door, and attired in Sunday black silk and bonnet with bunch of jiggling jet. As she guided the steed into the road, she felt anxiously in her pocket for the door-key which she had just deposited therein; and finally, as the horse with many mannerisms fell into his usual amble, she turned to descry, through the little oblong glass in the buggy curtain, whether the house was where she had left it a second before. She found that as yet it was remaining stationary, with the blue-curtained window in the back gable peering like a wistful eye above the great bowlders at the turn of the road. Arrived at this point, she considered her preparations accomplished, her departure achieved. "Get up!" said Sarah, reassured, and lifted the reins to slap the horse, whose anatomy from the point of view of the buggy seat ended abruptly at the peak of his collar.

As they drew near the Knapp house, the horse of his own accord turned into the broad grassy hollow which led to the horse-block. The house had been originally red, and as the succeeding coats of white paint had worn thin, pinkish streaks were now left along the edges of the clapboarding. Two rows of white phlox led up to the door, with a porch, and steps of broad granite slabs. As the buggy stopped, Miss Laretta Knapp, in Sunday silk and bonnet with white lilacs, came lightly down the flower-bordered path.

"You always were prompt, Sarah," said she, stowing away a white paper box under the seat.

"Better be ready and not to go," replied Sarah, and quoted the remainder of that dismal proverb as they started down the road, while Laretta, in her turn, twisted over the buggy side to give her dwelling a final glance of admonition.

"They have a lovely day for the anniversary," said Laretta.

"Yes. I guess they couldn't have asked for a better day than this two hundred and fifty years ago, for founding Putnam," responded Sarah, her eyes on the horse, who was ascending a slope which from his manoeuvres appeared alpine.

"I suppose," went on Laretta, tentatively, "that in all these years there have been tremendous strides made." Not that she was concerned in the least whether there had been "strides" or not, but simply because the sensation of idle hands in her lap brought the obligation of formalities—such as an appropriate choice of themes for discussion on the way to the town anniversary.

"No doubt," assented Sarah; "wonderful!"

"Although, for my part, I don't see how any house could be built better than ours, with oak rafters and a big centre chimney." In generalities, everything;

in particulars, nothing—was Laurretta's motto.

"Neither can I," responded Sarah, emphatically. Then, when the horse, after infinite precaution, was safely prepared to descend the hillock, she continued: "And I haven't found anything prettier than the old blue-and-white coverlets, or tasted anything better than cake mixed by the old recipes, or sat in any handsomer or more comfortable chairs, or heard of any abler people, than there were in those days."

Laurretta assented eagerly. There was nothing forced in her acquiescence. The friendship of the two women was founded upon a fine deference for each other's individuality. It was cemented by their similarity of experience; for each had found herself left in her homestead as the sole representative of the family, each was familiar with the loneliness of widely scattered companions, each had adopted the habit of wearing perpetual black in memory of kinsfolk whose names after long years of separation recalled only childish faces. Appended to the tacitly granted agreement that Sarah was the leader was the tacit understanding that Laurretta was quite free to "speak her own mind." Obviously, however, comments upon Progress were no longer incumbent; for when two are perfectly agreed, how can a discussion be maintained?

In social silence they drove on. The effect of the landscape was so pictorial that a frame held up at random could scarcely have avoided enclosing some satisfactory composition of stone wall and roadway, or of tree and field, or of low-lying farm-house and gambrel-roofed hay-barns. There was an impression of vividness of color and solidity of line such as is rendered by a Claude Lorraine glass. The white clouds rose in battlements above the rounded hills, the verdure seemed polished, the trees carved. While the scene lacked the pensive charm of evanescent beauty, it offered ample compensation in its cheering sense of a permanent and compact completeness. The serene sky was a fairly palpable dome, adjusted immediately over Putnam and its surrounding suburbs.

"I hope 'twasn't a great bother for you to put up the lunch for us both," said

Sarah, as they proceeded in leisurely fashion along the narrow road—a buff road, striped lengthwise with two green bands of grass.

"You know I was glad to do it, Sarah. It wasn't the least mite of trouble. The only thing that worried me was that we'd have to go without our good hot cups of tea. I've put some cold tea in a bottle, and we can add spring water. But I always did think that cold tea was poor stuff."

"Do you happen to remember, Laurretta, that in the notices of the Day's Exercises, given out from the pulpit last Sunday, one was, 'Tea will be served at the Ladies' Club during the afternoon'? Now I suppose you wouldn't—"

"Sarah Jennings, you don't mean to say that you'd go, after driving all day and getting all blown about, and in your old gloves anyway—you don't mean to say that you'd *think* of going to a tea party with a lot of strangers?"

"No, no, of course not," said Sarah, hastily, "only I thought that if you'd forgotten the notice and had wanted tea, I'd have had it on my conscience."

Neither of the two ladies had the name of being "a great hand to run on." The Tea topic, like that of Progress, was considered closed.

Miss Jennings and Miss Knapp lived within a region known within the limits of Putnam as "the country." But the two felt no such implication of vagueness about their dwelling-place. To their minds, their local habitations were set cozily in one of the world's centres of distribution, by name—definitely supplied by the cross-roads grocery, with a post-office included among its more modern "notions"—East Weston. Their day's expedition was no offering from outlanders to civic pride, but a recognition of one commonwealth by another. Yet, side by side with this assurance, was an inborn timidity concerning the meeting of strangers on strange ground. To meet on ancestral acres, under the patronage of the homestead roof-tree, was another matter quite. But the authority of their environment gone, they felt stripped as crustaceans without their shells. Indeed, by some strange process of habit, the houses and their occupants had grown to be apparent parts the one of the other.



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

THEN LAURETTA PRODUCED THE WHITE BOX

Sarah's cool blue eyes, her iron-gray hair, her severe, angular form, seemed literally an emanation from the small-paned blue windows, the weather-beaten shingles, the boulder-fenced door-yard. The withered roses on Lauretta's cheeks, the faded daintiness of her entire person, were no less in accord with her home, suggestive of old-time bloom, approachable between prim white blossoms. From unfamiliar contact each woman felt not only an emotional, but a physical shrinking, concealed by each with incongruously misleading tactics. Lauretta, the mistress of all she surveyed, bore herself as the worm before it has turned; Sarah assumed an aspect of pugnacity toward city-bred humanity never shown before the gentle-eyed farm beasts, who gratefully conceded her local importance.

"Lauretta, as we had such an early breakfast," suggested Sarah, "would you mind having lunch just as soon as the noon whistle blows?"

"I'm as hungry now as I used to be that last half-hour before recess," replied Lauretta.

"Then let's have lunch right now," said Sarah, decisively.

Before them lay a Corot landscape. On the right a feathery ash, with supple fingers of shadow clinging across the grass-roughened road; on the left a rounded, fluffy mass of maples. Thither Sarah directed her steed, who turned willingly enough into the grass by the roadside, and, with more energy than he had yet displayed, buried his nose in a little brown stream that ran out from under a cleft in the stone wall. Lauretta watched her friend admiringly as she arranged the horse's nose-bag, and then washed her hands in a pebbly basin filled with spring water. "I wish I were more like you, Sarah," said she. "If I'd been by myself, I'd never have opened my lunch-box till the whistle blew, no matter if I was starving and there was a sightly place like this ahead of me."

"Pshaw! pshaw!" commented Sarah, secretly delighted with the tribute. Then Lauretta produced the white box, and each lady, with a red-bordered napkin in her lap, tasted the nectar and ambrosia known only to picnickers.

"I brought a box," said Lauretta, as she deftly manipulated a hard-boiled egg and

an envelope of salt and pepper, "instead of a basket, because then we can throw it away and not be bothered with it coming home."

"Um, um," responded Sarah, understandingly. Her chicken sandwich lacked cohesiveness, and she had just succeeded in making satisfactory headway.

At dessert-time the horse's nose-bag was removed by his solicitous mistress, that he might gratify his penchant for young maple boughs. In the buggy the two ladies sipped diluted cold tea from tiny cups, and nibbled and commented upon slices of the famous Knapp fruit cake. "But I knew the tea wouldn't be good," sighed Lauretta; "it's better when it's strong, and insipid when it's weak."

"It's very good for cold tea," offered Sarah, shaking out stray crumbs from the lap-robe.

"I don't think much of it," again sighed Lauretta, folding the napkins.

"Well, of course there's nothing like a hot cup," agreed Sarah.

"Of course not." Then, after a pause, "Sarah, do you know, after all, I can't see my way clear to throw this box away. It's as good as new, and some time I'll want one just like it. It seems so wasteful. Would you mind if I put it back under the seat?"

"We'd never know it was there," said Sarah, "and I never could bring myself to throw away a perfectly good box."

Emboldened by this confession of self-indulgence, Lauretta continued her meditations aloud,—*"If it weren't for going into a room full of people who don't know and don't care who you are—"*

"I shouldn't think of going," broke in her companion, conclusively. "That general notice may suit *some* people, but *I'd* never feel that I'd been properly asked without a special invitation."

"You're quite right, Sarah," concurred Lauretta, "quite right. I wouldn't go, either, where I wasn't expected."

The next corner, important with a signpost, brought them out from the single-track roadway, the peculiar property of East Weston, upon the main line which led to the Rome—locally known as Putnam—of all that suburban neighborhood. Immediately the top-buggy lost the distinction of being the only vehicle in sight. Each bend of the road revealed

that the two ladies had many companions on their patriotic pilgrimage. It was plain that this expedition, which, viewed from East Weston, had seemed a trifle bold and dashing, was already receiving popular sanction. Obviously the eccentricity would have been to remain at home. Stimulated by the realization that they were part of a popular movement, Sarah reached for the whip and rattled it fiercely in its socket, and Lauretta smoothed the linen lap-robe. Thus they were prepared to salute with due dignity the vehicles which appeared in the bend of the road behind and disappeared in front, even as on the high seas an "ocean greyhound" passes a freight-steamer. Meanwhile from the little window in the buggy curtain Lauretta reconnoitred the roadway behind them, and reported advancing forces to her friend, so that she might greet with exactly the fitting degree of warmth their passing fellow-travellers.

"There come the Whitmans now, all of them," ran Lauretta's monologue, as a "democrat," drawn by a pair of gray dappled horses, approached. They bow. "Well, I think they *would* need to have strong horses. Four on each seat, counting the babies. . . . Here, Sarah, look quick! Ned Bainbridge and his wife." They bow. "She's a pretty woman, isn't she? And did you see the little child, standing between her father's knees? I'm so glad that when she wanted her hat off they happened to hang it on the far side of the buggy from us. She has a face like a flower. . . . You needn't hurry, Sarah, but here come Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge, the old people. There'll be plenty of time before they get past. *Good-morning, good-morning*. Yes, it is a lovely day, isn't it?" They pass. "I guess they don't know how that buckboard sags under them. And see how much too narrow the back of that seat is! They don't have support for more than one shoulder-blade apiece, do they? . . . Well, Sarah, will you believe it, but they've filled a wagon-box with chairs, to bring *all* the Old Ladies' Home into town. Isn't that nice? Be sure you bow especially to old Miss Wheelock. She's right in front." And the wagon, bulbous with black parasols, passed on its festive way.

As the succeeding bends brought them

nearer to town, it was Sarah who clutched Lauretta's knee; for now, instead of being on the alert for friends approaching from behind, the speckled horse brought them alongside with pedestrians taking their dignified and deliberate way by the foot-path, narrow and hard packed. "There's Mrs. Channing," exclaimed Sarah, recognizing a self-respecting back clad in black and white striped dimity. "Well, she is smart, at her age, to be stepping off to town at this rate. How *do* you do? Yes, indeed, Mrs. Channing, I've been meaning to spend a day with you this long while. No, not this week, the week after. Nicely, thank you. Good-by. . . . And, Lauretta, do look (you mustn't keep squirming round any more; they'll see you), there's Deacon Hollis in his Sunday suit, walking along as calm as if he was passing the plate. Good-morning, Deacon. This *is* a great occasion, isn't it? Yes, we thought that our families ought to be represented." And so on, until they reached the covered wooden bridge, whose clatter and rumble appeared to afford the speckled horse a childish delight. Then an abrupt turn brought them directly upon the "downtown" of Putnam, and behold—they found themselves no longer upon one of the radii, but in the very centre of activity.

"Downtown" in Putnam was a region with as definite geographical boundaries as an island. It extended through exactly three blocks of paved streets, office buildings, and shop fronts. To-day this space, always in itself sufficiently interesting, was rendered still further absorbing by walls awave with bunting and flags; with air resonant with strident-voiced hucksters offering inconsequent red and blue balloons; with a crowd stationed along the sidewalk in such close ranks that their feet covered the curb in an unbroken scallop. The motion, the uproar, the throng, seemed to increase the temperature perceptibly. Sarah raised the reins and slapped the horse, who was inclined to pause and marvel over urban manners and customs; whereupon, with a slight exhibition of nervous resentment and a brisk rattle of wheels, he drew the ladies on to the region of "uptown," immediately adjacent.

Once again on the smooth gravel road, between arching trees, the visitors from

East Weston recovered the equanimity which the sordid din of the market-place had shaken.

Along the side of the road, where the street widened before branching into The Triangle, a line of carriages was already formed. By one brief comprehensive glance Sarah discovered a hiatus in the series of clay-colored wheels, and by a triumph of generalship inserted her equipage between two others. Then, with a happy sense of their part well done, and a release from all terrestrial responsibilities, the two women proceeded to regard the situation from the purely spectacular point of view.

As it happened, they had arrived at one of those fortuitous moments in the course of preparation when the drudgery is accomplished, but the few last effective touches are yet in progress. The audience found themselves catching the spirit of suspense, of anticipation, of heart-warming flattery in that so arduous labors were regarded as but incidental to the final scene. There was an enthusiasm-breeding sense of intimacy; for in the departure from the course of their everyday lives the spectators, no less than the actors, were playing parts.

With fresh acquisitions of interest, Sarah and Lauretta watched the "hacks" which now and again drove up from the station, suit-cases piled high beside autocratic drivers, genial gentlemen representing government securely enclosed behind carriage doors. There were occasional squads of militia hurrying to headquarters, regimental coats over their arms, helmets in hand. There were groups of Academy boys, proudly drawing white cotton gloves over their brown hands. Here and there an "Indian"—for, as a token of respect for the past, "the aborigines" were to figure in the procession—walked along to his appointed wigwam; but not even the spectacle of a respected citizen attired in feather-duster head-dress and gamboge calico could hold attention long. Then came fewer stragglers. Then two o'clock, the appointed hour, boomed out from the Court House clock. From the further side of The Triangle came the first blare of a brass band. "It's started. They're coming!" all the spectators, who have refrained from speaking among them-

selves unless already acquainted, now cry in unison.

Slowly, with a clearer rhythm, the music approaches. Round the curve swings a cordon of the Putnam police. The music seems as visible as they.

Oh, Columbia, the gem of the ocean!

plays the band; and the tune seems to bring into being the tanned crews from the ship anchored down the harbor; it seems to draw in its train, as if the days of the Pied Piper were again come, the crisp militia, the firemen dragging their hydrangea-decked hook-and-ladder, the civilians uniformed by badges on coat lapels, the Indians, the children, the notabilities in their carriages. Then, as the first grows thin, comes fresh music. Ah, it is "Auld Lang Syne" they play, and the Veterans follow, with rigidity restored to drooping shoulders, or a soldierly bearing to pompous strides, all personalities again merged by the compelling strains into comradeship. Now the men who a few minutes since, covered with self-consciousness as with garments, slunk shamefaced through the streets to the appointed gathering-places, are passing with the glorified dignity of those who have forgotten themselves in the spirit of the hour. They are no longer Si this and Hi that; they are remote, impersonal symbols of the stern heroism of their forefathers, of civic pride, of patriotism. And in answer to the thrill of this old-time music, this inspiration of concerted action, this dramatic expression of their town's intimate history, the spectators' habitual restraint bursts its bounds. The townsfolk are uplifted in a fury of sentiment. They wave handkerchiefs, they shout, the tears run down their cheeks. They scarcely knew it then; they deny it afterward. But white-faced, wet-eyed they are left, bending forward that the last moments before the sluice-gates are again swung to upon their emotions may be their own. The breeze brings back the strains; they are "Good-by, Sweet-heart," now. But save for that sound, already reminiscent, and the scurry of small boys who follow close at the heels of the "p'rade" as a cloud of dust pursues an express train, the street is bare.

A sigh ran through the crowd. Then, their hesitancy broken, each group be-

gan to bestir itself, some aimlessly, some purposefully, but all moved by an unconscious impulse toward activity.

The wheels of the neighboring wagons scraped the sides of Sarah's buggy, their horses were swung round against her speckled steed. But as yet she sat, indifferent to such trivialities, her quivering hands indecisive, her blue-gray eyes dim. With a fine delicacy she refrained from looking at her companion, not lest her own agitation should be betrayed, but lest she should intrude upon the other's shrines of sentiment, perforce unveiled. Looming large in the immediate background of her life was the memory of that cohort marching to the common impulse of pride in the fair name of their venerable town. In the immediate foreground lay the prospect of the placid drive behind the speckled horse back over the hills to the untroubled, undeviating routine of her daily life. Ah, well, doubtless—

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;

but as an outlet for this surging emotion, suddenly roused from apathy, their tame acceptance was intolerably inadequate. The momentum of energy demanded expression.

"Lauretta," cried Sarah, in thrilling tones—"Lauretta, we're going to the Ladies' Club to be entertained!"

"Oh, oh!" quavered Lauretta, dismayed. But then, "Do you think it would hurt the horse if you whipped him?" she added. Miss Sarah seized the whip from its socket and laid it dexterously along the angular speckled flank.

Meanwhile the crowd was slowly ebbing from the street where stood the Ladies' Club House. Soon the house—a grayish-purple cottage, with appliquéd garlands in white, in effect a singularly happy representation of an old Wedgwood sugar-bowl—stood deserted in an apparently uninhabited neighborhood. In the parlor sat two dispirited little figures, each clad in a reckless expanse of immaculate piqué. It was a dismal prospect. Set round the room were the cases used by the Woman's Exchange; behind their glass doors hung a profusion of the over-dainty articles which women love to present to each other, and then in

time of need, under the deplorable delusion that what is acceptable as a gift is tempting as a purchase, are wont to invest their tiny capitals of time and money in the manufacture of these laborious trifles. In a corner stood a wicker tea table, with elaborate paraphernalia for refreshing a thirsty and exhausted multitude. But the two little ladies had the feast all to themselves.

"I hate to think what Fred will say to me when I have to tell him at supper that no one came," said the one.

"It isn't what Harold says; it's what he looks. But when I put it to him—'After watching a procession in New York, wouldn't you be glad and thankful to escape from the noise and crowd into a quiet and hospitable room?'—he couldn't deny it. All he could say was: 'But Putnam isn't New York, you know. I'm not sure but Putnamites may be as fond of racket for one day in every fifty years as New-Yorkers would be of silence and solitude.' And then he said something about one's education in Putnam character beginning with one's grandfather. Why, I feel that I know the people very well, and I've lived here barely a year."

"Yes, indeed. I'm sure that the town-folk and I have been very intimate. They were so punctilious about calling, and so cordial about inviting us out. Then you remember that I asked ever so many people's advice about serving tea here this afternoon; for, of course, being new-comers from the city, we wanted to make sure that an innovation would be acceptable. And everybody said that while she herself might be detained, she was sure that there were any number of people who'd love to come. Several said that they thought it was a very sweet idea that the president and vice-president should be at the club-rooms, if we were quite sure that it was no sacrifice on our parts. Fancy, when we could see the procession perfectly from the windows, being jostled about on the sidewalk,—for pleasure!"

"Fancy! But do you know what Fred said just as he went off this morning? 'You'll be lucky if you corral one!'"

"I can't understand why they don't come. Maybe they think it's too early. But it's growing late. Suppose, Alice, I

do take away a few of the cups, and bring them on gradually as they come to be needed."

Again they waited. "I believe I'll put a few more cups into the cupboard," said Harold's wife. She was returning dejectedly, when Fred's wife, from her post behind the tea table, suddenly clutched her and pointed out of the window. Up the broad road there approached a top-buggy, its canopy swaying with the excited trot of a speckled horse, his head held aloft by tense-drawn reins. It drew up at the horse-block. Two ladies in black silk alighted.

"They don't seem quite decided about coming in," said Harold's wife. "I'm going out to stop them and make sure."

"You must bring them in," called Fred's wife above the crackle of flying skirts. "Don't let them go away, please, no matter—"

While she bustled about with the alcohol and the tea-ball, she kept one anxious eye upon her co-mate and comrade in exile, who was shaking hands effusively with the two ladies yet standing on the horse-block, and then by the very force of her cordiality was drawing them up the walk.

At the door Fred's wife met them, with the manner of a hostess greeting her most cherished guests. "We're *so* glad to see you," she chimed. "You must be *so* tired. Come right in and sit down. This chair is considered the most comfortable, and let me take your wrap."

"Wasn't the parade nice?" the representatives of the club went on in alternating strains. "Yes, we're very proud. Did you see my husband? Why, he was in the militia, the second from the end in the seventh row. Cream or lemon? Yes, we have them both right here. How nice that you came just now! We can all have a cup together."

"Are you sure," asked Lauretta, still a little tremulous, "that we aren't putting you to any trouble?"

"It is a pleasure," replied the hostesses, and there was the ring of sincerity in their voices.

"We felt a little hesitation about coming," went on Sarah, "because the notice was given out so generally."

"But you know it was meant to be personal," beamed Harold's wife, "and al-

though I wish that there were some other people here to meet you, we are very fortunate in having you all to ourselves."

"I'm glad there aren't any others here," responded Sarah, composedly. "I always did dislike a crowd."

"But are you sure," appealed Lauretta, as she accepted her cup, "that you aren't all tired out attending to all the other people who've been here?"

"Not at all, not at all."

All four ladies glowed with satisfaction. All four sipped tea. All, considering the few minutes of their acquaintance, felt strangely intimate. All exchanged items about their ancestors, regardless of whether they had figured or not in the occasion of Putnam's foundation. And finally each couple promised to "be sure and stop in," the next time that either passed the other's way. It was an eminently successful occasion.

The two officials of the Ladies' Club saw their guests to the carriage, and again, over the linen lap-robe, shook hands.

"We're so very much pleased that we had the chance for a nice quiet talk," said the president.

"I think that we happened upon a very fortunate interval," said Lauretta.

"I only regret that you have not made the acquaintance of other club members," said the vice-president.

"We are quite content to have met the two chief officers," said Sarah.

"Some time you must come to one of our meetings. The rooms are full then."

"How very nice!"

"Yes; I'm sure you'd enjoy it."

"Doubtless. But it was very pleasant this afternoon."

"Good-by, good-by," called the representatives of the club. "We're so glad you came."

"Good-by," called the representatives of East Weston. "We're glad too."

The president and vice-president, arm in arm, returned up the walk. Their faces were yet wreathed in smiles. "Now aren't you thankful that we carried out our plans?" asked Fred's wife. "I guess even our husbands can't say a word now about our citified ideas. It was worth all the preparation, wasn't it, just to meet these two old dears? Weren't they sweet?"



WILLIAM JAMES HURLBUT
1902

"YOU'LL BE LUCKY"

"Simply idyllic. Do you know, I came near telling the pink-cheeked one how doleful we'd been, and how she and her angular friend saved the day. In a way, it seems as if they ought to understand."

A gentle mist was falling, restricting the landscape with a pleasurable restfulness to a strip of roadway, its boundary stone wall, and, beyond, to mingled red milkweed and golden-rod in upland meadows rolling softly away to the pearl-colored sky. The two friends, blissfully relaxed in the reaction after the adventures of their thrilling day, leaned back in the buggy. The horse took his own gait along the grassy road that led

home to East Weston. Lauretta broke the silence.

"I *am* glad we went, Sarah," she said; "it was the right thing to do, after all. Weren't they pleasant-appearing women? They might have lived in East Weston all their lives."

"Yes," said Sarah; "they didn't seem a bit like strangers. Do you know, I had a feeling that we were deceiving them, somehow, in not telling them that we hadn't meant to come, and that we dreaded meeting a crowd, and that we were thankful no one was there."

"I almost did tell," confessed Lauretta, "for it seems rather a pity, doesn't it, that they'll never understand?"

Without the Gate

BY ARTHUR COLTON

THE birds have gone with their dewy throats,
Gone to its covert each bubble of notes;
The rivers and rills
In the folds of the hills
Mutter their Delphic oracles.

Spectral birches, slim and white,
Stand apart in the pale moonlight;
The faint thin cries
Of the night arise,
And the stars are out in companies.

They are but lamps on your palace stair,
My queen of the night with dusky hair,
Whose heart is a rose
In a garden close,
And the gate is shut where the highway goes.

Margaret, Margaret, early and late
I knock and whisper without that gate.
Oh, may I win
My way within,
Out of the highway enter in?

I knock and listen. No answer yet?
And the rose still slumbers, Margaret?
Early and late
I watch and wait,
For the love of a rose, by a garden gate.



ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL

Art Effort in British Cities

BY CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

TO the American who is interested in the art of making cities beautiful, no nation offers more inviting field for study than does England. Paris may hold up an ideal of municipal achievement earnestly to be desired. Belgium may intensely interest with its story of organized and elaborately centralized private effort. But England shows conditions so like our own, both in the conquest to be made and in the means that are taken to obtain it, that in looking thither we see, as it were, our own efforts—separately, dispassionately, and as one hardly sees them here, where they cover so wide a territory, where they fluctuate so rapidly, and one loses sight of the general drift in a fascinated watching of the eddies.

This likeness is not so complete as to be a mere replica. National peculiarities necessarily assert themselves in a work which is so largely voluntary and

individual. Long before public spirit has suggested association, and thus given self-consciousness to organized endeavor to make cities handsomer, a thousand private and selfish efforts have put their characteristic stamp on the cities of the nations. It can be said, for instance, that to an American nothing is as striking, in the half-suburban residence quarters of an English city, as the high walls that enclose the gardens.

Edgbaston, which is the fashionable west-end suburb of Birmingham, may be taken as a type of it. The broad streets, overhung by noble trees, curve and wind in a most fascinating manner, presenting topographical advantages of rare loveliness; but the houses on either side of the road are enclosed by high walls of brick and stone. Now and again the luxuriant ivy gives to these walls a beauty of their own, and trees spreading their branches over them suggest coolness, seclusion, and

beauty within. But such amenity to the public way has come not because of the walls, but in spite of them, and the observer who takes the æsthetic stand-point sees, when he goes to a newer suburb where the walls are of glaring brick, and the highway, that really runs between pleasant gardens, has become a prison walk, what sacrifice of city beauty is made by this custom to unconscious selfishness—or, in politer phrase, to that individualism that is peculiar of the nation.

The walled gardens in the residence quarters of every English city represent not a whim, not a temporary fashion, but the stamp of a national peculiarity. They are to be classed with the familiar London anomaly of the plain exterior of houses that have rare beauty within them. Indeed, of all the English societies that are working on various lines for civic beauty, not one, as far as I have learned, has ever seriously advocated the removal of street walls.

There is another characteristic of the nation that gives to its movement for

municipal art a development not evident among Latin races. This is the seriousness with which it is taken up—as a work, rather than as a joyous artistic expression; as a duty to be performed conscientiously and solemnly. The result is that, where much of the effort on the Continent is purely decorative, and with us is most yearningly so, in England it appears to be not less predominantly educational. We have very little which corresponds with this important educational phase of English effort to make cities beautiful.

Speaking generally, then, a British city is like an American city of the same size, except in these respects: in the residence quarters, the walled gardens, with their disadvantages and merits; in the business section, the better condition of the pavements, the greater interest which age has given to the architecture, an absence of sky-scrapers, and poorer transportation facilities. Both cities alike suffer from the evil of black smoke and glaring advertisements; while less obviously to the casual tourist there is the



A TYPICAL ENGLISH SUBURBAN STREET



ILLUMINATED ADVERTISEMENTS, LUDGATE CIRCUS—LONDON NIGHT

difference in that greater emphasis which in England is put on art education for the people.

When one goes to an English city of "the provinces," say to Manchester, or Birmingham, or Leicester, or Liverpool, or Newcastle—and asks what is done for municipal art, one is told at once of this less obvious achievement, the art gallery and art school that belong to the city, and is given a hint that in the technical school also there may be something of interest. The popular awakening to artistic aspiration in England arose sixty years ago out of an industrial or commercial condition which at first rendered it national instead of municipal. England suddenly realized that her manufactures were in danger for lack of art. British manufactures, for all their cheapness and strength, were seen to be losing ground merely because they were ugly and unattractive. What works of art the nation had, in any branch, were in private hands. The era was that of the doctrine of free trade, and of this the exposition

of 1851 was finally the development. The Prince Consort, who was at the head of this enterprise, was deeply interested also in England's art interests, and when the exposition closed with a money surplus and a mass of presented productions of art and manufacture, he urged the foundation of a national museum of industrial art from this illustrative material and the money in hand. So arose the South Kensington Museum, and the Government's Department of Practical Art, subsequently changed to the Department of Science and Art.

With its fine start and royal patronage the museum grew rapidly. The mediocre was weeded out, the art treasures of the royal palaces were lent to it, and, private individuals following royal example, a loan system was established, and much of the art wealth that had been long in private hands became accessible to the public. In this way was furnished incentive and inspiration, and South Kensington was made the power-house of England's activity in art instruction.

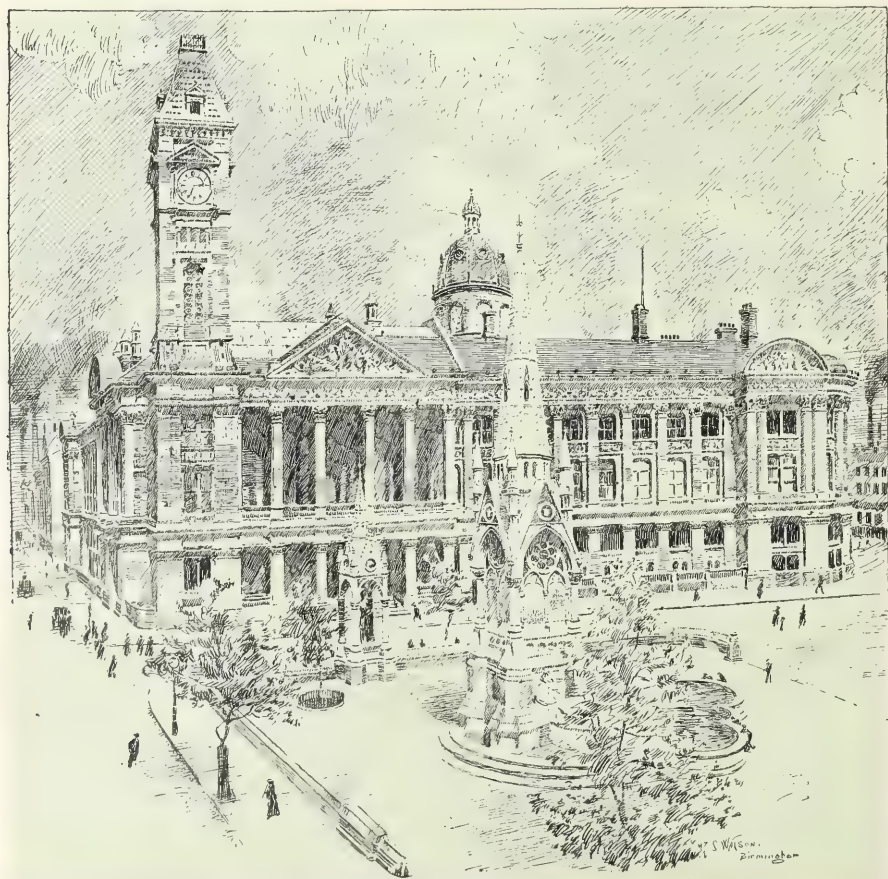
Now, in every English city one finds a school of art. Thus has arisen that splendid system of art instruction in the cities, by technical schools and by art schools, that must be the admiration of every student of the municipal art of to-day in England—that system that is giving to art a popular dignity unusual in these times, showing it as a necessity, not a luxury, erecting noble buildings for its purpose, and splendidly equipping them; instructing tens of thousands of young people in its principles, and so developing talent and raising the art taste and standard. The pertinence of all this to municipal art in the narrow sense of civic beauty will not be overlooked, even in a general summary of its advantages.

The Municipal School of Art at Manchester traces its origin to the first art school that in 1838 was established in the provinces in imitation of the London School of Design. The present imposing building was erected in 1881, one individual subscribing as much as £8000, and the school is now an extremely large and flourishing institution. It numbers Walter Crane among its past directors of de-

sign, and a \$50,000 addition has been lately made to its building, out of profits of the Jubilee Exposition. The new structure includes a beautiful exhibition-hall where, on public view, are the loans from the South Kensington Museum and the rich collection of the school. Across the river lies an industrial quarter of large population. Here, through the bequest of an individual, is a park in which is situated the Whitworth Institute, designed for the promotion of the fine arts by a museum, gallery, and school. The Manchester School of Art has amalgamated with the latter school. Thus the pupils number in all some fourteen hundred, divided between evening and day classes, and on Saturdays several hundred teachers from the board schools attend for study.

At Birmingham, where the art schools were the first municipal schools of art in the United Kingdom, the connection between them and beautification of the city has been recently made clearer. Here there are 1100 students in the central building, and perhaps 4000 at the branches. The excellence of the Bir-

mingham school, annually attested by the proportion of prizes its pupils secure in the national competition, has attracted to it students from a wide field. There is a fine technical school in Birmingham, which works in harmony with the School of Art. A very earnest spirit and practical ideal animates instructors and pupils here, and has created such an attitude toward art in its broad sense as one associates, with an individual's limitations, with William Morris. The result of this has



THE MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY OF BIRMINGHAM; CHAMBERLAIN MEMORIAL IN THE FOREGROUND



CHURCH-YARD OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL MADE INTO A RECREATION-GROUND

appeared in various practical things that the students have done for the city, though, as usual, local appreciation came after that from abroad. Door-plates, stained glass, etc., have been designed by the students for the art-school building, and lately the decoration of the Town Hall has been taken up. Instead of filling the long mural panels with conventional design, students in the Municipal School of Art have painted large figures personifying instrumental and

vocal music on either side of the famous organ. Further, they are decorating the walls with historical paintings pertinent to Birmingham.

In the smaller cities not less is done proportionately for art education than in the larger. At Leicester, the technical and art schools, now conducted by the corporation, occupy a beautifully equipped building erected in 1897 at a cost of nearly \$150,000. The schools have about 1300 pupils, of whom most attend

in the evening, and are managed, as usual, by a committee, of whom about half are members of the Council, and the others private citizens, connoisseurs, etc. It is worth noting that the art needle-work department here, which has nearly 300 pupils, and is the largest in Great Brit-

merely beautiful and dreamy. That municipalities can successfully maintain art galleries of worth, conduct picture exhibitions in which party interest never conflicts with art ideals, unhappily seems strange to Americans.

With all these victories, no visitor to

the manufacturing cities can fail to see that civic art has much ground to regain. Palls of black smoke destroy dreams of cities beautiful. There are restrictive laws to check the evil, but it is hard to secure enforcement of the law when men look proudly at smoke as a proof of the city's industry. In Manchester the lamp-posts are very hideous; overhead wires are suffered; there are glaring advertisements; and so, in spite of its Town Hall, its vast municipal work, and the strength of its art educational effort, the town makes a poor showing from an



MOAT OF TOWER OF LONDON A RECREATION-GROUND

ain, is under the management of an American woman.

In this art educational movement of the English cities, the schools, interesting as they are, make only the active side of a constant endeavor of which municipal galleries may be said to form the passive. These not only reach a class of citizens whom the schools, with their particular appeal to the younger generation, could not reach; they offer a constant art ideal that keeps the goal of all the effort high and pure; they cultivate almost unconsciously the public taste, and put the city's stamp of practical value on what to so many of its citizens might seem the

æsthetic point of view. The parks in most provincial cities owe their origin to a philanthropic impulse. The trams are not uncommonly an eyesore, owing to prospective acquirement by the municipality—a fact that naturally discourages careful maintenance on the part of the operating company.

Here and there, but only occasionally, one finds individuals joining to form a society to improve the city. The most distinguished instance of this is probably the Cockburn Association of Edinburgh, founded in 1875 expressly "for the improvement of Edinburgh and its neighborhood." In its long career this



THE OBELISK AND THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

society has done much to make Edinburgh deserve the name of one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It repeatedly lends "support and vigor to the Town Council in their exertions for improvement," and is also an inspiration to the Council by forming a link between the civic rulers and public opinion.

But speaking generally, municipal art is not advanced in English provincial cities. From that stand-point they are in a transition stage. They have grown

rapidly, and, as a rule, content to expend their energy in laying foundations for a future civic glory, the ugly and gross has been suffered to show upon the surface. Below are the efforts that will tell: firm, intelligent, honest grasp of municipal monopolies, and a thorough and far-reaching art instruction.

When one passes from the provinces to London one finds general conditions more akin to those in New York. Extremes of wealth and poverty are



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND VICTORIA EMBANKMENT

complemented, as usual, by extremes of civic splendor and squalor. One is confronted by a mass of associated efforts, represented by societies for every phase of civic endeavor, that, with closer organization and a less vast subject than is London, might, one fancies, accomplish more than it has for civic beauty. And yet much is attained, as every visitor to London sees, and it need scarcely be added that several of these societies, bringing "national" into

their titles, have extended their efforts into the provinces.

Among the societies which have assumed for their province the appearance of the streets are the Metropolitan Drinking-fountain and Cattle-trough Association, the National Society for Checking Abuses of Public Advertising, and the Coal-smoke Abatement Society. There was also formed some time ago a society which had a good name and a large field, but which seems to have languished, the

Society for the Suppression of Street Nuisances. The Drinking-fountain Association is philanthropic rather than artistic in its purpose, expending about \$10,000 a year for water alone; but in the statement that 725 fountains and nearly 800 troughs are in use by it the society's connection with art in the street and park is clear.

The efforts of the National Society for Checking Abuses of Public Advertising are designed as earnestly to prevent defilement of civic dignity as they are for the maintenance of rural beauty.

Edinburgh has had for several years a by-law prohibiting "sky-signs"—advertisements whose letters, standing clear of a structure, would show against the sky; Glasgow, at a sacrifice of £4000 a year, determined that the municipal trams should not be disfigured by advertising; in Manchester, among other cities, the Council has resolved that all hoardings belonging to the Improvement Committee shall be kept free of advertising and be colored in maroon. Various architects followed the city's lead in this matter when making their contracts. More recently London adopted a sky-sign act, and within a few months the powers of Edinburgh to regulate public advertising have been vastly extended. Flashing electric signs have been prohibited in various places, and the society has turned some of its attention to street noises and to the thoughtless littering of public places. It has grown more powerful with each year of its existence.

The Coal-smoke Abatement Society was organized at the end of 1898, in response to a letter addressed to the *Times* by Sir William Richmond. It attempts to obtain the enforcement of existing laws, to secure increased efficiency of legislation, to learn what is done to abate the smoke nuisance in other cities, to promote the knowledge of methods by which smoke can be prevented, and to encourage such preventive inventions by prizes and exhibitions.

Among the voluntary societies for the æsthetic care of London there are the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, the Commons and Foot-paths Preservation Society, the London Playing-fields Society, the Selborne Society, the Thames Preservation League, the Kyrle

Society, and finally a Parliamentary committee, which is semi-official. It should be understood that London is peculiarly situated in the matter of parks and open spaces. First, large reservations belonging to the crown, like Hyde Park and Regent's Park, have relieved the municipality of providing such parks. Secondly, in the better residence quarters innumerable squares, adorned with flowers, shrubs, lawns, and trees, satisfy æsthetic requirements, even though they belong, as usually, to private land-owners and are enclosed by iron fences, to the gates of which rent-payers of the adjacent property alone have keys. And these lessees pay well for their luxury, and gain thereby a safe play-ground for their children. Third, legislation of the last few years has opened several hundred neglected church-yards as play-grounds for populous neighborhoods, putting them in charge of local and central authorities, who first restore some of their lost beauty. Fourth, of the villages and towns that form the outskirts of London each is apt to have its common, and as the huge metropolis gathers them to itself, what more natural than that these commons should become suburban parks?

Yet it is not to be supposed that in a city of such vast area and of high land values there is little need of private effort for securing open spaces. The commons opportunity alone has given rise to the voluntary association of citizens who make it their task, in the Commons and Foot-paths Preservation Society, to see that the metropolis avails itself of this chance for suburban parks. Since its establishment, in 1865, large areas that were previously appropriated have been restored to the public; and many of the most important open spaces (Epping Forest, Wimbledon, Blackheath, Tooting, and Hampstead) have been placed under suitable management in the public interest.

Closely in line with this society is the Thames Preservation League. The purposes of the league are the preservation of the Thames and, as far as possible, of its tributaries, for public enjoyment.

If the work of these societies tends to a negative character, that of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association is as distinctly positive in the effort to provide the metropolis with open spaces.

The organization is a very strong one. It not only provides open spaces through various means, but it places seats in many public sites, plants trees in gardens and streets, makes improvements in existing play-grounds, and has erected numerous drinking-fountains by special donations for that purpose. Its report for 1898 stated that since its birth, in 1882, the society had laid out, wholly or in part, 98 play-grounds or gardens, and had completed 300 other undertakings for London's betterment.

In the work of the London Playing-fields Society the æsthetic purpose is entirely incidental. Still, in the provision of suburban cricket, football, and tennis grounds for the thousands of young men who are able to make a slight payment for their amusement (and who without these facilities would tend to crowd poorer athletes from the public parks) something certainly is accomplished for the pleasing aspect of the suburbs. The Kyrle Society in its London branch is also mainly philanthropic in aim. It has, however, a Decorative section, of which a purpose is "to foster a knowledge and love of art by such means as may be available," and an "Open Spaces" section, which not only co-operates with the Metropolitan Gardens and the Commons societies, but does what it can by itself. In a recent year the work of the Decorative section included mural paintings representative of country life for a general room in the Municipal Lodging-house; and at the close of its twentieth year, in 1896, the society reported that 191 institutions had profited in this way from its efforts.

The Selborne Society, which is also in this group, has devoted itself more particularly to the protection of wild nature than of urban amenities, but for the preservation of several open spaces and historical buildings in London it has joined its efforts to those of the societies we have named.

Another group of the London societies is representative of the effort of citizens to preserve interesting traces of history. This, naturally, is a far greater, if not more important, work in the old cities of Europe than with us. Modern progress and growth, which are not less marked there than here, must not be suffered to

destroy the history which the past has so fully written on London streets. We have, accordingly, the Committee for the Survey and Registration of the Old Memorials of Greater London, as a department of the County Council's work; and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, a voluntary association, which preaches protection, not restoration. This was founded by William Morris, and takes as its excellent but unusual creed the dictum, "*Renewal* of old work should never be resorted to unless *repair* is impossible. When, unfortunately, renewal is the only course, the new work should be carefully designed as far as may be to harmonize with the old, but not to be made in imitation of it, or of any existing work elsewhere."

But beyond all associated effort, which is large in London, and all official effort, which by comparison with Paris is insignificant, much must always depend on individual sentiment and private action. To that are due the flowers in balconies and those window gardens that are the lovely distinction of English cities, and bring into the heart of London a touch of unexpected rural beauty. This may be held to balance fairly the official remissness in the great city's lighting, where clumsy lamp-posts lend no beauty to the street by day, and show at night a flickering flame which makes the vast metropolis compare sadly with electric-lighted villages in America. And if this important result of private initiative be not sufficiently ambitious or public-spirited, we may turn to a long list of gifts, in which the bringing of the Obelisk to London and its setting up, the private presentation of many costly play-grounds, and now the decoration of the Royal Exchange, will have a just prominence.

There is a dream of a London far more beautiful and splendid than exists. The new Thames Embankment is a feature of it. The clearing out recently of the old buildings which hid the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey was a step in its direction. The Bethnal Green plan for the housing of the poor, the great new thoroughfares, the promised street that is to descend from Holborn to the Strand—these are conquests that give courage to the fighters.

The Sea-Dog

BY T. JENKINS HAINS

HE was a yellow brute, mangy, lean, and treacherous-looking. He had been in two ships where dogs were not particularly liked by the officers, and the last one had gone ashore in the darkness during a northeast gale off the Fry-
ing Pan. How he had come ashore from the wreck was a detail beyond his reasoning. Here he was on the beach of North Carolina, and not one of his shipmates was left to take care of him.

He had at first foraged among the bushes of beach myrtle and through the pine woods, stealing into the light-keeper's yard at Bald Head during the hours of darkness, and rummaging through his garbage for a bit of food to keep the life within his mangy hide. He had now been ashore for nearly five months, and during all that time he had shown an aversion to the light-keeper's society. There was no other human habitation on the island, and the light-keeper had fired a charge of bird-shot at him on two occasions. This had not given him greater confidence in strangers, and that which he had had was of a suspicious kind, born and nurtured aboard ship, where a kick was the usual salutation. He was as sly as a wolf and as wild as a razor-back hog, for he had gradually fallen upon the resources of the wild animal, and his one thought was for himself.

He had broken away into the night howling after the last reception by the light-keeper at the Bald Head tower, and sore and stiff he had crawled into the bushes to pick at the tiny pellets that stung so fiercely. In the future he would be more careful. He must watch. Eternal vigilance was the price for his worthless life. All the evil desires and instincts begotten through a line of rascally curs now began to grow within him. He would not repress them, for was it not manifest that he must exercise every selfish desire to its utmost if he would

live? His eyes took on that wild, hunted look of the beast with whom all are at war, and his teeth showed fiercely at each and every sound. A sullen savageness of mind came upon him more and more every day, until after these months of wildness he had dropped back again into the natural state of his forefathers. He was a wild dog in every sense. As wild as the hogs who rooted through the pine woods or tore through the swamp, lean as deer and alert to every danger, the degenerates of the well-bred pigs of the early settlers.

Sometimes he would run along the edge of the beach in the sunlight and watch the surf, but even this was dangerous, for once the light-keeper happened to be out hunting and sent a rifle bullet singing past his ears. He broke for cover again, and seldom ventured forth except after the sun went down. In the daytime he would go slinking through the gloom of the dense thickets with ears cocked and senses alert, watching like a wolf for the slightest sign of danger. A wolf is seldom seen unless he means to be, and the yellow dog soon became as retiring.

Small game furnished food during this season, for the creeks swarmed with fish and crabs, which were often caught in shallows at low water, and gophers were plentiful, but sometimes when the wind was howling and souging through the forest, and the rain rattling and whistling through the clearings, he would try the light-keeper's back yard again, and grab a defenceless duck or goose that happened to be within reach. Their squawking was music to his ears, for he remembered the flash and stinging pain following his earlier attempts to procure food, and he would dash furiously through the timber with his prize, nor stop until many miles were between him and the bright eye that flamed high in

the air above and could be seen fifteen miles or more up the beach. The light-house was an excellent guide for him in all kinds of weather, but it was especially useful on very dark and stormy nights. To him it meant a guide out of danger, even as it did to his earlier masters, and he soon learned to navigate by it.

He grew more and more savage as his life in the wilderness went on, and as his savageness increased, so likewise did his cunning.

William Ripley, the light-keeper, and his assistant were both good hunters. They had plenty of time during daylight to make long excursions along the beach and through the pine woods, and they often brought home a hog or two. They were worried at the visits from the strange animal who left footprints like those of a dog, and who kept always well out of sight after his first visits, when a glimpse of yellow had flashed through the darkness, giving something tangible to fire at. They had seen the vessel come ashore on the outer shoals, some twelve miles away, and had seen her gradually break up without being able to lend a hand at saving her crew. Nothing had washed on the beach that had signs of life, and it had never occurred to them that a yellow dog had been a survivor of that tragedy. The wreck had been visited afterwards and the vessel's name discovered, but nothing was ever heard of the men who had manned her, and who had evidently gone to the port of missing ships. Their interest in the matter ended after getting a few fathoms of line and a bit of iron-work, and the shifting sands of the treacherous Frying Pan soon swallowed up all trace of the disaster.

But ducks and geese were scarce and valuable. There was a thief abroad, and something must be done. The cold weather was approaching, and already frost had turned the leaves of some of the trees. Soon a slight fall of snow announced that winter was upon the coast in earnest.

The cold was hard upon the outcast. His thin hair was but poor protection against the wind, and the food of the creeks was disappearing. He was getting more and more savage and desperate, and the great eye that shone above him

through the blackness was attractive, for it showed where there lay plenty. Often when the gale blew from the northward and the weather was thick, the wild ducks and geese came rushing down the wind and headed for the eye that shone so brightly in the night. It had a peculiar dazzling fascination for them, and they would go driving at it with a rush of a hundred miles an hour, only to find too late that it was surrounded by a heavy wire net. Then before they could swerve off they were upon it with a terrific smash. Headlong into the iron meshes they would drive until, flattened and distorted lumps of flesh and feathers, they would go tumbling down to the ground beneath. In the morning the keeper would see traces of their feathers and sometimes a duck or two, but more often he saw the footprints of the strange animal that so resembled either a dog or wolf.

"I reckon it's about time we caught up with that un," said Ripley one morning; "there 'ain't been no wolves around this here island sence I kin remember, an' I'm bound to find out jest what kind o' critter this one is. Why, what d'ye s'pose he done last night, hey?"

"Don't ask me no riddles when I'm sleepy," said the assistant.

"Oh, well, it's no matter, then," said Ripley, and he turned into the house.

"Well, what?" asked the assistant.

"The first thing he done was to eat the seat out'n your pants you left hanging on the line, but that's no matter—"

"What next?" asked the assistant, awakening a little.

"Well, he chewed the uppers off'n your rubber boots, them ones you said cost five dollars—"

"Name o' sin, no! Did he? Where's the gun, quick—"

"Hold on a bit. Wait a minute," interrupted Ripley. "There ain't no hurry about the case. I was jest a-sayin'—"

"Go on," said the assistant, earnestly.

"Well, then, don't interrupt me no more. That blamed critter got old red-head by th' neck an' walked off with him, an' there ain't no better rooster ever been hatched. That's erbout all."

"You kin hand me down the rifle," said the assistant; "that critter or me leaves this here island, an' that's a fact."

The track led down the beach, and there was no trouble following it. The assistant started off at a swinging pace, determined to cover the distance between himself and the thief before mid-day.

But the track soon led into the scrub and was lost. When it was taken up again it was a good half-mile farther down the shore. Here it swung along easily for a short distance until a heavy belt of timber was reached, and where the ground was hard and covered with pine needles. There all trace of it was swallowed up as soon as it struck the pines. The assistant came home that evening a tired but no wiser man. That night the outcast saw the man-tracks and knew he had been followed, and the spirit of deviltry entered deeper into his pariah soul. He would make them sorry for his nightly visits. All were enemies to him, and the more harm he could do to everything alive the better it would be. Savagely he snarled at the footprints. As the moon rose he saw the beautiful light silvering the cold ocean, and it stirred something in his hard heart. He raised his nose high in the air and let forth a long howl of fierce defiance and wrath.

Slinking through the darkening shadows of the forest, the outcast made his way to the clearing wherein the great eye rose above the ground to the height of a hundred feet or more. Here he halted upon the outer edge where the thicket hid him in its black shadow. Then he raised his voice in such a prolonged howl that the fowls secured within the coops of the yard set up a vast cackling. He changed his position in time to avoid a charge of buck-shot which tore through the thicket and rattled about the leaves beneath the trees. Then he slunk away for a little while, only to return again and give vent to his feelings in a succession of yelping barks such as had never disturbed the quiet of the island before. Another charge of shot rattled about him, but he was now far too wary to get hit, and his hatred was greater than his fear. It gave him a savage joy to listen to the crack of the gun or the sharper snap of the rifle, for he knew it worried the keeper to hear him and know he was near. Night after night he now came,

and many were the shots fired at him, but all to no avail. He would do any mischief he could, and woe to any duck or chicken that came within his reach. His high, yelping howl resounded through the clearing and sounded above the dull roar of the surf, making night hideous to the keeper on watch in the light above.

Once he caught a loose fowl, and its feathers were strewn about the yard. Again he found a string of fine fish the keeper had hung up for the night. They went the way of the ill-fated. His keen sense of smell told him many things the keepers did not wish him to know, and he managed to keep out of harm's way.

But this could not last. Ripley was an old hunter, and was not to be disturbed beyond reason. He brought out an old mink-trap with steel jaws of great power, and he buried it in the sand on the edge of the clearing, smoothing the rumpled surface of the ground so that nothing showed, and strewing the place with dead leaves. Then he killed a sea-gull and dropped it almost directly over the steel jaws. The outcast would doubtless smell it and stop a moment to investigate. He only had to step upon the ground in the near vicinity and his leg would be instantly clasped in a steel embrace.

The first night the keeper watched for him. It was very dark, and the cold north wind soughed through the pines, and the surf thundered. The cold made the keeper's teeth chatter a little as he watched in silence from his place upon the outer rail of the tower. He had his rifle with him for a finish should the trap take hold.

The outcast came slinking along late that night. He was hungry and wet, and the light attracted him as it did always on particularly bad nights, for it stood for the mark of plenty, the only thing on the barren island that kept a glimmering of the past in his sullen mind. He noticed a peculiar smell as he skirted the fringe of the cover, and soon spied the dead gull. How came it there, was the question. Gulls did not die ashore. At least he had never seen one, but he knew them in the air. There was something suspicious in the matter. Why should a gull be dead so close to the light-house? He began to investigate, and drew near the danger zone.

But months of wildness had made him cunning. All the sly instincts of the races of animals from which he had sprung had been developing. He approached the bait slowly, barely moving, and touching the ground ever so lightly with his paws. Then he halted. No, it would not do. There was something wrong with that bird showing like a bit of white in the darkness. He could smell it plainly; it was the scent of a man. He drew slowly off and began nosing about for the trail, and soon found it. He followed along, and it led straight to the dwelling where the keeper lived. Then he went back a little way into the scrub and sat upon his haunches, and, in spite of his cold and hunger, he lifted up his voice in a long, dismal howl, that to the keeper's ears had an unmistakable ring of derision.

Night after night the trap was set, but the pariah kept clear. Then one day it grew thick, and a cold wind began setting in from the sea. Before night it was howling and snoring away with hurricane force, driving the seas roaring up the sands, and tearing their tops into smothers of snowy spume drift.

The pariah came to the beach and tried to look seaward to see what was coming with that fearful rushing blast, but the wind was so strong and the snow so blinding that he soon took to the cover, and headed for the light, in the hope he might pick up something to eat in the vicinity of the keeper's dwelling. Before going to the yard he looked again seaward and saw a light flash out. He did not know what it meant, but he knew it was off on the Frying Pan, far out on the treacherous shoals where a thundering smother of rolling whiteness flashed and gleamed now and again. Then he skirted the clearing and brought up back of the fowl-house, where now all the ducks and chickens were secured at night.

He went forward trying to smell his way, but the snow was too much for him. Then he stopped a moment. He located the house and started again, when suddenly, "Snap."

Something had leaped from the ground and seized his fore leg in a viselike grip. He sprang forward and fought to get away, but it was of no use. The thing had him fast with an awful grasp that

cut into his flesh and squeezed his leg so tight that it soon became numb. With snarling growls he fought desperately on, twisting and turning, struggling and biting, but all to no purpose. He was fast. Then the state of affairs began to dawn upon him and he desisted, for the agony was supreme. Sitting there in the flying snow of the winter's night, with the roar of the storm sounding over him, he raised his voice in a long yelping bark of challenge and disdain.

But in spite of his howling no one came near him. The snow grew deeper and the wind roared with terrific force, blinding him so that the great eye above was scarcely visible. He remained quiet now and waited patiently for the daylight, which would mean his end. His sufferings were terrible, but he could not help it, and soon a sullen stupor came upon him.

In the dim gray of the early morning forms were seen walking about the lighthouse. They were men, and among them was the keeper. The others wore clothes that reminded the pariah of former days, and one stranger seemed to be familiar to him. This was a man, short, broad, and bearded, with bow-legs set wide apart, and long arms with huge hands and crooked fingers. He was ugly, and reminded him of the crabs he had seen and captured in the streams during the summer. There was something of the crab about the queer little fellow, and his very ugliness attracted the dog's attention. It brought back some memory of past days, a memory that was not all unpleasant, yet indistinct and unreal.

As the day dawned and the snow grew deeper the outcast waited no longer. He held up his nose and let forth a howl that was heard above the snore of the gale, and which brought the light-keeper to attention. He came running with a club, and behind him followed the stranger with the crablike body.

"Sink me if I 'ain't got ye at last, ye varmint!" yelled the keeper as he drew near. Then he halted. "A dog—what—jest a common every-day dog? But I'll make a good dog out o' ye in a minute. All dead dogs is good dogs, an' you'll do."

He advanced with raised club, and the pariah crouched for a spring. He would try for one last good bite. All the

savageness of his mixed blood surged through his fierce mind. He gave a low growl and showed his teeth, and his eyes were like bits of yellow flame.

"Hold on thar, stranger; don't kill that 'ar dog. Wait a bit," said the ugly man, waddling up behind. "What, caught 'im in a trap?"

"Sure I got him in a trap. D'ye want me to loose him?" asked the keeper, testily.

"That's erbout the size o' my game," said the ugly man. "Yew may think it a go, but that 'ar dog looks uncommon like the one I lost aboard the *Seagull* when she went ashore hereabouts last year. He ware a good dog, part wolf, part hound, and the rest a mixture I don't exactly remember. Lemme try 'im?"

"Gwan, man; that critter is been stealin' chickens since last summer," said the keeper, but at the same time he allowed the ugly fellow to have his way.

"Hey, Sammy, Sammy, Sammy!" said the ugly sailor. "Don't yew know me, Sammy?" And he bent forward toward him.

The pariah gazed at him. What did he mean? What was that voice? It sounded like that of the man who had brought him aboard the vessel he had gone ashore in. The only human who had never struck him or offered him harm. He hardly remembered the ugly fellow, for he had only been in the ship a short time before she was lost.

"Strange, 'that looks like the critter sure enough. I went ashore here in the *Seagull* a year ago, an' here I goes ashore agin in this howlin' wind an' sees the dog I lost. Strange, keeper, it's strange, hey?"

"He do appear to know ye, an' that's a fact," said the keeper. "Would ye like me to loose him off? Better do it afore the assistant comes down, fer he's got it in fer this dog."

"Wait a bit," said the ugly fellow, and he advanced closer to the outcast. He put out his hand, and the dog wavered. Should he seize it? He could crush it and tear it badly in his teeth before he could withdraw it, and they would probably kill him anyway in the end. But there was something in the ugly man's eye that restrained him—something that

spoke of former times when all was not strife. No, he would not bite him.

"Turn the critter loose; he's my dog fer sure," said the ugly man. "All he wants is some grub. I reckon yew'd be savage too if yew had been out in the snow all night. I knows I ware when I come in half drowned this mornin'."

The keeper pried the trap open and the cur went free.

"Come, Sammy, Sammy, Sammy!" said the ugly fellow, and he led the way to the house.

The pariah hesitated. His foot was useless, but he could go on three legs. There was the timber a short distance away. He looked at it for an instant. Then he saw the ugly man beckoning with his great crooked finger. He lowered his head and gave a short whine. Then he limped slowly after him to the house.

A little later the ugly man fed him and bound up the wounded paw, while the assistant mumbled something about rubber boots and breeches worth seven dollars a pair.

"Messmate," said the ugly sailor, shifting his crablike body and sticking out his great bushy face with its red beard, "that 'ar dog ware a good dog, part wolf, part hound, an' the rest I don't exactly recollect, but he ware a good dog. Treat a dog good an' he'll be a good dog. Treat 'im bad an' he'll be a bad dog. When ye go erbout more among men, as I does, yew'll see that what I says is so. An' men is mostly like dogs."

The assistant kept quiet, for there was something peculiarly aggressive in that misshapen man. The animal was led away with a string, and went in the boat to Wilmington with the wrecked crew.

Two years later another ship was added to the list of those whose bones rest in the sands of the Frying Pan Shoals. She ran on the outer breaker during the night, and in the morning the keeper saw a floating object on the shore. He went to it and found the body of a man whose peculiar figure he recognized. A life-buoy was strapped about his waist, and in his great crooked fingers was a line. The keeper hauled it in, and on the end of it he found the dead body of the yellow beast that had stolen his fowls. They had gone to their end together.

The Lesson

BY SUSIE M. BEST

I DID not know, till 'neath the rod
I passed, how sore I needed God;
In sorrow's night, lo! like a star
I saw His love shine from afar.

I did not know, till on a grave
I saw the wind-blown grasses wave,
How futile and how fugitive
The baubles are for which we strive.

I did not know, until above
God called the idol of my love,
Beyond the reach of yearning eyes,
How beautiful is Paradise.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE old-fashioned essay, as we had it in Montaigne, and almost as we had it in Bacon, obeyed a law as subjective as that of the gypsy music which the Hungarian bands made so popular with us ten or fifteen years ago. Wandering airs of thought strayed through it, owning no allegiance stricter than that which bound the wild chords to a central motive. Often there was apparently no central motive in the essay; it seemed to begin where it would, and end where it liked. The author was bound to give it a name, but it did not hold him bound otherwise. It could not very well take for title a first line, or part of a first line, like those poems, now rarely written, which opened with some such phrase as, When those bright eyes; or, Had I the wings; or, If yon sweet star. If it could, that would have been the right way of naming most of the essays which have loitered down to us from antiquity, as well as those which help to date the revival of polite learning. Such a custom would have befitted nearly all the papers in the *Spectator* and the *Tatler* and the *Rambler*, and the other periodicals illustrating the heyday of the English essay. These, indeed, preserved an essential liberty by setting out from no subject more severely ascertained than that which lurked in some quotation from the classics, and unless there was an allegory or an apologue in hand, gadded about at their pleasure, and stopped as far from it as they chose.

That gave them their charm, and kept them lyrical, far from the dread perhaps of turning out a sermon, when the only duty they had was to turn out a song.

Just how or why the essay should have departed from this elder ideal, and begun to have a conscience about having a beginning, a middle and an ending, like a drama, or a firstly, secondly, and thirdly, like a homily, it would not be easy to say, though we feel pretty sure that it was not from any occasion of Charles Lamb's, or Leigh Hunt's, or William Hazlitt's, or their compeers, in bearing down to our day the graceful tradition which seems now to have been lost. We suspect that the change may have happened through the greater length to which the essay has run in modern times. You may sing a song for a certain period, but if you keep on you have an opera, which you are bound to give obvious form. At any rate, the moment came when the essay began to confuse itself with the article, and to assume an obligation of constancy to premises and conclusions, with the effect of so depraving the general taste that the article is now desired more and more, and the essay less and less. It is doubtful, the corruption has gone so far, whether there is enough of the lyrical sense left in the reader to appreciate the right essay; whether the right essay would now be suffered; whether if any writer indulged its wilding nature, he would not be suspected of an inability to cultivate the

growths that perceptibly nourish, not to say fatten, the intellect. We have forgotten, in this matter, that there are senses to which errant odors and flying flavors minister, as grosser succulences satisfy hunger. There is a lyrical sense, as well as a dramatic, an epical, an ethical sense, and it was that which the old-fashioned essay delighted.

I

We have been thinking these insurgent thoughts, we will confide, in view of several themes which refuse to be welded into an essay of modern ideal, but which, we fancied, might lend themselves more readily to the lounging gait of the essay as it once was. They are all of obscure origins, but one more traceable than the others seems to have been suggested by our talk, last month, of poetry and the decay of interest in it. That has seemed to connect itself with a fact even more lamentable, which some chance inquiry evolved the other day from an inhabitant of no mean city of New England, where there is no longer any such person as a bookseller, to whom a bookbuyer could resort for a standard author. The delightful old town, dating back nearly three centuries in its history, and counting among its ten thousand prosperous people many who love books and read them, had fifty years ago a book-store where one could find the poets, essayists, historians, and novelists who embody literature to the imagination. This store ceased to exist not quite so remotely, but it has been long since the lover of literature could find a standard author for sale in the place. Several large department stores supply the more eruptive fictions in their hectic flush of popularity, and a few older books, mainly the American poets, with Tennyson among the English, can be had at Christmas-time, when the giver of gifts is hard pressed what to choose. Otherwise, if one fancies getting a volume of Irving, or Hawthorne, or Emerson, or Macaulay, or Byron, or Goldsmith, or any other American or English classic, one must wait till it can be ordered from New York or Boston. Of course one may borrow it of the excellent libraries; but as we have once before reasoned, a borrowed book cannot nourish the reader, who must more or less gulp it, and is

fortunate if it does not give him an indigestion.

The case is worse than it was five or ten years ago, when all the best authors were published in editions infamously bad, indeed, but amazingly cheap, and when one could buy *Vanity Fair*, or *The Vicar of Wakefield*, or *The Scarlet Letter*, or Lamb's *Essays*, for ten cents in paper, or twenty-five in cloth. But the book of the year, or month, or week, has quite driven these from the counters of the dry-goods, stationery, and periodical stores where they used to abound, and where the customer who wanted a book had a fair chance of getting a good one. He has still some such chance among the recent books, but a smaller chance, for the good books among the recent ones, while they may be positively as numerous as ever, are comparatively so few that the buyer has less hope of happening in their direction. Most of the novels now published are absolutely worthless, or worse than worthless; they are not even to be classed with the patent medicines which, if they do not cure, will not kill. They are rather of the quality of those nostrums that dye the hair a beautiful greenish-purple, and leave a twitching palsy as their lasting effect; or of those more darkling drugs which promise relief from neuralgia and implant a potential insanity.

II

It is the novels and it is the bad novels which form the stock of the dry-goods stores, in the proportion of twenty to one of the good novels, and of fifty to one of any other sort of books. The worst of it is that they are mainly American novels. In the new and more expansive patriotism which prevails with us we prefer our own rubbish to the rubbish that we used to plunder the English of. The international copyright law has so far had one effect hoped from it, that the American market is now for the American author,—but only if he is trashy enough. If he is trashy enough he has found that he makes a native brand of romance, with princes, princesses, knights, lords, ladies, monks, nuns, sorcerers, soldiers of fortune, robbers, and buccaneers of Indiana or New Jersey extraction, go better and farther with the steady customer than

anything of the kind made in Germany, or England, or Italy.

His discovery is the more to be dreaded for the reason that just now, in the abeyance of any literary triumphs commensurate with their military successes in South Africa, the English seem to be of a friendlier mind toward American literature than ever before. Apparently they wish really to do us a justice, which, as Doctor Johnson told Lord Chesterfield, if it had been earlier had been kind, but which is still not too late for our acceptance. They even seek occasions of saying a good word, and perhaps in some cases they oversay it, and though their recognition of the merits which we have long been aware of in ourselves seems almost too voluntary, we should be the last to question its sincerity. Their tardy adhesion to principles laid down in this Magazine nearly twenty years ago will be the more gratifying if they will apply them to the judgment of the American fiction which apparently threatens them with such invasion as we fondly believe they have suffered from us in the social and commercial world. We cannot too anxiously assure them that our popular fiction is almost wholly worthless, and that however American it may seem in material and manufacture, it is altogether un-American in spirit. We are in that moment of recrudescence which seems to have passed with them, and while they are looking to us for democratic examples and incentives, we are rapt far from these in feudalistic ideals and aristocratic prejudices.

III

The fact was interestingly illustrated a little while ago, in the contrasting receptions which American and English criticism gave an American novel treating of the average American life, in characters drawn from those wide levels of society which were once our boast. It was a simple story of the fortunes of a country minister and his family: kindly, human folks, with the foibles as well as the virtues of their sort. The father was proud of his children and of his wife's housekeeping and thrift, and the mother was of a satisfaction in their sense and beauty, and his learning and righteousness, which extended to her own gifts of

of repartee and fatuous inconsequence of mind. A series of dramatic accidents deprived them of the little competence which they had enjoyed; the engagement of the eldest son was broken off by the parents of his betrothed; the youngest was buncoed out of part of the little money that remained. The father lost the parish where he had long been loved and honored, and was glad to find one among farmers and laborers, with whom his wife and daughters were obliged to associate. The elder daughter was deceived by a mock marriage, and the false lover had the effrontery to pursue the younger after the ruin of her sister. This scoundrel found means to persecute the father and to secure his imprisonment, while the family sank lower and lower into misery. Then, by the magic which novelists possess, the uncle of the wicked lover offers himself to the younger daughter, the father is freed from jail, and restored to the enjoyment of his property and his old parish; the daughter's marriage turns out to have been performed by a real clergyman; the eldest son's engagement is renewed; the sharper who plundered the boy is arrested, and all ends happily.

The plot was certainly not without its imperfections and improbabilities, but it was not these which the American critics blamed. What they censured, in this hour of our patrician pride, was the author's introduction to their acquaintance of those commonplace people, those average Americans whom, as they said, they would have sedulously avoided in real life, and did not wish to know in literature. From a consensus of their polite opinions it appeared that the author might have dealt with people in low life, for these had often a picturesqueness of their own, or he might have laid the scenes of his story among the homes of the upper classes, in that brougham-and-butler atmosphere, as it has been happily called, which our critics are accustomed to breathe. But these average Americans of his were of a commonplaceness which their kindness and goodness could not compensate the reader for suffering. It was not objected that they were ill-drawn, or, however far from the fact the conditions might be, that the characters were false to our ordinary life. The style was

allowed to be good; the style was even too much praised; the people were granted to be natural, in their several ways; there was something sweet and winning in their family affection; their ordeals were genuinely pathetic; but the author had offered his readers hardly less than a personal affront in bringing them into the company of the sort of Americans who form some sixty millions out of our seventy millions of population. His people were people not worth knowing in the intimacy in which he had thought fit to study them; their acquaintance was a sort of ignominy; their fortunes, because of their average quality, were such as no well-bred person could sympathize with.

The attitude of the English critics towards this author's certainly very imperfect novel was conspicuously different. Almost without exception they liked his middle-class Americans. They had not our means of knowing how far their circumstances and adventures were untrue to our life at certain points; but they assumed to know them in the truth of that humanity which it may not have been his aim to paint, but which they found a credible portrait of our common nature. They found them so creditable in this that they apparently wished to own a kindred to them; they were disposed to congratulate our civilization upon types which our native critics found so mortifying to their patriotic pride. They asked nothing higher, they longed for nothing lower; our commonplace was good enough for them.

IV

Whether their complaisance was the effect of that somewhat bewildered kindness in the English which now seems ready to embrace everything American, and finds a virtue and charm in us where they are hidden from ourselves; whether their tolerance springs from a misgiving of their own excellence unfelt before; whatever its source, it is very interesting, and in a case like that which we have instanced it has a striking suggestiveness. Is it possible that the English are about to recognize beauty in the ideal of equality, just now when our own practice denies it, and our preaching is beginning to question it? Or is not English criticism writ-

ten by people of the social superiority of our own critics, and are they unable to feel the commonness of our average characters because they are themselves so common? Why should they otherwise seem glad to know in fiction Americans whom our critics would sedulously avoid in life? It is of course possible that the English reviewers are all noblemen who taste in our commonplace an agreeable flavor of novelty such as the patricians who write the book notices in our newspapers cannot taste because, like the Kentuckian who refused corn bread, they have been raised on it.

Both on the side of English self-doubt and American self-assertion the inquiry has its importance, because the literary situation must be reflected from the social situation. It is more important in relation to our own civilization, however; and in view of it we have an anxiety, or not so much an anxiety as a curiosity, which we would like to leave with the reader. If we are really becoming as fastidious as the facts would seem to intimate, where is it all to end? We have noted in a former paper how the gentleman has come into political control with us, after a long supremacy of the common man; and if he comes into literary control, what will be the effect? We have seen something of it in our heroical and historical fiction, where royalties and titles abound, but when our fiction again concerns itself with our actualities, what will its favorite types be? Apparently swells and their servants, to the exclusion of our average citizens, who are logically unworthy the study of the novelist. He may go to the slums, indeed, but unless he makes a wild leap to Hester Street or to Mulberry Bend, he must keep to the millionaire blocks on the east side of the Park, between Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue. Newport and Bar Harbor will be the places where parvenus get into polite fiction as they get into good society, and the scene will occasionally be transported from the metropolis for that purpose. The incidental divorces can then be varied by burglaries, in which the butlers assist their masters in the defence of the premises, or by comic encounters between the butlers and the footmen, who fight through dinner in the pantry, pending or following a domestic lock-out.

Editor's Study.

I

THE little boy whose speculative interest in the ascent of Vesuvius was the opportunity it offered "to see the creator smoke" had a primitive imagination. The grotesque fancy suggested by the word *crater*, so readily transformed into a word having a personal meaning, had for him no incongruity—indeed, it was perfectly in keeping with all his childish fancies of unknown things and persons. The editor remembers his own earliest actual conception of the Supreme Being—that of a stern man whose very respectable vesture culminated in a broad-brimmed beaver hat—probably due to the fact that, in the mountain solitudes of Vermont, the vision of such a personage had overwhelmingly impressed his childish imagination. The same child regarding elderly women gossiping over their teacups was frequently admitted to that mysterious after-part when the teacups were emptied and from the residual grounds fortunes were intimated. The wonderful things seen in the teacup, well enough defined to the gossips, were to the child unfamiliar; and while to them the cup expanded to include all that was therein represented, to him just the reverse happened—the visible cup was the standard of capacity, and everything seen in it that he had never actually beheld assumed the size that would bring it within those narrow limits. Thus he remembers that sometimes a coffin was seen in the cup, and his early idea of the dimensions of a coffin was fixed by that circumstance.

The child's imagination regarding all things which he has not seen, whether in this world or another, literally follows such patterns as are shown him, and is contractive rather than expansive; though what he actually sees appears very much larger than it will to his mature vision. Pictures and maps exaggerate this natural tendency. The map of our own country is likely to be the only one drawn on a large scale, and by its side Europe and Asia have no fair show. The Red Sea does not look as long as the Hudson River. The child has no true perspective, and can only gain one after long ex-

perience and extensive observation. So is it also with his spiritual vision, which can only keep pace with the images and suggestions tendered to his imagination by the material world, and which must therefore be confined within narrow ways until, through large co-ordinations of these images and suggestions, it leaps to the spiritual truth.

In the highest interpretation of the philosopher the child is the very type of genius, as in that of the Gospel the child is the type of the kingdom of heaven. In Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" the child is represented as one whose large native heritage dwindles with maturity. Nothing too much can be said of the power that resides in the plastic nature of the child; but the first contact of this power with the world, the first disclosure of potentiality, would seem to belie the large manifesto of the poet and of the philosopher. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," but no earthly matter is too petty to engage the child's attention; and, though his first attitude may be one of aversion to things, as if he suffered a kind of sickness of the world abruptly thrust upon him, yet the immediate reaction is shown in the avid acceptance of that world and a violent seizure upon material things. The old mystery whence he emerged is veiled, and he can revert to its meanings only by mastery of the visible and tangible. His toys are cherished idols, and regulate his perspective. He takes his knowledge in fragments, and his teachers must be explicit, formal, and even mechanical; the homeward road is a long way round, and veers sharply away from the near-lying heaven. Wordsworth's boyhood was left far behind when he divined that "the child is father to the man"; he was very "far inland" before he could distinctly interpret those voices of the eternal sea immediately communicable to the soul of infancy. The child turns away from the large heavenly implications, and eagerly accepts the small, explicit things, the "toy commandments," arbitrary precepts, grotesque images—even the meaningless masks and idols that are only the playthings of his fancy: all earthly

shapes — mere tokens of broken truths — engage his interest and absorb his thought, filling his dreams in chaotic incongruity.

“Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's
height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou
provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly
freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life.”

II

But a like course in race development is more interesting and suggestive to the student of human history. Ethnic progress follows the lines of individual growth. In the earliest thought of any people the human fancy enacted a grotesque masquerade in which the earth was the stable centre of the universe. Religion, poetry, and philosophic speculation were all compassed within earth-symbols. There was no counterpart to our modern idea of heaven or of hell; no aspiration ever leaped quite free of the solid ground; nor did any fear create a realm wholly loose from Earth, which was then no “planet,” but the one thing eternally fixed and immovable.

Blanco White's wonderful sonnet, wherein he describes the approach of night as first seen by Adam and Eve, and the dread of these two, followed by their rapture when the whole starry universe, which daylight had hidden, was disclosed to their view, loses entirely the deep meaning which it has to us when it is applied to any really primitive “first parents,” to whom this upper firmament disclosed no majesty comparable to that of the mighty earth—to whom, indeed, the obviously magnificent moon would have seemed their only considerable consolation for the absence of the golden sun. The sun itself, immediately personified as it must have been by the primitive fancy, was incidental and subservient to Earth, her mere husband, with the inferiority attaching to all husbands in the primitive matriarchate. The idea of divine motherhood took precedence of that of divine fatherhood, and was imme-

diately associated with Earth. In that time man looked not upward, but downward, for his God. Desire, in its primitive meaning, was away from the stars—*desiderium*.

Benjamin Kidd, in his *Western Civilization*, distinguishes between the Christian era and that which preceded it, asserting that in the latter the principle dominating civilization was the subordination of the individual to existing society, and that in the former—*i. e.*, in Christendom—the dominant principle is the subordination of existing society to the society of the future. The divergence of the primitive period (preceding all which is known to us as ancient civilization) from the Christian is still wider, as in that remote time man's social regard was mainly backward—to the past, as it still remains to-day in the ancestor-worship of the Chinese. The revolution in human thought is indeed tremendous from that downward and backward primitive look to the upward look of the Christian soul since the martyr Stephen's dying vision of an opening heaven.

Mr. Kidd is doubtless right in making the *conscious* altruism of existing society in the interests of the society of the future a distinctive characteristic of Christendom. But unconsciously life, individual and social, was always, in its natural and inevitable course, altruistic, and dominated by what was to come, though it is only in our modern scientific view *seen* to be such, just as the earth was only through the Copernican astronomy seen to take its proper place as participant with sun, moon, and stars in the celestial patrimony.

The revolution from the primitive to the modern view of life and nature was gradual. A great step was taken—probably at the same time with the substitution of patriarchy for matriarchy—when mankind came to give the powers of Light precedence over those of Darkness, when the pagan prayers to Apollo seemed more efficient than friendly treaties with the Titans.

III

Our chief interest here in any consideration of this progressive human view is not in its relation to religion or to the development of conscious altruism, but

in its relation to human culture in art and literature.

The emancipation from earth-ideas was a detachment necessary to human progress. Such a Golden Age as may be associated with the infancy of the race, even if we concede perfect innocence to its consistent but irrational naturalism, were well soon over for the sake of the humanities, the evolution of which is in lines quite distinct from those of Nature—often reversing them. When the temple got away from the tomb; when the painting and the statue were detached from temple decoration, and the song and the dance from the temple ritual; when the Greek drama was relieved of its dependence upon the Demeter story—these were steps in the emancipation of ancient art, just as the violent divulsion of astronomy from mythology by Anaxagoras, for which he was stoned by the Athenians, was the initial emancipation of ancient science. We look back to the Greece of this period, just before Plato and Pericles, as the first arena in the world's history where human reason triumphed, where the humanities were born. Here, Mr. Kidd may be reminded, was the first distinct assertion of the claims of individualism, and, at the same time, the first orderly and rational restraint of this assertion for the common good, and, we may assume, for the good of posterity, since this new order of life—based upon Reason, "which looks before and after"—could not be wholly oblivious of its legacy to future generations.

Centuries earlier Homer had uttered the first note, the prelude to this human aspiration, as his imagination of Athene and Hermes was prelusive of their impersonations in the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles.

The primitive period probably endured for ages, what we conceive to have been the Golden Age having been merely its dawn, before it passed into its maturity, with its own characteristic civilization, which, casting aside the quaint grotesquery of infantile fancy, became as sterile and overlaid with custom as the Chinese, developing also as elaborate an ethical system, and finally, after static social consolidation without vital harmony, sank under its own weight—the prey of self-seeking tyrants. What the

old Renaissance was or from what ancient font—Accadian or other—we know not. We only know that some such new birth there must have been before the Vedic hymns and the Homeric poems. Possibly oppression precipitated nomadic flights from the old centres, and thus the cup of custom was broken, and the revolting humanities had their chance in new fields for a surprising culture which knew no totems.

Such graphic art as there had been before this Renaissance was the meagre record of the naked truth—of the *fact* in its simplest terms. The early man's seizure upon the earth was crude and violent—he was content with the mere word, the mere deed, which had in themselves plenipotence. Rude were the creatures of native fancy, minified rather than developed into greater might and beauty in their later crystallizations.

The humanities are not from the child—the native man—but from the man reborn, emancipated from earth-symbols, from fixed custom and sterile code, and who is then prepared to enter the heavenly heritage, which belongs to childhood only by implication.

We see, then, that poetry as an art could not have been a primitive possession. Always it followed a renaissance. It is never of the Pelasgic, but always of the Hellenic type of man. We think civilization antagonistic to poetry—that mature civilization which has become crystallized and static—yet the great poet never arises until such new currents of a nascent and plastic civilization are set in motion as create intellectual and æsthetic culture; and from this same matrix must all great literature and the representative arts have their genesis.

IV

Through renaissance after renaissance have the humanities been developed, and the most important problem of our civilization concerns its relation to their deeper culture. The nurture of ideals in all our life, as well as in literature and art, is indeed our most intimate and most lasting concern. The projection of our interests and energies into the society of the future, which seems to Mr. Benjamin Kidd our main business, is a mere incident. Altruism will take care of it—

self. In its conscious procedure it is often misguided, while in its unconscious development it is, as we have said, a law of life. The evolution of humanity is on lines variant from those followed in the development of the physical world; and it is only when the human soul has passed through the period of blind naturalism that it comes to itself and takes its transcendent path.

We are in danger from a new naturalism based on the theory of physical evolution. The peril is not in the acceptance of that theory, but in its perverse application, ignoring that human trope wherein man turns from and contradicts nature. It is the contradiction in which one half of a circle stands to the other half; but when we consider humanity in relation to nature we must take note of the contradiction. If we fail to do this in our scientific view, we shall make the same mistake in our literature and art. Zola, in his naturalistic fiction, ignores the contradiction, as do also his apologists. Man is not merely a highly developed animal, as in the naturalistic view he seems to be. In the physical structure of any other animal is indicated the full scope of its functions, its precise limitations. In the physical structure of man there is no indication whatever of any distinctively human achievement—such as a great cathedral, a great poem, or symphony. All his ideals transcend his animality.

Dr. Huxley, the greatest European expounder of the theory of evolution, in his Romanes lecture (1893), distinctly asserted the contradiction of the ethical to the cosmic process:

“Men in society are undoubtedly subject to the cosmic process. As among other animals, multiplication goes on without cessation, and involves severe competition for the means of support. The struggle for existence tends to eliminate those less fitted to adapt themselves to the circumstances of their existence. The strongest, the most self-assertive, tend to tread down the weaker. But the influence of the cosmic process on the evolution of society is the greater the more rudimentary its civilization. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step and the substitution for it of another, which may be called

the ethical process, the end of which is, not the survival of those who may happen to be the fittest, in respect of the whole of the conditions which obtain, but of those who are ethically the best. . . . Its influence is directed, not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive.”

For its fullest meaning, the “ethical process” must be understood to include all the humanities, and to not merely combat, but to transcend the cosmic process. It must also be insisted upon that there is in this departure from the cosmic process something radical, such a contradiction as involves not merely a restraint upon the self-assertion of brute force, but a new kind of assertion, which is expressed in ideals distinctly human, that is, germane to man’s proper destiny.

More and more the special study of the natural sciences and of psychology on its physical side, as disclosed in the laboratory, encroaches upon the too limited field accorded to liberal culture, so that one of our best New England colleges wins a special distinction by a complete departure from the lines followed in the great universities and holding to the old ground—the culture of the humanities. The great universities are necessary with all their specialties, through which the sciences are not only taught, but advanced by new discoveries. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of this advance, or upon the value of strenuous industrial organization, and of our material progress generally; only these developments should not suppress the humanities. It was the revival of learning by the Renaissance which gave new meaning to the compass and the printing-press, and a new impulse to scientific discovery. Material progress should be subordinate to human culture, receiving therefrom its impulse and dominant motive. The academic training must be not only maintained, but lifted and re-enforced, as the groundwork of the more complex university scheme. The college, as distinguished from the university, has yet its indispensable work to do all over the land.

The theme we are considering is peculiarly appropriate to the Editor’s Study, since the chief aim of the Magazine is to stimulate and respond to this deeper

culture, regarding as of first importance the interests of literature and art, and faithful always to those ideals which give value and distinction to life, and which are to make our civilization memorable.

The reaction is always toward a barren art, toward a literature devoid of charm and inspiration, toward a life absorbed in materialism and animalism. The degeneration is far lower than the primitive lapse, since it avails of all the *spolia opima* of a refined civilization for its devious perversions.

The lien to nature is not broken by culture. It is only through culture that we become children in the Kingdom of Nature, full heirs of her household, rather than mere servants. Nature does her best for us when we best maintain our transcendent human contradiction to her. She holds her own in our primary passions, in our kinship and our enmities, but she deigns most willingly to serve these when there is in them something not her own, when through human culture they rise to the higher human plane. It is her own fire that burns in their white flame, the same as in their native red. If our aspiration becomes a revolt from nature toward something too fair and good for her nurture, if in our culture we deny and betray her, repudiating or perverting our natural affections and emotions, she quickly asserts her proper dominion through stress or penalty. Her severest penalty is atrophy.

The child is indeed father to the man, and Coleridge was right in his conception of genius as the continuance of the plastic potency of childhood into the period of maturity—a potency identical with the creative power of the imagination. We should say that genius is the renascence rather than the continuance of childhood. Juvenility is usually the denial and betrayal of the natal heritage rather than its true unfolding or embodiment. The genius common to all is shown in that period only in a certain grace, spontaneity, and *naïveté*—qualities which are apt to be soon suppressed. Whether in the individual or in the race, it is revived only by a kind of second nativity. For the world known to us, the typical revival was in Hellas, and the revival of Hellenic culture it was that distinguished the later Renaissance.

We designate our liberal culture by the phrase "the humanities," since it is only through this culture that we enter upon the higher transcendent plane, which is distinctively human, over-arching our animality—the sky above our earth, the heavens, whose bright constellations will alone remain to illumine the darkness when our civilization shall have passed away. As it is a secular no less than a sacred truth that man must be born again, to be truly man, it is also essential that our secular treasures be laid up in these heavens, for incorruptibility.

Forever, probably, men will look back to those remoter stars of the Hellenic heavens—to Homer and Plato and Aeschylus and Pindar; it would be a dark day indeed for our humanities when these should be eclipsed or ignored. The immediate sequel must be a like oblivion for the stars in nearer skies, and finally the obliteration of our heavens altogether.

The full perspective of culture is necessary to its continuity; every stream that has contributed to its volume invites us to wander along its banks, to visit its academic groves, to ascend to its source. The languages of Greece and Rome enrich our own. English poetry has drunk deep from every old font. Fold upon fold in the investiture of our art—indeed, of all our institutions—is of an ancient drapery. How far are we away from that archaic bareness which characterized every picture, every image, every record of pre-Hellenic civilization! Creative genius has transformed the representative arts, the poem, the story, by forever adding new veils which are new revealings. Aeschylus in his *Prometheus Bound* sent a new ray of light through the old Titanic veil. Homer furnished illusion after illusion for the vesture of Greek tragedy, and, indeed, of all poetry after him. Milton was a more impressive poet, because his culture made available the unlimited investment of the past. These veils, the old and the new, should command our respect, lest we reverse this old habit of Art by a sadly corrosive analysis, as if we were in the autumn of our world, anticipating its wintry divestiture. Thus only may poetry continue to flourish upon the earth, and have perennially its springtime vesture.



MR. KIRBY'S OWN PARTICULAR CONTRIBUTION

The Kirby Wedding

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

"WELL, I don't know," said Mrs. Kirby, doubtfully; "I've been thinking about a pickle-caster."

Mr. Kirby snorted. "Now, that's just like you—a pickle-caster!" he said. "Did you ever hear of a couple getting married that they didn't get about a thousand pickle-casters?"

"Well," sighed Mrs. Kirby, "I never knew for sure of over six or seven; but there's generally enough, I reckon. But what's a body to do? Everything's old."

"Oh, get out," answered Mr. Kirby. "Tain't so. There's a-plenty of new things if you just put your mind on it. The trouble with you is you don't *think*."

"No, I never was no hand to think," said Mrs. Kirby, resignedly. "I s'pose there are

a-plenty of things. Now, a nice set of nut-picks might—"

"There you go again, Amanda. Great snakes! I never seen a table of wedding-presents that wasn't just alive with nut-picks. Yes, and spoons, and carving-knives, and napkin-rings, and salt-cellars, and all them things. What you want to do is to just forget 'em all."

"Mebby you're right, Walter," returned Mrs. Kirby, still more resignedly. "But Jennie's been a good girl, and we must give her something. When Hester Purdy got married her folks give her an etching," she added, cautiously.

"What's an etching?" demanded her husband.

"A kind of picture that comes in a frame. They have 'em at John I.'s furniture-store



"HEAD 'ER!"

—very tasty, John says. Hester's was of a mill with a big wheel outside and a stream with a little flatboat drawn up on the shore. She has it hung on the wall with a scarf over one corner."

"Got red mittens and overshoes on it, too?" asked Mr. Kirby, disgustedly. "Probably such things don't duplicate like sugar-spoons and butter-knives, but what's the use of 'em? 'Specially if you've got to go to the expense of dressing 'em up. No, sir; we'll give Jen something practical."

"Well, what do you calculate it 'll be?"

"Well, Jen's been a good daughter, and Hen's a rather likely feller, if he is a Jones—we'll just give 'em something that they won't be swamped with and won't have to dress up. We'll give 'em a cow and a calf."

Mrs. Kirby made no reply at first. The radical character of the suggestion rather overcame her naturally conservative mind. Then she said, guardedly: "That might be a good idea. But it wouldn't make no show. I sort o' wanted Jennie to have a good, showy, interesting wedding."

"No, a cow and calf don't shine like triple-plated spoons," answered Mr. Kirby, in a deeply sarcastic tone. "You can't polish 'em up and put 'em in plush-lined cases with tissue-paper round their handles."

"I meant they ain't anything you can put on the table with the other presents."

"Hey? I dun'no'," snorted her husband, still more deeply sarcastic. "The cow might be a *little* heavy, 'specially as I planned to make it old Suky. But her calf—Lucifer—he ain't so hefty. Might put him on. Mebby he'd kick the daylights out o' some of the pickle-casters and eat up a few hand-worked doilers and piller-shams."

Mr. Kirby's subtle sarcasm was lost on his wife. She only sighed, after her way, and said: "I guess your idea is a good one, Walter. Though I did want Jennie to have a showy and interesting wedding."

"Ma," said the son of the family, who had been unobserved in the corner, "what's the matter of tying 'em to the big lilac-bush in the front yard? They'd show there first rate."

"James Henry, you keep still," snapped his mother, in an attempt to take out the disappointment she felt on the boy.

"Well, now, Jim's notion ain't so bad," said his father, thoughtfully. "I reckon old Suky wouldn't beller, not if Lucifer was with her. He's getting pretty kinky himself, though, since his horns begun to sprout, and he might let out a blat once in a while."

"Well," said Mrs. Kirby, rising decisively, as, notwithstanding her general meekness, she would do on rare occasions, "you can go ahead with your critter-giving if you want to, and let 'em come from you. I'm going to get Jennie a nice silver butter-dish and one of them etchings at John I.'s; and I'll get 'em with egg-money, and they'll be all mine, and come from me. Now you folks just get me up some wood," and she disappeared in the kitchen.

Mr. Kirby snorted, but his snort lacked both volume and force, and he went out and began to skirmish for the requested fuel.

The wedding of Jennie Kirby and Henry Jones was an important event at Long Prairie, as both were popular and came of well-known families. To be sure, the bride's father was looked upon as somewhat too radical in some of his views, but nobody ever doubted that he meant well. The cow-

and-calf departure was therefore readily accepted as only one of Mr. Kirby's eccentricities. Indeed, it found some supporters among the men, many of whom had been forced by their wives to contribute pickle-casters and other conventional jimeracks which jarred on their practical sense, at other weddings, and this one as well.

When the day arrived Mr. Kirby had so far modified the ingenious James Henry's suggestion as to tie the cow and her ambitious offspring at the side of the house, just outside the low window before which stood the table loaded with the more usual presents. As the guests came up to view this display they were sure to find Mr. Kirby lurking about, ready smilingly to indicate the cow through the open window outside as his own particular contribution to the festivities. She was pronounced by all a very fine animal, as she stood contentedly chewing her cud, with a broad pink ribbon around her neck,—something which showed the touch of Mrs. Kirby. Lucifer was not tied, though also in gala-day attire, with narrow ribbons on his ears and fluttering over his budding horns; he was universally conceded to be a "promising critter," and, with true youthful bovine instinct, wandered about the immediate neighborhood and investigated everything by cautiously thrusting forward an inquiring nose and suddenly retreating. Mrs. Kirby had become by this time fully reconciled to the live-stock idea, since she had carried out her own plan as to the butter-dish and etching to the letter; and now that the day had come and there was an unusually large contribution of the regulation presents from friends, she was even rather glad of the practicalness of her husband's gift.

The ceremony was set for high noon, and promptly on the hurried staccato stroke of the parlor clock the couple came in and the minister took his place. Lucifer, true to his name, had not been idle. Having exhausted everything else, he had turned to the open window. By stretching a little he managed to reach the edge of the clean white cloth which covered the table on which the presents were displayed. A prehensile tongue had gathered in its edge, and willing teeth were testing its qualities as an object of mastication. His mother continued to content herself with her natural cud, and paid no attention to him. Inside, the company was all oblivious, and the minister began the ceremony in the usual form. Suddenly there came from the other room the sharp rattle of falling silver-ware, mingled with the crash of mantel-clocks and framed etchings.

"Gewhillikens!" shouted James Henry. "Lucifer has yanked out the table-cloth, and the presents are all gone to thunder. Come on, fellers!" and he shot away, followed by the entire youthful contingent.

"Holy smoke!" added Mr. Kirby, coming back from a hasty trip to the other room. "That blamed old cow has got the cloth hooked on her horns, and she'll run herself



"NOW WE'VE GOT HIM!"

to death. Come on, some o' you active fellers!" and he dashed out with all the younger men.

The minister looked about in some perplexity. "Perhaps we had better wait a few minutes," he said, and he leaned over and peered out the window. The bridegroom frowned and the bride bit her lip. Sounds of strife floated in from the small yard in front, where Suky was charging about, followed by the men, with the cloth floating over her like a cloud, while the redoubtable Lucifer was shooting this way and that, occasionally uttering a loud "bar-r-r-r!" and kicking at the boys in pursuit, the whole proceedings interspersed with shouts of "Look out, there!" "Head 'er!" "Stop 'im!" "Close up, there!" and exclamations of a similar nature. The men soon succeeded in cornering the cow and removing the object of her terror, but for the boys Lucifer was a more difficult problem. His activity was only equalled by his pugnacity; he had already kicked three of them and bunted as many more. Then James Henry got hold of his tail, shouting, as he did so, "Now we've got him, fellers!" Vain notion! With a "bar-r-r-r!" louder than any previous one, he charged straight in the open front door, James Henry flying behind. The minister leaped onto the parlor organ, and the women all mounted chairs. All except the bride, who stood resolute, the calf coming straight for her. With trusting young love she depended on the man by her side. Nor did he fail her. With a smothered but heart-felt "Gosh!" he lunged forward and engaged the oncoming Lucifer in a deadly grapple. Victory at first favored the intruder. The bridegroom went down. But he hung on. Then he wriggled about and got to his feet. Then he leaned over, and with a mighty effort gathered that obstreperous bull-calf in his arms and walked out the front door with him. An empty rain-water barrel stood near. Into this, tail first, the bridegroom thrust the calf. The next moment he was back beside his bride, had whispered a word in her ear, and the



CATCHING THE WEDDING-PRESENT

ceremony went on. Fifteen minutes later, when the young couple had been congratulated and well-wished, Mr. Kirby walked over to his wife.

"Well, old girl," he said, in a gentle but joyous tone, "we had a showy and interesting wedding, after all."

Golfing Song

THOUGH rain may fall or wind may blow,
Or pleasant be the weather,
A happy fellowship we know
Who tramp the links together.

The summer sun is in our eyes,
Our cheeks are red as roses,
And where the golden sunshine lies
There's sunburn on our noses.

Our hearts become as children's hearts,
With little joys delighted,
For every worldly care departs
When the first tee is sighted.

O freedom of the open day
Upon the rolling meadow,
No gold your virtue can repay
In sunshine or in shadow!

For though it rain or though it blow,
Or pleasant be the weather,
The heart of happiness we know
Who tramp the links together.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

The Point of View

OLD Moses, who belonged to Judge J—, of Macon, Mississippi, "befo' the wah," was for many years sexton and a devout member of the Presbyterian Church. Shortly after the war the colored Methodists of the community held a rousing meeting, in which Moses loudly professed conversion, and joined the Methodist Church. Some days after, the Judge met him, and asked: "How's this, Mose? I hear you have joined the Methodists. I thought I brought you up better than that."

Mose took off his hat, and solemnly scratched his woolly pate as he replied: "Yessir, Massa, dat's so—dat's so—de Presbyterian people am a mighty fine people, and de Presbyterian Church am a mighty fine church—but—Massa—don't you tink it am powerful dismal for a nigger?"

Both were Shocked

LITTLE Elsie was a faithful attendant at Sunday-school, and had listened earnestly when plans for a coming Christian Endeavor convention were discussed, her interest increasing to enthusiasm over the mysterious affair when she learned that her auntie was to attend as a delegate.

Coming into the library one day, auntie saw the little maid busily engaged in writing a letter to a cousin with whom she kept up a juvenile correspondence. She scrawled industriously for a moment, then stopped. There was a puzzled expression on her fat, ink-stained face, as she dangled her short legs and wriggled uncomfortably on her high perch.

"Auntie," she said, "how do you spell 'devil'?"

"Oh, Elsie," said her auntie, "I am shocked! Why are you using such a word as that in your letter? Nice little girls never say such things!"

It was Elsie's turn to be shocked.

"Why, auntie," she cried, "I'm only telling her about the Christian and devil convention!"

IDA L. PIFER.

Highly Accomplished

A SMALL boy of three, who lives in Vicksburg, Mississippi, went with his little sister to school one morning. Returning, he rushed up to his mother, calling, "Mamma! Mamma! I can spell d-o-g, dog, and count twenty!" Then the little face fell, and in the most discouraged manner he continued: "But God knows everything—I spect he can count a hundred."

Nipped in the Bud

"OH, Alfred! Isn't it too bad? Just as we had everything so nicely arranged for our elopement, father has gone and sanctioned the match."

CRAWFORD.



Arms and the Maid

BY ERIC MOORE

TWO hundred years ago and more,
A doughty Dutchman reached our shore.
And, save his own, no arms he bore
But blunderbuss and sword;
Becoming something of a swell,
Through shift and thrift it soon befell,
He bought the grant his wealth could well
Afford.

As time went on, the humble lot
His rich descendants quite forgot;
Their 'scutcheons showed no stain or blot,
Their pride no shadow felt;
With heads erect they went their way,
Yet held the fruitful lands, where they
In peace and plenty to this day
Have dwelt.

And one—the fairest of her race,
Blue-eyed Katrina—loved to trace
The arms and find her proper place
Upon the pedigree;
Right heedful of her grandsire's fame,
With blushing eagerness she came
A very sweet "Colonial Dame"
To be.

To heraldry she gave her heart,
And lauded much the draughtsman's art,
Displaying on emblazoned chart
Her thrifty burgher line;
But since I caught her unawares
Descending her ancestral stairs,
The only arms for which she cares
Are mine.



An Industrious Artist

OUR Fred is learning how to sketch;
 And at the School of Art
 He takes three lessons every week.
 And—bless his little heart!
 He even practises at home:
 His teacher said that he
 Should draw small objects in the house;
 And so he does, you see.

EDITH KINGSMILL COMMANDER.

Meeting a Crisis

THERE were strict orders in the Philippines regarding looting, and one day a lieutenant's suspicions were aroused by a private whom he saw peering eagerly under the piazza of a house on the outskirts of Manila.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded, in his gruffest tones.

"Why, sir," said the soldier, saluting, "I'm only trying to catch a chicken which I've just bought."

Lieutenant K—— stooped and caught sight of a fine pair of fowls.

"There are two chickens under there," he exclaimed, excitedly: "I bought the other one. Catch 'em both."

DIXIE WOLCOTT.

Ballade of Dead Hobbies

WHERE are the games we used to play?
 We never play them any more!
 The bicycle is given away;
 You couldn't find, in any store,
 A shuttlecock and battledore;
 Billiards and pool have moved along.
 All, all have been discarded for
 The little game they call ping-pong.

It seems that football's had its day,
 And baseball is a thing of yore;
 Badminton, skittles, bowls, croquet,
 Archery, tennis—count them o'er,—
 These games we had, and many more,—
 All perished like a silent song;
 And now we hear from every floor
 The little game they call ping-pong.

Progressive euchre's lost its sway,
 And poker's dubbed "a beastly bore."
 Checkers and chess are quite *passé*;
 At bridge, you can't make up a four.
 Lotto? Parcheesi? *Pas encore*—
 They're quite forgotten by the throng
 Who play forever, evermore,
 The little game they call ping-pong.

ENVOI

Prince, of your mercy, I implore,
 Make haste to stop this grievous wrong!—
 No answer. *Prince is keeping score!*
 The little game they call ping-pong.
 CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

A Matter of Justice

THE parents of Teddy and Katharine were giving a dinner party, and the two children were permitted to seat themselves in a bay-window to watch the guests a little while before being taken up stairs to bed. Here the following conversation was overheard:

Teddy (pressing his face against the window-pane to look at the sky): "Wasn't God a nice man to give us the pretty stars for a light."

Katharine (in shocked tones): "For pity's sake, don't call God a *man*. If there ever was a gentleman, *he's* one."

REBEKAH CRAWFORD.

An Amphibious Animal

A NORTHERN gentleman who was making his first trip on a steamboat on the lower Mississippi was much interested in watching the alligators from the lower deck. As an unusually large specimen showed his rusty back, the gentleman asked the mate, "Is the alligator an amphibious animal?" "Amphibious h——!" replied the mate. "He'd bite your leg off in a minute!"

Juvenile Honesty

OUR little girl has been taught to thank God for anything which she particularly enjoys.

One night she was kept awake for some time by the barking of a little dog which had found its way into the yard, and again soon after day-break was awakened by the riotous song of a robin on an apple bough near her window.

In her morning prayer she said,
"Dear God, I thank you for the song of the robin, but no thanks for the dog."

M.

Her Own Recommendation

THE new neighbor was returning the call made by Jessie's mother. Much to Jessie's regret she hadn't brought her little girl with her. But, though absent, that same little girl was not forgotten; indeed, her mother talked of nothing else but the accomplished Alice. Her praises began to have the regularity and monotony of a litany. She was only nine years old, but, according to her proud mother, she could sew, read, play the piano, talk French like a native, and do divers other things of which Jessie had never even heard. In vain did Jessie wait for her mother to begin to boom *her* stock. Not once did that unnatural parent interrupt her voluble visitor. With deep-seated bitterness the little girl realized that the visit was drawing to



FEMININITY

DORA. "It's perfectly lovely! Did it come this morning?"

FLORA. "Yes; but don't speak so loud, dear, or the other girls will hear our secret."

DORA. "But if I speak any lower they won't know we have one!"

a close, and her charms were still unsung. Now was the time for action. Stepping over to the new neighbor, and fixing a reproachful eye on her mother, she said, "Mrs. Cole, I want to tell you that I'm a very good little girl too."

MARY DOBBINS PRIOR.

A Fish Story

"TALK about fish and things o' the sea," said he who claimed to be a seafaring man. "'Twas in the year—well, it was a good while ago—and we were floating somewhere around—well, one of the oceans. One day we were heading sou' by sou'west, latitude—I forget exactly which—when a ripple in the water suggested the presence of a shark. You can always tell a shark by its ripple—he's got one of his own. We never landed a good specimen, and when he showed his head I could well tell he was a ten-footer. I was always quick and precise. A knife in me mouth, a jump, and I landed head foremost between the shark's jaws. Quick as a flash I turned around; with me knife I cut holes through his sides for my legs and arms to pass through, and swam back to the ship. Well, he was a fine morsel, that fish was, and we lived on him for weeks. Is it true? Well—" and he displayed a splinter from the handle of the knife.

HY. M.

Balancing her Account

AN old colored woman who had saved up a little money went to a lawyer to consult with him about investing it profitably. When asked what interest she expected to

get, she answered, in a very sure and emphatic manner, "Twelve per cent., Mister Jedge." And when the attorney expressed some surprise, she explained her position thus: "Well, Jedge, I 'ain't got much money, so y' see I has t' git a big per cent. t' make up."

C. H. B.

Cause for Dissension

THE trouble between Nora and myself is that each of us happened to call and find the other out on the very same afternoon."

"But why should that cause ill-feeling?"

"Because now we can't make out which owes the other a visit."

CRAWFORD.

Domestic Chronology

THE family had been trying to solve the "help" problem for some time, with the usual kaleidoscopic results: downstairs. Mother was remonstrating with the older of her two sons upstairs one evening.

"But you promised, mother," he said.

"When?" she inquired.

He pondered a moment. "Four cooks ago."

Of course the promise was kept. R.



"Are you sure that he loves you, and you alone?"
 "Oh yes; more than at any other time."



[SEE PAGE 923]

GUIRAUT THE TROUBADOUR

*Unto the walls of Carcassonne
In russet raimentry he came.*

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Through Siberia to Bering Strait

BY HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S.

AS most tourists who travel by the Trans-Siberian Railway think it necessary to publish their experiences, I spare my readers an account of our journey by that monotonous line. Leaving Paris by the "Nord-Express" on the 19th of December, 1901, the "De Windt Expedition" travelled *viâ* Berlin and Moscow to Irkutsk, which was reached early in the new year. Here we bade farewell to civilized means of travel for many weary months.

A January journey even as far as Yakutsk entails careful preparation. It must be accomplished in a local vehicle known as a "Yakute sleigh," which has a pair of runners, but otherwise totally differs from any other sleigh in the world. Imagine a sack of coarse matting, about four feet deep, suspended from a framework of rough wooden poles, which also form a seat for the driver. Into this bag the traveller first lowers his luggage, then his mattress, pillows, and furs, and finally himself, lying at full length upon his belongings. The sleigh has a thick felt apron, which can be pulled completely over its occupant at night-time or in stormy weather. This sounds warm and comfortable, but is precisely the reverse. For after a while the felt becomes saturated with moisture (formed by bodily warmth and external cold), rendering furs and clothing damp and chilly. There is nothing to prevent the "koshma" (as this covering is called)

from resting upon the face, and frost-bite during sleep is the natural result. So far, therefore, as comfort is concerned, a "Yakute sleigh" is capable of some improvement.

I resolved to travel light, and as rapidly as possible. Our outfit (including provisions, arms, and ammunition) was stowed away in a couple of these sleighs, one of which was occupied by M. de Clinchamp and myself, and the other by George Harding. On the 18th of January we took leave of the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia. His Excellency assured us of every assistance as far as Nijni-Kolymsk, the last Cossack outpost on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. "Beyond Kolymsk," he added, "I fear we cannot help you. The Tchuktchi region is under my jurisdiction, but even our own officials very rarely venture into the country for any distance."

Our sleighs were each drawn by a "troika" (of three horses abreast), the "yemstchik," or driver, being changed with every relay at the stations. Of the latter there are 122 (to Yakutsk), mostly comfortless log huts, where nothing is procurable but a "samovar" and gritty black bread.

About 2000 English miles lie between Irkutsk and Yakutsk. The post-road we travelled by during this first stage of the overland journey is, properly speaking, no road at all. About 150 miles from Irkutsk (across a tract of country



APPROACHING THE VERKOYANSK PASS

much infested by runaway convicts in the shape of footpads)* the Lena River is reached, and in winter-time its frozen surface connects the two cities. There is no other way by land. A double row of pine branches stuck into the snow at short intervals indicates the track—a necessary precaution, as the hot springs of the upper Lena frequently render the river ice treacherous and unsafe. A sharp lookout is kept all along the line for overflows, and when necessary the track is altered to avoid them, but notwithstanding these precautions darkness and drunken drivers often cause serious accidents. In summer Yakutsk may be reached by steamers plying from Ust-Yakutsk, 250 miles from Irkutsk.

The weekly winter mail travels to Yakutsk (from Irkutsk) in about three weeks. We reached it in twenty-eight days, occasionally resting at night at a post-house. Almost the whole length of the Lena is one eternal succession of low pine-clad hills, which shut out the scenery on either side, and become, after a while, intensely wearisome. Kirensk, Vitimsk, and Olekminsk figure on most

* A mail-driver was murdered the week before we passed, and such an occurrence is common.

maps as towns, but are merely large villages, straggling over a considerable extent of ground. The neat dwelling of an "ispravnik," with official flag-staff, a small "general" store, and a larger post-house than usual alone distinguish them from the so-called villages—squalid hamlets of rudely built log huts. With one exception, the "towns" on the Lena are chiefly associated in my mind with the three substantial meals they furnished—which were very welcome after a daily menu of black bread, salt fish, and dubious eggs. Our own provisions were hopelessly frozen two days out from Irkutsk.

The above-mentioned exception—Vitimsk—has lately acquired considerable importance as the centre of a gold-mining district. For many years numerous gold-bearing streams in its vicinity have been worked in a desultory fashion, but machinery was recently imported into the country by the Siberian millionaire, Mr. Siberikoff, with admirable results—so much so that in 1900 the output trebled that of the two preceding years without steam-power. The mineral resources of the Lena district are boundless. Silver, iron, and lead have long been known to exist, as well as gold, and

coal and antimony have recently been discovered north of Yakutsk.

Most of our journey as far as Vitimsk was accomplished in pleasant sunshine under a cloudless sky. The days were fairly long, the nights clear and starlit, but the cold was intense, especially at night, when it would usually register 30° to 40° below zero, Fahr., and on one occasion touched 57° below. And yet the dry frosty air inconvenienced me far less than the chilly breeze of a raw November day on the Paris boulevards, with the mercury half a dozen degrees above freezing-point. Fortunately in these Northern latitudes stillness of the atmosphere generally accompanies severe cold, which, warmly clad, one may easily defy. North of Vitimsk strong gales and blizzards were encountered, and we floundered blindly on for days through deep drifts, which sometimes buried the pine branches, and brought us to a standstill far from shelter. Snow now fell thickly, with the usual rise of temperature, but as the sleighs were continually upset, and as often hopelessly imbedded, warmer weather was little appreciated. Nearing our destination, the sun reappeared, and the journey's end was as pleasant as its commencement. On the 14th of February,

1902, Yakutsk was reached, and 2000 miles (out of a somewhat alarming total) lay behind us.

Yakutsk presents, from a distance, a rather imposing appearance, quickly dispelled on closer acquaintance, for even Siberia can scarcely produce a more depressing, lifeless city. We saw it at its best, for in summer-time the dusty, desolate streets and dwellings are revealed in all the dirt and squalor which were concealed from our gaze by a clean mantle of snow. There are no public buildings to speak of, but half a dozen handsome churches, with apple-green domes and golden crosses, tower over the dull drab town, partly relieving the melancholy effect produced by an absolute lack of color. Even the palace of the Governor is a mean-looking, one-storied edifice, scarcely fit for the ruler of a province seven times the size of France! A Cossack stockade many centuries old faces the palace. For Yakutsk is a city of the past, only needing capital, energy, and enterprise to convert her into a modern centre of commerce and civilization. Outwardly the trade of the place now consists of a couple of brick buildings containing stores, where almost anything, from a pair of boots to a gramophone, may be purchased.



A POST-HOUSE, VERKOYANSK, KOLYMSK

The native race of this huge province—Yakutes—form about one-half of the city population, the other being composed of Russian government officials, merchants, and political exiles. Here, at least, the last have little to complain of as regards treatment. Serious offenders were frequent guests at the house of our host, the chief of police, who seemed to regard them less as revolutionary suspects than as personal friends. And although remoter settlements within the Arctic Circle told a different tale, the official in Yakutsk seemed no better off, as regards life and surroundings, than the outlaw. Existence for every one is dreary enough.

The Yakutes are not prepossessing. In appearance they resemble the Mongolians of the Gobi Desert: a sallow complexion, beady eyes, flattened nostrils, and wiry black hair. The men are of medium height, thick-set, and muscular; the women generally plain, ungainly little creatures, bedizened with jewelry and plastered with paint. There is a strong resemblance between the Yakute and Turkish languages, and it is said that a merchant from Stamboul would readily be understood in the market-places of this far-away frozen land. Many Yakutes grow wealthy in the fur, fish, or ivory trade, and delight to entertain the passing stranger in lavish style. In business matters the Yakute is shrewd and merciless, but in his pleasures a reckless spendthrift, who will

stake a year's profits on a horse-race over the river ice, or squander away a fortune on riotous living and the fair sex. The men of all classes wear a kind of long "blouse" of cloth or fur—according to the season—baggy breeches, and skin boots; the women, loose, flowing draperies, adorned in summer with bright silks and satins, or in winter with costly furs.

In former days Yakutsk was surrounded by vast marshes (often submerged, and apparently incapable of improvement), which are now converted into fertile plains of grain and pasture. This innovation is entirely due to the "Skoptsi," a religious sect exiled from European Russia, who, by dint of thrift and industry, have raised a flourishing agricultural colony on the outskirts of the city. Formerly cultivation was deemed impossible in this inclement region, but now the Skoptsi exile amasses wealth, while the Russian emigrant gazes disconsolately at the former's rich fields and sleek cattle, and wonders how it is all done. For the Skoptsi is an up-to-date farmer, who employs American machinery (imported *viâ* Vladivostok), and the trouble has been well repaid, for last year the sale of corn and barley (formerly unknown here) realized the sum of a million roubles. Thirty years ago this district contained but few herds of cattle, and now nearly two million roubles' worth of frozen meat is annually exported to the down-river settlements.



HUTS OF EXILES, SREDNI-KOLYMSK



GROUP OF POLITICAL EXILES, SREDNI-KOLYMSK, MARCH, 1902

By suggestion of the Governor of Yakutsk, a Siberian Cossack, Stepán Rastorguyéf, joined the expedition here to accompany us so far as I deemed expedient. This addition to our number was made owing to the fact that our further progress now bristled with difficulties. Reindeer were very scarce, and the journey to Nijni-Kolymsk might occupy three months. In this case, failure of the journey and a summer passed in this dreary settlement would be our fate. From May until October Nijni-Kolymsk is as isolated as a desert island in mid-ocean by marshy deserts that can only be crossed in a sled. Also a famine was raging there, provisions would be unprocurable, and the dogs had nearly all perished from a scarcity of fish last season. Now dogs were our sole means of transport along the arctic seaboard; and when I learned, in addition, that an epidemic had probably driven the coast Tchuktchis into the interior of the country, our case indeed seemed hopeless. For Tchuktchis alone could provide us with food and shelter along the bleak and barren stretch of 1500 miles dividing the last Russian outpost from Bering Strait.

However, I resolved to push on, at any rate as far north as possible, and the 21st of February saw us again on the road.

Cumbrous Yakute sleighs were now replaced by "nartas," light one-man sleds, each drawn by four reindeer harnessed two abreast. A "narta" is protected by a movable felt hood, and with strong, speedy deer this is perhaps the pleasantest form of primitive travel in the world. Our animals were weakly and worn out, but Stepán hustled our lazy Yakute drivers so effectually that we covered the 640 miles to the next settlement, Ver-koyansk, in nine days. The post-road here is merely a narrow track through the forest, indicated by "blazed" trees, the so-called stations, native "yurtas," 80 to 200 miles apart, where reindeer are furnished by the peasantry at a charge fixed by the government. I was told at Yakutsk that deer meat was always obtainable at these "stancias," and so it was, but the Yakutes prefer it tainted, and we could never get it fresh. So frozen provisions were soon exhausted, and we had to fall back upon the condensed foods laid in for the arctic, which afterwards cost us dearly. The "stan-

cias" were simply mud hovels, consisting of one large room, or rather shed, dimly lit by windows of ice, and indiscriminately shared by natives, travellers, and—cattle! The filth of these "yurtas" is indescribable.

A range of mountains was crossed about half-way to Verkoyansk, by a pass

We reached the valley in safety, followed by the sleds, now held back by the drivers and deer. They appeared, from below, like flies crawling down a wall! From here to Verkoyansk the country strikingly resembles Swiss Alpine scenery. In cloudless weather we glided swiftly and silently under arches of pine boughs, sparkling with rime, now skirting a dizzy precipice, now crossing a deep, dark gorge, rare rifts in the forest disclosing glimpses of snowy crag and summit glittering against a sky of sapphire. The peaceful homesteads, sunlit pastures, and tinkling cow-bells of lovely Switzerland were wanting, but I can never forget the impressive grandeur of those desolate peaks, nor the weird, unearthly stillness of the lonely fir-clad valleys at their feet.

Loyal Russians call Verkoyansk "The Heart of Siberia." Political exiles have another name for the place, also commencing with the letter "H," which I leave to the imagination. The latter appellation is probably in-



TCHUKTCHI WOMEN—TENSKIN'S (THE CHIEF'S) DAUGHTERS—AT WHALEN

which is probably the steepest in the world. It appeared from a distance as though a perpendicular sheet of ice, some hundreds of feet in height, barred the way. Our moccasins were fitted with iron horseshoes (the local method of insuring secure foothold), and we only ascended with great difficulty, although the deer made their way up the almost sheer slope with apparent ease, dragging the sleds behind them. Looking from the summit on the downward side, the frozen snow-slide, about a mile long, was so precipitous that it seemed impossible to descend without personal injury. To stand upright was out of the question, and the perilous passage was ignominiously accomplished on all-fours.

correct, for there are many worse places of banishment, although, indeed, Verkoyansk is bad enough. For if prosperous villages near the borders of Europe impress the untrammelled Briton with a sense of unbearable loneliness, conceive the feelings of an exile upon first beholding his squalid arctic home, and the repulsive natives amongst whom he is destined perhaps to end his days! Forty or fifty mud-plastered log huts, in various stages of decay, and half buried in snow-drifts, over which ice windows peer mournfully; a wooden church, pushed by time and climate out of the perpendicular, its once golden crosses broken and mouldering with rust; on the one hand a dismal white plain fringed on the horizon by a



GROUP OF SKOPTSI, YAKUTSK

dark pine forest; on the other, the frozen river (Yána), across which a rising wind moans mournfully—such is Verkoyansk, as we saw it on the morning of February 28, 1902. I thought that a more hopelessly gloomy, desolate spot than this could not exist on the face of this earth. But I had not seen Sredni-Kolymsk.

The ispravnik (who here combines the duties of magistrate and chief of police) received us, the official gray and scarlet reminding us that even this remote corner of the empire is well within reach of St. Petersburg and the secret police. But we found in M. Katcherofsky a gentleman, and not a gaoler, like too many of his class, whose valuable assistance during the search for the survivors of the ill-fated *Jeannette* was suitably rewarded by the President of the United States. Time would only admit of our making the acquaintance of a few exiles, who, although acknowledging Katcherofsky's tolerant rule, complained bitterly of the inadequate means of support provided by the government. A sentence of banishment entails the forfeiture of all property to the state, which in turn supplies every exile with a monthly al-

lowance. The amount varies with the district. At Verkoyansk it is seventeen roubles, and if the wife of a political offender voluntarily accompanies her husband into exile, *eighteen roubles!* Under such conditions life would be hard in a civilized city; here, where everything is outrageously dear, they mean a perpetual struggle for existence. Fortunately deer meat and horse flesh are generally cheap, and in summer fish in the Yána is fairly plentiful. But at all times tea and flour are, for exiles, unattainable luxuries, the former (a very inferior article) being sold for three roubles a pound.

The miserable pittance received by the Verkoyansk politicals left no balance for house rent and wearing apparel. Consequently the majority were insufficiently clad, and occupied old and comfortless dwellings.

A detailed account of the journey from here to Sredni-Kolymsk would only weary the reader, for it differed in no way from its predecessor, save that there were fewer mountains to cross, and that the "stancias" were farther apart, and, if possible, filthier than those already described.



ARRIVAL OF DE WINDT EXPEDITION AT EAST CAPE, BERING STRAIT

Notwithstanding the gloomy predictions of our Yakutsk friends, Sredni-Kolymsk was reached in under three weeks from Verkoyansk. Our rapid progress was chiefly due to the untiring energy of Stepán, who proved, on this occasion, and many others to come, an invaluable acquisition. In appearance Sredni-Kolymsk is a second Verkoyansk, although its mud huts are in a more advanced stage of dilapidation. They are also lower in stature, so much so that the place is entirely concealed a short distance away by the stunted trees around it. Only the wooden spire of an old church is visible, overtopping the neighboring huts by a few feet at most. The settlement stands on the left bank of the Kolyma River, which is here about two miles in breadth, and which was now to be our frozen roadway to the Arctic Ocean.

Here failure in all its dire significance stared me in the face. "There are no dogs," said the ispravnik, curtly, in reply to my request for transport. "All have perished from a scarcity of fish." Without dogs, he continued, the journey was impossible; besides, no Russian driver would venture to enter the Tchuktchi country.

But next morning early, Stepán, the

Cossack, informed us, with characteristic calmness, that dogs had been found—also sleds and drivers—and that nothing now hindered the expedition from resuming the voyage to Bering Strait.

My experience of Russian prisons dates from the year 1887, and I am personally acquainted with almost every penal establishment throughout Siberia. Besides visiting the latter, I have travelled on board a Russian convict-ship to the famous island of Sakhalin, where I remained for several weeks studying the local penal system. And the result of a careful investigation convinces me that, generally speaking, the Siberian criminal exile is better off in most respects than the convict of other countries.

Political exiles are another matter. For these there are only two prisons, in a true sense of the word, throughout the Russian Empire. One of them is at Schlüsselburg, in Europe; the other at Akatui, east of Irkutsk, in Siberia. I was permitted to inspect the latter throughout, and also to converse freely with the "politicals" it contained. At Akatui men are kept in close confinement, are occasionally fettered, and are made to labor for several hours a day in the silver-mines. And yet I would

prefer to undergo a sentence of several years there rather than a term of exile, in comparative liberty, at Sredni-Kolymsk.

This settlement contained, at the time of my visit, thirteen exiles of both sexes, of whom only two had been convicted of actual crime. One of these was Madame Akimova, arrested with explosives in her possession at the coronation of Nicholas II.; the other, Zimmermann, a terrorist, implicated in the destruction of the Lodz government factories by dynamite some years ago. Most of the other exiles had been sent here for participation in the "Propaganda," the dissemination of revolutionary pamphlets amongst the working classes, and similar offences. The majority were staid, middle-aged men of moderate views, who would have been classed, in any other country, as harmless and peaceable citizens. The terms of exile vary from eight to twenty years.

The paltry sum provided by the imperial government for the maintenance of political exiles is wholly inadequate, and physical suffering is added, in most cases, to the mental distress occasioned by a long period of banishment. Meat, bread, and other necessities of life cost exactly six times as much here as in Yakutsk, where European prices are already trebled, and an exile in Sredni-Kolymsk is expected to lodge, feed, and clothe himself on eighteen roubles a month! The exiles at Sredni-Kolymsk are thinly clad, being unable to purchase garments suitable for this rigorous climate, while some of their huts are so dirty and dilapidated that even the filthy Yakutes had vacated them. Meat, tea, and sugar are unattainable luxuries.

Passing through Sredni-Kolymsk with five sleds drawn by sixty-three dogs, we reached, four days later, Nijni-Kolymsk, which once contained five hundred souls, but is now a deserted village of ruined log huts, with perhaps fifty inhabitants. A three days' journey from here brought us to Sukharno, the last Cossack outpost on the Arctic Ocean, and this was our last link with civilization—indeed, with humanity.

Here we remained for three days, to await the abatement of a "poorga," a kind of arctic typhoon, justly dreaded on

this coast. During a bad "poorga" the snow is whirled up from the ground in such dense clouds that progress is impossible.

Had I been aware, at this stage of the voyage, of the formidable array of obstacles barring the way to the northeasternmost extremity of Asia, I might perhaps have hesitated before embarking upon what proved to be the most severe and distressing of all my experiences of travel. The distance from Sukharno to our goal was, roughly speaking, 1400 miles, and I had been told at Yakutsk that food and shelter could be obtained throughout the distance at Tchuktchi settlements from about thirty to forty miles apart. But of late years the natives have generally moved away eastward along the coast, and trade with the Kolyma River has decreased, until Nijni-Kolymsk is now a heap of ruins, and the nearest Tchuktchi village, situated on the eastern shores of Tchaun Bay, nearly 400 miles distant. From Sukharno, therefore, the first portion of our journey lay through a howling wilderness, destitute of human beings, shelter, and food. Our sole protection from the severe cold was a canvas tent, brought for use in warm spring weather on Bering Strait; our provisions (sadly reduced on the way up from Yakutsk) consisted of "carnyl" (a patent food resembling "pemmican"), some canned beef, and ship-biscuits, together with a small quantity of black bread and frozen fish, purchased on the famine-stricken Kolyma. This supply would last three weeks at most on half-rations, and our drivers averred that in twelve days Erktrik, the first Tchuktchi settlement, could be reached. But it subsequently transpired that the only traveller who had attempted the journey within the past ten years had lost his way, and perished on the road of cold and starvation. Another encouraging item of news was to the effect that an epidemic had lately visited the coast, driving many panic-stricken natives into the interior. In this case Erktrik might be found deserted—a contingency too terrible to contemplate. For if provisions and dog-food failed us here, a return to the Kolyma might even be impossible. Lastly, the expedition was poorly provided with barter—almost a crime in

Tchuktchi eyes. I had relied upon procuring such goods at Sredni-Kolymsk, which could only supply a very small stock of tobacco, knives, and needles. But "vodka," for which a Tchuktchi will sell his life, was luckily plentiful, and we laid in a quantity which proved invaluable. Thus we set out for Bering Strait, trusting to luck and a compass, for the haziness of our drivers as to locality was only equalled by their wild, unreasoning fear of the Tchukchis.

Place a lump of granite, sprinkled with salt, on a white table-cloth, and a few inches from it scatter some pieces of lump-sugar, and you have a miniature presentment of the entire stretch of scenery from Sukharno to Bering Strait. The stone is the coast-line, the sugar sea ice, and the space between, the frozen beach along which we travelled for about 1400 miles. Our course was not always easy. It was simple enough to steer by headlands, but occasionally cliffs would disappear, and land, sea, and sky be merged in one bright, bewildering expanse of white. Then we journeyed over the Tundras—boundless plains which in summer engirdle the polar sea with a belt of verdure and wild flowers. In winter a dog-sled skims with rapid ease over the hard-frozen Tundras, and we made good time; but crossing a bay or cutting off a corner by sea was trying work, which entailed the hauling of the sleds over hummocks and crevasses, into which we sometimes floundered waist-deep. A start was made daily, weather permitting, at 7 A.M., and travel continued, with an hour's interval, until sunset, or rather evening, for darkness had now left us. Our tent (and a deer-skin contrivance shared by the drivers) was pitched, if possible, near driftwood (the explorer's sole salvation on this cruel coast), which was generally only of sufficient quantity to thaw out a little food and boil the kettle. After a scanty and hurried meal we would crawl into sleeping-bags and try to court warmth and sleep in a temperature varying from 35° to 45° below zero. We all suffered severely at first from the cold, which was greatly increased by lack of proper nourishment. But the absence of a fire was the greatest hardship, especially as garments drenched throughout the day with perspiration

would assume towards night the consistency of a towel soaked in iced water. A lamp would have warmed the interior of our tent, but our methylated spirits were exhausted at Sredni-Kolymsk and could not be replaced. More than once during the night the moisture of our foot-gear was congealed into ice, and our feet were frozen in consequence.

Next to cold, the wind was our worst enemy, which sometimes compelled us to camp for two or three days together.

Drivers and dogs were a constant source of annoyance, for the former lost courage and threatened daily to desert us. Our dogs were so weakly and ill fed that hard work soon told, and every morning I watched their gaunt ribs and bleeding feet, and thought of the thousand-odd miles before us with growing despair. Food caused me the most anxiety, for we now worked fourteen hours a day on a diet that would not have satisfied a healthy child.

At length Tchaun Bay was reached, and Erktrik, I calculated, was now only a day's journey distant. Camping that night on the Ayan Islands, an early start was made on the following morning, so as to reach our destination, if possible, by the evening. But half-way across Tchaun Bay a terrific "poorga" struck us, and the sleds were parted in the storm. For five hours we struggled blindly on, steering solely by the compass, for nothing was visible but a sheet of driven snow. Frequently the dogs lay down, howling with fright and exhaustion, and were only driven onward by severe punishment, which it went to my heart to see inflicted, but the situation was desperate. The wind dropped as we neared land, and luckily drift-wood and the shelter of a friendly cavern were handy, or I think some of us must have perished of the cold.

The following day towards evening we espied on the snowy horizon some grimy Tchuktchi tents. An hour later we entered the settlement, and were greeted, to my unspeakable relief, by human beings.

Erktrik is a village of eight or ten yarats, or Tchuktchi huts—domelike, nearly circular dwellings—so indescribably filthy that their stench was noticeable yards away. From these issued perhaps

half a dozen of the most repulsive, woe-begone specimens of humanity I ever beheld. As a rule, the Tchuktchi dress is becoming, but these men wore shapeless deer-skins, matted with dirt, and their general appearance indicated months of physical inactivity and bodily neglect. Our welcome was not reassuring, and was extended in a surly, suspicious manner suggestive of trouble. I looked in vain for other signs of life about the place, but most of the people, they said, had died of "kor" (the epidemic of which we had heard), and we then observed that every hut was surmounted by the Tchuktchi emblem of death—a large black flag. A deaf ear was turned to our anxious inquiries respecting transport and dog-food. "At Cape North," said one, less churlish than the rest, "you will find all you wish for. There is nothing here for you. Our dogs are dead, and we are starving ourselves." But Cape North, I gleaned, was fourteen "sleeps" (or days) away, through as barren and desolate a country as we had already travelled.

The vodka we had brought proved our salvation, for it eventually extracted enough seal and walrus meat even from this miserable village to carry on the expedition.

For sixteen days we plodded steadily on to reach Cape North, and during this voyage of about 350 miles met with less than a dozen human habitations, mostly squalid hovels, where no food of any kind was obtainable, and where few of the natives had survived the mysterious "kor," which I take to be a severe form of measles.

The farther east we progressed, the warmer became our welcome. At Owar-kin, for instance, a few miles west of Cape North, the natives brought us dog-food, mended our sleds, and assisted us in every way, and of their own accord.

At Cape North, or rather the village of Irkaïpien adjoining it, we met with a kindness and hospitality which shed a rosier light on the future and atoned for many miseries in the past. This is a large and prosperous village, and we were regaled by the chief with such luxuries as flour and molasses, in addition to deer meat, which for the first time was untainted. Pancakes fried in seal oil may

not sound appetizing, but they tasted, after our long fast, like the daintiest of "petits fours." A few of the natives here had traded with the whalers on the strait, but the majority had never seen a white man, and we therefore became objects of intense curiosity. All day the tent was packed with eager faces, and at night-time the canvas opening was continually pushed aside, much to our discomfort, for the cold here was severe. But these people were such a welcome contrast to the sulky, ill-conditioned natives down coast that we gladly suffered in silence until the morning.

The comparative ease and comfort with which we accomplished the last three hundred miles of the coast voyage was entirely due to the fact that the natives are in yearly touch with the American whaling fleet, and are therefore generally well provided with the necessities of life.

On the 20th of May, 1902, we arrived at East Cape, and the Asiatic portion of the long land journey was accomplished. The expedition had travelled a distance of about 11,263 English miles.

The wintry aspect of nature around Bering Strait seemed to predict a late summer, and it looked as if months must elapse before the revenue-cutter courteously placed at our disposal by the United States government could come to our rescue. My original idea was to try and cross over the frozen strait at Cape Prince of Wales (a feat never yet attempted by a white man), but I found, on arrival at East Cape, that the passage is never attempted by the Tchukhtchis, and only very rarely by the Eskimos. During the past decade perhaps a dozen of the latter have started from the American side, but only a third of the number have landed in Siberia. The distance from shore to shore is about forty-five miles, the Diomed Islands being situated about midway. The strait is never completely closed, for even in midwinter floes are ever on the move, which, with broad and shifting "leads" of open water, render a trip by dog-sled extremely hazardous. My experiences on the five miles of drifting ice across which we were eventually compelled to walk in order to land on American soil inspired me with no desire to undertake the entire passage between the two continents.

The Book of Love

BY ALICE BROWN

IN September the marshes at Sedgmoor were all a golden shimmer, flushed here and there with patches of blood-red samphire. The summer colors were nothing to these: the brilliant sky, the blue water of the river, and the brown and yellow of ripened grass. The river flowed down between Red Island and the shore; and twice a day the tide swept back and forth, leaving wide lagoons to reflect the sky, and then flooding them again with its own wavering blue. The road to the island led over a little bridge between skirting amplitudes of marsh, and the island itself was made of red sand, beaten upon by the waves of the outer sea. But opposite the island, with only the river between them, stood the old gray shingled house in a waste of barren land. Within, on this cold night, an unseasonable night for the early fall, it was all warmth and comfort of a simple sort. There were sweeping red curtains beside the windows, and the fire leaped hotly, seeming to burn up something in the air, and to return the hungrier for what it fed on. A long table in the middle of the room was laden with orderly piles of papers, and at one side of it sat John Graham, at work on his anthology. He was a gaunt, muscular man approaching middle age by a tranquil road. His fine profile was that of some old miniature modernized by the close mustache. His gray eyes were deeply set, and his dark hair showed a little white at the temples. The woman on the other side of the table sat very still, her head poised on her hand, her eyes fixed on some slips of paper before her. Yet from time to time she glanced briefly up at him, with the effect of effacing herself for some worthy motive. She was pale, though healthily so, with riches of brown hair. There were subtle meanings about her eyes and the corners of her delicate mouth. She gave the impression of being very well, of being related to wholesome things, kin to

fire and water, bread and apples, and all the elements most immediate to life. She was Elinor, his sister's friend; and his sister lay on the sofa in the dusk by the tall clock, regarding the two with comprehending eyes. Sally, the sister, was older than the others, and looked it. She was colorless, her hair turning relentlessly gray; but her eyes reflected all the light of her mind. They were quizzical in their alert intelligence.

"There, John," said she, presently, "you've worked long enough. Talk!"

The other two looked up, the man with a smile, Elinor smiling also, but with the air of saying "Hush!" She wore a veiled suggestion of standing by the man, shielding him, his leisure, his comfort, even from his sister. The sister knew that, and reflected upon it, with an extreme tenderness for them both. John shuffled his papers, and then pushed back the lock of hair unweariedly tumbling over his forehead. He looked across the table at Elinor, and her face lighted brilliantly in answer. Well-poised creature as she was, she had the air of being willing to wait indefinitely for notice, as if her pride turned to humility with him.

"Talk!" said Sally, impatiently. "You do get so dull, you two, over that work. I wish it were done."

"Don't say that," said Elinor, impulsively. "When it's done and you're well, Sally, I must go back to town. I wrote uncle this morning."

"Has he sent for you?" asked the man, quickly.

She smiled at him in swift response.

"No, not exactly. He only mentioned that I came to make Sally a visit in May, and that it's now September. He said he might go abroad in October, and that I'd better make up my mind to go with him."

"Oh no!" said Graham, hurriedly, and Sally smiled to herself.

"But you've written him why you stayed," she said.

"Oh yes! I wrote him. I told him you had a carriage accident, and Mr. Graham has an anthology, and that when you both get over them, I'll go back. I've represented myself as most important. I said I was needed."

"You are needed," said Graham.

"Well, it 'll be over soon enough," mused Sally, her eyes now on her brother's face. "I've almost got my strength again. We shall close the house, the winds will beat upon it, the tide will fret the sand; we shall go back to New York, and you'll be off to Europe. Ah, well!" She rose and left the room, limping slightly, and they settled down anew in their places.

"Shall I number those?" asked Elinor, stretching out a hand toward the pile of slips before him. He shook his head and made futile marks with a pencil.

"Are you really going to Europe?" he asked in a low tone.

Elinor, at the moment when his sister left the room, had seemed to gain a new sedateness, as if it were a veil between her and the man.

"It's a chance," said she, "a possibility."

"You see," he continued, "this has gone on so long—well, you are one of us, you know."

"It has been very pleasant," she returned, conventionally. But the pupils of the brown eyes widened to black.

"You are such a reasonable woman!" he broke forth, as if he made a confession.

She drew a quick breath, and leaned forward slightly across the table. Now she also took a pencil and began making little marks.

"What do you mean by a reasonable woman?" she asked in a tone of tranquil interest.

He had no difficulty in telling her. Things were quite apparent to him when they were apparent at all. He looked across at her brightly, with that smile which made him seem accessible, abounding in promises he could and would fulfil.

"Why," said he, "you are like a man. Don't mistake me. Your limits include the perfect feminine. You are a charming woman. But you are the only woman who seems to me entirely reasonable in her habit of life. Sally, now! I adore Sally, but she's full of subtleties

and withholdings. I couldn't get along without Sally, but, bless me! we don't speak the same language. And—I was engaged to a woman once. I was mighty uncomfortable."

"When it was broken?"

"No; while it was in progress. We didn't accord. I was a commonplace chap, just as I am now. She was all emotion. That's what I mean when I contrast her with you and call you reasonable. You could lead a man's life, all work and no play. You've got work of your own."

"Yes," said Elinor, rather listlessly, "I have work of my own."

"What I mean is, you wouldn't let the course of life be broken by tempests, jealousies, emotions. You wouldn't row if a man forgot to send you roses, or nag him into writing every day."

"Oh dear no!" said Elinor, brightly. "If I'd got to have the roses, I should expect them from some man who did remember."

This was not quite the logical sequence as Graham saw it.

"Yes, of course," he agreed. "Only, I mean if a man said he cared about you, that would be the end of it. You wouldn't expect vain repetition. Why, don't you know how reasonable you are?"

Elinor looked at him for an instant as if her mind made a perceptible pause before a leap into some new position. Then she took her leap, and did it gallantly.

"Yes, let us assume that I am reasonable."

A log in the fireplace fell gently, with the effect of easing itself. Graham leaned back in his chair and began talking, as if he let his mind loose luxuriously.

"I haven't spoken of that girl for years—the girl I was engaged to. I suppose I was in love with her. It passed for that. But even now I think of her with such irritation— Well, I can't describe it to you. Elinor—"

Her face ignored this new usage of her name; none the less, she was throbbingly conscious of it.

"Elinor, she invaded me. She insisted on my keeping up all kinds of petty worship and observances— I can't describe it to you. I couldn't do it. I've got to be I, if I do take a wife?" He was even husky and querulous in his perplexity.

"Yes," said Elinor, soothingly, "yes, of course you've got to be you."

"We quarrelled." There was a reminiscent glee upon his face. "I don't remember what it was about. Actually I don't. But I was so relieved. She dismissed me. I felt like a boy let out of school." He looked at her in whimsical apology. "I ought to have been ashamed. I wasn't. I couldn't be. I'm not now. I wanted my walking-papers, that was all. And I'd got 'em!" He rubbed his hands in a joy so irrepressible that again she smiled.

"What about her?" she asked—"the woman? Was she glad?"

"She thought not, for a while," he said, with the frankness of one to whom simplicity of statement makes the thing itself quite simple. "She was rather pale, and they took her away to the sea. But in a year she married, and now Sally says she wears jet prematurely. But I don't know what that indicates."

Elinor looked him in the face with the air of accepting a part.

"So be it," said she. "I am reasonable. What then?"

"Why, then," he resumed, a trace of heat in his manner—"then I want to ask you—"

She was not ready. Her apparent mood changed as a flaw runs over the waves.

"Don't ask me anything," she said, dominating him briefly—"anything to take thought. I have a plan of my own."

He was ingenuously disconcerted. Through these weeks of changing summer weather she had betrayed neither moods nor desires. She had simply, as a visitor, shown a genius for fitting in. There was no hint of an irritating abnegation in that attitude; she merely seemed to be interested in life as others wanted it, to an extent that brightened it into vividness and pleasure.

"I am going," said she, "to write a story. To be called 'The Book of Love.'"

"When did you think of it? Just now at this moment?"

A shade of withdrawal passed over her face. It suggested that she might have little confidences with herself alone.

"Oh, I've thought of it off and on! It is the story of a man and his wife. She has to express herself. He is inarticu-

late. She thinks married life is the expansion of courtship. She disconcerts him. He meant to provide her with house and lands and suitable amusements, to cleave to her and his business. She is looking forward to romance every day. He is terrified!"

Graham was regarding her with open suspicion.

"You haven't got that out of the story I just told you?" he asked. "About the girl—and me?"

"Oh no!" said she, demurely. "That may have reminded me, but it's a situation I've come upon before. Your case is not an isolated one. The wife isn't a sentimentalist, mind you. She's a solid, sane woman, with moving blood and a tendency to worship. And she worships this man."

Graham shook his head.

"Oh!" said he. "I begin to be sorry for him. Women mustn't worship. Men mustn't either. They must form an equable partnership, and carry on their mutual work. Otherwise—well, I've been shipwrecked, and I know."

He was staring moodily into the fire, and she could caress him with that maternal look, half indulgence, half tenderness, which certain women give to men who seem to them like children, only a little dearer.

"True," said she, soberly, "and our woman speedily found that out. And because she loved the man, she resolved to become something different. But she couldn't. None of us can. We can only turn our vices into tools to work with."

"But she couldn't make herself over," he said, hopelessly. "You own that."

"Oh yes, she could—outside! And he came home to dinner every night, and found an admirable soup, and just the kind of wife he wanted to serve it."

"I don't like that man. He seems selfish."

"No, no! He was a dear good fellow. He was working for her all day long. Only he didn't know she had her little hungers that could have been satisfied as easily as playing a game of fox and geese. The fox and geese might have bored him, but it wouldn't have taken very long."

"But the Book of Love?"

"Oh, I forgot! Well, you see there

was a big tract in life, according to her fancy, and they'd only begun to explore it when courting-time was over. And now she didn't dare to go there after dark, there were such beguiling things: only they were not real. The apples looked like apples, but they turned into dust on the lips—not ashes, but a light, fragrant dust that is less than nothing. There were beautiful dances, but the dancers were hollow like hill-wives. There were faithful fires always burning, but no one could warm his hands at them. There were little whispers that told nothing, for certain whispers must be heard by two; and there were flowers everywhere. But the flowers had no smell."

"But why? why?" said the man. He spoke like a child, and indeed he felt like one. For her voice, with its smooth singing quality, had gone on as if she told a fairy-story, and the room, the glancing fire, and even he and she seemed a little unreal. They might have been the man and woman in the Book of Love.

"Because," said Elinor, "the woman was made to live in a House of Love, where two creatures together build up something imperishable. I mean something out of the spirit of life, which is more real than life itself. But the man didn't know there was such a house, and the woman had to live in it alone. And that is unfortunate. The house gathers mould and ghosts."

"Didn't he love her?"

"Very much. But I can't explain any more. Enter the Book of Love. The woman got very lonesome. That untamed soul inside her beat against its bars, and suffered horribly. From a kind of hunger, you know! She could not help telling him she loved him, and to him repetitions were superfluous. She was a part of him, bone of his bone. His own bones did not need antiphonal pæans. And so—it's very simple—the woman got a book, and set down in it all the things she wanted to say to the man and couldn't. It was the journal of their pilgrimage together—only seen from the inside and not the outside, as he saw it."

"And he found the journal?"

"Yes, I think he found it. But only after she had died."

"So he realized he never had known her at all?"

"Oh, he'd known all he wanted! She never deceived him. She was candor itself, so far as she went. Only when he came home at night, instead of saying, 'I'm glad—glad—glad to see you!' she said: 'Oh, I've had such fun to-day! Want to hear about it?'"

"But *had* she had fun?"

"Not particularly. Only it pleased him to think so."

"I don't know whether I like that woman," said Graham, gloomily.

"Oh, well, if you don't, then you don't like any woman! Only not all of them write a book."

Here Sally came back, and after an interlude of idle talking, Elinor left the room. The brother and sister sat silent a moment, and then Graham remarked,

"Sally, I've been telling Elinor she is a perfectly reasonable woman."

"Oh," said Sally, with cordial interest. "How pleased she must have been!"

"And yet she seems to understand the other kind of woman too. But she is reasonable, isn't she? Like a man!"

"Oh, you dear fool!" murmured Sally to the ceiling.

"What did you say, dear?" asked her brother, solicitously.

"Nothing, dear! Only we might have a snack of bread and cheese before we go to bed."

The next day began the writing of the Book of Love. Elinor sat at her side of the table while Graham delved at his, and bent over her paper in deep absorption. He found himself watching her, from time to time, and then refraining lest she be disquieted. But she had no eyes for him. The delicate antennæ of her mind were stretching forth toward something quite outside his field of vision; and that mental isolation half bewildered him. But she only worked when Sally was taking her daily nap, or writing letters in the room above. Sally's naps were longer now than they had been, her letter-writing more copious. Once Elinor flew up stairs in a tempest of remorse, and swooped down upon her where she sat happily by the window, her idle hands upon her lap.

"Oh, Sally," said she, contritely, "you mustn't stay away because I'm writing!"

Sally did not combat the reason. They had long ago dropped civil platitudes.

"I like to, dear," she said. "You can write better down there."

Neither of them counted the man when they thought of solitude. They both knew the double ease of being with him, his fine, still presence.

So the Book of Love went on from day to day, and Graham kept the silence of one who reverences a growing work. Elinor grew paler, and her hair, pushed back by that impatient hand, left her forehead careworn. That touched some unrecognized spring of tenderness in him, and one night, while they were working by the fire, he spoke. But it was not until he had stretched a hand across the table and laid it on the page she was regarding that he saw fine, anxious lines upon her face.

"You are tiring yourself," he said.

She looked up quickly, and seemed to throw aside some veiling thought. Here was her old frank self.

"I am tired," she said, "but not of this. I could write and write. It need never be finished. It leads everywhere."

"I wish I could hear some of it," he said, wistfully. He had a great reverence for work spun out of the brain. It made him shy.

"Oh, you shall!" said Elinor at once. "It may not mean anything to you. It's a little letter to women. And the women themselves might be angry because it betrays too much; only they'll know men—real men—don't speak that language. I'll read you a bit here and there."

Whereupon she began reading, quite gravely and impersonally, as if the story belonged to some one else: "' . . . At first I meant to write this book so that you might some time see it and know what was in my heart. But that would hamper me. I should grow self-conscious. So you shall never read the book, but I shall write it, like a letter, exactly as if you were to read it. I shall say You. It is so strange to live with you! I never get used to it. This dual consciousness, this incessant, unspoken interchange! When I first knew you, the fact of you walked like a ghost and broke my rest. My eyes would fly open at three o'clock in the dark spring dawns, and my spirit would stare back almost affrighted at what called her. Then I would lie late into the morning,

tasting the certainty that you were alive, and that it meant something quite unlike what it could mean to any one else, save perhaps your mother. I have mused over her holy vigils before you were born. She thought of her son. I think of my lover. To both of us he is a man-child. And the thought of you still starts awake beside me, like the preluding note of your presence. We are in the same house. I hear your voice, I see the look on your face; yet beyond and beyond all that is the subtle atmosphere of you now like the breath of your soul, like an aura. The unseen phantom of you walks beside me all day long.'"

"That is very strange," said Graham. "You probe too far. These are mysteries."

But Elinor sifted the pages and went on reading: "'We live together, yet really we each live alone. It terrifies me. This is true, at least: that I must live alone because you don't often care to come into my garden; and I watch you so hard to see what you want, that I think I shall always hear and come into yours when you call me. There is such an overplus in mine—weeds, flowers, sweet-smelling, strong-smelling! I don't wonder you lose your way. But yours is a green field, with coverts for shade and springs where we need them. So I shall visit you there, though really I must live alone. When I first found that out, it seemed like not living at all. Then I said it is a part of my acquiescence, a part of your rights, the rights I accord you of my own glad will. Since that I have had my secrets from you. I think the reason chiefly is that I want to leave you free.'"

"What does she mean by that?"

"She tells on the next page: 'Do you remember, in courting-time, how I moved from the back of the house to the front, so that I could see you when you went by to work, to your sister's, back and forth a dozen times a day? I told you, and then I saw that I had conjured up a duty for you. You went past when it was not the nearest way. You were pathetically anxious to explain the times when it was impossible to go. So I moved back again. After that I had my little secrets. I wanted you to be free.'"

"But what kind of secrets?"



HE LOOKED ACROSS AT HER BRIGHTLY

"Oh, ultra-foolish things, done only by dotards or women in love! Stroking his coat when she found it hanging in the hall, adoring his glove because it kept the shape of his hand, writing him letters and tearing them up. Heavens! don't ask me! But here she begins to see ghosts:

"I am lonesome. I am almost afraid. When we first knew each other, I thought that spark, struck out in the darkness, would light the world. It did not go out. You love me. *But it does not light the world.* In the first days you were like a strong spirit, radiant, on fire. Shall you never be that again? The flower cannot open twice, but I thought the plant would bloom and bloom."

"I call this a kind of divine nonsense!" said Graham, his mind at bay.

"So it is. I can't abide her myself. She's a whimperer. I hoped to make her flesh and blood."

"Never mind. Go on!"

"... We women are children, dear. So are you, only you are a different kind. We have to be assured, reassured, warmed, soothed, and tended. We cannot take things for granted. You must tell us even the deep things more than once. There are such timorous fibres in us, such hurrying pulses. If you were walking in the dark with me, and I said, 'I am afraid!' you would speak to me. You would take my hand and treat me tenderly. Dear, do not let me be afraid."

"... Your fighting is done out in the world. Our warfare is chiefly of the heart. Do not forget that. We are very strong in patience and endurance—yet very weak."

"... I am setting in order my remembrances of the first days of love. They are packed away to be taken out when we are old, to muse on by the fire. The young will think: 'She has had her day. It is all over for her, and we are beginning.' But they will be wrong. It will not be over. While we sit there, I at my knitting, you at your book, my wise little soul will have gone away into her own house where no one enters. She will have spread her table and eaten her sacramental bread alone. She will remember."

"... Sometimes I think if I were more beautiful, more compelling, I could draw you away from the appearance of things to what seem to me the things

themselves. I do not mean more beautiful in body. I mean some lustre of the mind so fine you must perceive it."

"... You said the other day I wanted life to be lived on tiptoe. Perhaps I do. I want it to be vivid, fragrant. We are here for so short a time. Even youth is so short."

"Tell me," said Graham, stopping her by a finger on her sleeve, "are women always unhappy?"

She sat still, acutely conscious of him and the hand he had forgotten. Suddenly she looked older, like a woman thrilled by emotions that burn to the centre, waste the heart and brain, and yet, being most vital, renew them gloriously.

"Unhappy?" she repeated. "Many of them are not—reasonable." A little smile quivered upon her lips, and now she looked at him. He forgot their talk, thinking only of her face.

"You are tired," he said. "Let the story go. Let anything go. Only don't look like that."

"It's the story," said she. "I've been thinking so hard. I am trying now to see how this woman can surmount the hostility between the male and female. She can surmount it, you see, because she is imaginary. We can make her as potent as we please."

"... I thought there was harmony between us, and that only. There is warfare, everlasting strife. We are like two adoring, fighting souls bound in one flesh. We are drawn irresistibly, and yet every fibre of our inheritance pushes us apart. In the beginning, you pursued. When I stopped long enough to see who it was that followed, I recognized you and I stayed. As soon as you found me irrevocably yours, you lost some vividness of pleasure. You had me; you missed the chase. At that point some women play a game. They pretend the chase may still continue. With you I can pretend to nothing. When life grows keen like this, sharp in the nostrils, big as the heavens, there ceases to be a game. Would you have the priest neglect the fire on the altar so that the worshipper may be surprised to see it newly lighted? Nay, the fire shall be always there, so long as these hands can tend it. There shall be no trickery."

"... But it is true: I am not sig-

nificant to you, now I am with you every day. If my highest note responds inevitably to yours, you do not call me. Surely you do not understand. You think I am attained. Dear, I am not attained. The soul is a growing creature. She is august. Cherish her, and she will repay you a thousandfold. Repulse her, drive her into fastnesses, and though you see her semblance, you see her no more. She will give all she can. You may not even guess you lose her—but she may be lost.’

“‘. . . One of us two must yield. The tie between us can only be welded by one great compromise. It shall be mine. The woman is more plastic. Let her bend her nature to his need. It shall be mine, dear. I do it gladly.’

“Then after a long time she writes:

“‘. . . I begin to understand your silences. I understand all silence. Our spirits talk together in spite of us. I laughed aloud the other day, for I learned the secret of old married life. We see some ancient man and woman sitting by the fire, exchanging now and then a word or smile. They look benignantly at youth, and youth sees envy in the glance. That silence between them is ineffable. They have outgrown the need of speech; and by-and-by, when one leaf flutters down, the other opens its withered, trembling grasp and flutters after. They know what they know.’

“I hate that woman!” she cried. “Don’t you see how she has got away from me? I intended to make the book a record of a hidden love, and it turns into a disquisition on the eternal difference between men and women. The husband shall see the book. It won’t hurt him, for he’ll find her out. She’s a self-conscious prig, and he’ll be glad he’s rid of her. I’ll kill her off. She shall go down to the island to moon on a stormy night, and walk off the little bridge.” But there were tears in her eyes. She loved the woman, it was plain, only she was a little ashamed of the predicament wherein she found herself with all womankind. Graham was regarding her somewhat wistfully.

“I wonder,” he said, “if I’ve been wrong—if what I’ve thought was lack of reason in women is really something big and fundamental, something worthy to be fed? Have I been wrong?”

If he had asked Sally that question, she would have said, satirically: “Wrong? Dear me, no! That isn’t possible.”

But Elinor had nothing but gentleness for him, a tenderness matching her comprehension of him, the simplicity that, in the midst of his manhood, kept him still a child.

“We don’t understand each other any too well,” she said, “men and women. As for us—the women—those deep, appalling fountains of affection in us are all used. They are the springs that feed our life. Out of them motherhood is made, great patience, infinite service. Oh no, it isn’t wasted!”

“I wish,” said Graham, haltingly, “you would teach me these things.”

She trembled a little, and as he looked at her it seemed to him that she was suddenly cold and unresponsive.

He went on: “I can’t imagine your going away. I want you to stay. I want you to marry me.”

Her lips were tight. They made a thin pink line, and changed her face incredibly. “I am afraid—” she said, gently. “It is only fair to tell you—”

“No, no!” he besought her in haste. “There isn’t anybody else?”

“I don’t mean that.”

“Then think of it, consider it. Please! It seems like a great presumption, because I don’t know anything about the things you know. Love—even the sound of it troubles me! But I would be good to you. I would not let you be sorry.”

“I know! I know! Still, you don’t quite—read me. You say I am a reasonable woman—”

“It is your wonderful charm.”

“But there are some things no woman can take in a reasonable way. This is one. It is a very big thing. We women think it is the biggest thing in the world. And it presupposes—great love.”

The man got up and paced the floor back and forth. His face was white, his lips were trembling. When he spoke, his voice shook.

“Dear,” he said, “I don’t understand those things. I honestly don’t. It’s a big word—love. I’m afraid of it. I’m not afraid of you. You seem as immediate to me as my own hand. But that word and all it seems to imply—I don’t know anything about it. I can’t deceive you. I

can't swear it. I can't." He was greatly moved. He seemed to himself to be failing in some terrible challenge. Yet he must not fail.

"No," she said, gently. "Of course you can't. You sha'n't swear anything."

"It seems insulting to you," he went on, tremulously. "You are bigger, more wonderful than anything I ever imagined. I am afraid of you; yet you are so dear that I am not afraid of you at all. There's nobody like you, nobody. I should try so hard—all my life—to make you happy."

He looked like a boy, like the little old photograph his sister had upstairs. Once when Elinor was alone in the room with the picture she had put it against her cheek. Some flooding impulse made her remember that now. She rose hastily.

"We mustn't talk," she said. "We're friends, you know, the best of friends. Good-night."

"You can't do it?" he asked. "You can't consider it?"

"Don't say I can't do it. *We* can't do it. I couldn't let you marry my kind of woman, no matter how innocuous she might seem. For if she didn't turn out so reasonable after all—why, there'd have to be some little spark of madness in you to help you understand it. That sort of madness is a wonderful illuminator of dark corners."

She said good-night again in her old frank way, and he watched her up the stairs. He stayed very late that night over the fire, pondering about love as it seemed to other men. But he could not compass it. They evidently meant something which looked to him very simple, and yet they had agreed to tangle it in a net of words.

The next morning Elinor came late to breakfast, and found at her plate a letter calling her back to town. She handed it to Sally without a look of comment. They two were alone, for Graham, with some irresistible disquietude upon him, was walking to the island, to get his blood in tune for the day's work. Sally read the letter, and passed it back.

"Well," she said, "I suppose it had to come some time. But I hoped—"

She stopped there, and Elinor made haste to speak. "I might as well take the morning train," said she.

So when Graham came back from the island he found luncheon ready, a shining house, such as houses are made for men who are much prized, but only Sally at the table.

"Elinor has gone," said she, when she found him pausing over the fish.

"Gone? Where?"

"Her uncle sent for her. He's very much hypped."

"Well, what of it? What does he want of *her*?"

"Oh, I don't know! What do we want of her? Elinor's an incurable habit, once you get used to her."

Graham stared at his plate, and then fell to and ate large quantities of luncheon. But he did not settle himself to work that afternoon. Sally saw him walking up and down the water-front where the sedge is glorious, his hands behind his back. She smiled, and then sighed. It often seemed to her that people lost incalculably, in life, through lack of brain.

But that evening he took quite patiently to his papers, and Sally, lying on her sofa, read a novel intermittently and watched him.

"What are you reading?" he asked her suddenly, in a pause of shuffling manuscript. She showed him the paper-covered book. "How can you waste your time over trash like that?" he ended, fractionally. Sally had hardly seen him cross since he was a boy, and her heart ached for him.

"It's life," she said, gently. "These are real people."

"I suppose they fall in love?"

"Oh yes!"

"Break their hearts over it?"

"Approximately."

"Pshaw!" He took up his pen and began to write. Presently he threw it down again, and went to kick a log into place. "I wish chimneys could be made to draw," he said, savagely. "I hate a sulking fire." But while he spoke, the flames were bellowing up the chimney, and Sally smiled. Yet the next instant she caught a little sigh, and whispered to herself, "Poor boy!"

He came back to his place, and she sank into her reading.

"Sally," said he, "what if we should go back to town?"



BUT HE COULD NOT COMPASS IT

She blew him a noiseless kiss, but her tone told nothing.

"I thought you wanted to spend the winter here."

"I did, but—somehow it's all different. I suppose it's the frost in the air. I can't work here. I want to get into my own study. Look at this lamp, even!" It was a shining splendor of good care. "A man can't work under such conditions."

Sally laid down her book and folded her hands upon it.

"I fancied," she said, rather indifferently, "I might like to wait to hear from Elinor. If she is going abroad, I'll hurry back to town. If they're not going, it might be she'd come here and stay awhile. I asked her."

"You did? Oh, well, very well, then!" He settled himself cozily to work. "There! the fire's burning now."

It was three days before a letter came from Elinor, and then she knew no more about her prospects than before. The

letter itself was vaguely unsatisfying, and after Sally had read it aloud, Graham sat still, his legs stretched out to the fire.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Yes, that's all."

He got up and walked to the door. There he paused a moment, his great shoulders bent a little under some unseen weight. Sally was pitifully moved for him, he looked so hurt and sorry.

"When you write," said he, "ask her if she has finished the Book of Love."

"What's that?—the story where the woman breaks her heart because her husband won't make love to her?"

Graham regarded her for a moment with eyes grown dark in wonder. He came back and sat down, viewing her with an unwinking curiosity. "Is that how it struck you?" he inquired.

"Why, yes!" said Sally, carelessly. "I thought that was the gist of it."

Graham got up and strode out of doors. He did not stop until he was face to face with the waves rolling in on Red Island. Even they seemed to him less tumultuous than the affairs of men.

Elinor referred to his question about the Book of Love, but rather impersonally, so that he could hardly decide whether the answer were intended for him alone.

"No, I have not finished the story," she wrote. "You see, I've got to kill off the woman, and I don't know how to do it. I want her to fall off the little Red Island bridge, but I never fell off a bridge myself, and I can't tell how it seems. Some stormy night, maybe, I shall take the train to Sedgmoor, and walk down to the bridge and do the act. It's very shallow there, you know. Then I'll come splashing to your door to be dried off."

"Do you think she meant that?" asked Graham, suddenly, a half-hour after Sally had read him the letter.

"What?"

"About going down to the bridge in a storm, and tumbling off."

"Oh, I dare say!" said Sally, carelessly. "She's equal to it."

It happened soon after this that the hunter's moon came and bewitched the nights. They were like a more enchanting day, and so clear and warm that Sally covered herself close and lay in a steam-

er chair on the piazza for hours, enraptured with the time. Then a miracle happened. Suddenly the sea began roaring so loud and so continuously that the sound came sweeping from Red Island over the river's mouth to the mainland, and clamored at the door. There was a weirdness about its great disquiet, because there seemed to be no accompanying cause. The moon was clear in a cloudless heaven; there was no breeze. Yet the water roared without cessation, booming and breaking on the shore. The first night nobody in the house could sleep. Next day one of the fishermen talked stolidly about a storm at sea, and that night the clamor was unabated. On the third night Graham looked hollow-eyed and haggard.

"Has it kept you awake?" Sally asked him in a hushed voice, when they rose from their dinner table. He nodded without speaking, and the lines in his face contracted as if all the accustomed incidents of life might hurt him now. He got his coat, and Sally knew where he was going. She had driven down to Red Island that day, to see the waves, and she hated the powerlessness of her state; she longed to go again to be deafened by that turmoil in the dark. There was a hush in the air of the house, like the strangeness of the night. Something was going to happen, and it stirred her blood to know he scented it as well as she.

Graham struck out sharply along the sandy road. The moon was regnant in a crystal sky. In that flooding splendor he felt alone as he had never felt before. The rote of the sea called to him and made him the more desolate. He was bereft, undone, in a universe once filled with life, but now darkly hostile to him. He knew at last what seemed to him the wrong of being: to have been made to run inexorably in one narrow groove, and yet with eyes to see on either side the greater joys of others, even their greater tragedies. So he went on to the little bridge where the tide comes laving in, and where it lay that night in pools, responsive in strange glitterings to the moon. The thought of Elinor had ached at his heart all day. Now it grew so keen that there were tears upon his cheeks. And strangely enough, they did not seem to be tears, but the wash of the wide sea,



FROM THE OTHER END OF THE LITTLE BRIDGE SHE CAME TO MEET HIM

calling and calling beyond Red Island and making all things one. He understood the grief of creatures who know their mates too late, only to lose them. He shrank from the alien desolation of the universe when one strange yet poignantly familiar soul was not beside him in it.

From the other end of the little bridge she came to meet him, in her big hat, her thick dark cloak. She walked up to him, and he saw her face, pale, yet somehow luminous in that silver shower. Instantly he thought of paradise as saints have pictured it, dim shores where our beloved come to meet us and every breath is balm. But all he could say was this:

"What made you come?"

"The storm. The sea. Sally's letter told me how it roared."

It was all like an ineffable dream without words. Graham put out his hands, and she as freely gave him hers. Then in that instant their cheeks had touched, their lips, and the great currents of unseen life had mingled.

"I can't talk about it," said the man.

"No," said the woman. "I don't want you to talk."

"But if you knew—" Some natural dumbness gripped him and he paused. "Hear it," he said, "the sea!" They listened, with one pulse. "But why are you down here, after all?" he asked.

"I came on the late train. I got to the house while you were at dinner, and I looked in at the window. I couldn't go

in. I was too glad. So I came down here and wished for you to come. I called you."

"I heard you, dear. I heard you, Elinor!"

A fierce breath tore the word in two, and the woman put up her hands and laid them gently about his neck. She was smiling and crying a little in that way women have, and she spoke with great tenderness.

"Oh, little son! don't try to make love. Do you want me to live with you? I will. You said I was a reasonable woman. I am. Come home to Sally now."

Sally did not say very much when the two walked in. She hardly dared. There was an ineffable air of life and light and power about them, and she had a deep respect for denizens of brighter worlds.

Elinor put away her cloak and hat, and went about as if she were no guest, but rather the spirit of the home. She asked for something to eat, and got it herself, because the maid was out; and she set a plate before Graham, and made him drink from her cup, while he looked at her with shining eyes. When they had eaten, they sat down by the fire together, and talked about staying all winter and finishing the anthology.

"How about the woman in the Book of Love?" asked Sally from the doorway, on her way to bed. "You killed her off, of course!"

Elinor's face flashed into a great beauty of heat and color.

"No," said she. "I let her live."

My Kingdom

BY WILLIAM CHANDLER BAGLEY

FOR this is my kingdom: My peace with my neighbor,
 The clasp of a hand or the warmth of a smile,
 The sweetness of toil as the fruit of my labor,—
 The glad joy of living and working the while;
 The birds and the flowers and the blue skies above me,
 The green of the meadows, the gold of the grain;
 A song in the evening, a dear heart to love me,—
 And just enough pleasure to balance the pain.



SHE WAS TO ALL APPEARANCES SPEAKING TO EMPTY SPACE

A Perturbed Spirit

BY MARY K. SEEGER

I
“**I** DUN’NO’ ef you’ll like your breakfast, Harriet,” said Lorinda Royce. “I’ve been tryin’ to manage so’s to use up everything before we get away. There was some rye muffins left over from yesterday, and I’ve been a-toastin’ ’em the best I could, and there’s just a mite—all you’ll be likely to eat—o’ that plum preserve Mis’ Bennet brought over.”

She was to all appearances speaking to empty space. A small tray, neatly overlaid with a napkin, lay on a table near at hand. The toasted and buttered muffins were carefully arranged upon a china plate. The cracked teapot which she lifted from the stove poured its steaming draught into a fragile cup of old blue and white porcelain. At that moment a gleam of color caught her eye—the newly unfolded buds of a scarlet geranium that had blossomed overnight in the window. She picked the flower eagerly, and laid it down among the other things upon the scantily furnished tray. It was the touch of daintiness that in her own mind at least lifted her homely service to a higher plane.

“I wish you would hurry, Lorinda,” sounded a querulous voice from an inner room. “Seems ’s if I should faint before you get things ready. I believe you’ve been looking over grandmother’s old china again, to see if you can’t surprise me with something.”

“Yes, I have,” said Lorinda, cheerfully, “and I guess you’ll think this old cup was worth lookin’ for. Oh, do be careful!” as the cup shifted uneasily in its shallow saucer. “You must set it square if you don’t want it to upset.”

“Have you saved any muffins for yourself?” asked the younger woman, grimly.

Her sister arranged the pillows carefully and pinned a thick shawl about the invalid’s shoulders before replying.

“No, I haven’t. I had my breakfast two hours ago. When we are settled

some nice place in the South, and there ain’t no cows to milk or chores to do, I can fix things different. You were asleep when I first came in this morning, or I should ’a’ made the tea before.”

Harriet’s thin lips closed firmly, and then opened again.

“I ain’t goin’ South, and you know it,” she said.

“I don’t see how you can act so, Harriet,” said Lorinda. “I’ve got everything to rights so’s to be gone till spring, and the money’s in the bank waitin’ to be used—and you a-sittin’ there and coughin’ your life away in spite of all I can do to prevent it.”

Harriet sipped her tea deliberately. She was a slight creature, with a pinched and faded sort of beauty, and her cold eyes, with dark hollow rings about them, bespoke an immitigable stubbornness.

“Why don’t you say something, Harriet?” pleaded Lorinda. “Be you goin’ to Florida or not?”

“No, I’m not,” said Harriet, in a cool, even tone. “I’m not goin’ one step.”

“You just mean to stay and die here, I suppose?”

“Yes, I do. I don’t want to go down there and live among poor white trash, and then when I die be buried in a waste o’ sand. I’d like to lie, when my turn comes, in decent earth, such as my folks hev always been used to, and have myrtle and life-everlastin’ growin’ over me, the way I’ve always seen it.”

“How can you talk so, Harriet?” said Lorinda. “If you go South you won’t die; you’ll get well. The doctor says so, and I guess he knows. If we can only get off before the worst o’ the cold sets in, you’ll come back in the spring ez chirk as anything.”

“How do you know I will?”

“You’d hev to, dear. It’s so mild down there—and there’s a sight o’ pine land, and the smell o’ pine is so revivin’ for weak lungs.”

"For goodness' sake! you must be out o' your head, Lorinda. Do you think I am goin' all that long way, and spend such a heap o' money, just to smell o' pine? Ain't there pine woods enough right about here, without travellin' a thousand miles to find 'em, I'd like to know? Ef that's all I want, you can bring some hemlock boughs right into the house, and stand 'em up about the room. I dun'no' but I'd like it," she added.

"But you can sit out-doors all winter, and you've only to put out your hand to pick the oranges,—and there's mockin'-birds, and roses growin' over the front porch till after Christmas. Mis' Bennet's been there—to the same place that we're a-goin' to—and she was tellin' me about it at Mis' Gates's funeral."

Harriet did not seem to hear. Her gaze was fixed contemptuously upon the half-emptied cup within her hand.

"Seems 's if you're gettin' stingier and stingier," she said. "How much tea do you allow to a drawin' nowa-days? This tastes just like rinsin's."

"We're a'-most out," said Lorinda, "but I thought I could make it last till we got off."

"Who's talkin' about gettin' off? I sha'n't get off this bed this winter. I told you so before Thanksgivin', and it's the fifteenth of December now. I should think you'd begin to see I mean it. I'm not goin' to Florida—not a step! There! Now you've worked

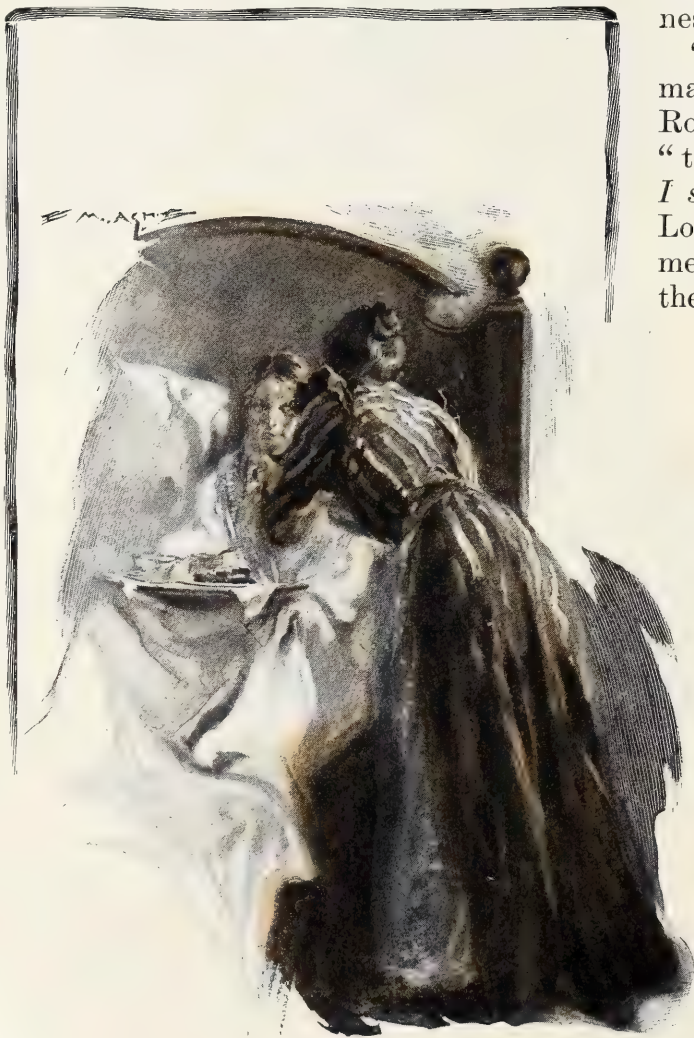
me up into a coughin' fit, I hope you feel better."

Lorinda sprang to the rescue of the tray, which tottered upon her sister's shaking knees, and then held her firmly until the paroxysm had passed. The violence of the attack seemed to wrench and shatter the slight frame, and left her spent and exhausted upon the pillows.

A momentary silence fell between them as Lorinda bent over the worn figure, in a passion of pity and helplessness. In the outer room the tall clock which had ticked away the lives of generations of Royces seemed possessed with an angry spirit of remonstrance. She could not bear the sound of it.

"You had rather stay here," she continued, desperately, "in this draughty old house, in the very path of the north wind, and be snowed up half the winter, 'thout a neighbor in sight, than to go where there's green trees and flowers and some sort o' pleasantness all the time."

"Yes, I had. You may talk, Lorinda Royce," she gasped, "till you're dumb. I sha'n't go. Ef the Lord hadn't meant me to stay here—in the draughts—He wouldn't 'a' put me here. I was born in this old house, and here I've always lived, and a pretty comfortable time I've had of it, considerin' till you took to pesterin' me so. And now I sha'n't be so ungrateful as to turn my back on everything I've liked, just because I don't feel so well as I did once. I'm satisfied where I am—with



HER SISTER PINNED A THICK SHAWL ABOUT THE INVALID'S SHOULDERS

things just as they are. I know when the fire-bushes 'll begin to burn in the spring, and the lilacs to blow, and I don't know anything about the new-fangled things you and Mis' Bennet hev been talkin' about. Apples are better'n oranges any day, and ez for mockin'-birds, I guess the thrushes are good enough for me. The sight o' the hills, and the snow, and the sound o' the wind—they do me good. You don't know anything about it, Lorinda. I'd rather die hearin' it than to live missin' it some'er's else. Besides, if I stay right here in bed, with the windows stuffed with cotton so as the air can't get in, I'm just as well off as I could be anywhere."

"But suppose," said Lorinda, hesitatingly, "you should get worse and worse, and by-and-by there wa'n't anything more to be done but just to let ye die. Then what's to become of *me*? I can't get along without ye, Harriet, no ways," and her voice broke. "I shouldn't know which way to turn, ef I was left here alone."

"When I am gone," said Harriet, grimly, "you can go to Florida."

Lorinda went out and closed the door behind her. Harriet's bed-room was on the ground-floor—a tiny square room with just space enough for a bureau, a chair or two, and a small old-fashioned bedstead. A wood fire burned cheerfully in the outer room, and there were plants and a bird-cage in one of the sunny windows. The breakfast things were on a little table by another window. There was a bright rag carpet on the floor, and the vociferous clock swung its pendulum with wearisome monotony in one corner.

There was a little tea left in the teapot, and as she mechanically poured it out she owned to herself that it was weak and the breakfast meagre. Every penny that could be spared had been used for months to swell the hoard that was to take them to Florida. The doctor had said that a change to a warmer climate would probably save Harriet's life, but argument and persuasion had been alike powerless to move her, and when the pressure upon her will became too strong for comfort, and the neighbors joined their urgency to Lorinda's, and the minister drove over from the adjoining village and labored and prayed with her, she betook herself to her bed, and refused to

see any one but the long-suffering elder sister, who continued to tend her with a sinking of the heart and a tension of overstrained nerves that were pathetic to see.

Neither of them had ever been a hundred miles from their native town. Years before, they had been left alone on the lonely hill farm, and there had seemed no other way than to work hard and get what return they could from their stony acres and the small orchard and garden. From the beginning Harriet had accepted her life and loved it, but Lorinda's was a different nature, and she could not remember the time when she had not chafed and rebelled. There were moments of wild discontent, when she hated the food she ate, the clothes she wore, the roof over her head, the narrow valley that shut them in from the great outside world that endlessly called and called to her. The blood of many wandering Royces was in her veins, and sometimes she felt as though the eager soul within her must spurn the ground upon which she pressed her feet. Her whole life had been a consuming hunger for change; for some revelation of love and beauty greater than she had known. The thought of a journey with Harriet, of seeing new hills, new fields, and unfamiliar faces, was like a cooling draught to a thirsting spirit. For once it must be right to spend and not to save—to enlarge her boundaries, to nourish her starving mind and heart, and save at the same time the one life that was inexpressibly dear and necessary to her own.

But Harriet refused to recognize the necessity of any change. Lorinda's persistent reiteration of the plan, and the covert preparations which she felt were going on in spite of her remonstrances, roused in her a stubborn sense of opposition which nothing could overcome. Every day Lorinda asked the same question, to receive the same invariable answer. And the autumn passed—a smiling, radiant season that was balm to Harriet's home-rooted soul. And the winter set in, and snow piled around the house, shutting in the passionate affection and unrest of the one sister with the fading life of the other.

Once before, in a crisis hardly less vital, Lorinda had been made to feel the power of that unreasoning obstinacy

which was the poor substitute for force of character in Harriet's self-centred soul. It was when Deacon Gates had asked her to be his wife. At that time she was hardly past her first youth, but it did not occur to him that she was really young. She had the look which we associate with treasured inherited things, and resembled nothing so much as a family portrait that had become infused with life. This was partly due to her custom of wearing, for economy's sake, the slightly remodelled clothes of her mother and grandmother. Harriet's more nimble fingers could effect with like material an air of conscious modernity that was curiously at variance with her staid, old-fashioned ways. She had always been thought the prettier and more interesting of the two, her limited intelligence hiding itself behind a wall of brooding reserve that had the specious appearance of wisdom.

It was this which led the deacon, when looking about for a second wife, to cast his eye first upon Harriet, but a soberer second thought led him to offer himself to Lorinda.

He was a kindly man, prosperous beyond his neighbors, and his proposal opened a pathway out of the region of vague longing in which her restless spirit lived and moved. A heavenly vista of unknown and untried experience stretched before her. Something sang in her heart and laughed in her ears, but nothing in her look or manner gave him a hint of this. She asked for a week in which to consider the matter and talk it over with Harriet. In her own mind was neither doubt nor hesitation. To be the object of a fostering care, to live in the finest house in the village, to know that life in what seemed to her its fortunate and desirable phases was not beyond her grasp, and, above all, to surround Harriet with daily comfort,—it was too good to be true, as indeed it proved.

The deacon had proposed that Harriet should live with them—a suggestion that was met on her part with an unqualified refusal. Lorinda could marry if she chose, but she should remain in the old house. It was not for one of the Royces to be a hanger-on of new people like the Gateses. She wondered that Lorinda should be willing to consider such an arrangement. In fact, before the week

was out, no one wondered more than Lorinda herself, and the deacon's offer was firmly and regretfully declined. To leave Harriet alone was out of the question, and in the course of time the deacon chose a mate from a household whose interests were not likely to clash with his own.

Harriet never thought of blaming herself for this result, and had even been known to criticise Lorinda for failing to take up with such a chance while she had it. Neither did Lorinda blame her, but rather held that such a spirit of proud independence could not be less than admirable, but in her own manner afterward was just a *soupeçon* of consciousness, as of one who had voluntarily let slip a golden opportunity.

A few months before our story opens the deacon had been again bereaved. It was in the early days of Harriet's gradual invalidism that Lorinda heard of it.

A neighbor passing by one morning had leaned over the fence to exchange tidings. He looked at Lorinda doubtfully as he yielded the news. The deacon had wanted her once, as everybody knew, and Harriet had come between them. He would not be likely to seek a wife in the family again.

"He's never had much comfort with his last wife, by all accounts," said Harriet, when the neighbor had gone. "I suppose you think that he'll be coming after you again now?"

Lorinda stretched out her hands to the sunshine. They were gnarled and knotted with work, that she had done for conscience' and loyalty's sake, and that had made her old before her time.

She thought of the dignified white house where her old lover lived, of the shaven lawn and well-kept premises that might have been hers, and contrasted it with the gray rambling old house that had long ago given its hostages to fortune, and would presently, she felt sure, fall about their ears, and she laughed with a bitterness that penetrated even Harriet's absorbed consciousness.

"I look like it, don't I?" she said. "A weddin'-ring would look fine on these fingers; and do you think I'd fit into such clothes as Mis' Gates used to wear—silks and lace and velvet?"



HIS PROPOSAL OPENED A PATHWAY OUT OF THE REGION OF VAGUE LONGING

Harriet looked at her furtively. "Everybody's got to grow old. There ain't no way to help it, as I can see," she said.

"Old!" said Lorinda. "It ain't that I'm old. Age is beautiful, or it ought to be, but I am marked and scarred with work—work that I needn't 'a' done, and that a common farm-hand could 'a' done better."

"For the land's sake, Lorinda!" said Harriet, wide-eyed and amazed. "What made you do it, then? I always wondered that you didn't marry him. It's what I should 'a' done in your place."

Neither of them referred to the subject again, and Lorinda's habit of persistent courage reasserted itself as the days wore on and brought the year near its end. By the middle of December the drifts lay heavily along the country roads, and she admitted to herself, as she watched the gray wrack of cloud in the western sky and listened to the sough of the

wind, that another week would be likely to make them almost impassable.

The cup of tea which she had poured for herself remained untasted upon the table. Although the sun was shining, a few flakes, aimless and inconsequent as her own thoughts, were floating in the air. The clear frosty brightness of the early morning had given place to a threatening chill that brought storm upon its wings—one of those slow-gathering storms that give warning of their approach less by a tap upon the window-pane than by the soft intangible rustle of gossamer things that jostle each other in near aerial highways. Outside the window a silence wide-reaching as the horizon lay over the earth.

To Lorinda's imagination, quickened and stimulated with long anxiety, it was as if a great anguish were about to be born out of the hush. There was the sense, common enough in the face of impending disaster, of a great withdrawal.

The pulse of humanity, warm and generous as she had sometimes found it, even in her meagre life, no longer beat within touch of her hand.

With a sudden despairing gesture, she threw up her arms, and clasped them above her head.

"I don't know," she said, half aloud, "how I'm a-goin' to bear it. I wish the house would take fire and burn down. I've a great mind to set a torch to it myself. She'd hev to move then, and I don't know of anything else that 'd start her."

II

Before morning the lines of the river and the road were alike blotted out, and huge drifts billowed over the tops of the fences. In the violet distance the woodlands loomed darkly, in patches of almost inky blackness. When the day broke, Harriet turned her head upon her pillow and looked lingeringly over the long white slopes and the dimpling hollows that nestled at their feet.

"Things seem a good way off, don't they, Lorinda, after a snow-storm?" She spoke cheerfully, and there was an unwonted brightness in her sunken eyes. "I suppose some folks wouldn't like it," she added, tentatively, "but I like to be cut off by a great storm. I don't care whether it's snow or wind or rain. It seems 's though something had happened at last, and you'd got to stand on your own feet before the Lord A'mighty, same's in the judgment day. I hope there won't anybody break through the roads for a day or two."

Lorinda followed her glance along the ridge of the hills with a shuddering distaste, which she kept in check with something of the stern repression she would have accorded a hidden sin.

"If a thaw should come suddenly," she said, "we might as well be on a desert island."

But the thaw held off for many weeks, while days of clear crisp cold followed each other in quick succession. The packed and frozen drifts were like adamant under the feet, and Lorinda passed easily across the fields to the nearest village for necessary supplies.

On one of these trips she drew the money which had been deposited in the bank, and carried it home with her.

It brought her, in feeling at least, nearer the end in view to have it where she could count it over and lay her fingers upon it now and then; and then it might be convenient to have it where, in a sudden crisis, it could be used without delay.

So long as the dry cold lasted, a portion of Harriet's old vigor returned, and while she still refused to leave her bed, there were flashes of recurring interest in the work of the household, which suffered, she felt sure, in Lorinda's hands.

With the passing of the snow came the unseasonable warmth of languid days that sapped her hoarded strength and told rapidly upon her failing forces. Lying awake through the long nights, she could hear the boom of loosened thunders in the familiar hills, the cracking and rattling of icy chains as buried and hidden streams were broken from their fastenings. The wind shifted with a long sighing murmur that was passed from tree to tree and carried far into distant valleys. Everywhere the roads were blocked with melting snow, and the river, surcharged with the surplus of the hills, rose and overflowed the meadows.

The sound grew by day and night, of rushing swollen torrents pouring down the mountain-side, and Lorinda moved about the house like an uneasy ghost, watching, in a half-shared loneliness, the oncoming and subsidence of the winter freshet.

"It seems 's if everything 'd been worse than I'd ever known it to be, just because I couldn't bear to have it so," she said to herself. "More snow on the hills; more water in the valley, and now the bridge has been swept away, and I shall be compelled to go all the way round by Mis' Bennet's to get to town."

The pungent smell of moist brown earth blew in at the open door as she paused for a moment on the threshold. It reached Harriet in her little room, where she was waiting with a consuming impatience for her sister to leave the house. The old longing had sprung anew in her breast for a sight of the neglected garden and of the brook bounding over the stones at its feet. It would not be long now before the arbutus buds would prick through the mould on the edge of the wood, and shy wood-violets unfold in secret places.



SHE WAS A LONELY PROSAIC FIGURE



A CLOUD OF SMOKE CONFRONTED HER

She sat bolt-upright in bed, with eager haste putting her feet to the floor and groping about for shoes and stockings. By slow degrees, and with many rests between, she succeeded in fully dressing herself, and thus equipped, sallied forth into the outer room. Her first adventure was in the direction of the pantry, where she looked carefully around, noting the impoverished larder, the nearly empty egg-basket, the diminished number of milk-pans.

"H-m-m!" she said. "So she has sold one of the cows. Two cows 'd never give such a scrimped mess as that!"

She dipped a little from one of the

pans with a spoon and tasted it eagerly. An armful of wood brought in with some effort from the wood-shed was added to the fire. Then she walked for a time up and down the room, straightening her stiffened limbs, weary with long inaction. The effort rested and refreshed her. Now and then she stopped to touch with pathetic affection the old furniture that was part and parcel of herself.

"I should like," she thought, "to have the old clock buried with me, and to hear it ticking in the other world,—and those old blue cups and saucers. I wonder if Lorinda 'd think I was crazy if I asked her to put one in my hand at the very

end, when nobody could see? I sh'll hate to go away and leave everything to folks that won't care."

She opened the door of a closet and took out a thick hood and shawl. When she had wrapped herself well in these, she stole out of the door around by the cinnamon-rose bushes, and found the path that wound down to the very edge of the brook. There were piles of rotting leaves in the hollows. A sharp February wind was blowing, but the sun lay brightly on the sodden earth, and touched the noisy, rippling water into a thousand gleams. In the distance was the crunching sound of wagon wheels as some one drove slowly by. Her small head was poised defiantly, and her thin nostrils, dilated at the breath of the wintry air. She was a homely, prosaic figure enough, muffled from the cold, solitary, trembling with weakness, but there was the very essence of poetry in the thrill which moved her in this moment of silence and farewell.

"I've said good-by," she whispered as she moved slowly back to the house; "that's one comfort, and when it's too late I sha'n't be feelin' bad because I'd missed the chance."

The fire was smouldering in the stove when she reached the house. She cleared the ashes from the grate, and carried them to the wood-shed, hiding them carefully in an old barrel in one corner. Then she took off her outer garments, and returned them one by one to their accustomed places. Her breath came quick and fast, but her eyes were alight with indomitable resolution as they traversed the room in a final reconnoissance of its least detail. An old pitcher of quaint colonial pattern on a shelf above her head caught her eye. She took it down and held it curiously for a moment, probing in its depths with shaking fingers, which presently abstracted a roll—thick, dull green, compact—which she thrust quickly into her bosom. Her lips were drawn together in a thin line which expressed an intense, immitigable disapproval, and, spent as she was, she crept into bed half dressed, and waited to recover herself.

III

Lorinda, toiling up the hill with face set toward home, saw, as she glanced toward the house, a little gray film of smoke

mount like a slender wavering shaft against the sky. Another and another followed it, circling at last in a continuous spiral over the roof of the unused wing.

The ordeal of the last few weeks had wrought in her such a distrust of her own faculties that she half believed the appearance to be a delusion. In the distance a single figure driving toward her must have passed that way and seen nothing amiss. A friendly neighbor, equally oblivious, hailed her as she went by.

"How soon do you think you'll get off?" she called.

"I don't know. I'm sure I don't."

"Ain't Harriet any better?"

"No, she ain't. I can't stop, Mis' Todd. It 'most seems 's if our house was on fire."

Mrs. Todd threw her apron over her head and hurried after her, but she had already climbed the low stone wall that bordered the highway, and was running across the spongy turf of the pasture. The pitch of the slope was so steep at this point that the dusky pall which hovered at the top was less evident than at a distance, but even so she hardly dared look up lest the sight should hinder her feet.

In her first rapid glance the living-room looked much as usual as she lifted the latch and stumbled forward, but she had a subtle consciousness of almost imperceptible disturbances.

"Has any one been here since I've been away?" she asked.

"Not a soul," said Harriet.

Lorinda sniffed the air, turning with a careful impartiality this way and that. "Do you smell anything?" she said.

"It's the sap comin' out o' the green hick'ry you filled the stove up with. I never heard such a sizzlin' and splutterin' as there's been."

Lorinda's dilated nostrils continued to interrogate space. "There's something wrong about this house, and I'm goin' to find out what it is," she announced, with the air of one who had been driven to extremity. At the threshold of the shed she paused for a moment irresolute. A cloud of dense, stifling smoke that extinguished wall and rafter confronted her. Stirred by the fresh current of air, stalwart tongues of flame leaped forward out

of the darkness, and gathered to themselves other tongues and a thousand crackling, hungry, clamorous voices. The door closed with a bang as she fled to Harriet's bed-room.

"The house is on fire!" she cried. "You must get on your clothes at once. Do you hear? *The house is on fire!*"

Harriet looked up with unmovable scepticism. She was not to be stirred by such ill-timed foolery as this.

"The house is on fire!" shrieked Lorinda. "On—fire! Will you get up?"

"No, I sha'n't," said Harriet.

"Oh dear me!" cried Lorinda, wringing her hands. "What shall I do?"

She leaned over the bed with a wild notion of taking her sister in her arms and carrying her bodily out of the house, but a glance at the rigid, determined face convinced her of the hopelessness of such an attempt.

"Fire!" she called; "fire!" But to her ears the words her lips framed seemed the most futile of sounds.

"Dear Lord," she was whispering in her heart, "help me to save Harriet!"

Help seemed as far away as though it were really in another world. Her feet flew as if they were winged; the tears were running down her worn cheeks. Some one came out of a far-away farmhouse and waved to her in token of comprehension. Men were running in different directions. If she had but known it, the flames were bursting by this time through the roof. Some one driving up the opposite hill, seeing the commotion, looked around, and promptly turned his horse about.

It was Deacon Gates.

It must have been soon after Lorinda left the house that Harriet, lying scornful and silent in her place, heard a curious and threatening noise. It might have been under her feet or over her head, but it seemed gradually to fold her in a circle of cumulative sound.

She sat up that she might listen the more intently. Then, before her stubborn consciousness had quite waked to the reality of the warning, the light became darkness, and her little world of home and shelter was a thick, suffocating volume of impenetrable blackness. With one bound she leaped from the room.

The outer door was reached in an instant. She could think quickly enough at last. The roar of the flames as the door clanged to behind her confounded her with their challenge of undeserved disaster. The air was full of flying cinders—the spirit of the old house reproaching her for its destruction.

"It's a judgment," she said. "It's a judgment on me for behavin' so."

She was not conscious of cold. Her wiry thin figure, petticoated in red flannel, with a short dressing-gown of the same lurid hue, might have been a breath of the flame from which she was flying. Her slipperless feet scarcely touched the way-side mud that she covered in her wild retreat along the lonely road.

The shock of the danger had the effect of a physical and moral regeneration. The old stubborn, implacable self might have been left behind in the burning house, such a great new comprehension surged within her of all that it had meant, to one of them at least, of loneliness, and of strenuous obligation to keep soul and body together, and every fibre shrank from the sharp pain of the disloyalty of the thought.

Poor little crumbling house, with its precious aroma of long association, its inherited entail of affection vanishing like a breath before the wind!

Lorinda, catching sight of the fantastic figure, and relieved of the heavier burden of her anxiety, sank by the roadside, and here Deacon Gates found her.

The face was blanched and white which she lifted to his.

"You're clean beat out, ain't ye?" he said, as he climbed down from the wagon seat and helped her to mount to the place beside him. "Been havin' a pretty hard winter of it, by all accounts."

"Yes, I have," said Lorinda.

He glanced at her with eyes in which pity and a slow sense of humor were mingled. Then he looked gravely ahead of him for a moment down the road, but in that moment he made up his mind.

"There's a good deal of life left in Harriet yet, I sh'd say," he remarked, casually.

"I dun'no' as it makes any difference now." Her mouth closed firmly, the instinct of courage, like a quivering nerve, still alive within her. "The money's all

burned up. Three hundred dollars—that I've 'most starved to save."

"You look it," said the deacon, putting his arm about her. The neighbors were behind them and Harriet in front. There was no time to lose. "It 'll take Harriet, at the rate she's travellin', about three minutes to get here. I want things settled before she can speak. Will you marry me, Lorinda—Royce or no Royce?"

"Yes," said Lorinda, "I will."

"And there 'll be no backin' out or alterations because Harriet don't like it?"

"No, there won't."

"You promise?"

"I promise. To think," she added, with a half-sob, "of our talkin' about bein' married, and her out there in this wind with nothin' on her head!"

"Well," he said, easily, "I guess she won't take cold. She's exercisin'. Ef you'll get in," he called, climbing down from the wagon again, "mebbe I can give you a lift. Lorinda and I are goin' to the minister's to be married."

Harriet looked up helplessly. "I dun'no' as I care," she said.

Lorinda laughed, but her pulses were beating to a rhythm that was like the clash of victorious drums.

Interchange

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THE oriole sang in the apple-tree;
The sick girl lay on her bed, and heard
The tremulous note of the glad wild bird;
And, "Ah!" she sighed, "to share with thee
Life's rapture exquisite and strong:
Its hope, its eager energy,
Its fragrance and its song!"

The oriole swayed in the apple-tree,
And he sang: "I will build, with my love, a nest,
Fine as e'er welcomed a birdling guest:
Like a pendent blossom, secure yet free,
It shall hang from the bough above me there,
Bright, bright with the gold that is combed for me
From the sick girl's auburn hair!"

Then he built the nest in the apple-tree;
And, burnished over, a ball of light,
It gleamed and shone in the sick girl's sight,
And she gazed upon it wonderingly:
But when the bird had forever flown,
They brought the nest from the apple-tree
To the bed where she lay alone.

"O builder of this mystery!—"
The wide and wistful eyes grew dim,
And the soul of the sick girl followed him—
"Dear bird! I have had part, through thee,
In the life for which I long and long:
Have shared its hope, its energy,
Its rapture and its song!"

The Newest Conceptions of Life

BY CARL SNYDER

NOT very long ago one of the stock-in-trade illustrations of the poverty or bankruptcy of science, or of our ignorance in general, was the lack of any sort of notion of what is life. Probably in many circles it is so still. There are types of minds that find a curious joy in ignorance, that cling to it tenaciously, for whom the riddle of life has always been a pleasant maze.

The physical process of life is no longer a riddle. It is possible now to define and describe life as precisely as, let us say, the making of bread or the brewing of beer. These illustrations have been chosen advisedly. If it be urged that we do not yet know what is fermentation, that we know as little of the working of the housewife's yeast or the brewer's malt as of life itself, there will be no one to gainsay. For, curiously enough, they seem one and the same thing.

Physiology's present answer to the old riddle is, very simply: Life is a series of fermentations.

This conception, which represents the very latest results in biology, has, as any one might guess, not been reached at a bound. It has been gained by very slow steps. And incidentally this advance has served to show that fermentation, which once seemed so comparatively simple, is in reality a wonderful thing. Positive knowledge runs back only about sixty years. The beginning was with a French crystallographer. Not many, perhaps, will recognize under this designation the great bacteriologist Pasteur, to whom we owe the whole germ theory of disease. Yet it was precisely his studies of fermentation which led him to his immortalizing discovery of microbes; and it was in turn his study of crystals which led him to the study of fermenting malt.

Pasteur started out to be a chemist. He took up the puzzling question of why one sort of tartaric acid will twist a beam of light out of a straight path to the

right, another sort to the left. One day he chanced to observe that a certain kind of yeast cells would thrive in the one medium, not in the other; this seemed to indicate that the structure of the living yeast plant was closely related to the queer actions of his right and left handed crystals.

When, forty years later, that most fruitful career in the last century had closed, Pasteur, and those who followed his lead, had gone deviously and far. He, and they, had revealed the prevalence of these invisible fungus-like growths throughout the whole of nature, had traced the good and evil effects of their presence in the human body, in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, the food we eat, and had shown that some of these are the cause of disease.

Yet Pasteur, on the crucial point, was utterly wrong. A single experiment served to overthrow the ideas toward which he had devoted a good portion of his life-work. Like many another, his mind seemed to rebel against mechanical or physical explanations of such phenomena as those of life. It was he who had revealed the intimate relations of life and fermentation; chemist though he was, he yet shrank from a chemical explanation of both.

For Pasteur, fermentation was always and ever a vital action, a product of the activity of living things. Chemical that product might be, but the process, never. A German savant, Büchner, came to the problem without this prejudice. He took a culture of these same yeast cells with which Pasteur had done so much, mixed them with a very fine, very hard quartz sand, then put the whole under enormous pressure. Of course the sand crushed the yeast cells to pulp. From this pulp flowed a sap, or liquor, which, carefully strained, produced exactly the same fermentive action as the yeast cells themselves. Ob-

viously fermentation is due to the presence in the yeast plants of a chemical substance, which may be expressed out of them. Pasteur's mysterious "vital action," then, seemed a myth.

This decisive experiment derived especial importance from the fact that it came as a sort of climax to a long series of researches, which had already disclosed the far-reaching rôle of fermentive action. Long before the days of Pasteur two French investigators had succeeded in isolating from germinating grain a substance that seemed to possess almost unlimited capacity for splitting up starch into simpler compounds. Later it was found that the saliva of the mouth contains a substance possessing the same power. Its discoverer, not knowing much about it, named it *ptyalin*.

Then came the discovery, in the stomach, of the substance familiar now to every one under the name of *pepsin*. It acts especially on the proteids, the meat- and egg-like foods. In the bile secreted by the liver was found another, whose work it is to make an emulsion of the fat foods, so that they may be taken up by the blood; the pancreas manufactures another, which completes in the intestines the work begun by the *ptyalin* of the mouth; and very recently it has become clear that the walls of the intestines themselves secrete a substance whose office is to complete the work of the stomach; which may explain why it is that dried *pepsin* from the pig's stomach is not the dyspeptic's digest-it-all that had been hoped.

Like animals, the plants were found to contain similar substances; and of the same sort is the *rennet* which curdles milk, the active part of brewers' malt, and some of the powerful vegetable and animal poisons even.

The common property of all of these peculiar substances is their ability to digest or split up quantities of the substances they attack out of all proportion to their own mass. A given amount of the active principle of malt will, for example, break up a million times its own weight of sugar.

So close was the resemblance in their effects of these near-related families of substances to the ordinary fermentation of yeast cells, and the microbes, that they

came to be called the soluble or formless ferments, as opposed to the organized or living ferments, the bacteria and fungi. French workers patriotically call them *diastases*, after the parent discovery; Germans prefer *enzymes*; others, *zymases*.

It fell to Büchner's admirably conceived experiment to disclose the identity in principle of all these fermentive actions—in a word, to demonstrate that they are alike due to specific substances, *the ferments*. Half a century of toilsomely gathered materials was that day fused in a unified body of knowledge.

Meanwhile, almost in the same year, an ingenious young Frenchman, Gabriel Bertrand by name, made a curious observation that was most upsetting. From the days of Lavoisier's celebrated experiments, more than a century old, the physiologist had been led to regard the taking up of oxygen and the giving off of carbonic-acid gas by the lungs and in the cells as the simple play of chemical mechanics, a mere question of the varying pressures at the surface (the lungs) and the interior (the cells). The ordinary method of manufacture of commercial oxygen from the air was supposed to be identical. Bertrand found that one condition for the taking up of oxygen by the lungs was the presence of a specific substance, which was itself unaltered, could be destroyed by heating or by various acids and poisons, temporarily rendered inactive by ether and other anæsthetics—in brief, comported itself exactly as a ferment. Destroy this ferment, you cannot breathe, you will die. Bertrand named it, accordingly, *oxydase*.

But the idea that a *ferment* was necessary to seize the oxygen in the lungs and hand it over to the red corpuscles of the blood, that, in short, even so simple a process as respiration was, at base, a sort of fermentation, was, to physiologists, most untoward. But to a few a glimmer of the truth must have come.

But a difficulty stood as a gulf. Just as the single experiment of Büchner's on yeast cells meant certainly that every form of fermentation by microbes, fungi, or other living things was due to a specific chemical substance, so did Bertrand's discovery foreshadow the belief that *all* vital actions are in the nature of fer-

mentations. But fermentation is destructive. Nothing could be more firmly based than that. The ferment of malt splits up the sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid; the pepsin of the stomach breaks down the albuminous foods into simpler molecules, peptones, etc.; so all through. On the other hand, side by side with the incessant destruction which is one of the two most striking characteristics of the life process, is incessant construction. Before catabolism there must be anabolism. Indeed, the destruction, the analysis, is death rather; it is the upbuilding, the synthesis, which is life. But a constructive ferment was a plain contradiction in terms.

Scientific nomenclature, or rather scientific short-hand, is a little forbidding at times, and so it was that Croft Hill's bold announcement, three or four years ago, of the discovery of "reversible zymohydrolysis" was not starred in large type in the public prints the next morning. But this young Englishman had shown that a constructive ferment exists; or rather that under given conditions the destructive action of the ferment is reversible.

When starch, or dextrine, is submitted to fermentation by the malt enzyme, it is hydrolyzed—that is to say, split—by taking up water, into one of the simpler sugars, glycose. But if the resulting product is not removed, the action soon comes to a standstill. Add more starch, it will begin again; but add to the quantity of sugar, and the reverse process is begun; the glycose is converted into starch. The enzyme, then, is able to rebuild the molecule it has pulled apart.

More recently a German chemist, Cohnheim, has found a yet more striking example. Under the influence of one ferment, an extract of almonds, amygdaline, may be broken up into sugar, hydrocyanic acid, and the essence of bitter almonds. Another ferment, that of malt, again, will put these products together to form the original compound. Still other of these curious jacks-of-all-trades seem able, in many cases simply by the extraction of water, to solder together the simpler food products into that highly complex protoplasm which Huxley named so well the physical basis of life.

Is the reader a little staggered at the

multifarious activity of the ferments?—let him compress his vision so that he may take note of what goes on in the space of the hundred-thousandth part of a needle's point. That is the size of the cells of the liver—there are millions and millions of them, absolutely identical, alike in form and function. In the various compartments of these invisibly minute workshops at least ten or twelve distinct ferments have been found, manufacturing various kinds of sugar, and acids, and urea, and bile, and color stuffs; they take up various poisons and render them harmless, bind up the acids with diverse substances to form others more complex, and in the mean while must see that they themselves get a proper supply of food, and water, and oxygen, and that all these are churned up in a state proper to assimilation.

What is true of the liver seems equally true of all the other glands and organs of the body—the kidneys, the spleen, the pancreas—and for each of them there may be a dozen or more distinct ferments, each with a special and appointed work to do. Even the brain and the nervous system have their specific ferments, and these are certainly necessary to, if they do not actually share in, the processes of sensation and thought itself.

In brief, for every vital function, a ferment. That is the latest word of biological chemistry. In broader terms, the sum of activities we collectively call life is a series of fermentations.

Naturally the very first question is, what are these ferments, these enzymes or zymases or diastases? That is the biochemical problem of the hour. So far they have utterly baffled inquiry. Their activity seems bound up rather with the peculiarities of their atomic structure, of their chemical architecture, so to speak, than with any mystery of ingredients. They are compounded of the simple elements of water, air, and carbon. It is how these are put together that is so puzzling.

But the solution is not far off. Some German chemists, Bredig and others, have been able very closely to imitate some of the ferment actions by means of solutions of very finely divided metals, such as platinum and gold. Professor Loeb and Professor Albert P. Matthews,

of the University of Chicago, have been especially interested in these problems too, and report the production of enzymes not normally found in the organism. This is a step further. We may learn of the chemical synthesis of an enzyme any day, and that will be but the prelude to the manufacture of life in the laboratory.

If this seems hazarding much, let it be noted that such faith in no wise implies the chemical synthesis of puppies or chickens; not of figs or thistles even. In the present state of our knowledge the step from a coral polyp to an oyster, for example, let alone a human being, the number of whose brain cells alone outruns the number of people who dwell upon this earth, is immeasurably greater than from a piece of coal tar to the coral polyp.

But this close pressing of the most intimate secrets of life has another implication of far more interest to the men and women of to-day. The matter I touch on now is so extremely new that it has been reached, so to speak, only by the outermost line of pickets. Here and there men of lively and daring imaginations, such as Newton and Faraday had, have caught sight of it, but their previsions seem as bizarre to their fellows as to the layman who reads and dreams merely. It is, in brief, that perhaps *all* the processes of life are reversible—growth even; that under given conditions the oak might become an acorn, the grown man a child, the adult organism led back through the successive stages of its development to the primitive germ from which it sprang.

Recent research has shown that every step in the process of assimilation, or nutrition, is presided over by a special ferment. And what we call growth is but cell division, a mechanical splitting up of one cell to form two, when, through an increase in size, the cellular equilibrium has been broken. This process, endlessly repeated through long years, builds up from a single parent cell the tall figure of the giraffe, the huge bulk of the whale, the chalk beds of England, or some vast reef of coral in the Pacific.

The discovery by the English chemist Hill that the active enzyme of starch fermentation was reversible, the discovery by the German, Cohnheim, of a fer-

ment which will undo the work of another, give earnest of the day when, the mode of action of the ferments being as well known as the working of rennet in the making of cheese now, the action of the cellular ferments may be reversed at will: the fabric they have reared would go down piece by piece, the separate parts shrink, coalesce, decrease, until, perhaps, naught remained save a formless clot of jelly-like stuff—the jelly of life.

Are these but Faust dreams? No; rather a simple statement of fact. On a miniature scale at least one or two such instances are known. A plant-like little affair, *Campanularia*, living and developing normally in the water, undergoes an amazing transformation simply upon being brought into contact with some solid substance. First the little buds or shoots along its extended arms or branches begin to retract, and finally disappear; then the arms or branches themselves slowly draw in, until only the trunk or body remains; finally that too shrivels little by little, until this well-developed organism, having a perfectly distinct and characteristic form, has been reduced to an inchoate huddle of gelatine-like stuff that can no more be thought of as *Campanularia* than the Temple of Diana might be inferred from the heaps of mouldering stones about its site.

But remove this formless mass from contact with the solid substance, and restore it to its normal conditions—the huddle begins to take on shape, to extend, to grow, to throw out its arms, and from these again the little fingers shoot out. Large as life and twice as natural, one beholds *Campanularia* again. Nor is this recession and redevelopment a mere mechanical unfolding and refolding, like unto some of the ingenious affairs devised for conjurers; for the formless mass of primitive substance may be turned over, shaken up, and altogether so differently placed that the idea of a re-appearance of the old form with exactly the same parts is untenable. It is a wholly new *Campanularia*, whose structure and shape and parts are not due simply to its internal organization, but, so far from that, are so much a direct reaction to external forces and conditions that the point where the regrowth shall begin may be fixed at the will of the ex-

perimeter. In plainest word, this bit of protoplasm is almost potter's clay, to be moulded to what shape he pleases.

Here the sole condition of reversibility in the evolution or devolution of this organism appears to be that of contact. What may be the vital, or, in more precise phrase, the molecular processes which determine this curious spectacle lie as yet far beyond the ken of the biologist. But that slowly yet surely he will penetrate the mystery is beyond doubt. Once gained—the magic word, the wizard wand, which shall call forth or banish form, structure, parts, or organs in the lower types of life—shall he not rise progressively in the scale, until perchance all life phenomena shall be within his control,—until it will be within his power to “take life in his hands and play with it”?

That day may be distant, but meanwhile there is one phase of the problem that seems nearer to our day and time. That is, the realization of Ponce de Leon's quest of prolonged youth. Arrest of growth, the stunted plant, the deformed or undeveloped child, the idiot, the cripple, the prematurely senile—are these not too familiar to our daily view? Yet why should the mechanism of nature, so seeming sure, turning out a thousand perfect specimens, slip so sadly with the thousand-and-first? We know in part, and can in part control. An impoverished soil, consumptive or otherwise diseased tissue, lack of sunlight and air—these are the producers of the physically, mentally, and morally maimed. With narcotics and poisons we may stop development, whether it be that of a plant or a child.

But what may be arrested may perchance be influenced in other ways. We have seen how the whole drift of present-day physiology is to reduce life to the connected and concerted play of the fer-

ments. The identity of the two processes holds in most unexpected ways. Heat and cold, chloroform, the poisons, the toxins secreted by the virulent microbes even, act upon the test-tube fermentations of the laboratory in precisely the same way as upon the living organism. Even the curious ferment-like solutions of fine platinum and gold may be “poisoned,” “chloroformed,” or “killed,” as if they were alive. What is dis-ease, mal-action, and death for the one is the same for the other.

It seems to be clear, too, that the condition of growth, whether of a grain of wheat or the germ of a man, is the production, or appearance, of distinct enzymes—ferments—at each stage. Cessation of growth must mean the disappearance or lapse in activity of these special enzymes. What we call growing old seems merely a series of destructive fermentations. It is probable that these are present *from the beginning*—that throughout all life there is a struggle, so to speak, between the two; that in some sense, as Professor Loeb once remarked, death is a physical agent, the material antithesis of life.

If the action of the malt enzyme upon starch is reversible, so is that of the ferments which convert the active tissue, the living protoplasm, into the relatively dead fatty, or connective, or cartilage, or bone tissue—the characteristic, as the great Russian biologist, Metchnikoff, has shown, of advancing years. As the discovery of the constructive ferments gave at last a clew to a complete account of the whole life process, so to those who have closely and reflectively followed the development of biochemistry the discovery of reversibility in fermentation may in time disclose the reversibility of the life process: the more concrete phrase, the arrest of death, the prevention of old age, the preservation of youth.





FRIDAY STREET

Surrey Downs

BY ARTHUR COLTON

I
THERE was some consciousness that Epsom Downs were noted for a certain horse-race that was called "the Derby." White structures that might be grand stands and stables were visible on the hill.

But, in point of fact, Epsom Downs means to me merely a little shallow green vale, where I lay and heard the church bells ring in the steeple of Headley, and looked at the ploughed field opposite and the fog creeping up from Leatherhead. It was the beginning of a week of heavy fog in London, when the middle of the street at noonday was a blind solitude, and all the country-side around was dim. Along the ploughed field was a road called the "Roman Road," because the Romans made one there, when Romans were Romans. It looked no different from any other road. A bicyclist climbed it, pushing his wheel. At the other end of the shallow vale a foot-path went up along the edge of the woods. The woods overhung it, a tall hedge shut it in, and three bearded vagabonds there were cooking a stealthy meal. The Romans and

the bicyclist would probably have understood each other; the Romans would have admired his wheel, and the bicyclist their road; but I seemed to prefer the foot-path and the vagabonds.

The bells of Headley were speaking of mystery and seclusion. Theirs was the only sound on the downs, except the sound of more distant bells; and for the village itself, seeing that we entered and left it by field and forest path and across the heath, I could not say whether or how its highways connected it with any worldly information. One of them seemed to circle about among the hills and come back again to Headley, and the other was observed going off into the miniature wilderness of the heath. The church stood up maternally among its flock of graves. The living villagers might be restive, their dwellings straggle out on adventurous highways, but it was their habit in due time to come and lie down quietly beside their church, and mimic its steeple and roof humbly with their head-stones and mounds. The field and forest path led past the church to an inn, where the restiveness of the

villagers was concentrated at the bar, where the landlady rapidly confided to us that business was good, that her daughter had nearly died of a fever, that her husband liked farming better than innkeeping, being a domestic man who found innkeeping over-social.

I find a "down" to be defined as an open plain; a "moor" as a marsh, bog, or fen; a "heath" as a place overgrown with heather and other shrubs. From dim memories of Anglo-Saxon I should have supposed that "heath" meant a high place, and that the shrub took its name from the place. The moors sometimes run to marsh and bog, and are sometimes dry and even; heather seems to grow anywhere it is allowed to without respect of names. Words mean the things they stand for, and environment counts for more with them than heredity.

You know what the moors are by looking at them and footing their desolate breadths. And in the same way you may know that "downs" are not plains at all, but high, smooth, swelling hills, and

mainly unenclosed pastures for sheep. The South Downs and North Downs are two parallel ranges of hills running east and west between the Thames Valley and the Channel. The South or Sussex Downs are generally treeless, often heatherless, great green-turfed chalk hills. Gilbert White fancied that there was something "analogous to growth in their gentle swellings and smooth funguslike protuberances, their fluted sides, and regular hollows and slopes, that carry the idea of vegetative dilation and expansion." Probably it was they that fixed the type and more specific meaning of the word, for the ridge of the North Downs of Surrey and Kent runs much to forest and heath, but the localized use of the word here, as in "Epsom Downs" and "Leatherhead Downs," falls on places that have the South Down features.

Heath and forest lie between Headley and Box Hill, and Box Hill is a point on the edge of the North Downs that looks down steeply on Dorking and the valley of the little river Mole.



COLD HARBOR



WOTTON HOUSE

Under the brow
Of some steep mossy hill,

Keats wrote toward the end of "Endymion," and appears to have been thinking of Box Hill, inasmuch as he was living at the foot of it:

For by one step the blue sky shouldst thou find,
And by another, in deep dell below,
See through the trees a little river go
All in its mid-day gold and glimmering;

and the Mole is a stream of further note in English poetry, because it was thought to flow singularly underground at a distance below Dorking. It gave a ready simile to a moral. There was the name, indeed, to prove the fact. Michael Drayton, in that curious old guide-book disguised as an epic poem and hidden under the title "Polyolbion," seemed to think the precedent of Alpheus and Arethusa, his submarine pursuit and emergence in Ortygia, a further proof; much as a Latin quotation was once thought a sound argument, provided the quantities were correct. But the Mole does not flow underground, only dries up in droughts and soaks into the chalk fissures. Accuracy is of so little importance in art that the discovery seems nothing disastrous to English poetry. The Mole had its dry joke upon the poets, and Dorking was early dedicated to humor,

made ready for Tony Weller and the "Marquis of Granby."

There is a romance and a realism of humor, as of tragedy, love, sorrow, and the workings of fate. Is not fat-sided laughter as welcome to our dreams as a castle in Spain? So is Falstaff an ideal, and Tony Weller no other than a romantic person. His waistcoat, top-boots, crimson shawl and complexion, are his fixed qualities, as the cloak and sombre eyes of your gentleman pirate. He has an atmosphere and Arden as truly as the melancholy Jaques or a shepherd in a pastoral. He is a sublimated driver of coaches. By looking down on human anxieties he obtains philosophy, illustrations, analogies, as of desperation with oysters or pickled salmon, of misanthropy with the keeping of turnpike gates.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his *Discourses*, observes that no one can make art out of nature who has not gained "the idea of the perfect state of nature," which enables him to see something better than anything that is visible. Tony Weller is not a 'bus or coach driver, but the ideal of the perfect one. Toward this ideal the London 'bus-driver is observed to be struggling to this day. He too looks down on the tumult of the passing show, and interprets it to strangers. His voice too is husky, his complexion raw, his comment illustrative. And yet he is but imperfect.

A number of public-houses in Dorking have a superficial resemblance to the "Marquis of Granby." Most picturesque of inns is "The White Horse." The great house and park of Deepdene, that borders on Dorking, are known to fame. But we pushed on that day toward Leith Hill, of which we knew no more than that it was one of the highest points of southern England; toward Cold Harbor, of which we knew no more than that it lay hard by Leith Hill and had an inn. The road climbed slowly between hedges and blackberry-vines, whose late fruit made us linger. Groups of children passed. The packs on our backs were subject to their mocking. The cut in which the road ran grew deeper and overshadowed with trees. One might find the view again by climbing twenty feet of the bank, if by "view" is always to be meant distances.

I do not know why one should climb a bank to look at distances, instead of at any growing thing, or composition of shine and shadow, that the eyes may take pleasure in without seeking or anxiety—brown earth of the steep bank, the smutted face of the child who rolled down it and sat in the ditch on the edge weeping, or the narrow vista of the deep-cut road dark with its vault of woods, or the brown bird who went murmuring along in the pendent brambles, talking to himself, as meditative people are apt to do. I am not sure but it is better any summer day to bury one's face in the grass than to climb hills to look at views that from two different hills are more alike than are two different square feet of meadow-grass. For these near things are full of fierce life, of struggle and power, while those distant seem lifeless or sleepy, and the thoughts they bring are more tenuous, inconclusive, without stirring germs.

Two little climbing valleys on either side of the ridge of which Leith Hill is the highest point meet at the top and make a notch, and in this notch is the village of Cold Harbor. There is a rumor—it may be an authoritative fact—that the name comes from the custom, in days of walled towns, of having something with a roof beyond the town, where the traveller who arrived after the gates were shut at sunset might find a shelter

for the night. There are a number of villages of this name in the land, and possibly they will all be found in the neighborhood of old towns like Dorking. It seems to imply that the harborage was apt to be not too comfortable.

But of Cold Harbor on Leith Hill it may be said that the air is fresh and windy, that the villagers seem to draw water from a common faucet, that a large, heavily bearded, and cordial clergyman is often to be met with in the street, and that, if the inn is full, and you ask the innkeeper what lodgings are those that are kept by a good woman who looks like an underdone apple dumpling, you will find the harborage comfortable and warm enough. There will be mutton-chops if you like, a loaf of bread, a pint of bitter beer, and a slab of yellow cheese, a fire in the grate, and a padded invalid-chair that is fitted as well to simple weariness. Then, if you have a book of good verses, or any book that has something to say and an identical way of saying it, why, let the world go pocket its sorrows and the night entertain its own ghosts.

II

On the summit of Leith Hill stands a square stone tower to celebrate the view. They say you can see twelve counties, but the fact does not seem to expand the mind. They say you can see the Channel on a clear day, and you will be better off if the day is misty. All who speak of Leith Hill speak with enthusiasm, and have reason, for the hill drops suddenly some eight or nine hundred feet, and from its base goes out a wide plain, green and sleepy and dim, with rows of willows and poplars to follow its streams, steeples to stand above its villages, with meadows and highways and bridges. A railway train creeps softly across it now and then, trailing a cumulous stream of smoke, and goes into its tunnel in silence. It is the England that one knew long ago in little steel-engravings connected with birthday volumes, with the "Princess" or the "Idyls of the Round Table," and all the melodious Tennysonian knights and ladies, who are not even so much men and women as Sir Thomas Mallory left them. Their mediævalism is of the thinnest. They are modern enough to keep company by



LOOKING DOWN TOWARD WOTTON HOUSE

an idealized railway train. But there is some mistake about those rough-and-tumble tournaments, that slaughter of chance acquaintances, that reckless behavior of married queens. They must have disliked such things too much to practise them, and must have mainly liked to ride in unrelieved nobility of mind through the avenues of well-ordered trees and by winding rivers and villages with steeples. Gilbert White calls church spires one of the "necessary ingredients in an elegant landscape." It is well for the landscape to be misty. Why care to see twelve counties or the Channel?

Partly by following the wheel tracks, partly by losing them and trusting to fortune, we came down into a narrow wooded valley, with a little brick and plaster village about a pond. And down the long strip of meadow-land in the middle of the valley could be seen tiny pond below pond, and finally the many roofs of a manor-house among the trees. And the village was stated to be named

Friday Street, and the house was the "Wotton House" of John Evelyn, the diarist, who first remarked that twelve counties could be seen from the top of Leith Hill.

John Evelyn was a fortunate man, but I seem to infer that his good fortune was much of it of his own provision. He lived comfortably through troubled times, times of importance and of change, and took an interest and some part in them. At the beginning of the Civil War he was a law student, and went sagaciously abroad to escape doing what he calls "unhandsome things," namely, taking oath to the "Covenant" against his conscience, and lived seven or eight years in France and Italy with pleasure and improvement. Toward the end of that time he married a girl of thirteen, who grew up to be a more than satisfactory wife, and brought him his house at Sayes Court on the Thames and a good estate. He had various governmental employments after the Restoration, and lived at ease in the respect of men. At some-

what over eighty years he inherited his ancestral place from his elder brother, this "Wotton House." Oddly enough, part of the property at Sayes Court, now in the thick of warehouses and London docks, is in some litigation at the present time connected with his will. He left that part of it to the state on condition that a ship for the navy should always be building there. No ship has been built there for some years, and it is expected to revert to the state, unless it belongs to a rival heir.

Evelyn is not as his friend Pepys. There is but one Pepys's Diary, and nothing resembling it. If a man intends to keep an eternally fascinating diary, he would best begin by being an oddity, and Evelyn was not an oddity. But he was naturally endowed with good fortune and sagacity, and this would seem to have been Cowley's opinion of him as well. "Happy art thou," Cowley addressed him—

Happy art thou whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet because thou'rt blest
With prudence how to choose the best.
In books and gardens thou hast placed
aright
Thy noble innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou dost
meet
Both pleasure more refined and sweet,
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books.

Fortunate, too, in the poet who so addressed him. Yet it ought not to be so difficult to write like this:

In books and gardens thou hast placed
aright

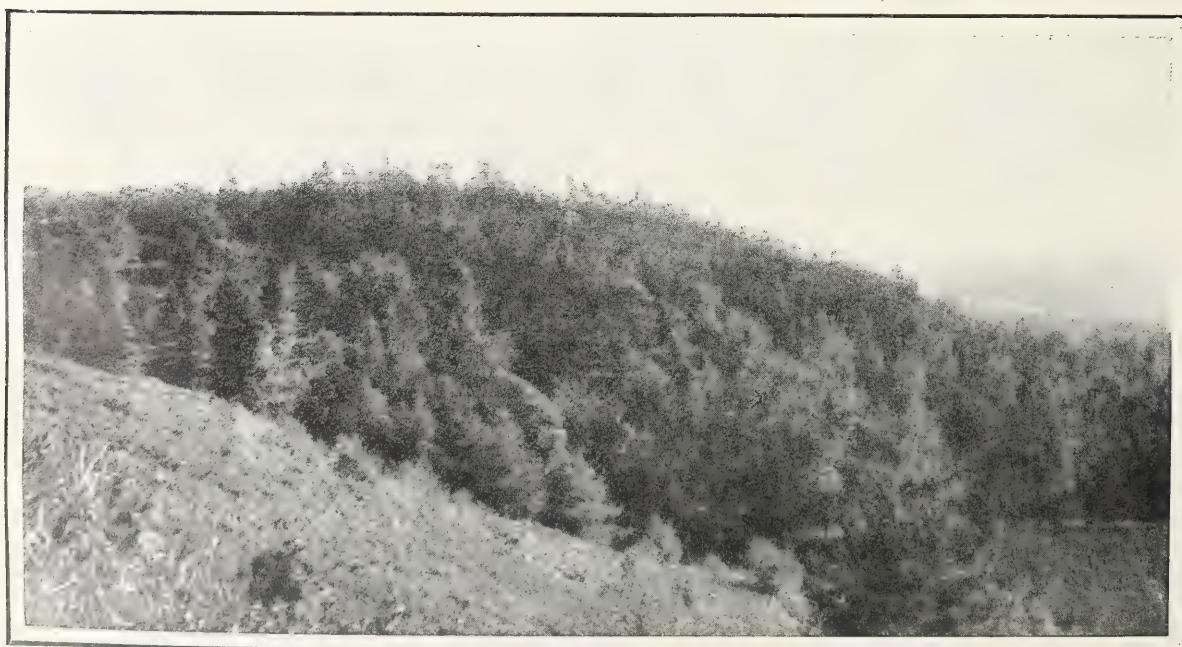
Thy noble innocent delight; . . .

The fairest garden in her looks,

And in her mind the wisest books.

I do not think it is difficult in itself, if one could come to this simpler attitude toward poetry, toward metrical expression, in which it would seem to be but a very excellent and natural way of saying things. I think there are many who might write like this, and be worth while instead of being worth nothing at all, if they did not feel it necessary in the act of writing verse to write in a more rapturous and visionary way. Cowley had no great equipment. His Pindaric odes seem quite lifeless machines. When he said simple things he was apt to say them choicely.

Evelyn had this fine recipe for a happy life, namely, curiosity, a taste for gardening, and enough larger employment to give a sense of solidity. His literary reputation in his own day came from his *Silva*, or book on forestry. A lane runs down the valley from Friday Street through the woods that he loved and lamented over near the end of the Diary. The great hurricane of the fall of 1703 blew down a thousand of his trees. "I am not able to describe it," he wrote,



LEITH HILL

"but submit to the pleasure of Almighty God." This was the storm that Addison referred to in his famous simile of the Angel of the Storm, "Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed"; Macaulay thought it was this reference that made the simile vivid and therefore famous, rather than any value in the simile itself. And now Evelyn's Wotton House is still owned and occupied by one of his name, with the same taste for curiosities, to judge from the squatting kangaroos behind the stables and the Indian buffalo; his woods have grown again, and the wind that blew them down is still commented upon; his will is causing litigation the current year; men still read his Diary and find him a pleasant companion. Surely he had good fortune even beyond his own providing.

About half of the present house seems to be of late construction. The older part is overgrown by masses of ivy. The beautiful quiet gateway may be of his time, but the garden is not of Evelyn. His hedges must have had a more sculptural look. His ideal garden comprehended "knots, traylor work, pastures, compartments, borders, banks and embossments, labyrinths, dedals, cabinets, cradles, close walks, galleries, pavilions, porticos, lanterns, and other relieves of topiary and hortolan architecture, fountains, jettos, cascades, piscines, racks, grotts, cryptae, mounts, precipices and ventiducts, gazon theatres, artificial echoes, automata and hydraulic music." These are brave words. Gardening that can be called "topiary and hortolan architecture" is another matter than hoeing weeds. But the old artificial gardening has a theory and an argument that are not at all absurd. When Peter the Great came to London to learn shipbuilding, he rented Sayes Court in order to be near the docks. He was a disastrous tenant. He used to ride his horse through Evelyn's sculptural hedges in shaggy humor and contempt of trim artifice, and Evelyn obtained £150 from the government to soothe his feelings and replant his hedges. But Peter was no standard of taste. The artificial gardening was an endeavor to make the garden as well as the house a habitation, to put the wilderness, the unknown and unlimited, farther away, to surround one's self with

comprehensible things and definite forms. Untamed nature, it said, fills the soul with wonder and doubt. Man creates peace for himself by cleanness, by order.

Beyond Wotton House we found the Guildford highroad, and went on, thinking of Evelyn, of fortune and gardening, of the advantages of such sanity as his and its limitations, through a string of villages—Abinger Hammer, Gomshall, and Shere—where men sat in the sun before tavern doors nursing pots of ale; and we came to where the highroad divided, and one road went up hill toward Alsbury Heath and the downs that lie above Guildford. There was a long pool not far aside from the road, called The Silent Pool, worth lingering by in company with one or another of the divinities of "*Il Penseroso*," because of the green stillness of the place and the blackness of the torpid water. An old moss-grown brick pavilion stands at one end. The leaning trees meet over the pool.

In fact, Evelyn might be called a specifically sane man. He did not like, with Sir Thomas Browne, to lose himself "in an *O Altitudo*." Sanity is defined as a sense of limitations. To aspire infinitely makes for madness. Greek art, they say, was firm and safe and calm; it made itself happy within its limitations, and therefore was saner than the art of the thirteenth century, that evidently strove to escape limitations, making itself unhappy with its infinite desires. It would give wings to its roofs and cause its pillars to leap. It cut stone into wandering tendrils, fashioned windows that are like explosions, and threw heavenward its wild pinnacles. It mocked its own beauty while it fashioned it. The gargoyles grin and put out monstrous tongues, the saints have staring eyeballs and misshapen limbs, and a sadness is over it all.

I was once told of an overheard conversation between a man and a woman who were inmates of an asylum. He asserted and explained his manorial rights over the island of Manhattan and adjacent shores; and she remarked, cheerfully: "That's your twist. All of us here are twisted somewhere. That's why we're here." The man considered. "Oh! What's your twist?" and a great trouble came into her face, and she said, "I don't know."



EVELYN'S WOODS

We seem to have come to a habit of alternation, between doing artificial gardening in ourselves in search of peace, and breaking through its sculptural hedges to stare at wild nature in wonder and doubt, to find this same troubled melancholy and harking to confusion, the same basal uncertainty as to what is real and what is vision, or whether there is truly any difference between them that is as basal as the uncertainty. We are all queer, save thee and me, and thee and me are a little queer, "all twisted somewhere," and 'tis thought "that's why we're here." It seems a well-precedented theology, this theory of an asylum, where a majority arrive incurable, and the rest have a chance of being selected for an immortal sanity in the which they shall be "firm and safe and calm."

It is pleasant to have manorial rights over the island of Manhattan and one or two islands in the sunset with their adjacent shores, to build white palaces among familiar hills, to hear conversations in brooks, to become virtuous by a wish, and high-souled with unnatural im-

punity. All quite mistaken, and no doubt there would be advantages in sanity. Was there ever a risen spirit who mourned for old times when its prospects were curious and uncertain, and heaven not so familiar? A poet has lately prophesied that the ruler of the millennium will so treat of details that the millennium shall appear to each person the fulfilment of his private fancy:

To every heart I will its own dream be.

The poet would have given his faith another halo if he had added that no one would ever know his own dream too well.

Breasting the hill road is efficient to shake off the brooding moods of the Silent Pool. Good citizens of Guilford were strolling with their children there in the late afternoon, seeming to be pleased with the prospect of their possessions, the green world and the fulness of it, and the nestled roofs of their old town. It seemed a favored and prosperous town, with a ruined castle and a railroad, and close over it one of the finest of the Surrey Downs.

Evolution and the Present Age

BY (*the late*) JOHN FISKE

IT has now for many years been a matter of common remark that we are living in a wonderful age, an age which has witnessed extraordinary material and intellectual progress. This is a mere commonplace; but it is not until we have given some close attention to the facts that we realize the dimensions of the truth which it expresses. The chief characteristics of the nineteenth century may be said to have been, on the material side, the creation of mechanical force, and on the intellectual side the unification of nature. Neither of these expressions is quite free from objections, but they will sufficiently serve the purpose. When we consider the creation of mechanical force, it is clear that what has been done in this direction since the days of James Watt marks an era immeasurably greater than that of the rise or fall of any historic empire. It marks an era as sharp and bold as that era which witnessed the domestication of oxen and horses far back in the dim prehistoric past.

For ages man could control only such mechanical force as was supplied by his own muscles, eked out here and there by the rudest forms of lever and wedge, roller and pulley, such as they are found in the absence of tools, or perhaps by the physical strength of his fellow-men if he were so fortunate as to control it. But a time came when man learned how to turn to his own uses the gigantic strength of oxen and horses, and when that day came it was such an era as the world had never before witnessed. So great and so manifold were the results of this advancement that doubtless they furnished the principal explanation of the fact that the human race developed so much more rapidly in the Eastern Hemisphere than in the Western.

Another stage was marked by the smelting of iron, and another by the invention

of writing, the latter being on the intellectual side of progress an equivalent for the acquisition of ox and horse power on the material side. Now this invention of writing seems very ancient, for the city of Nippur contains tablets which may be 8000 or 9000 years old, yet which are perfectly legible for modern scholars. The interval is not a long one when measured by the existence of the human race, yet it naturally seems long to our untaught minds, because it includes and contains the whole of recorded human history. Here we come upon one of the things which the doctrine of evolution is doing for us. It is altering our perspective, teaching us that the whole of recorded history is but a narrow fringe upon the stupendous canvas along which the existence of humanity stretches back, and thus profoundly modifying our view of man in his relations to the universe.

The next epoch-making change experienced by mankind after the dawn of civilization was the invention of the steam-engine by James Watt.

The impulse to this stupendous invention was given by Joseph Black's discovery of latent heat, one of the first long strides that were made into the region of molecular physics. From Black and Watt down to the latest discoveries in electricity there has been an unbroken sequence of achievement, and its fundamental characteristic has been the creation of mechanical force or motor energy. This has become possible through our increased knowledge of the interior constitution of matter.

The most striking fact about this voluntary creation of motor energy is the sudden and enormous extension which it has given to human power over the world in innumerable ways. It has been well said that our world at the present day is much smaller and more snug than the world in the time of Herodotus, inasmuch as a man can now travel the whole

length of the earth's circumference in less time than it would have taken Herodotus to go the length of the Mediterranean; and not only in less time, but with much less discomfort and peril, and with fewer needful changes of speech. This is very true, but it could not have been said a hundred years ago. The change has occurred close upon our own time. Politically, it gives to a nation like our own, spread over 3,000,000 square miles of territory, such advantages as were formerly confined to small states like the republics of ancient Greece, or of Italy and the Netherlands in the Middle Ages. Not only have numerous petty manufactures, formerly carried on in separate households, given place to gigantic factories, but the organization of every industry has been profoundly modified by railways and telegraphs.

But there are other ways of creating motor energy besides utilizing the expansive force of steam. Almost hand in hand with the development of the steam-engine has gone the progress of electric discovery, from Galvani and Volta to Faraday, calling into existence a number of astounding inventions and introducing us to a new chamber in the temple of knowledge, of which we have doubtless barely crossed the threshold.

Yet another method of creating motor energy is through chemical processes, one of the earliest of which was the invention of gunpowder four centuries ago; but at the close of the eighteenth century a new era set in, and chemistry entered upon a career of achievement too vast for the imagination to compass. In my own mind familiarity has not yet begun to deaden the feeling of stupefied amazement when I reflect that scarcely a century has elapsed since Dr. Priestley informed mankind of the existence of oxygen. At the present day man has created in the laboratory more than 100,000 distinct substances which never existed before, and never would have come into existence but for the human mind. We are now able to deal with 100,000 kinds of matter which were absent from the world of our great-grandfathers. These new material creations have their properties, like other kinds of matter. They react upon incident forces, each after its peculiar manner. They are useful in

countless ways in the industrial arts, they furnish us with thousands of new medicines, and here and there they enable our spiritual vision to penetrate a little farther than formerly into the habits and behavior of the myriad swinging and dancing atoms that, taken together, make the visible world.

We have now to consider what I called the chief characteristic of the present age on the intellectual or spiritual side, namely, the unification of nature. I said at the outset that this phrase is not altogether satisfactory, and perhaps we might substitute for it the doctrine of evolution. At all events, I wish to point out that the doctrine of evolution amounts to pretty much the same thing as the unification of nature.

Every achievement in science has consisted in pointing out likenesses that had before remained undetected. Every scientific inquirer is on the lookout for such likenesses. What Newton did was to show that throughout the world of the solar system certain things go on exactly as they do in your own parlor and kitchen. Whether it be in the next street or out on the farthest planet, it is equally true that unsupported bodies fall, and that things whirled try to get away. I say, then, that Newton's discovery was a great step toward the unification of nature; it was the first decisive step in the demonstration that the universe is not one thing here and another thing there, but is animated by a principle of action that yields similar results wherever you go. Newton expressed his law of gravitation in terms that were universal. The wonderful discovery of spectrum analysis by Kirchhoff and Bunsen in 1861 has shown that the whole stellar universe is made up of the same chemical materials as those with which we are familiar upon the earth. A part of the dazzling brilliance of the noonday sun is due to the vapor of iron floating in his atmosphere, and the faint luminosity of the remotest cloudlike nebula is the glow of just such hydrogen as enters into every drop of water that we drink. But this is not quite the whole story. The study of spectrum analysis has shown that the most deeply individual and characteristic attribute of any substance whatever is the number and arrangement of the lines and bands

which it makes in the spectrum. You cannot say of iron that it is always black, for you have often seen it red, and occasionally, perhaps, white; nor can you say that it is always cold or hard; and if it has weight invariably, that is no more than can be said of other things besides iron. But whether black or white, hot or cold, smooth or rough, hard or soft, iron is that substance which when heated till it is luminous always throws upon the spectrum the same elaborately complicated system of lines and bands, which are different from those that are thrown by any other substance. The revelations of the spectroscope, therefore, show that in all parts of the universe the interior constitution of matter is the same, and that its manifestations in the forms of light and heat are of the same character and conformable to the same physical laws. There is not one science of mechanics for the earth, or one kind of optics for Sirius, or one law of radiation for Jupiter, but from end to end of the visible universe the same laws hold sway, and the fundamental principles of action are the same.

Not only is it true that the same physical laws hold good throughout all space, but also throughout all time, as far as the farthest stretches of space and time that science can reveal to us. These are points of singular interest, inasmuch as our solar system is by no means stationary in the universe. It has long been known that our sun is flying through space with enormous velocity toward the region which we call the constellation Hercules, carrying with him his attendant planets with their moons. The revolving year, therefore, never brings us back to the place where it found us, but to a point many millions of miles distant. It is interesting to be assured that no matter how long this continues, we may depend upon the beneficent uniformity of nature's process.

The unification of nature in point of time has been the work of the nineteenth century, and especially of its geologists. When it was first proved that the age of the earth is not 6000 years, but many millions, there was a tendency to suppose that in earlier ages the agencies at work in modifying the earth's surface must have been far more violent than at present.

It was quite natural that people should think so. The changes which geology revealed were apt to be mighty changes. Layers of strata many miles in area wrenched out of place, and perhaps turned up on edge; erratic blocks of stone carried thousands of miles from home in glaciers more than a mile in thickness; long stretches of sea-coast torn away by the restless waves; mountains bearing on their summits the telltale evidences that they had once been submerged in the ocean—all these things seemed to speak of gigantic displays of force like the wanton play of Titans and Asuras in the ancient mythologies. Still more was this view impressed upon the mind as the wonders of paleontology became gradually revealed to us. Here we were shown a succession of past ages during which the aspect of things was totally different from what it is now.

There was, for example, the age when the great coal-measures were deposited, characterized by a dense and suffocating atmosphere, with vegetation generally as exuberant as that of modern Brazil, with colossal tree-ferns abounding, but not a single deciduous tree or flowering herb in existence. That Carboniferous Age had its day and vanished, leaving its vegetable wealth locked up in the bowels of the earth to heat the houses and propel the engines of men in this age of ours. By-and-by there was a Jurassic Age, when reptiles were the lords of creation—the bulkiest animals ever seen upon earth, yet with brains too small to do more than guide their clumsy movements. Those were the days when the *Atlantosaurus*, with a body 100 feet long and a tail as stout as a ship's mast, dragged his unwieldy length over the plains of Montana, while in every latitude and clime you would come upon similar cold-blooded dinosaurs, sometimes bigger than elephants, sometimes as small as mice, stalking through the landscape or burrowing underground, sitting upright, kangaroo fashion, with heads near the tree-tops, flying about in the gloaming with batlike wings like a schooner's mainsail, or sailing in the seas, with long, cranelike necks reared aloft above the water. Those were long days, but they too passed, and the years are millions since the last dinosaur perished.

And then, to mention just one more, we are introduced to an Eocene world, about which the most striking things are the appearance of deciduous trees alongside of the evergreens, the vast and varied development of beautiful forms and colors simultaneously in the insect world and in the world of flowers, and, lastly, the presence of sundry queer-looking warm-blooded mammals calculated to produce in an observer the state of mind of old Polonius,—for one would seem like a pig were it not also something like a small donkey; another would seem about midway between cat, rabbit, and monkey, all of them being generalized types which have since been variously specialized. I need not add that these creatures, too, are all gone.

Now, in view of such repeated and wholesale destruction of life, it was not strange that the geologists of a hundred years ago should have imagined a succession of dire catastrophes involving a large part or the whole of the earth's surface. It was supposed that the beginning and end of every great geologic period, such as the Carboniferous or the Jurassic or the Eocene, here selected for mention, were characterized by such catastrophes, which swept from the face of the earth all existing forms of life. It was supposed that the introduction of a new geologic period was marked by a fresh introduction of living beings through some inexplicable act of wholesale creation. There were facts which did not harmonize with this view, such, for example, as the continuous existence of a certain kind of shell-fish, known as trilobites, through many successive geologic periods. The theory of catastrophes appeared to demand the assumption that these trilobites were wiped out and created over again half a dozen times, which was rather a shock to men's acquired notions of probability.

The complete overthrow of this doctrine of catastrophes was effected by Sir Charles Lyell, whose great book was published in 1830. The difficulty with the catastrophizers was that, while talking glibly about millions of years, they had not stopped to consider what is meant by a million years when it takes the shape of work accomplished. Suppose you were to go to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado

River and stand upon the fearful brink of the gorge where it is more than a mile in depth, looking down at the stream like a tiny bright ribbon at the bottom, and were told that this stream is wearing off from its rocky bed about one-tenth of an inch every year, how your mind would feel staggered in the attempt to estimate the length of time that it must have taken to excavate the whole of that mighty gorge! Your first impulse would certainly be to speak of quadrillions of years, or something of the sort; yet a simple calculation shows that one million of years would much more than suffice for the whole process. Now all over the globe the myriad raindrops rushing in rivers to the sea are with tireless industry working to obliterate existing continents, and the mean rate at which they are accomplishing this work of denudation seems to be about one foot in three thousand years. At this rate, and from the action of rivers alone, it would take just about two million years to wear the whole existing continent of Europe, with all its huge mountain masses, down to the sea-level.

It was the application of such considerations by Sir Charles Lyell to the great problems of geology, taken up one after another, that revolutionized the whole study of the earth's surface. It soon became clear that the great catastrophes were entirely unnecessary to account for the effects which we see; and for the first time in the history of human thought we had brought before us on the most colossal scale the truth that there is nothing in the universe which accomplishes so much as the incessant cumulative action of tiny causes.

This theory of Lyell's was at first known as Uniformitarianism, as contrasted with Catastrophism. It has everywhere won the field, but with sundry qualifications and explanations. It is not believed that the earth's surface was always so quiet as at present, because it is an accepted opinion among men of science that the earth was once a vaporous body immensely hotter than at present and to some extent self-luminous, as Jupiter and Saturn are to-day. Such a state of things was a state of more or less curious commotion, such as may now be witnessed upon the surfaces of those

planets, which are so big that they still remain hot. Obviously the cooling of the earth's surface with the formation of a crust must have entailed increasing quiet, and it was of course not until long after the formation of a solid crust with liquid oceans that organic life could have begun to exist. Even after the introduction of plants and animals, the energies of the heated interior, imperfectly repressed, broke forth from time to time in local catastrophes upon the surface, though doubtless never in one that could be called universal.

In early geologic ages there were doubtless earthquakes and floods more violent than any recorded in history, but the chief agencies of change were the quiet ones; and in general, if at any time you had visited the earth, you would have found a peaceful scene, where gentle showers and quickening sunshine coaxed forth the sprouting herbage, with worms crawling in the ground and quadrupeds of some sort browsing on the vegetation; and never would there just come a time when you could say that the old age had gone and a new one succeeded it. How does one generation of men succeed another? The fathers are not swept away in a body to make room for the children, but one by one the old drop off and the young come on, till a day is reached when none of those remain that once were here. How does some form of human speech become extinct? About a hundred years ago an old lady named Dolly Dentreath died in Cornwall. She could speak the Cornish language; after her death there was nobody that could. Thus quietly did the living Cornish language become a dead language; and in a like unobtrusive manner have been wrought most of the new becomings which have changed and are changing the earth.

The net result of all this study was that the same kind of forces were at work a hundred million years ago that are at work to-day, and that the lessons gained from our familiar experiences may safely be applied to the explanation of phenomena the most remote in time as well as in space. In a still more striking degree was this exemplified in the researches of Darwin. When it became clear that there had been no universal catastrophes, it was also clear that the per-

sistence of trilobites and other creatures unchanged through successive periods simply showed that they had existed all the time because the conditions happened to be favorable. It was further noticed that where, in some given territory, one geologic period follows another, the creatures of the later period resemble those of the earlier much more closely than the creatures of some distant region.

Thus through many successive periods South America has abounded in animals of the general types of armadillo, sloth, and ant-eater. For example, although the change from the megatherium of the Pliocene Age to the modern sloth is greater than the change from the Bengal tiger to kitty that purrs on the hearth, yet, after all, the megatherium is of the sloth type. But if the megatherium was once annihilated by some grand convulsion, after which a fresh creation of mammals occurred in South America, why should a sloth occur among the new creations rather than a kangaroo or an elephant? For a while the advocates of special creations had their answer ready. They said that every animal is best suited to the conditions in which he lives, that he was created in order to fit those conditions; therefore God has repeatedly created anew the sloth type of animal in South America because it has all along been best fitted to the conditions to which animal life is subjected there.

But this ingenious argument was soon overthrown. It is true that every animal is more or less adapted to his environment, for otherwise he would at once become extinct; but in order to determine whether he is best adapted to that environment, it remains to be seen whether he can maintain himself in it against all comers. Now in a great many instances he is far from able to do this. New Zealand grass is fast disappearing before grass introduced from Europe, and the marsupials of Australia are being surely and steadily extirpated by the introduction of species with widely different structure but similar habits. Thus the marsupial rodent is vanishing before the European rat even faster than the native black fellow is vanishing in presence of Englishmen. Now if the Creator followed the rule of putting wild species only in the habitats best suited to them,

He would have put the European rat in Australia, and not the marsupial rodent. This illustration shows how far the old explanation failed to suit the facts.

It is now understood that one of the principal factors in establishing a high degree of vitality has been competition for the means of supporting life. In the great continental mass of Europe, Asia, and Africa the forms of life have been most numerous and the competition has been keenest; hence life, both animal and vegetable, has been more strongly developed than elsewhere; creatures have been produced that are tougher and more resourceful than in other places; they have the peculiar combinations of qualities that enable their possessors to live more highly developed. Second in this respect comes North America; then very far below it, because more isolated, comes South America; lowest of all, because most isolated, comes Australasia. Australian man is the lowest of the human species, having not arisen to the bow-and-arrow stage; the Maori of New Zealand, a high type of barbarian, is not indigenous, but a comparatively late arrival; in its natural history generally Australasia has only reached a point attained in the Northern Hemisphere two or three geological periods ago. In the chalk period marsupials abounded in Europe, but they were long ago extinguished by placental mammals of greater vitality, and the same thing is now happening in Australasia. The true reason for the resemblance between any fauna and its predecessors in the same area is that the later forms are slightly modified descendants of the earlier forms. Thus there arose the suspicion that the millions of separate acts of creation once thought necessary to account for the specific forms of plants and animals were as unnecessary and improbable as the series of convulsions formerly imagined as the causes of geologic change.

Now what Darwin did was the same sort of thing that Newton and Lyell had done. He asked himself if there was not some simple and familiar cause now operating to modify plants and animals which could be shown to have been in operation through past ages; and, furthermore, if such a cause could not be proved adequate to bring about truly specific

changes. We are familiar with the production of new breeds of horses and cattle, pigeons and fowl, and countless fruits and flowers, through human agency. How is this done? Simply through selection.

I need not follow the steps by which Darwin reached his conclusions. Selection by man could not account for the origin of species, but the leap of inference which Darwin took from human selection to natural selection, the masterly way in which he proved that the survival of favored individuals in the struggle for existence must operate as a process of selection, incessant, ubiquitous, and unavoidable, so that all living things are from birth to death under its sway—this was of course one of the most memorable achievements of the human mind. It was in the highest sense poetic work, introducing mankind to a new world of thought. But its scientific character lay in its appealing to familiar agencies to assist in interpreting the unknown. Darwin's theory of natural selection covered so much ground, it was substantiated and verified in such a host of cases, as to win general assent to the doctrine of evolution, which had before 1860 been accepted only by a comparatively few leading minds.

In this connection let me for the thousandth time point out the fallacy of the common notion that we owe to Charles Darwin the doctrine of evolution. Nothing of the sort. On the other hand, there were large portions of the general theory of evolution which Darwin did not even understand. His theory of descent by modifications through the agency of natural selection was an immensely important contribution to the doctrine of evolution, but it should no more be confounded with that doctrine than Lyell's geology or the Newtonian astronomy should be confounded with it. If Herbert Spencer had not lived in the nineteenth century, although the age would have been full of illustrations of evolution, contributed by Darwin and others, yet in all probability such a thing as the doctrine of evolution would not have been heard of. What, then, is the central pith of the doctrine of evolution? It is simply this: That the changes that are going on throughout the universe, so far

as our scientific methods enable us to discern and follow them, are not chaotic or unrelated, but follow an intelligible course from one state of things toward another; and more particularly that the course which they follow is like that which goes on during the development of an ovum into a mature animal.

This doctrine of evolution started in the study of embryology, a department in which Darwin had but little first-hand knowledge. Spencer's forerunner was the great Esthonian naturalist Karl Ernst von Baer, who published in 1829 a wonderful book generalizing the results of observation up to that time on the embryology of a great many kinds of animal. Curiously enough, von Baer called this book a "History of Evolution," although neither then nor down to his death was he an evolutionist in our sense of the word. So far from it was he that in his later years he persistently refused to accept Darwin's theory of natural selection.

Now, in studying the development of an individual ovum as exemplified in a thousand different species of animals, von Baer arrived at a group of technical formulas so general that they cover and describe with accuracy the series of changes that occur in all these cases. In other words, he made a general statement of the law of development for all physiological species. Now Spencer's great achievement was to prove that von Baer's law of development, with sundry modifications, applies to the succession of phenomena in the whole universe so far as known to us.

Spencer took the development of the solar system according to the theories of Kant and Laplace; he took the geologic development of the earth according to the school of Lyell; he took the development of plant and animal life upon the earth's surface according to Linnæus and Cuvier, supplemented and rectified by Hooker and Huxley; and he showed that all these multifarious and apparently unrelated phenomena have through countless ages been proceeding according to the very law which expresses the development of an individual embryo. In addition to this, Spencer furnished an especially elaborate illustration of his theory in a treatise upon psychology, in which he traced the evolution of mind

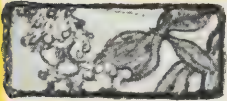
from the first appearance of rudimentary nerve systems in creatures as low as starfishes up to the most abstruse and complex operations of human intelligence, and he showed that throughout this vast region the phenomena conformed to his law. This was by far the profoundest special research that has ever been made on the subject of evolution, and it was published four years before Spencer had ever heard of Darwin's theory of natural selection. In those days Spencer's attitude toward such questions was much more Lamarckian than Darwinian—that is to say, he attributed far greater importance to such agencies as the cumulative effects of use and disuse than Darwin ever did; but when Darwin's great work appeared, Spencer cordially welcomed him as a most powerful auxiliary. Spencer's next achievement was to point out some of the most essential features in the development of mankind as socially organized, and to make it practically certain that with the further advance in knowledge this group of phenomena also will be embraced under the one great law of evolution. And there was still one thing more which Spencer may fairly be said to have accomplished. The generalization of the metamorphosis of forces, which was begun a century ago by Count Rumford when he recognized heat as a mode of molecular motion, was consummated about the middle of the century, when Dr. Joule showed mathematically just how much heat is equivalent to just how much visible motion, and when the researches of Helmholtz, Mayer, and Faraday completed the grand demonstration that light and heat and magnetism and electricity and visible motion are all interchangeable one into the other, and are continually thus interchanging from moment to moment. Now Spencer showed that the universal process of evolution as described in his formula not only conforms to the development of an individual life as generalized by von Baer, but is itself an inevitable consequence of the perpetual metamorphosis of energy that was detected by the great thinkers above named, from Rumford to Helmholtz. Had he only accomplished the former part of the task, his place in the nineteenth century would have been that of a greater Kepler; as it is, his place is un-

doubtedly that of a greater Newton. The achievement is so stupendous that that of Darwin is fairly dwarfed in comparison. In Spencer's law of evolution the unification of nature is carried to something like completeness.

Now with regard to some of the scientific truths, methods, and habits which I have alluded to as characteristic of the theory of evolution and its pioneers, it is obvious that they have begun to permeate the thought of our time in many directions. Take, for example, the writing of history. There was a time when historians dealt mainly in personal details, in the intrigues of courts, and in battles and sieges; when the study of some conspicuous personality like Luther or Napoleon was supposed to suffice for the understanding of the historic movements of his time; when it could be said of sundry decisive battles that a contrary event would have essentially altered the direction of human development through all subsequent ages; when some writers even went so far as to declare that the biographies of all great men lumped together would be equivalent to a history of mankind. Throughout this whole school of writing you may detect that fondness for the unusual and catastrophic that used to characterize the scientific mind when untrained in modern methods and results. Now the past generation has seen the method of treating history quite revolutionized. In the study of political institutions and economic conditions we are endeavoring to understand the cumulative action of minute but incessant causes, such as we see in operation around us. We endeavor to carry to the interpretation of past ages the experience derived from our own; and knowing that nothing is more treacherous than hasty generalizations from analogy, we devote to the institutions and conditions of past ages and our own a study of most exacting and microscopic minuteness in order that we may guard against error in our conclusions. The result of this new method is a very considerable revolution in our opinions of the past and our feelings toward it, while an enormous mass of facts that our grandfathers would have called insufferably tedious have become invested for us with absorbing interest.

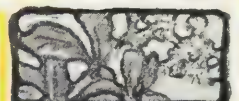
Or, to cite something more immediately practical, if you consider the projects which men have in various ages entertained for reforming society, you will find that along with experience goes a naïve faith that some sovereign decree, or some act of parliament, or some cunningly devised constitution, or some happily planned referendum will at once accomplish the desired result. But cold, hard experience soon shows that sovereign edicts may be neglected, that it is far easier to make statutes than to enforce them, and that in such a delicate and complex structure as that of society the operation of laws and constitutions is liable to differ very widely from what was anticipated. The great difficulty of securing wise legislation is illustrated by the fact that in almost all statute-books nine-tenths of the legislation comes under the class which might be introduced as an act to repeal an act. Continually we find men asserting in one breath that human nature is always the same, and in the next moment assuming that it may be extensively remodelled by some happy feat of legislation. Now the mental habits that come from a study of evolution lead us to very different views upon such matters. We can produce abundant evidence to show that human nature is not always the same, while we also recognize that it cannot be suddenly or violently modified by any governmental might or cunning. We recognize that one must not expect to take a mass of poor units and organize them into an excellent sum total. We do not imagine that a community of Hottentots would be particularly benefited by our Federal Constitution any more than they would feel comfortable in our clothes.

As the disclosures of the past century become assimilated in our mental structure, we see that man is now justified in feeling himself as never before a part of nature; that the universe is no inhospitable wandering-place, but his own home; that the mighty sweep of its events from age to age is but the working out of a cosmic drama in which his part is the leading one; and that all is an endless manifestation of one all-pervading creative Power, Protean in its myriad phases, yet essentially similar to the conscious soul within us.



THE VERY SMALL PERSON

By Annie Hamilton Donnell



MISS SALOME'S face was gently frowning as she wrote.

"DEAR JOHN," the letter began,—*"It's all very well except one thing. I wonder you didn't think of that. I'm thinking of it most of the time, and it takes away so much of the pleasure of the rose-garden and the raspberry-bushes! Anne is in raptures over the raspberry-bushes.*

"Yes, the raspberries and the roses are all right. And I like the stone wall with the woodbine over it. (Good boy, you remembered that, didn't you?) And the apple-tree and the horse-chestnut and the elm—of course I like them.

*"The house is just big enough and just small enough, and there's a trunk-closet, as I stipulated. And Anne's room has a 'southern exposure'—Anne's crazy spot is southern exposures. Mine's *it*. Dear, dear, John, how could you forget *it*! That everything else—closets and stone walls and exposures—should be to my mind but *that*! Well, I am thinking of moving out, before I move in. But I haven't told Anne. Anne is the kind of person *not* to tell, until the last moment. It saves one's nerves—heigho! I thought I was coming here to get away from nerves! I was so satisfied. I really meant to thank you, John, until I discovered—it. Oh yes, I know—Elizabeth is looking over your shoulder, and you two are saying something that is unfit for publication about old maids! My children, then thank the*

Lord you aren't either of you old maids. Make the most of it."

Miss Salome let her pen slip to the bare floor and gazed before her wistfully. The room was in the dreary early stages of unpacking, but it was not of that Miss Salome was thinking. Her eyes were gazing out of the window at a thin gray trail of smoke against the blue ground of the sky. She could see the little house, too, brown and tiny and a little battered. She could see the clothes-line, and count easily enough the pairs of little stockings on it. She caught up the pen again fiercely.

"There are eight," she wrote. "Allowing two legs to a child, doesn't that make *four*? John Dearborn, you have bought me a house next door to four children! I think I shall begin to put the books back to-night. As ill luck will have it, they are all unpacked.

"I have said nothing to Anne; Anne has said nothing to me. But we both know. She has counted the stockings too. We are both old maids. No, I have not *seen* them yet,—anything but their stockings on the clothes-line. But the mother is not a washer-woman,—there is no hope. I don't know how I know she isn't a washer-woman, but I do. It is impressed upon me. So there are four children, to say nothing of the Lord knows how many babies still in socks! I cannot forgive you, John."

Miss Salome had been abroad for many years. Stricken suddenly with



THE VERY SMALL PERSON CLIMBED INTO A CHAIR.

homesickness, she and her ancient serving-woman, Anne, had fled across seas to their native land. Miss Salome had first commissioned John, long-suffering John, —adviser, business-manager, brother,—to find her a snug little home with specified adjuncts of trunk-closets, elm, apple, and horse-chestnut trees, woodbiney stone walls,—and a “southern exposure” for Anne. John had done his best. But how could he have forgotten, and Elizabeth have forgotten, and Miss Salome herself have forgotten—it? Every one knew Miss Salome’s distaste for little children. Anne’s too, though Anne was more taciturn than her mistress.

“Hullo!”

Miss Salome started. In the doorway stood a very small person in blue jeans overalls.

“Hullo! I want your money or your life! I’m a ’wayman.”

“A—*what?*” Miss Salome managed to ejaculate. The Very Small Person advanced a few feet into the room.

“Robber, you know;—you know what robbers are, don’t you? I’m one. You

needn’t call me a *highwayman*, I’m so—so low. Just ’wayman ’ll do. Why, gracious! you ain’t afraid, are you? You needn’t be,—I won’t hurt you!” and a sweet-toned, delighted little laugh echoed through the bare room. “You needn’t give me your money or your life. Never mind. I’ll ’scuse you.”

Miss Salome uttered no word at all. Of course this boy belonged in a pair of those stockings over there. It was no more than was to be expected.

“It’s, me. I’m not a ’wayman any more,—just *me*. I heard you’d come, so I thought I’d come an’ see you. You glad? Why don’t you ask me will I take a seat?”

“Will I—will you take a seat?” repeated Miss Salome, as if she were saying a lesson. The Very Small Person climbed into a chair.

“Looks pretty bad here, doesn’t it? I guess you forgot to sweep,” he said, assuming social curves in his plump little body. He had the air of having come to stay. Miss Salome’s lips, under orders to tighten, found themselves un-



SHE COULD CATCH THE LITTLE BLVE GLINT OF VERY SMALL OVERALLS

expectedly relaxing into a smile. The Very Small Person was amusing.

"We've got a sofy, an' a rockin'-chair. The sofy's new, but Chessie's broke a hole in it."

"Are there four of you?" Miss Salome asked, abruptly. It was the Very Small Person's turn to start now.

"Me?—gracious! four o' me? I guess you're out o' your head, aren't— Oh, you mean *child'en*! Well, there's five, 'thout countin' the spandy new one,—she's too little to count."

Five,—six, with the spandy new one! Miss Salome's gaze wandered from the piles of books on the floor to the empty packing-boxes, as if trying to find the shortest distance.

"There are only four pairs on the line," she murmured weakly,—“stockings,” she added. The Very Small Person nodded comprehendingly.

"I don't wear 'em summers,—I guess you didn't notice I was in my bare feet, did you? Well, I am. It's a savin'. The rest are nothing but girls—I'm all the boy we've got. Boys are tough.

But I don't s'pose you ever was one, so you don't know?" There was an upward inflection to the voice of the Very Small Person. An answer seemed expected.

"No,—no, I never was one," Miss Salome said, hastily. She could hear Anne's plodding steps in the hall. It would be embarrassing to have Anne come in now. But the footsteps plodded by. After more conversation on a surprising number of topics, the Very Small Person climbed out of the chair.

"I've had a 'joyable time, an' I'll be pleased to come again, thank you," he said, with cheerful politeness. "I'm glad you've come,—I like you, but I hope you'll sweep your floor." He retreated a few steps, then faced about again and advanced into the enemy's near neighborhood. He was holding out a very small, brown, unwashed hand. "I forgot 'bout shakin' hands," he smiled. "Le's. I hope you like me, too, an' I guess you do, don't you? Everybody does. Nobody ever *didn't* like me in my life, an' I'm seven. Good-by."

Miss Salome heard him patter down the hall, and she half thought—she was not sure—that at the kitchen door he stopped. Half an hour afterward she saw a very small person crossing the rose-garden. If there was something in his hands that he was eating, Miss Salome never asked Anne about it. It was not her way to ask Anne questions. It was not Anne's way to ask her. The letter to John was finished, oddly enough, without further mention of—it. Miss Salome got the broom and swept the bare big room carefully. She hummed a little as she worked. Out in the kitchen Anne was humming too.

"It is a pleasant little place, especially the stone wall and the woodbine," Miss Salome was thinking; "I'm glad I specified woodbine and stone walls. John would never have thought. So many other things are pleasant too; but, dear, dear, it is very unfortunate about that one thing!" Still Miss Salome hummed, and after tea she got Anne to help her move out the empty packing-boxes.

The next day the Very Small Person came again. This time he was a peddler, with horse-chestnut "apples" to sell, and rose-petal pies. He said they were bargains.

"You can truly eat the pies," he remarked. "There's a *little* sugar in 'em. I saved it off the top o' *her* bun," indicating Anne's locality with a jerk of his little cropped head. So it was a fact, was it? He had been eating something when he crossed the rose-garden? Miss Salome wondered at Anne.

The next day, and the next,—every day the Very Small Person came, always in a new character. Miss Salome found herself watching for him. She could catch the little blue glint of very small overalls as soon as they got to the far side of the rose-garden. But for Anne, at the end of the first week she would have gone out to meet him. Dear, dear, but for Miss Salome, Anne would have gone!

The Very Small Person confided his troubles to Miss Salome. He told her how hard it was to be the only boy,—how impossible, of course, it was to play girly plays, and how he had longed to find a congenial spirit. Mysteriously

enough, the Very Small Person appeared confident that he had found the congenial spirit at last. Miss Salome's petticoats seemed no obstacle. He showed her his pocketful of treasures. He taught her to whittle, and how to bear it when she "bleded." He taught her to whistle,—very softly, on account of Anne. (He taught Anne, too,—softly, on account of Miss Salome.) He let her make sails for his boats, and sew on his buttons,—those that Anne didn't sew on.

"Dear John," wrote Miss Salome, "the raspberries are ripe. When you were a very small person—say seven—did you ever mash them between raspberry leaves, with 'sugar in,' and call them pies,—and eat them? They are really palatable. Of course it is a little risky on account of possible bugs. I don't remember that you were a remarkable little boy. Were you? Did you ever play you were a highwayman, or an elephant, or anything of that sort? Queer I can't remember.

"Anne is delighted with her southern exposure, but she has never said so. That is why I know she is. I am delighted with the roses and the closets and the horse-chestnut—especially the horse-chestnut. That is where we play—I mean it is most pleasant there, hot afternoons. Did you use to dote on horse-chestnuts? Queer boys should. But I rather like them myself, in a way,—out of the way! We have picked up a hundred and seventeen." Miss Salome dropped into the plural number innocently, and Elizabeth laughed over John's shoulder. Elizabeth did the reading between the lines. John was only a man.

One day the Very Small Person was late. He came from the direction of the stable that adjoined Miss Salome's house. He was excited and breathless. A fur rug was draped around his shoulders and trailed uncomfortably behind him.

"Come on," he cried, eagerly. "It's a circus! I'm the grizzled bear. There's a four-legged girl—Chessie, you know, with stockin's on her hands,—and a Manx rooster ('thout any tail), and, oh, my! the *splendidest* livin' skeleton you ever saw! I want you to be man'ger—come on! It's easy enough. You poke



ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

• THAT IS WHERE WE PLAY — I MEAN IT IS MOST PLEASANT HERE. •



us with a stick, an' we perform. I dance, an' the four-legged girl walks, an' the rooster crows, an' the skeleton skel— Oh, well, you needn't poke the skeleton."

The Very Small Person paused for breath. Miss Salome laid aside her work. Where was Anne?—but the stable could be reached without passing the kitchen windows. Saturdays Anne was very busy, anyway.

"I'm ready," laughed Miss Salome. She had never been a circus-manager, but she could learn. It was easier than whittling. Together they hurried away to the stable. At the door Miss Salome came to an abrupt stop. An astonished exclamation escaped her.

The living skeleton sat on an empty barrel, lean and grave and patient. The living skeleton also uttered an exclamation. She and the circus-manager gazed at each other in a remarkable way, as if under a spell.

"Come on!" shouted the grizzled bear.

After that, Miss Salome and Anne were not so reserved. What was the use? And it was much easier, after all, to be

found out. Things ran along smoothly and pleasantly after that.

Late in the autumn, Elizabeth, looking over John's shoulder one day, laughed, then cried out sharply. "Oh!" she said; "oh, I am sorry!" And John echoed her an instant later.

"Dear John," the letter said, "when you were little were you ever very sick, and did you *die*? Oh, I see, but don't laugh. I think I am a little out of my head to-day. One is when one is anxious. And the Very Small Person is very sick. I found Anne crying a little while ago, and just now she came in and found me. She didn't mind; I don't.

"He did not come yesterday or the day before. Yesterday I went to see why. Anne was just coming away from the door. 'He's sick,' she said, in her crisp, sharp way,—you know it, John,—but she was white in the face. The little mother came to the door. Queer I had never seen her before,—the Very Small Person has her blue eyes.

"There were two or three small persons clinging to her, and the very smallest one I ever saw was in her arms. She

looked fright—" The letter broke off abruptly here. Another slip was enclosed that began as abruptly. "Anne says it is scarlet fever. The doctor has been there just now. I am going to have him brought over here—you *know* I don't mean the doctor. And you would not smile, either of you—not Elizabeth, anyway, for she will think of her own babies—"

"Yes, yes," Elizabeth cried, "I am thinking!"

"—That is why he must not stay over there. There are so many babies. I am going over there now."

The letter that followed this one was a week delayed.

"Dear John," it said,—“you must be looking out for another place. If anything should—he is very sick, John! And I could not stay here without him. Nor Anne. John, would you ever think that Anne was born a nurse? Well, the Lord made her one. I have found it out. Not with a little dainty white cap on, and a nurse's apron,—not that kind, but with light, cool fingers and a great tender heart. That is the Lord's kind, and it's Anne. She is taking beautiful care of our Very Small Person. The little mother and I appreciate Anne. But he is very, very sick, John.

"I could not stay here. Why, there isn't a spot that wouldn't remind me! There's a faint little path worn in the

grass beside the stone wall where he has been 'sentry.' There's a bare spot under the horse-chestnut where he played blacksmith and 'shoe-ed' the saw-horse. And he used to pounce out on me from behind the old elm and demand my money or my life,—he was a highwayman the first time I saw him. I've bought rose pies and horse-chestnut apples of him on the front door-steps. We've played circus in the barn. We've been Indians and gypsies and Rough Riders all over the place. You must look round for another one, John. I can't stay here.

"Here's Anne. She says he is asleep now. Before he went he sent word to me that he was a wounded soldier, and he *wished* I'd make a red cross and sew it on Anne's sleeve. I must go and make it. Good-by. The letter will not smell good because I shall fumigate it, on account of Elizabeth's babies. You need not be afraid."

There was no letter at all the next week, early or late, and they were afraid the Very Small Person was dead. Elizabeth hugged her babies close and cried softly over their little bright heads. Then shortly afterward the telegram came, and she laughed—and cried—over that. It was as welcome as it was guiltless of punctuation:

"Thank the Lord John the very small person is going to get well."

The Painted-Cup

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL

ALONG the common way
Where, in the drifting dust and white sunshine,
The green thrives as it may,
There lifts all day
The scarlet beauty of the painted-cup—
One almost sees the sparkle of the wine.

And when the road is steep
And very long, and day is at the noon,
And the first zest that comes from sleep
Is hard to keep,
We break the long miles at the scarlet cups,
And drink our draughts of color and trudge on.



ANTHONY WAYNE

A Sane View of Anthony Wayne

BY JOHN R. SPEARS

IN reading the story of the American Revolution it is observed that when the fighting season of 1779 opened, Sir Henry Clinton was in command of 14,000 British soldiers stationed at New York, and that he had received orders (dated January 23, 1779) "to bring Mr. Washington to a *general* and *decisive* action at the opening of the campaign."

To accomplish this work with an inadequate force, Clinton went up the Hudson, as if to attack West Point ("the key of the continent"), and on May 31 took possession of that stubbed thumb of a promontory called Stony Point.

Washington had passed the winter at Middlebrook, New Jersey. Seeing West Point threatened, as he supposed, he marched to the Highlands pass called Smith Clove, and there stopped, to the grief of the British commander, who had no thought of attacking West Point, but was anxious, instead, to capture Middlebrook, threaten the American base of supplies at Easton, Pennsylvania, and thus draw Washington out of the mountains to the decisive trial of strength mentioned in the orders from the King.

Then Clinton endeavored to draw Washington across the Hudson by sending (July 3) Tryon to ravage Connecticut. But instead of chasing Tryon, Washington determined to capture Stony Point, and with that the first great opportunity of one known to history as "Mad Anthony" Wayne had come.

The sanest brigadier-general in the patriot army was Mad Anthony Wayne. Note these facts in the story of his life theretofore: In 1775 he became a member of the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, and "assiduously applied his mind to acquire a knowledge of military tactics." He "ransacked history" for descriptions of battles, and he gathered the men of the country-side into squads and companies to teach them to handle guns, and how to march soldier-fashion.

He was unanimously chosen colonel of one of the first four regiments called from Pennsylvania. He attracted favorable consideration from his superiors by bringing off the defeated Americans in the disastrous expedition against Trois Rivières, on the St. Lawrence, in July, 1776.

A brigadier's commission soon followed this work, and in 1777 he joined Washington. At Brandywine he held Chadd's Ford against numbers equal to Washington's entire army "till near sunset." In the battle of Germantown he was leading his men to certain victory when another American officer, blinded by rum and the prevailing fog, attacked him for the enemy.

And then came Monmouth, where, curiously enough, he was distinguished by a speech. The British were marching across New Jersey toward Sandy Hook. When near Monmouth, Washington called a council of war, and asked his generals whether they would attack the enemy. One after another of these advisers told why it was inexpedient to risk a battle. They cited many a precedent and evolved strong arguments in support of their views; but when the turn of Wayne had come, and Washington said to him, "What would you do, general?" he arose in his place, and said, with emphasis,

"*Fight, sir!*"

It was the greatest speech known to the records of the American councils of war. There were only two of the other officers in that council who agreed with him, but Washington was one of the two, and "fight, sir," would have won a glorious victory but for the treason of Lee.

Like unto this speech were his words when Washington, after appointing him to the command of the force that was to attack Stony Point, and pointing out the strength of the enemy, asked him if he

would risk storming the works by daylight. He said,

"General, if you will only plan it, I will storm hell."

Sir Henry Clinton placed a garrison of 607 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Johnson, at Stony Point. The promontory was naturally one of the strongest points on the Hudson—a rugged mass of rock rising 150 feet above the water, and projecting half a mile into the river. It was joined to the mainland by a marsh that was not to be passed by an assaulting party save at a causeway built across its centre, and at each end, where a narrow beach of sand was exposed at low water.

On the uneven crown of this mass of rock seven detached batteries were thrown up and armed with ten heavy guns and a dozen smaller ones. Across the landward side of the batteries two strong lines of abatis ran from water to water, the lower line of abatis being supported by three smaller earth-works. The British called the promontory their "Little Gibraltar."

In fact, so strong was the position that Washington decided (July 10), after a careful examination, that an open assault would fail. A night attack was then planned, and the necessary force was ordered to assemble near Fort Montgomery. This force was made up of the pick of Washington's forces. There were men who had fought at Bunker Hill, stormed the gates at Quebec, defended the fords at Brandywine, charged through the fog at Germantown, suffered at Valley Forge, driven the enemy from Monmouth. And they knew and trusted Mad Anthony Wayne. They reached the appointed rendezvous, 1350 strong, in the forenoon of July 15, and were at once ordered on parade, "clean shaved and well powdered," and yet equipped as if for battle, in order that the general might judge "of their provision and readiness."

And while Wayne inspected his men and their equipments, Major Harry Lee, with 150 scouts, killed every dog within three miles of the swamp behind Stony Point, and held up every human being found anywhere near the point of attack.

It was exactly twelve o'clock noon when General Wayne had finished inspecting

his new command, but when the men were expecting an order to go to their quarters, their general faced them to the south, and marched them away into the leafy defile between Thorn and Bear mountains, on a rude trail that led them through the mountains, until at eight o'clock that night they halted at the farm of David Springsteel, a mile and a half back of Stony Point.

Not a man in the ranks had learned their destination, and not a man had been allowed to leave the ranks on any account unless accompanied by a commissioned officer.

At Springsteel's three columns were formed—one of three regiments, one of one regiment, and one of two companies. A stout piece of white paper was given to each man to pin on his hat, and then all learned that they were to storm Stony Point at midnight.

Until 11.30 o'clock Wayne and the leading officers examined the ground, and then Wayne ordered the whole command forward. The largest column marched toward the south end of the marsh, and the next in size toward the north end. These men had their bayonets fixed, but they were ordered, under penalty of instant death, not to load their guns. A volunteer force, 150 strong, led each column. These had their muskets across their backs, and carried axes and hooked pike-poles in their hands. But the column of two companies carried loaded guns, with cartridge-boxes at hand, and they headed straight for the causeway leading into the fort.

It was just after midnight when Wayne led the main column to the edge of the Hudson at the lower end of the swamp, but instead of a sandy beach he found a flood tide and the water waist-deep. Cautiously the men waded in, but as they were about to emerge at the foot of the Point a challenge was heard, and then a long line of sentries opened fire. In a minute the whole garrison was alert, and while the patriots were yet in the marsh the great guns began to boom.

At that the little company of Americans on the causeway began to fire with the utmost fury to divert the garrison, while the storming party charged silently up the rocky slopes. With axe and hook the volunteer vanguards cut and

tore away the abatis lines, and then, flinging down their tools, they unslung their muskets and climbed the rocks. Seventeen men out of one squad of twenty fell dead or wounded. Wayne himself was shot down just short of the batteries; but the patriots climbed on, with Wayne on his feet again (helped by his aides), to give them cheer as they drove the British from the guns, and shouted the watchword of the night:

"The fort's our own! The fort's our own!"

The British lost 63 killed, and 543 of them were taken prisoners, including 89 wounded. The Americans, in spite of grape and canister, lost only 15 killed and 83 wounded.

It was an inspiring victory; it gave heart to the desponding Americans, and it so alarmed Clinton that he ordered Tryon from Connecticut.

Passing over the applause, and the thanks and medals which Congress voted to Wayne and his men, we will recall that day in 1781 when Wayne, with 500 men, was sent to Jamestown, Virginia, to attack the rear-guard of the army of Lord Cornwallis. Cornwallis, according to the scouts, was crossing the river, but when Wayne marched out of the brush he found the whole British army before him, their vanguard but sixty yards away.

The hatches of the old *Jersey* prison-ship yawned before Wayne at that moment as never before or after, but he was the man for the occasion, and dashing to the front, he ordered his men to charge; and they obeyed with a whoop.

They were promptly repulsed, of course, *but, by charging, Wayne had saved his command.* Cornwallis, supposing that Wayne's force was the advance-guard of the whole American army, instead of pursuing Wayne, prepared for battle.

One would like to tell how Wayne, with an inferior force, redeemed the State of Georgia from the British and their red allies, but the battle on the Maumee demands attention.

It was in 1794. Peace had been won in 1783, but the British had proved to be poor losers. For the sake of the fur trade, and with the hope of ultimately acquiring the Ohio country, they had retained the Northwest posts, including Niagara and Detroit. At these posts the

Indians were supplied with arms and ammunition, and were persistently urged to war on the American frontier, in order to prevent the spreading of the settlements. Eventually, on finding that the Indians were becoming afraid of the Americans, the Governor of Canada (Lord Dorchester, he who, as Sir Guy Carleton, had been checked in his march to the Hudson by a puny naval force on Lake Champlain) made a speech (February 10, 1794) wherein he led the Indians to believe the British would soon declare war against the United States; and then, to emphasize the effect of this speech, Lieutenant-Governor John Graves Simcoe was sent with three companies of British regulars to the Rapids of the Maumee, where a fort was built. It was a deliberate invasion of American territory for the purpose of wresting the Ohio country from the American people.

In the mean time the American forces, by two campaigns that had been flat failures, had done much to encourage aggression. General Harmar, in the fall of 1790, had marched through the Indian country as far as the site of the modern city of Fort Wayne, Indiana; but he was defeated in such fighting as was done, and accomplished nothing. In the fall of 1791, St. Clair was surprised on the banks of the Wabash River, in the southwest corner of what is now Mercer County, Ohio, and utterly routed by a host of Indians. Out of 1400 men in the fight, less than 100 escaped unhurt.

It was after this crushing defeat that Mad Anthony Wayne was sent to the frontier. He had commanded picked veterans at Stony Point; he was now to take charge of a mob, gathered from the slums of Eastern cities—"boys and miscreants," wretched poltroons who deserted in squads when they found themselves bound for the Indian country—and with them he was to try to conquer the triumphant red hosts that for twenty years had harried the American frontier. Moreover, this task was to be done while hampered by the blatant opposition of the ignorant peace party, and while surrounded by army contractors who, in their greed, were worse than highway robbers.

The real work of preparing for the campaign began when (November 28, 1792) he moved his recruits to a point

twenty-seven miles down the river from Pittsburg, and camped for the winter. The officers as well as the men were untrained, but Wayne worked his command, with infinite patience, day by day, until their watery eyes grew clear, their backs stiffened, and springing footstep replaced their slouching gait. They learned to march at the word, to play with the bayonet, and, what was of still greater importance, they learned to shoot. The writers of the annals of the Ohio River pioneers tell, with wondering zest, how Lewis Wetzel was able to load his rifle while running at top speed through the forest; and their wonder is justified. But this Mad Anthony Wayne trained his "boys and miscreants" until he had in his army more than a thousand men who could load as they ran, and stop and fire with frontier precision, and run and load and fire again, yelling the while like a legion of demons.

Meantime he moved down to Cincinnati, and from there (October 7, 1793) he marched north with a trained force of more than 2000 men. It was when the Indians had become alarmed by the approach of this force (April, 1794) that Lord Dorchester ordered the building of a fort at the Rapids of the Maumee.

After prolonged delays, due to earnest efforts to obtain peace without fighting, Wayne marched from his last winter quarters (Greenville and Fort Recovery) to the junction of the Big Auglaize and the Maumee, where he built Fort Defiance (August 8 to 15). On the 18th he was at the head of the Maumee Rapids (Waterville, Ohio), where a small earthwork was thrown up; and then, on the morning of August 20, 1794, the final advance was made.

They found the enemy (more than 1500 strong, including a company of seventy Canadian militia) concealed among a confused mass of fallen tree trunks and growing brush that marked the path of a tornado—a spot known as the Fallen Timbers—a superb stronghold, for cavalry could not enter it.

Detaching his cavalry, Wayne sent them in two columns, the one to round the Indian right, and the other to penetrate between the Indian left and the river. At the same time he stretched a

line of infantry, 900 strong, with bayonets fixed, in front of the Fallen Timbers, and then sounded the charge.

And as the long roll of the drums was heard, those infantrymen dashed forward with blood-curdling yells, pitchforked the enemy from behind the entangled logs, shot them down as they fled, and leaping from log to log in relentless pursuit, loaded and fired, again and again, until they had chased the panic-stricken host for two miles from their original line of battle. So swift was the work of the bayonet that the cavalry were unable to reach their destination in time to take part in the battle.

The defeat of St. Clair was, in a way, the most deplorable in the history of our Indian wars; the victory of Wayne was the most convincing.

They called the hero of Stony Point and the Maumee Rapids Mad Anthony Wayne. The title was originated by an Irish soldier who had been confined in the guard-house at the order of the general, and it was taken up by the people because of the wild enthusiasm and determination with which Wayne led his men when the supreme moment of battle came. But observe that when the war of the Revolution impended he "ransacked history" for accounts of battles that he might learn military tactics; and he gave his days to the training of his neighbors. At Stony Point he led his men in spite of his wound, but in preparing for the battle he appealed to the pride of his men by parading them "clean shaved and with hair well powdered," while the prelaid plans included even the slaughter of the dogs, that no yelp should betray the approach of the assaulting host. When in Virginia he charged the hosts of Cornwallis with only 500 men to back him; when in Ohio, where the honor of the nation and the integrity of its territory were committed to his care, he took a legion of "boys and miscreants" gathered from the slums, and trained them until their skill with the musket equalled if it did not surpass that of the most noted backwoods Indian-fighters.

Mad Anthony Wayne as a leader in battle was unsurpassed; but it should also be remembered that *his record as a drill-master is unequalled.*

The "Throwing of the Clew"

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

JUST as the sun began to smoulder redly in Wadlin's bush, Cap'en Donald McKay, retired mariner, rolled out of his milk-yard and let down the bars of the north hundred. Then, while the milkers snaked across the clearing, he leaned on the top rail and smoked an early pipe. This was the pipe he liked the best of all. From all around the morning noises drifted in. Up at the house, Bess sang and rattled her pans, the cap'en's hens announced early accouchements, fat turkeys gobbled joyously over their corn, and far off in the forest McNab called his cows.

The cap'en grinned. McNab was late with his milking, the third time in four years—a shameful record!

"It's a wonder the body 'd no quit making a fence of his dog an' tak a wife," the cap'en muttered. "A warm man like him, fifty-and-twa come New-Year's, with his wild oats sown an' harvested this twenty summers. There he comes," he added, removing his pipe. "I'll pit a flea in his ear."

McNab's cows meandered in and out of the brush and piled logs that cumbered the road allowance until they came opposite the cap'en. There they paused and looked around, but seeing McNab's dog close behind, they wheeled and frisked heavily off through the "Slashing."

"Mornin'!" the cap'en greeted as McNab came up.

Stopping, McNab glowered upon his neighbor. He was not in pleasant mood. For the last half-hour he had tossed between two minds—to "dog" his cows and fever the milk, or leave them alone and ruin his temper. Eventually he had chosen the latter alternative; and now the corked vials of his wrath were compressed to the point of bursting. Suppressing a sudden unholy leaning toward strong language, he growled, "There's nothin' wrang wi' the mornin'."

"Just what I said," the cap'en cheer-

fully admitted; then turning to the subject nearest his heart, he went on: "Cows is mighty aggra-vatin' critters." When McNab grumbly acquiesced in this incontrovertible principle, the cap'en inserted the thin edge of his matrimonial wedge: "It's gran' to ha' a woman body to bring 'em up nights."

McNab thought that a good dog came handy, but when the cap'en argued that a dog could not milk, he considered the proposition, and finally observed, with the air of a man who has discovered truth:

"Ye're right, Cap'en. Strange as I didna think o' that afore!"

"It's always them easy things as one misses," the mariner allowed; then he added: "I've of'en wondered as ye didna marry, McNab."

McNab scratched his head and murmured, "I've thought of it whiles."

"It's a duty," the cap'en pressed—"a duty."

McNab continued to stimulate cerebration with his forefinger, and when cell action had been sufficiently excited, said, "I'd my een on Christy McDonald this ten year, but I didna seem to ha' the knack o' it."

Now in matters of love the cap'en was an authority in Zorra.

"Neil," he began, sententiously—"Neil, weemen is kittle cattle." McNab shuffled and looked unhappy. "Ye never know what they're drivin' at—till it hits ye. But," the oracle went on, "when one knows 'em—they're easy." McNab overlooked the contradiction of terms and assumed a more hopeful expression. "Noo ye'll go an' see Christy, an' ye'll watch her close." McNab nodded; and turning, followed his cows.

Why, after leaving Christy McDonald loverless for thirty and odd years, the fates should take it upon themselves to endow her with two swains in one day, philosophers alone can say; but such was

the fact. McNab had scarcely turned into his own lane before Cap'en McKay spied Henry McCakeron stalking down the line.

"Whaur 'll he be goin'?" muttered the mariner. "There's something afoot, be the sail he's carryin'."

Just before he reached the cap'en, Henry turned from the concession and took a short-cut through the mile of pine and beech and maple that lay between him and McDonald's clearing. He paused on the edge of the clearing.

"It's a sair risk," he muttered—"a sair risk! Wish I could ha' had a bit crack wi' Cap'en McKay."

Withdrawing a few paces, he sat down for further thought. Through his brain ran the terms of the problem.

As he sat there delicately balancing possibilities against probabilities, McDonald's door opened and Christy herself stepped out. Henry paused in his judgments. Seizing an axe, she upended a round of sawn maple and knocked it into billets with a dozen lusty strokes; then gathering them up, she shot back into the house. Henry gasped. It was done in twenty winks. He saw a flash of the reddest hair in Zorra, two plump arms whirled the axe as though it were a straw, there was a snatch, a rush—bang! the door closed on his indecision. One scale of his mental balance kicked the beam, and the other—the one in which Christy sat—plumped to the very bottom of his consciousness.

After putting on a fire, Christy snatched the porridge-pot from the ingle, and was busily ladling into the family's bowls when Henry knocked.

"Come in!" she called, and without interrupting the flying ladle, greeted him with a "It's yersel, Henry?"

"Ay," he stonily answered.

"Ye'll ha' a parritch wi' us, Henry?" invited Red McDonald. "Mak room, Dave."

As the boy shuffled sideways, his father thrust out a huge foot and dexterously jerked a stool to the table, but, heedless of the attention, Henry glared to his front. And not until Christy suggested between ladlefuls of porridge that he be seated did he relax his six feet of raw flesh and bone.

At first conversation languished; and

even after the small mountains of porridge had been graded down to valleys and Red McDonald began to talk, Henry held strict silence. His mind was engaged on a plan of attack. Only once did he speak. Then, after staring a full five minutes into the bowels of his empty bowl, he remarked, with a guilty air,

"Them parritch were fine."

The effect was marvellous. An adumbration of a grin tweaked the corners of Red McDonald's mouth, and the fire crept down from Christy's hair until it obliterated her freckles. Henry could not possibly have seen that blush—he was busily consulting the dregs of his porridge—but he must have felt it, for he mentally ejaculated,

"Yon was a guid beginnin', lad. Keep till it."

After a while, and under cover of a lively discussion of the comparative merits of "slashing" and "girdling" as means of clearing bush land, he stole a glance at Christy. She was spreading a scone for her small brother, who watched the operation with round distended eyes. Henry watched too, breathlessly. Never had he seen a person possessed of a more fully developed sense of the due proportion which butter should hold to bread. He waited until Red McDonald and the boys lurched off to the stables; then, leaning across the table, he said,

"Will ye ha' me, Christy?"

As aforesaid, for thirty and odd years the fates had withheld this opportunity from Christy McDonald, but now that it had passed beyond the scope of the unknowable and come within the field of her own activities, Christy wasted no time in maiden dalliance. On the instant she replied,

"Ay, Henry."

Now that his bolt was shot, Henry was done. His mental operations had only carried him as far as the grand climax; he was at a loss for words. But knowing that something was expected of him, he murmured once more,

"Them parritch were fine."

"Ye said that afore," she answered.

"Ay? Mebbe I did," he allowed. He glanced about the room in search of inspiration, but the four log walls were blank as his brain. "Ah, weel," he said, rising, "as that's a' settled, I'll be walkin'."

Guid-day!" With which valedictory he departed, and retraced his steps through the mile of beech and pine and maple. As he walked along, his face underwent many changes. A clever smile struggled through its dense gravity, and this increased until at last his mouth opened from ear to ear, and he chuckled, "Ye did that real neat, lad." Three times he repeated this observation, wagging his head sagely the while; then he stopped dead, and doubt banished his smile. "I'm thinkin' as ye ought to ha' held her hand, Henry," he muttered. "Now ought ye, I wonder?" He had not fully answered the question when he turned into his own yard.

Meanwhile Christy was furiously "red-ding" the breakfast dishes. She had not watched Henry go—there was work enough ahead to prevent sentiment getting the better of her—otherwise she would have seen McNab step into the clearing as Henry vanished in the bush. She looked up when McNab's shadow fell athwart the door, and said,

"The men's gone till the bush."

"Ay?" he answered, "but it's no them as I'm wantin'."

"No? Wha then?"

McNab stared. Perhaps an undercurrent of sentiment welled up through her fury of work and left its subtle traces amid her freckles, for as McNab looked the idea that she was looking "saft like" got stuck in his noddle and refused to be ousted.

"Wha then?" she repeated.

McNab tried to remember the cap'en's instructions, and dismally failed. He scratched his poll like a moulting parrot, yet failed to produce the requisite order of cerebation. "Wha then?" he echoed. "Why—you!" Then throwing the mariner's counsel to the winds, he blurted, "Wull ye ha' me, Christy?"

The suddenness of it took Christy's breath; indeed, it was so unexpected that for one moment she forgot Henry and almost said yes. For the three following seconds her thirsty soul—parched during thirty years of loverless life—was filled with polyandrous yearnings; she was minded to say yes anyway, but in the fourth second morality asserted itself. She replied, "I thank ye, Mr. McNab, but I'm promised."

"Ay?" McNab rejoined; then, when the idea had filtered through his head, he added: "To wham?"

"Henry McCakeron."

"Then," he rejoined, "I'll be goin'. Bid ye guid-day."

Christy opened the door an inch and watched him striding across the clearing. She was bitten of the serpent of doubt. Ah, weel, she sighed, it could not be helped now!

As McNab passed the mariner's farm on his way home he espied that worthy pulling turnips in the field by the road. The skipper saw him at the same moment, and roared,

"Where awa', shipmate?"

"Hame!" McNab growled; then crossly added: "I'm no goin' much on your counsel."

"Ou?" interrogated the skipper.

"Ay," McNab grumbled.

"Tell us o' it," pursued the cap'en.

Forthwith McNab unbosomed himself of the tale of his luckless wooing.

"The veelen!" the cap'en growled, when McNab closed. "But he's no marrit on her yet."

Silence fell. The cap'en's brow was furrowed; his eyes grew dark with thought. He pulled turnips slowly, while McNab swore softly and awaited a further deliverance. Presently it came.

"To-night," the skipper remarked, sententiously, "is Halloween."

"Weel," McNab crossly muttered, "what o' it?"

"Christy'll be thrawin' the clew."

"Weel?"

Beckoning his follower with a portentous forefinger, the skipper whispered in his ear. As he talked, the puzzle in McNab's face merged into a hopeful expression, which in its turn was gradually translated into one of beaming confidence and unbounded admiration.

"Gran'!" he ejaculated when the mariner ceased. "Gran'! How d'ye think o' them things, Cap'en? Ye're no much to luik at."

Breathing hard, the skipper glared on his neighbor, but seeing nothing in his face but vacuous admiration, he passed the compliment. For the next ten minutes he talked steadily, laying down his plans; but when he finished, McNab queried,

"Think she'll do it, now she's bidden i' marriage?"

"Certes!" the cap'en promptly exclaimed, and events proved him right.

On Halloween every unmarried Zorra girl takes a ball of yarn and hies away in the pitch of night to some lonely spot where lies a fallen tree or pile of brush. Arrived at the place of her choice, the thirster after matrimony turns her back to the tree and throws the ball over her shoulder, keeping an end of yarn in her hand. Then she begins to wind. Presently—that is, if she is to be married within the year—a spirit hand grasps the yarn. This is the crucial moment. If the girl holds to her courage and demands the name of her future husband, a solemn voice answers; but if she is afraid, she hears only the croak of the frogs.

When night closed in and the children gathered about the fire to witness the "burning of nuts," Christy slipped her cloak from its peg.

"Whaur ye goin'?" her father asked.

"For wood," she answered, and passed out.

As the door closed, a hoarse chuckle, like to the expiring croak of a strangled crow, rumbled in Red McDonald's throat. Every year this play had passed between them. He knew her errand, and so did the whispering children.

"She's gone to thraw the clew," young Dave muttered.

"Ay," added Gavin, "an' there 'll be a tug at her string the night."

"Hoo d'ye ken?" queried Dave.

"Lower your head," ordered Gavin. He whispered rapidly in Dave's ear, and finished in a louder tone, "An' I'm to ha' a cake maple sugar for tellin'."

Meanwhile Christy was making her way through the forest. It was very dark. A quarter-mile from the clearing, on the verge of a black-ash swamp, the last storm had uprooted a kingly pine—this was her bourne.

The frogs ended their melancholy overture as Christy turned her back on the tree. Throwing the ball over her shoulder, she began to wind.

At first the yarn came in freely, but when she had pulled in perhaps half, she felt a sudden tug. The ball dropped

from her hand, but quickly recovering it, she gasped,

"Who holds?"

Her straining ears caught a sighing breath, then out of the stillness a voice replied,

"Neil McNab!"

Uttering a low cry, Christy ran wildly, nor slackened her pace until she set foot on her own threshold. If she had been a little less precipitate, she might have witnessed a peculiar sight—the materialization of a spirit. From behind the fallen tree a dim, indefinite figure rose and flitted out into the open. Its outlines merged with the gloom of the swamp, but neither wizard, witch, nor warlock ever moved with so heavy a tread. Branches waved and twigs cracked as the thing swept by. For a hundred yards or so it moved along Christy's trail, then turned and struck north across a moonlit glade. Here the light smote full on its face and revealed the features of McNab. They were writhed in an amiable grin.

"Yon was fine," he chuckled as he strode along. "An' a' for a cake maple sugar."

Having thus successfully planted the seeds of doubt in Christy's mind, the cap'en was at pains to have them assiduously cultivated. Every day McNab was given sailing orders and made perfect in the signal-book of love, and at last sent forth to practise on Christy.

It was evening, and he found her sewing by candle-light. The children were all abed. Red McDonald alternately smoked and slept in the ingle nook; there was nothing to interfere. Taking a stool on the opposite side of the table, McNab screwed his countenance into a prodigious leer. It was almost a minute before Christy looked his way, and all the while the smile grew more diabolical. She was startled, and stared, then suddenly said,

"Is it a colic?"

McNab looked injured, but replied civilly enough: "Na! I was just crackin' a smile." To which she unsympathetically replied:

"Really? Weel, I wouldna ha' thought it."

She turned to her sewing, and presently McNab sighed, a lusty sigh, a young



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

ALL THE WHILE THE SMILE GREW MORE DIABOLICAL

tornado. That sigh ought to have worked wonders, for it was pregnant of sorrow and sadness, but, as it unfortunately happened, the candle lay right in its path, and the light went promptly out of business. McNab sat in darkness and frozen horror while Christy blew a coal into a flame.

"Why did ye do that?" she inquired, when the candle was relit.

"I—I was just sighin' a wee bit," he stammered.

"Then ye'd better quit," she said, coldly. "It's no proper."

But if McNab could not be counted proficient in the art of love-making, his suit nevertheless prospered, and all because of the lethargy of Henry McCakeron. There was no need of hurry—at least Henry did not see any—and a month passed without his going near McDonald's clearing. Then, as he had to go over and bid Red McDonald to his threshing, he dropped in on Christy. It was wash-day, and she up to her elbows in suds.

"Father's loggin' i' the back field," she said, pausing in her rubbing.

Henry shuffled, changed feet, and looked across the clearing—he felt that something was expected of him. "That's a gran' suds ye've got there," he said.

"Ay," she agreed.

He watched her busy hands while he hunted round for something else to say, but finding nothing, he said: "Weel, I'll be movin'. Guid-day." He lumbered off a few paces, then stopped and struck his knee with his open palm. He had suddenly remembered. Walking back, he chose the open window as giving a man greater advantages in appearing at ease. Thrusting his head in upon her, he said, "Will New-Year's suit ye, Christy?"

She replied that it would, whereupon he took his departure.

Presently she left her tubs and walked over to the wooden press that held her "setting out." It was bursting with a wealth of unbleached linen, homespun blankets, wondrously patterned quilts, and a feather bed, which Christy lovingly punched and patted. Before her lay the labor of years. One by one she lifted the pieces of linen, refolded them, placing sprigs of lavender between, and laid them carefully away. "Ah, weel," she

murmured as she returned to her wash, "it was a sair labor, but it's no to be wasted. If it's no one, it'll be t'other." Then after a pause she added, "But I'd rather—I'd rather—" Here her voice dropped, and neither man nor woman ever knew which of the two Christy would "rather."

Three times during the following month the banns of "Henry McCakeron, farmer, and Christina McDonald, spinster," were "called" in the old log kirk.

In the days that followed, McNab, under direction of the cap'en, performed prodigies of courtship.

"Better ha' me, Christy?" he said one night when Red McDonald was taking his forty winks.

To which she answered: "Ye flatter me, Mr. McNab, but I canna very weel, seein' as I'm to be marrit on Henry a week come Tuesday." Then, with true Scotch caution, she attached a second string to her bow, adding, "But I think so weel o' your offer that I'll say this: if Henry no comes till the scratch, I'll marry on you."

When the cap'en heard this he thoughtfully rubbed his nose, and delivered himself of a portentous "Ou?" The monosyllable reeked of possibilities, but when McNab glanced up there was nothing in the skipper's wooden visage to indicate the trend of his thought. But presently he inquired,

"Did ye get a bid till the weddin'?"

"Ay," McNab answered, "I got a bid, but I'm no goin'."

"Ye are," said the skipper, quietly.

"I'm no."

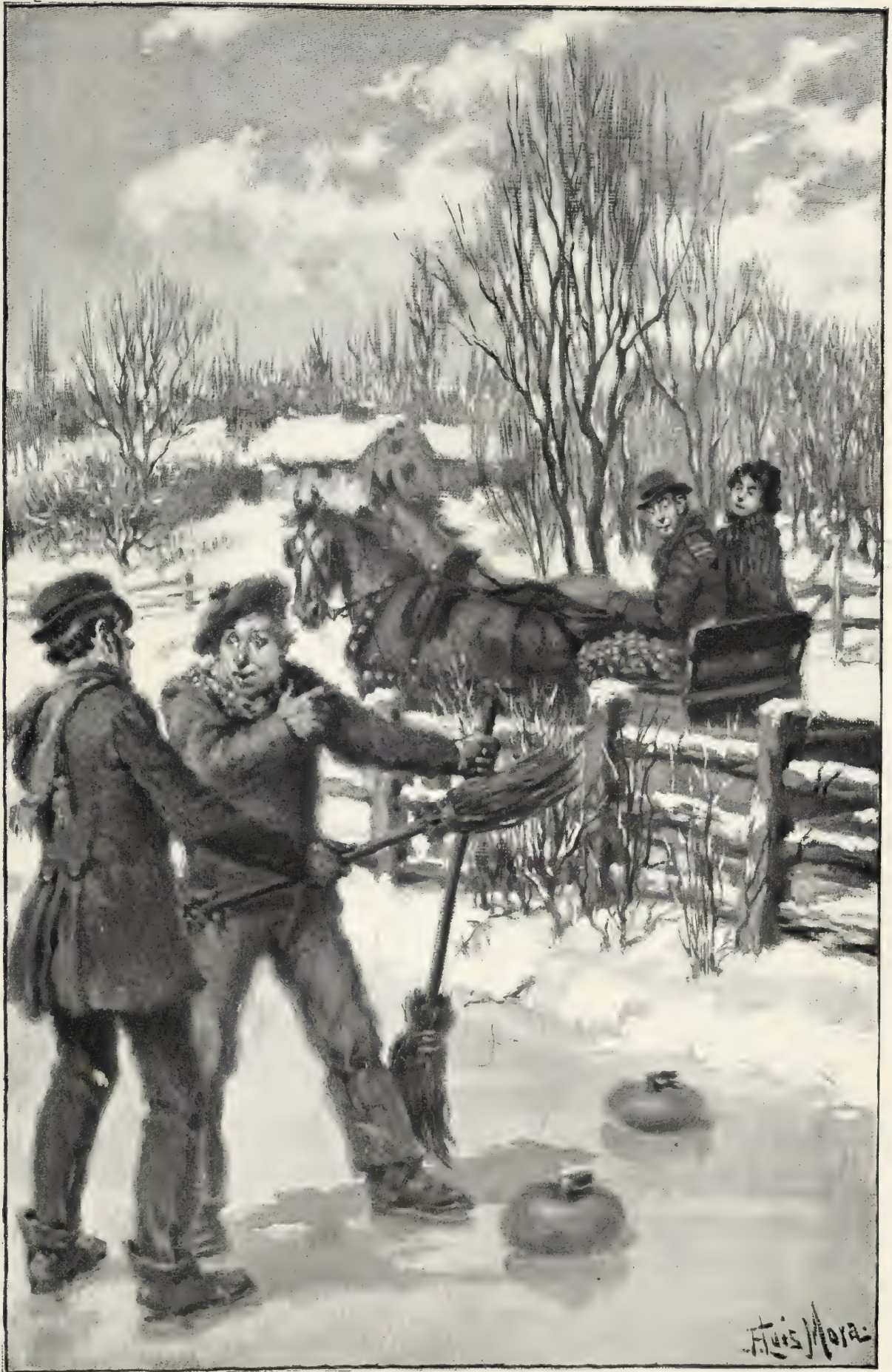
"Ye are!"

"Why?"

"'Cause," mused the cap'en as he studied the clouds—" 'cause—ye are!"

Two days before New-Year's the weather changed; the sun sank in a bank of clouds, and next morning the cap'en awoke in a white and frozen world. Six inches of snow draped field and forest in shimmering veils.

Emitting a grunt of joy, the cap'en made tracks for his granary, where he kept his tools. Then, with a shovel and rake on shoulder, he rolled off to the turnip-field. All that morning he worked in the snow, shovelling, raking, levelling, and patting firmly down; and when he



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

IN THE SLED SAT TWO PERSONS

knocked off for dinner he had finished a smooth white flat some ten yards wide and fifty long. In the afternoon he banked this all around. Then he manned his pump and flooded the even surface, and went off to bed a tired but happy man.

Next morning the sun's first rays stained as pretty a curling-rink as ever rang to a well-putt stone. The skipper was up betimes and at his chores, and when McNab went by on his way to the wedding he found his preceptor in the turnip-field doing some fancy curling. McNab's eyes reflected the sheen of the ice, and, forgetting the wedding, he promptly challenged the skipper. But the latter firmly declined.

"Ye'll no play?" ejaculated McNab. "Why?"

"'Cause," said the mariner, "ye're goin' till the weddin'."

"There's placks o' time," McNab argued. "Henry McCakeron's no gone by yet, an' they canna very weel marry wi'out him."

The skipper putt his stone, then said: "I'm no sae sure o' that. Anyway, it's time you were makin' sail. Off wi' you!"

Gloomily enough, McNab obeyed. The cap'en resumed his practice. He forgot McNab, the wedding, and all other sub-lunary matters; indeed, he was chasing a stone along the rink, whirling his broom about his head, when a voice suddenly hailed him. It was Henry McCakeron.

"Hoo's the ice, Cap'en?" Henry inquired.

The cap'en saw the hunger in the enemy's eyes, but remembered the "breachy" cow, and answered with becoming stiffness: "It's yersel, Henry? The ice? It's fine; never better."

"I'd like to play ye a game," Henry resumed, looking longingly at the rink, "but I hanna the time."

The cap'en sent a stone purring along the rink. Henry jumped: his nerves were a little out that morning, anyway. He began to temporize. "An odd shot 'd do no harm?" he suggested, placing a foot on the bottom fence-rail. "Just an odd one!" he exclaimed, spitting on his hands.

After the odd one he took another to make it even, then still another to make

it odd; then the demon of curling entered into him, and he challenged the cap'en to a game. Time flew by. At the end of an hour Henry was chasing his stones along the rink, while the cap'en emitted crazy yells and whirled a demoniacal broom. A second hour found them still under the spell, and a third showed no abatement of their zeal. Then came an interruption. With a clash of bells, Red McDonald's team and sled dashed up the line and drew in opposite. In the sled sat two persons.

"Why," exclaimed the cap'en, "if it's no McNab, an'—an' Christy McDonald!"

Suddenly recalled to a sense of the enormity of his conduct, Henry stood eying his *fiancée* guiltily. She looked beyond him with a finely indifferent air, which she successfully maintained while the cap'en entertained McNab with a lively description of the game.

"An' I was sweepin' her up—" the cap'en was declaiming, when Henry suddenly came into his wits and greeted the lady of his choice with a nonchalant,

"Hoo are ye, Christy?"

It was a masterly stroke. The indifference in the tone would have convinced a pessimist that unpunctuality on the part of a bridegroom was the most ordinary and venial of offences. Henry himself felt convinced. He began to feel at his ease, and was preparing an explanation, when Christy suddenly snapped,

"Mrs. McNab! an you please!"

"Ou?" Henry gasped.

"She an' me's marrit," McNab sheepishly confirmed.

Henry looked from one to the other and pondered, and when the idea had properly filtered through his brain, he turned to the cap'en and said: "Ay? Then we might just as weel finish the game?"

As the cap'en swung his stone, McNab's eyes grew green; and when Henry followed up, he said to his wife, "You drive up the lane an' unhitch, Christy, whiles I play an odd game."

But as he stepped from the sled, Christy's strong hand closed on his collar. "Ye'll no do any such thing," she said, jerking him backward; "ye'll come right hame wi' me."



Photographed by A. C. Vroman

A VIEW IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST

Ancient Peoples of the Petrified Forest of Arizona*

BY WALTER HOUGH

Of the United States National Museum

THE Petrified Forest of Arizona would alone be enough to absorb the entire attention of any visitor. When one has the opportunity likewise of scouring the region for traces of the ancient peoples who once lived there, he is doubly fortunate, especially if the quest be successful. It happened, as the result of journeys through the forest and around its borders, in the interest of the United States National Museum, last summer, that to the marvels which expand the fifth sense of wonder we may now add the needed touch of human interest.

* Published by permission of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

For here lived and loved, builded, fought, starved, and perhaps at times dined on one another, tribes of the ancient pueblo-dwellers. From the relics that remain it is found that four different stocks of Indians have lived here. No other section of the Southwest can show so many, and this in a locality without permanent springs. One of these tribes may unhesitatingly be identified as Hopi—perhaps a clan on its northward migration to Tusayan; another, with less sureness, may be related to Zuñi. The remainder are at present enigmas, and belong to peoples in a low state of advancement as compared with the former.

The reconnoissance of these ruins led

to an acquaintance with the Petrified Forest and its surroundings that well repaid the labor.

The little station of Adamanna, on the Santa Fe, whose name is a tribute to the grizzled genius of the forest, is the introduction. If the traveller but knew it, a short walk from Adamanna would bring him upon a fine ruin, one hundred and fifty feet square, well laid out, and exhibiting on the rocks below it as interesting a picture-gallery of the ancient petroglyphs as one might hope to find. Standing also at the Petrified Bridge—a colossal shaft of chalcedony spanning a chasm—one may see, with the aid of a glass, a conical hill to the southwest, crowned with a ruin, beyond the streak of tawny wash where horses paw for water. The ancient builders of this ruin were connoisseurs of stone and adepts at its working, if they were not strong in pottery. On the flanks of the butte and along the ravines are circles of large slabs of stone standing upright, many of the stones worked out as metates or corn-grinding slabs, and hence the ruin was called "Metate Ruin." Not the least interesting feature of this ruin is that it is an enigma; the people who once lived here were not related in any way to the others of this region. Even the group of three small pueblos, not a thousand feet away, on

the ruin above Metate Ruin, were homes of a different people, and perhaps of a different time.

Following the road among the mesas, one passes through a canyon, emerges into the third or great forest, and sees a chaos of broken trunks of Triassic *Araucarioxyla*, winnowings of ages from the rock bed above, the ground strewn with splinters of lovely colors, with the glint of rock-crystal and amethyst, the setting of strange sculpture forms around a basin of sand and sage-brush, and, above, the unclouded sun and clear blue sky.

In the basin of the forest the rapid erosion has played havoc with the ruins, leaving them mere heaps of stones; the cemeteries, with their pottery and relics, have been washed away by the cloudbursts and fierce winds. Frequently on the edge of a mesa will be found remaining a narrow fringe of a pueblo, soon to go down the gullies among the round-backed "bad lands," and the site of what must once have been a sizable village looks now as though it had been only a camping-place. So there is little left for the archæologist, who must content himself with noting the location of the ruin and the character of the potsherds scattered about, for pottery furnishes the clew as to the people.

The tribes that held the region of the



Photographed by A. C. Vroman

A PETRIFIED BRIDGE



AN ANCIENT SHRINE

Petrified Forest built no large pueblos, but were content to live in small villages, forming the homes of larger families of blood relatives called clans, moving about in common when they migrated, and building not far from one another. These clusters of pueblos are familiar to one who knows the Southwest; usually, when a ruin is located, others may be found near by. The Seven Cities of Cibola illustrate this.

When the first men crept into this gorgeous but inhospitable land they found black lava-capped mountains, fantastic hills carved from the tinted marls, lofty stone-girdled mesas, wide plains, and treacherous sand rivers, which became at times raging torrents of tawny water. Game there was—of antelope, deer, and other smaller animals—more than now, and desert plants were available for food. But greater than these precious means of subsistence were the seeds they cherished, and greatest was

“the seed of seeds”—corn. The secret of the peopling of the semi-arid Southwest is corn.

On the northern rim of the forest is a high, rolling prairie, broken on the east by mesas dotted with a few scattered junipers. Here were discovered four low, shard-strewn mounds of former villages and the remains of several small house sites. This proved to be virgin soil for the explorer, no “pottery-digger” having rifled the ancient sites.

The ancients of the forest rim built their pueblos to face their east, corresponding to our northeast, while to the southwest the villages presented a blank wall of two or more stories. Before the eastern opening may be traced the low mound of *débris* beneath which are ranged the dead, lying at length to face northeast, having their treasures of finest pottery, beads, and other things regarded as precious and of use to them. Looking toward the eastern horizon, one

is struck by the sky-line, diversified with blue mesas stretching from Escudilla Peak of the White Mountains, low in the southeast, to the high mesas standing along the Puerco River on the northeast. This formed a splendid dial, along which the sun-worshippers traced the seasonal course of the sun, and for this reason they oriented their villages to face the rising of the "Father" at the winter solstice. To this day the indented horizon is the calendar of the Hopi, Zuñi, and other pueblo tribes.

Here and there without the villages remain shrines, consisting of either heaps of stones, odd in color or shape, gathered from far and near, like some of the shrines at Zuñi, or a section of petrified wood set upright over against spheres of red granite and weathered volcanic rock. Stones of strange forms are believed by the Zuñi to be the shrivelled remains of monsters of the early time, destroyed by the great fire of the Twin Gods, and are valued as fetiches, having still the magic power of those animals.

Near one of the ruins a large heap of these fetiches was found, and among the stones were a number of tubular pipes, skilfully made of lava. A few feet from this altar was a square fire-hole, lined with slabs of sandstone, containing many

pieces of calcined rock. This spot was no doubt a meeting-place of the priests, probably surrounded with a hedge of juniper boughs, like a Navajo medicine-lodge.

Fascinating as were these superficial examinations of the ancient towns, the shovels of the Mexican laborers soon revealed matters of surpassing interest beneath the ground. The location of the cemetery was a comparatively easy matter, as these tribes had placed their dead to the northeast of the pueblos. When the trenches had reached about four feet, large, smooth slabs of sandstone were encountered. Beneath the slabs, which were set slanting, to keep the weight of the earth from the body, careful digging uncovered the skeleton, and about the head would be found a bowl or two, a vase, a cooking-pot, and a dipper. In the bowls frequently remained squash seed, corn, or traces of other food, provision for the journey to the underworld. Awls, hammers of fossil wood, knives, and arrow-heads were frequently encountered. Fragments of coiled baskets, matting, and fabric having a warp of twisted cord sometimes survived in the dry soil. Beads of stone and sea-shell and ornaments of lignite and white stone were plentiful, showing that these



Photographed by L. Bernie Gallaher

pueblos by modern Indian standards would be accounted rich in the things valued by Indians and the chief incentive for their primitive commerce.

It was evident in the cemeteries that the spot due northeast of the pueblos was an area of special significance, as here were interments of people of consequence, with rich belongings, while towards the southeast and on the edges were placed the poor, in shallow earth, with their meagre belongings.

Northeast of the largest pueblo of the group, at a depth of seven feet, the workmen came upon a fine upright slab of sandstone, measuring three by five feet, smoothed, and with rounded edges. After much labor in excavation the slab was removed, and a cist, neatly cut in the white gypsum underlying the soil, was uncovered. The cist contained a skeleton surrounded with ten pieces of pottery, several of them of fine and unique ware, thousands of small beads of white stone, shell beads, a bracelet of shell, a large awl of worked deer bone, fragments of matting and basketry, and a few sticks painted green, to which feathers had been attached. The last are the feathered prayer-sticks, called by the Hopi *pahos*, an invariable accompaniment of the Zuñi and Hopi ceremonies. Shells of the egg of the eagle were also found. When the cist had been cleared out the marks of digging implements, probably sharpened sticks, were visible on its walls, and it was seen that this remarkable sepulture had required an excavation through four feet of hard gypsum before the cist could be scooped out from the face—quite an undertaking with the simple tools possessed by the Indians.

Not far from this spot two rare and splendid bowls were taken out, one of dark red ware, with coiled exterior, over which was painted a meander pattern in white; the interior black, with a lustrous polish. The other is of black and white, thin, and well made, the design key frets in mosaic effect, and in the bottom of the bowl is admirably painted the figure of a frog, one of the sacred animals of the people of the arid country, through its connection with water.

The ruin second in size of this group is most picturesquely situated on a high

cliff overlooking a deep basin scooped from the purple marl. Among the rocks a few juniper-trees, shrubs of the cowania, or cliff-rose, and the berry-bearing aromatic sumac give a touch of life not found in the other ruins on the arid stretches. The bare valley below also looks desolate and forbidding, and the surroundings seem depressing when one has learned that this is the pueblo of the cannibals.

A tragedy of long ago came to light during excavations around this village. In the cemetery, among other orderly burials, was uncovered a heap of broken human bones belonging to three individuals. It was evident that the shattered bones had been clean when they were placed in the ground, and some fragments showed scorching by fire. The marks of the implements used in cracking the bones were still traceable. Without doubt this ossuary is the record of a cannibal feast, and its discovery is interesting to science as being the first material proof of cannibalism among our North-American Indians.

Hard by were taken out over fifty objects belonging to the paraphernalia of a medicine-man: bone tubes; white, black, and green paint; a paint-grinder; quartz, amethyst, carnelian, and topaz crystals; cones, cylinders, and tablets, highly polished, worked from chalcedony; pebbles and concretions of strange form and color; a fossil; beads of stone and shell; a chipped flint drill; a flint knife; and two finely worked bone awls. This remarkable collection is interesting as it gives a clew to the relationships of the inhabitants of these pueblos. Pottery especially, if it bears symbolism, is the best means of identifying the ancient pueblos, and all ethnologists in this field are under obligations for the vessels which were deposited with the dead. In this case the paraphernalia of the medicine-man unearthed is the counterpart of that employed by the priests of Zuñi.

It is remarkable that these people should have located where there is no water. Evidently when the water, collected in natural basins from rainfall, failed, they carried it a long distance from holes dug in the bed of the wash in the Petrified Forest.

Sister Peacham's Turn

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

I
THE wind had gone down suddenly after blowing hard until the middle of the afternoon, and Mrs. Pamela Fellows went to the sitting-room closet, where she kept her every-day bonnet and black woollen shawl, and then stood before the little mirror in the clock front to put them straight. The glass was so small that she had to inspect her broad shoulders by sections, but by ducking to see the top of her head, and standing on tiptoe and dodging from side to side, she reassured herself of proper adjustment and equipment, and stepped out to the sidewalk, after locking the door carefully and putting the key deep into her accessible pocket. Then she struck a steady rolling gait and went away down the street with fine energy.

Once she stopped and turned about to look at the western sky. There was a heavy bank of clouds just lifting, and below it all the west was clear, but the cold greenish-blue of its color gave no promise of warmth. "Winter's come," grumbled Mrs. Fellows, half aloud, as she resumed her eastward course. "Looks like the sky at sea this time o' year, crossin' from English ports; goin' to be cold and clear for a day or two, and then look out for snow! I for one like to have some snow for Thanksgivin' time; I ain't like Lyddy Ann; she sets right down an' weeps when the first flakes come."

Half-way down the long street of the straggling town Mrs. Fellows met a familiar friend, Mrs. Peters, who stopped with a frank smile of interest.

"Where be you goin' this cold afternoon? Ain't you settin' forth rather late?"

Mrs. Peters asked the question, with an air of expecting to hear all about the errand.

"I thought I'd go over and see Lyddy Ann before dark," answered the adventurer. "Yes, I thought I'd make haste

and get ahead of her and see if I can't make her invite me over to Thanksgivin'. She needs to make a break; I've asked her to my house six or seven years now, and I thought I should lead up to the subject gradual and ask her what she intended to do; that's the way she always catches me with my mind unprepared, and I've gone an' invited her before I stop to think."

Mrs. Peters laughed; they were very close friends; there was a droll twinkle in the complaining sister's eyes.

"'Twould be a grand thing for her if she could feel that havin' company wouldn't hurt her; she needs more occupation, and not to settle right down expecting to be always done for," said Mrs. Peters, gravely.

"Oh, yes'm, you're quite right," answered Mrs. Fellows, soberly, and the twinkle in her eyes disappeared. "Here we are both of us widows, and own sisters; we're all that's left out of a large family, and she makes use of as much ceremony in asking me over to stop to tea with her as if I was the minister. She's always amiable, but she's fallin' into a way of being plaintive, and oh, so dreadful set! I lost my husband an' his ship with him, but, although bereaved, Lyddy Ann's left in the best o' circumstances. Yes'm, she's dreadful set, an' gettin' more so year by year. Well, I'm goin' to see what I can do to persuade her; if I don't beat, why, she *will*!"

Mrs. Fellows tossed her head gallantly and waved her hand as she departed.

Mrs. Peters laughed aloud. "If I was goin' to bet on who's likely to come out ahead, I'd bet on Lyddy Ann," she exclaimed, with an air of certainty. "Mrs. Fellows is the best-natured heart o' the two; 'tis the biggest heart that always gives up easiest. I guess I'll remember to call over to-morrow and see who gets the invitation. I'm afeard it won't be Pamela, for all her boast and bravery."

II

Mrs. Lydia Ann Peacham was as thin and precise as her sister was round and easy-going. She inclined by nature toward the economies and excuses of life, and even sighed over being left alone, when no mortal soul could have prevailed upon her to accept permanent companionship. She was sitting alone this very afternoon, rocking gently, and worrying because she was again fearful that something would be expected of her on Thanksgiving day.

"I do hope that sister Fellows 'll feel she can ask me there again, I've got such a habit now o' goin' there to keep Thanksgivin'," she said, mournfully. "I'll offer to make one o' my nice apple pies and carry over, and any little thing she may suggest. I know 'twas the custom o' our family to take turn an' turn about, but it's so much easier for her than 'tis for me. This anxiety's very tryin'. I'm all worked up an' I want things settled, but she didn't speak till 'most the last minute last year; she's so dilatory, Pamela is!"

The sun came down from the gray cloud at this moment, and shone out cheerfully over a cold world. Its startling splendor dazzled Mrs. Peacham's short-sighted eyes. The dull little room where she sat, the plain gabled houses and thick-boughed maple-trees in the street, were all transfigured with sudden glory. There was even a touch of the old reddish gold of her youth on Mrs. Peacham's faded hair. She had once been the prettiest of her family, and this pleasing fact Mrs. Fellows, the eldest and plainest, could never forget.

"I'll be sort of easy with poor Lyddy Ann," Mrs. Fellows was saying to herself at that moment as she toiled up the long hill. "She never was so strong as I be, and I ain't goin' to let no Thanksgivin' day fall a burden on her."

Mrs. Peacham started in dismay at the harsh sound of the door-latch, and looked apprehensive as her sister entered the room.

"Well, Lyddy Ann, what be you goin' to do for Thanksgivin'?" demanded sister Fellows, without forethought or preface, and then sat down quite out of breath. Her first intention had prevailed

almost against her conscience; there was no leading up to the great subject; it exploded in the timid sitting-room like a Fourth-of-July cannon.

There was no answer for a moment, and Mrs. Fellows unpinned her black woollen shawl and seated herself on a common chair as if it had been a throne; having spoken, she did not mean to be a coward, but she did not fail to look kind and sisterly.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Peacham, with dignity. She was provoked as well as startled by the sudden question, and even a little excited. "I may invite the minister," she proclaimed. It was no use to sit there and be brow-beaten in your own house, and Pamela Fellows had taken the advantage.

"Why, there he goes now; there's Mr. Downer now. You'd better speak if you want to; you'll lose him if you wait till Sunday!" exclaimed sister Fellows before Mrs. Peacham could get breath enough to protest. Sister Fellows was always a creature of impulse; she caught up the big thimble on the window-sill and rapped sharply on the glass, so that the minister waved his hand in instant response and turned in at the gate. Pamela Fellows loved a minister; her heart beat fast, and she opened the door to receive him. Sister Peacham looked like one in deep affliction; she half rose from her rocking-chair and sank back again; then she sprang up with fine spirit. There was a color on her cheeks such as nobody had seen in years.

"I hope you weren't in a hurry, sir; you must excuse my sister Pamela for knocking so," she said, politely, to the Reverend Mr. Downer; but the tired little man looked pleased and amiable.

"Of course, of course," he answered, looking for a proper place to lay his hat. "I felt it to be very neighborly; I had intended to call this afternoon, but I feared you might think it too late. I was just dreading the long cold stretch of road between me and the fire at home." The good man was conscious of something unusual, and looked from the round sister to the thin one and back again to Mrs. Fellows before he meekly sat down. "It has been a beautiful winter sunset. I suppose you have been enjoying it together?" he added, with some formality.

Mrs. Peacham did not speak, so somebody else must. It was Mrs. Fellows who continued the conversation, gayly; it seemed as if the very spirit of mischief possessed her. Sister Lyddy Ann could not believe her own ears.

"My sister Peacham was just sayin' that she'd thought to invite you an' Mrs. Downer to keep Thanksgivin' with us. I hope you ain't promised to nobody else?" The words were out; she did not dare to look her sister's way. After all, she could transfer the invitation to her own house if the skies really fell upon her; besides, the minister might be already engaged. Mrs. Peacham was heard to make a queer clucking noise in her throat as she turned to receive the minister's answer, but whatever her real thoughts may have been, they were not articulate.

"Why, Mrs. Peacham, how more than kind of you to think of us! My wife will be perfectly delighted; but are you sure that it will not be too much for you to undertake in your frail condition of health?" exclaimed the minister, with joyful surprise, and a perfectly beautiful considerateness. "What time shall we come—right after church? You know I am to conduct the union services this year. To tell the truth, Mrs. Downer expressed two wishes this very morning at breakfast; one was that she could get to see you oftener, and the other that we might have some pleasant invitation for Thanksgiving day from some of our own people. Having her old home broken up by her mother's death makes a great change for her. She will feel very grateful to you, as I do."

There was something so sincere and so affectionate in the good man's voice and manner that it lifted even such a sinking heart as Mrs. Peacham's, and her courage began to rise. She did not deign to look at her sister, but promptly accepted all the honors of the situation.

"It is a number of years since I have felt equal to entertaining my friends," she said, prettily, and with less than usual of her sad affectation of voice. "You and Mrs. Downer will be very welcome. I have been with Sister Pamela for several of these sad anniversaries. But this year—"

"You are planning to be together

here?" suggested the minister, at a happier moment than he could guess. "I shall look forward with great pleasure to the day. We must try to forget sad changes, and I am sure we shall make a cheerful company together. I cannot express half my gratitude to you on my wife's account."

Mrs. Downer was a great favorite with both the sisters, and Mrs. Peacham, the unexpected hostess, looked more resigned than ever. The Reverend Mr. Downer made himself so entertaining and friendly that he left no looks of deprecation or dismay behind him. He little knew upon what dangerous ground he had innocently and unexpectedly trodden.

The early darkness of that late November day had quite fallen when the guest took leave. He inquired politely if he might not have the pleasure of Sister Fellows's company as far as their ways lay together, and this boon was generously granted. In fact, though Mrs. Peacham seemed to be in her most reasonable and even affectionate mood, the minister's invitation made a welcome avenue of escape. Her sister said at parting that she might be expected over again within a day or two, since they should have one or two things to talk over.

"Yes, you'd better come, Sister Pamela," rejoined Mrs. Peacham, with decision, "or else you'll have me coming after you!" There was an astonishing absence of the spirit of revenge in her tone; on the contrary, she met Pamela's timid glance with a funny little shake of the head, and they both laughed aloud right before the minister. Mr. Downer had never seen Mrs. Peacham in such a cheerful, awakened frame of mind, or thought her such a good-looking person before. She had usually worn a die-away look on the occasions of his pastoral visits, and had only given expression to laments and fears.

"I hope she won't go and lay awake all night worryin'," thought the guilty instigator of such a dark Thanksgiving plot, as she tried to keep pace with the minister's longer steps along the frozen road. "She did carry it off splendid, I must say. Well, I'll help Lyddy Ann all I can, and not let the day sag too heavy. She's got everything pretty to set her



"OH YES, HE WAS CERTAINLY VERY ENTERTAININ', MR. DOWNER WAS!"

table with; there ain't a richer-lookin' parlor closet in this town."

When the sisters met again it was in the presence of witnesses. Mrs. Peters and another sister of the church were calling upon Mrs. Peacham when Mrs. Pamela Fellows came in. To her great relief, she was received as anything but a culprit; Mrs. Peacham was proudly relating her plans, and taking all the glory of these unforeseen Thanksgiving hospitalities to herself.

"Yes'm," she said, with no attempt at either meekness or apology, "I don't deny that it costs me some effort. I have had little health or spirit for entertaining, these late years, but I have long desired to show our pastor and his wife some proper attention. As long as I was going to invite Sister Pamela anyway, it seemed a very good time. I never saw such a parish as this is; everybody hangs back! Mr. Downer said they had received no other invitation, and I did feel provoked even if I was the gainer. Poor man, he really did appear gratified! I have been downtown this morning—there's nobody, not even my sister Fellows, that I wanted to trust in the matter of a turkey."

"Oh no, I can't boast of my own judgment beside yours," protested Mrs. Fellows, warmly; but Mrs. Peters, who had a great sense of humor, caught her eye, and they both feigned the sudden discovery of a pin on the carpet, and startled their companions by bobbing down together to pick up, not the pin, but a little plain composure.

III

The next day after Thanksgiving Mrs. Peters found time to leave home and a cheerful party of children and grandchildren and go over to Mrs. Fellows's for a friendly call.

"I saw the minister this morning," she said, eagerly. "He came to our house to speak with Mr. Peters about something, and I took occasion to remark that I expected he'd had a pleasant time yesterday."

"What did he say?" asked Mrs. Fellows. "He was the life of it all, I thought. Lyddy Ann laughed as I haven't seen her laugh for years, at some o' the stories he told about awkward couples

coming to be married. Oh yes, he was certainly very entertainin', Mr. Downer was!"

"He told me 'twas one of the pleasantest occasions he had ever enjoyed, or Mis' Downer, either," announced Mrs. Peters, with triumph. "He'd never tasted no such a turkey since he'd been in this parish; 'twas like the best he ever saw down Rhode Island way, where he came from when he was a boy. He said you an' your sister was so cordial and made them both feel so welcome, and Mrs. Downer was all heartened up; he told me she said you couldn't be no kinder if you'd been her own sisters. She'd always admired Lyddy Ann very much, but hadn't felt so free with her before. She thought everything of her showing such sympathy, and remembering that this would be the first Thanksgiving she'd spent without any of her own folks. Those was his very words. Now do tell me, Pamel, what on earth set Lyddy Ann out? You know how we joked that day on the street, and—"

Mrs. Fellows struggled between a natural desire to give the full particulars and an obligation to maintain the dignity of her house. "Why, I went over this morning myself," she answered. "I expected to find her with her face tied up from the neuralgy, or all used up some way or 'nother with some o' her usual complaints, and instead o' that she come right to the door and stood there waitin' when she saw me coming, pleased as a child. We sat down together and talked it all over same's we used to when we were girls. 'Now let it be a lesson not to think you can't do the things you *can* do, Lyddy Ann!' says I once, but she took no heed and went right on talkin'. There was one minute that day, when Mr. Downer was assurin' her they'd be delighted to come, when I was so scared I saw stars all over the room, and my heart did thump like an old-fashioned churn," continued Mrs. Fellows, in a hushed voice. "'Twas worth venturin', I must say. The minister's wife wore her best black silk, and Lyddy Ann wore hers, and her little red Injy shawl with the narrow border, as her dress felt thin about the shoulders. Why, she was in great spirits, Mis' Peters! I declare I kept looking at her as we set at the table, and she was

laughin' more'n I was, and looked as young and pretty as a girl."

"There! we all of us need a little encouragin' sometimes," confessed neighbor Peters. "Pamely, I don't seem to understand yet how she came to invite the minister."

"Why, he said right off that he should be very happy to come," answered Mrs. Fellows, a little vaguely, after a moment's reflection. "I shall be very glad to have Lyddy Ann know how much he enjoyed himself," she added, for Mrs. Peters still looked so expectant. "I want them all to come and have dinner with me next year, though. The house looked kind o' lonesome when I got back, as if it sort of resented bein' left. I can't set so handsome a table as Sister can, but I love to have company. I'm the oldest o' the family that's left; but when I gave them the invitation, Lyddy Ann spoke right up and said no: we'd all three got to promise to come again next year. Oh, she's made a break now, I can tell you!"

"You and me might catch up our work and go over some afternoon to take tea with her!" suggested Mrs. Peters, with ready enthusiasm.

"I don't know as it's best to let her overdo too much!" answered sister Fellows, smiling, and so they parted.

The very next Sunday the minister was moved to preach an excellent sermon on the beauties of hospitality, and Mrs. Lydia Ann Peacham was at church and heard it in her front pew. Her thin cheeks flushed a little now and then with pleased self-consciousness. At first she hoped that her neighbors in the pew behind would derive some benefit from their appropriate lesson. Then the honesty of her own heart prevailed.

"'Twas time I made amends," she said to herself. "Pamely was in the right; I'd got way down to livin' for myself alone, an' there's nothin' makes life so dull an' wearin', let alone the shame to a Christian person!"

The Changeless People

BY NORA CHESSON

WE are the Changeless People,
Older than Time we are,
Our kinsmen are the mountains
And every wandering star.
Change seeing us is silent
And sorrow lets us be,
For we were when earth was not,
And when there was no sea.

We are the Changeless People:
The moon will wax and wane,
Stars drop out of the heavens,
But we unchanged remain.
Love fails its best beloved,
Beauty will pass away:
But we fear no to-morrow,
Grieve for no yesterday.

We are the Changeless People,
And where old altars rose
Our magic clothes their ruins
With grass that softest grows.
With dandelion torches
We light the night along,
And dead men in the barrows
Rest quieter for our song.

We are the Fairy People,
And change has passed us by;
We cannot weep for sorrow,
Grow old and sad and die.
We dance while Time goes by us,
Man's foeman and our friend,
And when we cease from dancing
The world shall surely end.

The Distribution of Rainfall

BY A. J. HERBERTSON, *Ph.D.*

Lecturer in Regional Geography in the University of Oxford

RAINFALL, an agency at first sight so humble, is, through the ultimate dependence of all life upon vegetation, an essential link in the chain which connects the lowest and the highest forms of life. The difference in the vegetative covering in low lands is due not so much to variation in sunshine or temperature as to differences in the distribution of the third factor—moisture.

The moisture of the atmosphere has not until recently been so thoroughly studied as temperature or pressure and winds. Yet it plays an all-important part in the world's economy. Water is the life-blood of the organic world, penetrating to all parts of it, purifying the air and fertilizing the land. As cloud it screens the earth's surface from the scorching sun's rays and protects it from excessive radiation. When it is deficient, extremes of temperature are great and vegetation is scanty; when it is abundant, climate is relatively equable and vegetation is prolific. The distribution of water available for plant growth is therefore a question of supreme practical importance.

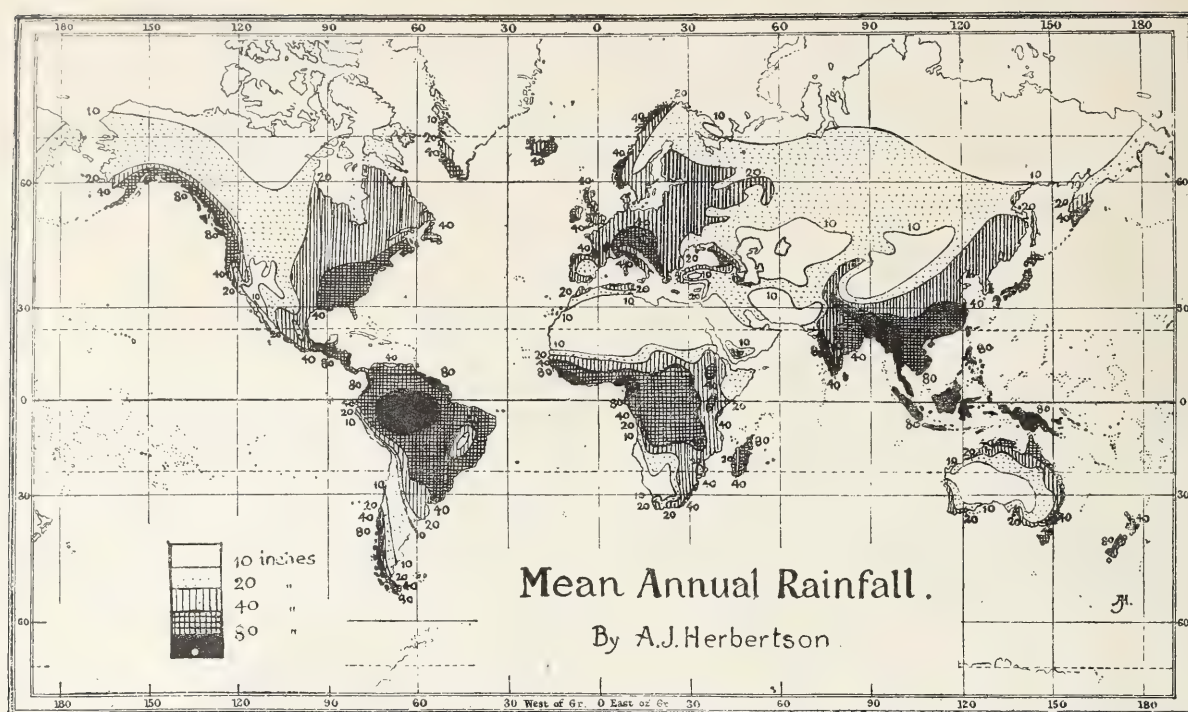
The measurement of rainfall is very simple when proper precautions are taken. The amount precipitated is usually expressed in terms of the depth to which it would cover the land were none to sink into the ground and none to be evaporated. Millions of observations have been made on rainfall. The map of the rainfall of the world is based on returns from nearly 9000 stations, and if we consider fifteen years as the average period of observation at each station—which is considerably under the mark—it represents 50,000,000 observations taken in different parts of the world.

The scientific study of rainfall distribution has been mainly the work of the last quarter of a century. The first

temperature map of the world was made by the great Humboldt in 1817; that of pressure, by Dr. Buchan of Edinburgh in 1869; while the first quantitative map of rainfall was made just twenty years ago by Professor Loomis of Yale. Since that time Dr. Supan of Gotha and the present writer have independently made public maps, embodying more recent results, in 1898.

By examining a map of the rainfall of the world, we notice at once that rain is very unevenly distributed. In many intertropical lands over eighty inches falls every year, while arctic circles are correspondingly dry. Arctic aridity and equatorial rains are partly expressions of temperature differences. The warmer air holds more water in the state of vapor than the colder air, and the same degree of cooling brings about a much greater precipitation in the hotter regions. A cubic foot of air over the Caribbean Sea at 80° F. can hold 10.95 grains of water in the state of vapor, whereas at Boston at 50° F. it can hold 4.09 grains, and over Hudson Bay at 20° F. only 1.30 grains. Supposing the cubic foot of air at these places were suddenly cooled by 10° F., which is roughly what would happen were it rapidly elevated to 3000 feet above the sea, then it could contain only 7.99 grains of water vapor over the Caribbean Sea, 2.86 grains over Boston, and 0.84 grains over Hudson Bay, forcing 2.96 grains to be precipitated in the first case, 1.23 grains in the second, but only 0.46 grains in the third. Without going into further details, it is obvious from this that the possibilities of heavy precipitation due to cooling diminish from the thermal equator to the thermal poles.

The divisions of the world by rainfall are of the greatest practical consequence.



Each has its characteristic vegetation, and, speaking generally, the economic products of one region of each group can be grown in any other corresponding region as far as climate is concerned. An instance in point is the similar distributions of Mediterranean climates and Mediterranean fruits.

Many economic problems in which rainfall is a factor present themselves for consideration, of which one or two may be mentioned as typical. There is an inferior and a superior limit of rainfall for each crop. Very little wheat is grown in the United States to the drier western side of the line where the mean annual precipitation is twenty inches. In England wheat-growing is concentrated in the eastern counties, where the rainfall is less than thirty inches per annum, and in Scotland it is cultivated in similarly dry areas. In South Australia special attention has been paid by Sir Charles Todd to the relationship between the yield of the wheat crop and rainfall. The figures of average rainfall and average yield for the agricultural lands of South Australia show how very close is the connection between them.

Natural grasses and fodder plants flourish best where the rainfall is uniformly distributed, and their economic value, as measured by the number of animals they can support, steadily in-

creases with rainfall. Mr. J. T. Wills shows that in Australia land receiving less than ten inches of rain per annum is worth next to nothing unless it can be irrigated: with ten inches of rain eight or nine sheep can be kept per square mile; with about twenty inches of rain, 640 sheep per square mile, eighty times as many; and with thirty-four inches of rain in Buenos Aires, a square mile will support the enormous number of 2560.

The day of the medicine-man with his rain-making charms is past. The future belongs not to the magician who attempts to interfere with the laws of nature, but to the man of science who can state with something approaching to certainty how they will operate under given conditions. Of all those who contribute to the cause of human progress, and the transference of human activities from the sphere of the accidental to the sphere of the causal, none perhaps are concerned with weightier issues than the men who patiently and persistently, day by day and season by season, measure and compare, compare and measure, the rainfall of their little districts. We may forgive the meteorologist his uninteresting statistics when we reflect that in their trustworthiness and in their right interpretation may lie the future of an abundant food-supply and even of industries yet undeveloped.



New England Fisher-Folk

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL

OF all those relationships between man and elemental nature which alternate so singularly in character between strife and alliance, there is none which in its various phases is more humanly appealing than the bond, or battle, as momentary circumstances may have it, between the fisher and the sea. Between aeronaut and atmosphere, chemist and his elements, miner and his ore, the relationship, if intimate, is still strictly severe, often hostile, never imbued with anything akin to this other singular sympathy.

The fisher's life, overhung as it is with the shadow of potential unexplainable death, and invested with a myriad, as if reflected, moods of the great element with which he must be in daily, almost in hourly, touch, has provided much of the poetry, and perhaps more of the pathos, in the stories of many lands, but in none more than in that of coastwise New England.

There is a singular lack of poetry, and almost of picturesqueness, in the history

of the original States, founded and fostered by sectarians of a bigotry so extreme as to seem nearly akin to fanaticism, and the mark of his stern forebears is writ large in the character of the New-Englander of to-day.

Even where, as a fisher, he is brought into close contact with the element which in all time has been the most potent spur to human imagination, the trammels of ascetic ancestry are so strong upon him that we find in his conception barely a trace of the intensely vivid imagery, half superstition, half religion, with which association with the sea has imbued the fisher of other lands—notably the Breton and the Sicilian. He is eminently shrewd, keenly observant, almost clairvoyant in his estimate of character, and surpassingly deft in every detail of his craft, but, beyond and above all, a Yankee—that quintessence of practicality which may reasonably be regarded as the antithesis of romance in its any and every form.

From your fisher of Gloucester or

Cape Cod the realistic poetry which impregnates the Breton stories of Pierre Loti is as much a thing apart as the complaints of a Romeo or the imaginings of a Shahrazad. And yet that selfsame atmosphere of romance is as truly a part of the fisher of Finistère as his technical knowledge of sails and tides.

Yet—so pervasive is that subtle sea-charm which permeates all that is brought within its influence—a romance as unmistakable as that which surrounds Plougastel or Capri, though of a different quality, lies about these little fishing-towns of New England, which contrasts them strangely with the bustling commercialism of the great mercantile and manufacturing centres, so near in actual measurement of miles, so infinitely distant in every other sense.

Stranger though he be in thought and speech to aught that smacks of ideality, an influence beyond his control, as beyond his perception, has clothed every detail of the fisher's life, every most trifling accessory of his occupation, with a poetical significance unspeakably appealing to the imagination.

"They that go down to the sea in ships"—what an inheritance is theirs, what a birthright of marvel and mystery! The association, as new to-day as it was old in David's time, is inevitable. No mere insensibility to romanticism is sufficient to lessen the permanency of its influence. The sea will infallibly mark its own, and is not to be eluded or denied.

In such a village as those of which we have been speaking the sea is, in a material sense, the source of all good, and of all evil as well. It enriches or impoverishes, saves or destroys, robs or restores. Its will is the pivot on which existence revolves. So it is but natural, and far from being a fanciful supposition, that the life of the people should reflect faithfully certain broad, general qualities which may be said to be strictly characteristic of the element whereupon they are so intimately dependent. Pre-eminent among these we distinguish a vast and highly admirable simplicity, a freedom from conventionality, wherein much that is unworthily petty, suspicious, and unjust in human thought has given

place to a kindly and tolerant, while in no sense a credulous, view of men and things.

It is a supremely sane attitude of mind—sane with the clean, wholesome sanity of the sea—when contrasted with the veritable labyrinth of prejudice wherein we, whose lives are necessarily more complicated, move and have our being. One rarely hears a New England fisherman indulging in petty disparagement of a neighbor. This is not to say that his tolerance is fatuously invariable, but only that his judgment, whether favorable or the reverse, is expressed simply and broadly, without a suggestion of either favor or fear, above all, without a hint of malice. "Them Harrises be'n't no good!" said one such philosopher, and that was the expression of a simple conviction.

Disapproval is as generous and as elemental as commendation. One is inevitably tempted to a reflection upon the pains which a less simple society would be at to adduce a multitude of trivial slurs in support of this amply self-sufficient statement.

In the well-ordered regularity of life in a fishing-town the sea once more supplies the cue. Monotony, that chiefest bugbear of more elaborate conditions of existence, is less accepted as inevitable than totally disregarded in the sense of an objection.

In dependence on the sun and the wind and the tide events move forward day by day, and men rise and retire, labor and take their ease, with machinelike orderliness. And this, their submission to the requirements of routine, is parent, no doubt, to the serene repose which is so noticeable in the older men. Long before it is possible for individual preference to point out an independent line of activity, the daily round of duty has been, almost imperceptibly, laid out, and the boy finds himself pledged to the performance of certain well-defined labors, the which he accepts without argument, if not without reflection.

There are exceptions, as in all conditions of society—lads who rebel and strike out for themselves. Every battleship in our navy has its tale of these. But for the most part, to an



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Lockhardt

THE SON TAKES UP THE WORK WHERE THE FATHER DROPS IT



WHARVES WHEREUNDER THE TIDE MURMURS MYSTERY

extent undreamt of in our larger cities, where the ebb and flow of life is so ceaseless and so erratic, it is a case in the fishing-town of "like father, like son." The latter takes up the work where the former drops it, sails the same boat, cleans fish with the same knife, mends and remedies the same nets, and spins the same yarns in his hours of leisure.

But where the fisher's life is most appealingly in sympathy with the sea is in a respect which he of all men is probably the furthest from perceiving—its profound melancholy. In this regard, if in no other, coastwise New England is nearly akin to that coastwise Finistère of which we have spoken, and which inspired *Mon Frère Yves* and *Pêcheur d'Islande*. There is lacking the fanciful imagination of the Breton, which has peopled every mood of the ocean with the personalities of saints and demons, and thereby achieved so great a degree of picturesqueness; there is lacking, too, the extremity of devoutness which associates the woe or weal of the fishing-fleet with the direct intent of the Virgin. There are no pageants, no *pardons*, no

invocations to the sea, no little porcelain *Notre Dame de la Recouvrance*, before which, when the fleet is out, the women of the village watch and pray, and tapers continually burn.

But all these, indescribably pathetic though they be, are not, it must be remembered, intrinsically so, but only in such sense as they are the manifestations, the outward signs, of a great elemental undercurrent of tragedy—the ominous, indescribably alluring relation between the fisher and the sea.

Apart from the peculiar phenomena wherein this emotion finds expression under varying conditions lies the emotion itself, vast, majestic, large with infinity of suggestion, and identical, we may imagine, the sea-coasts of the world around. Here in New England the very severity of earlier conditions seems to have bequeathed an added force to the tragedy.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that these fisher families are exemplifications, as perfect as may be, of absolute adherence to a very high, if simple, code of ethics. One can barely conceive of social relations more



TO AND FROM THE WHARVES THE SCHOONERS COME AND GO

essentially righteous, of religious convictions more consistently followed, of a more rational or saner observance of hygienic and physiological principles.

And, withal, from cradle to grave it is always the tragic aspect of the fisher's life which is seen to be most heavily underscored, most unmistakably emphasized. Those most familiar in a sympathetic sense with the sea will realize that even in its gayest moods it is inseparable from this hint of melancholy. It is too old, too cruel, with all its kindness, and the custodian of too many terrible memories and awful secrets to be ever less than ominous. And it may almost be said that as the land approaches the sea it comes under this influence, and shows, even in its conformation, a reflection of the lurking grimness before it.

The long swelling sand dunes of Cape Cod, rolling away in majestic emptiness, mile on mile, and the gaunt, grim rocks of Maine, wrinkled, as are the faces of the fisher-folk, with much gazing across the sea—are they not equally suggestive of infinite loneliness, ageless endurance, stupendous power,

and, more than all, the pitiable littleness of man?

The fancy could be carried further, down to the blackened and mussel-covered piles of the wharves, where—under the tide rises and murmurs mystery, and retires as if to seek yet other stories from the informing deeps beyond. Above, the weather-beaten planking is strewn with an infinity of discarded rubbish—spars, anchors, chains, sail-cloth, blocks, and cordage. Where they have been, whence they come, there is no knowing now. Only in two respects are all alike. In their time they have been new, strong, well fitted to their appointed uses. Now they are but mute additional proofs of the impotency of man's device. The omnipotent and everlasting sea has laid hand on one and all, as upon those who made them, and they are as if they had never been. The sea! the sea! the sea! To and from the wharves the schooners come and go. They too are blackened, and bear witness to the eternal struggle and the inevitable end.

So, little by little, is born in the observer not merely a realization of the

pervading melancholy inseparable from this environment, but an appreciation of the primary cause, the emotion which lies below. Every most trivial detail of this people's life is instinct with the thought of facing an unknowable and invincible force, wherewith they may struggle for a little, may even seem to master or cajole, but which must inevitably stand victor in the end. Each year the sea claims its tithe, and this comes as no unexpected calamity, but as a duly calculated nemesis.

One catches a trace of its abiding presence, now and again, in the eyes of a mother or a wife or a sweetheart as she watches him who is to her the fisher of all fishers, on his way toward the shore—oftener, even, in a strange, unconscious glance of apprehension toward the sea itself, which, perhaps, has already smitten, and holds yet other blows in store.

All this tends directly, one cannot but think, to the formation and preservation of a very strong, albeit unobtrusive, nobility of character, as it so apparently induces an admirable simplicity of life. Beneath the evidence of these immaculately kept houses, these scrupulously tended nets and boats, these trim gardens, and severe places of worship, and clear-eyed, sturdy children; back of this spirit of fair dealing and clean living, and earnest, consistent endeavor: there lies a marvellous strength of conviction and an appreciation of duty which is not far from being the chief of our national moral sinews.

The fisher-folk are, to a great extent, a people set apart, barred off by the peculiar conditions which surround them from participation in much of what we are wont to say makes life worth living. More than any other class of Americans they are forced into that close intimacy with elemental nature from which it is the tendency of civilization to wean us. They are part and parcel of the great universal system, and so are impelled and controlled, as is nature's self, by magnificently broad and yet singularly simple laws. As a result, we find them unconsciously imbued in thought, word, and deed with nature's own dignity and sanity and force.

From conditions so elemental it would be strange did there not result the poetry and the picturesqueness which invest whatever is supremely natural, and that are lacking in all that smacks of artificiality or design.

Just as there is no trace of intention in the attitude of the fisher himself, so is there nothing resembling studied effect in what, as the logical result of his needs, has come to be in his surroundings. Even the most sequestered inland villages of New England are not free, in these progressive days, from the reproach of atrocious architecture, made worse by glaring combinations of the unspeakable commodity known as enamel paint. Nature is foully wronged in the presence of grottos and rockeries which have not even the redeeming grace of utility, far less that of ornament, and incongruous iron stags profane the even velvet of the lawns.

But of these and kindred crimes the fisher's environment is guiltless before nature and nature's God. The tints of his shingles and sails and wharves are those lent by the fingers of the salt wind and water. Even where the work is that of his own hands it runs on broad unoffending lines of architecture, and in simple blacks and whites and greens and maroons unspeakably grateful to the eye long weary of gaudier hues. His flowers are the simplest, and while trained away from disorderly riot, yet grow naturally and freely, untrammelled by the intention of ornamental borders.

And if he err in angularity of line or blatancy of hue, his omnipresent mentor, the sea, is at hand to correct, gnawing and rounding and moulding with busy teeth and fingers, till the sharp corners are made smooth and the gaudy tints softened and the sea's great aim is once more attained—the reduction of all with which it comes in contact to a gray in color and to a curve in form.

Let us leave it as we found it, this modest little cluster of gray and white cottages nestling in a curve of wooded shore, and staring ingenuously from square, green-shuttered windows at the blackened wharves, eloquent of the comings and goings of the simple, brave men who go down to the sea in ships.



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

THESE IMMACULATELY KEPT HOUSES



YOUR FISHER OF GLOUCESTER OR CAPE COD

Let us leave it with twilight settling down upon the gables, for this is of all hours the best. The schooners are in; the daily work is done; smoke from a score of chimneys spires skyward;—and there, beyond the laughter of the ripples

on the peaceful shore, beyond the smooth gray stretch of harbor water, beyond the white foam of surf on the bar—there lies a wide, unruffled calm. There is peace, and there is a truce declared between the fisher and the sea.

How the Bible came down to Us

BY F. G. KENYON, F.R.S.

IN a recent number of this Magazine an account was given of the way in which the books of the ancients have come down to us, and it was shown how thin, in many cases, is the thread of tradition which connects our present copies of the great works of classical antiquity with the autographs of their authors. It may have occurred to some readers to ask: How does all this apply to the Book of books? How has the Bible come down to us? Does its text rest on as precarious a foundation as that of Aeschylus or Tacitus?

It is now nearly 1850 years since the Jewish tent-maker whom we know as the apostle Paul dictated to one of his companions, who transcribed it on a short roll of papyrus, his letter to the Galatian churches, adding thereto at the end, as was his wont, a few lines with his own hand in large characters. It is some 2350 years since Ezra, if the tradition be veracious, gathered together the greater number of the books which compose the Jewish canon of Scripture. It is 2600 years since the prophecies of Amos and Isaiah were written down, whether by the prophets themselves or by their disciples; while for parts, at least, of the historical books of the Old Testament a yet higher antiquity may be claimed. How, then, has the text of these books been handed down to us; and what guarantee have we that the latest form in which scholars present it to us is indeed a true representation of the words which prophets and apostles wrote so long ago?

Let us take the Old Testament first. Its history is in some respects simpler, in others more difficult, than that of the New Testament. For about 1800 years we can trace it back, though only half that period is covered by actually extant copies. The Hebrew Old Testament was first committed to print in the year 1488, eleven years after a

portion of it, the Book of Psalms, had issued from the press. Behind these printed texts lie a great quantity of manuscripts,—hundreds, or even thousands, in number; the English bishop Kennicott published collations of 634 manuscripts in 1776-1780, while the Italian scholar De Rossi, shortly afterwards, added 825 more to the list, without by any means exhausting the number of extant copies. But an examination of all this great mass of authorities brings to light two striking facts: first, that all of them contain substantially the same text, varied only by obvious mistakes and slight divergences in detail; and secondly, that none of them is earlier than the ninth century. The earliest extant MS. of the Hebrew Old Testament is a copy of the Pentateuch, now in the British Museum, and assigned to the ninth century, and the earliest MS. bearing a precise date is a copy of the Prophets, at St. Petersburg, dated A.D. 916, while the majority of the MSS. belong to much later periods. At the same time so uniform is the text preserved in all the MSS. that the earliest and the latest of them differ in no essential respect.

The explanation alike of the uniformity of text and of the comparative lateness of the extant MSS. lies in a single cause, namely, the extreme care with which the Jews have cherished their Scriptures for the last 1800 years. From about the third century most minute rules have existed for the guidance of the scribes who copied them, and to secure the most scrupulous accuracy of reproduction. Imperfect or mutilated copies were at once withdrawn from the service of the synagogue. Consequently the tendency has been for the earlier manuscripts to be set aside, and so eventually to perish, their place being taken by new copies which were in better preservation. Thus on the one hand the Jew-

ish zeal that the Testaments in use in the synagogues should be perfect has led to the disappearance of the older MSS., while on the other hand their care for accuracy of transcription has ensured that the later copies are not, as is usually the case with manuscripts, substantially inferior to the earlier.

For about a thousand years, then, from the nineteenth century back to the ninth, we have the evidence of printed editions and manuscripts; and for some eight hundred years more we have sufficient evidence from the writings of Jewish rabbis, and the like, to satisfy us that the text of the Old Testament known to them was the same as that which we still have. The schools of Jewish commentators, known as the Massoretes (from the "Massorah," or commentary, which they attached to the sacred text), and their predecessors the Talmudists, or compilers of the traditions entitled the "Talmud," all evidently had before them the same type of text, which we can thus trace back to about the year 100 after Christ. At this period the Jewish rabbis, rallying from the blows struck by the destruction of Jerusalem and the rise of the Christians, met in conference at Jamnia to discuss the precise limits of the canon of inspired Scriptures; and at the same time the text which we now call "Massoretic," and which is the only type of Hebrew

text now extant, seems to have been determined on.

But what of the thousand years or more which still separate the supposed origin of this Massoretic text from the actual dates of composition of the earlier parts of the sacred books? For this period we have no direct evidence from Hebrew manuscripts, and must have recourse to early translations of the Hebrew books into other languages. This is a class of evidence which is practically unknown in the case of classical literature (since we possess no very early translations of the Greek and Latin classics), but which is of very great importance in regard to the Bible. In the case of the Old Testament there are two translations, or "versions," as they are commonly termed, which we know to have been made before the formation of the Massoretic text, and which therefore throw some light on the state of the Hebrew text before that event. One of these is the Samaritan version, the other the Greek version known as the Septuagint. The Samaritan version is the Bible which the mixed population planted in Samaria by the Assyrians, after the conquest and deportation of the Ten Tribes, adopted from their Jewish neighbors; but since at that time the Prophets and the miscellaneous books of the Old Testament had not yet been fully

recognized as part of the sacred canon, this Samaritan Bible consists only of the Pentateuch. The Samaritan version, therefore, probably represents the Hebrew Pentateuch as it was about the fifth century before Christ; and the habitual enmity subsisting between Jews and Samaritans makes it improbable that the Samaritan text would be affected by any changes subsequently in-

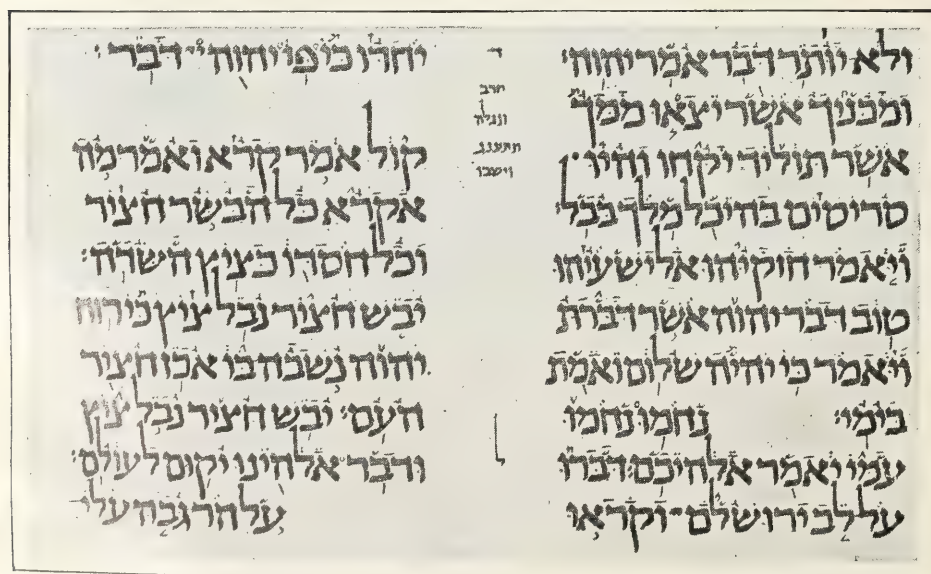


FIG. 1.—Hebrew MS. of the Prophets, written in A.D. 916, now at St. Petersburg. The vowel points are written according to the Babylonian system, above the letters. The lower part of a page is shown, reduced to five-eighths of the original size, containing the beginning of the great Messianic prophecy in Isaiah xl.

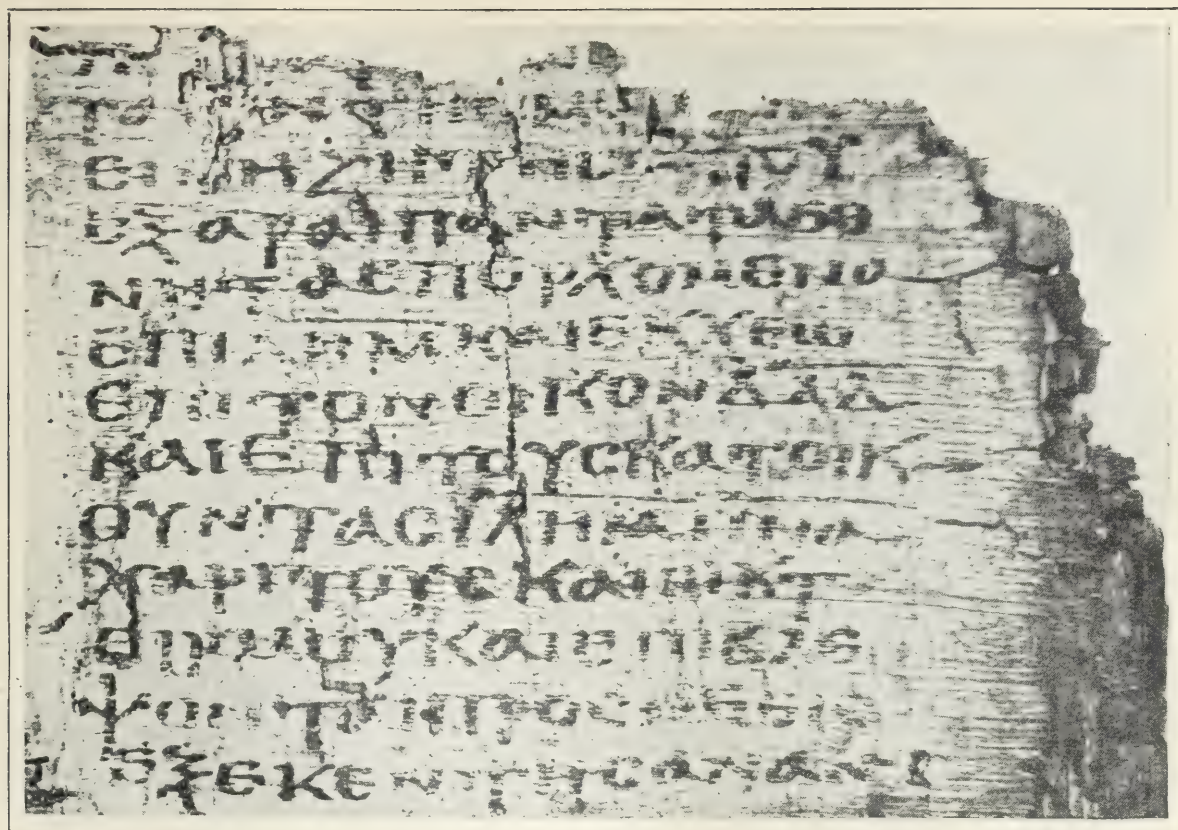


FIG. 2.—Papyrus book of the seventh century, containing parts of Zechariah and Malachi in the Greek Septuagint version; now at Heidelberg. About half a page is shown, reduced to three-quarters of the original size.

troduced among the Jews. The variations which occur in the Samaritan version are fairly numerous, but most of them are unimportant; the more notable among them are generally supported by the Septuagint, and of these it must be said that there is a considerable probability that they are right.

Unfortunately the Samaritan version is only available for the Pentateuch; and it is in the other books that the greatest textual difficulties arise. Here our only help is the Greek Septuagint version, so named from the "seventy" translators by whom it is traditionally said to have been made, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus of Egypt (B.C. 284-247). There is at least no doubt that it was made about this time, and in Egypt, for the benefit of the large colony of Greek-speaking Jews in that country; and after the introduction of Christianity it became the Old Testament of Greek-speaking Christians generally. We possess early and good manuscripts of it, dating from the fourth, or even (in the case of a few recently discovered scraps on papyrus) from the third century of our era; but its value, as evidence for the pre-Masso-

retic Hebrew text, is seriously discounted by two considerations. In the first place, our manuscripts differ very considerably among themselves, many of them having been much affected by editors who tried to bring the Greek more into accordance with the Hebrew as they knew it; so that it is not at all easy to ascertain what the original text of the Septuagint was. Secondly, when we have ascertained, as in many places we can, that it differs very decidedly from the received Hebrew text, we still have to make up our minds as to whether the divergence is due to the Greek translator having made a mistake, or translated very freely, or to his having had a different Hebrew text before him. The best scholars are cautious about admitting alternative readings on the evidence of the Septuagint, thinking that we must first ascertain more clearly the history of the Septuagint text itself.

For the present, therefore, we may say that the Old Testament has come down to us almost wholly through the Massoretic edition of the Hebrew text, and to this both the English and the American revisers have in the main adhered.

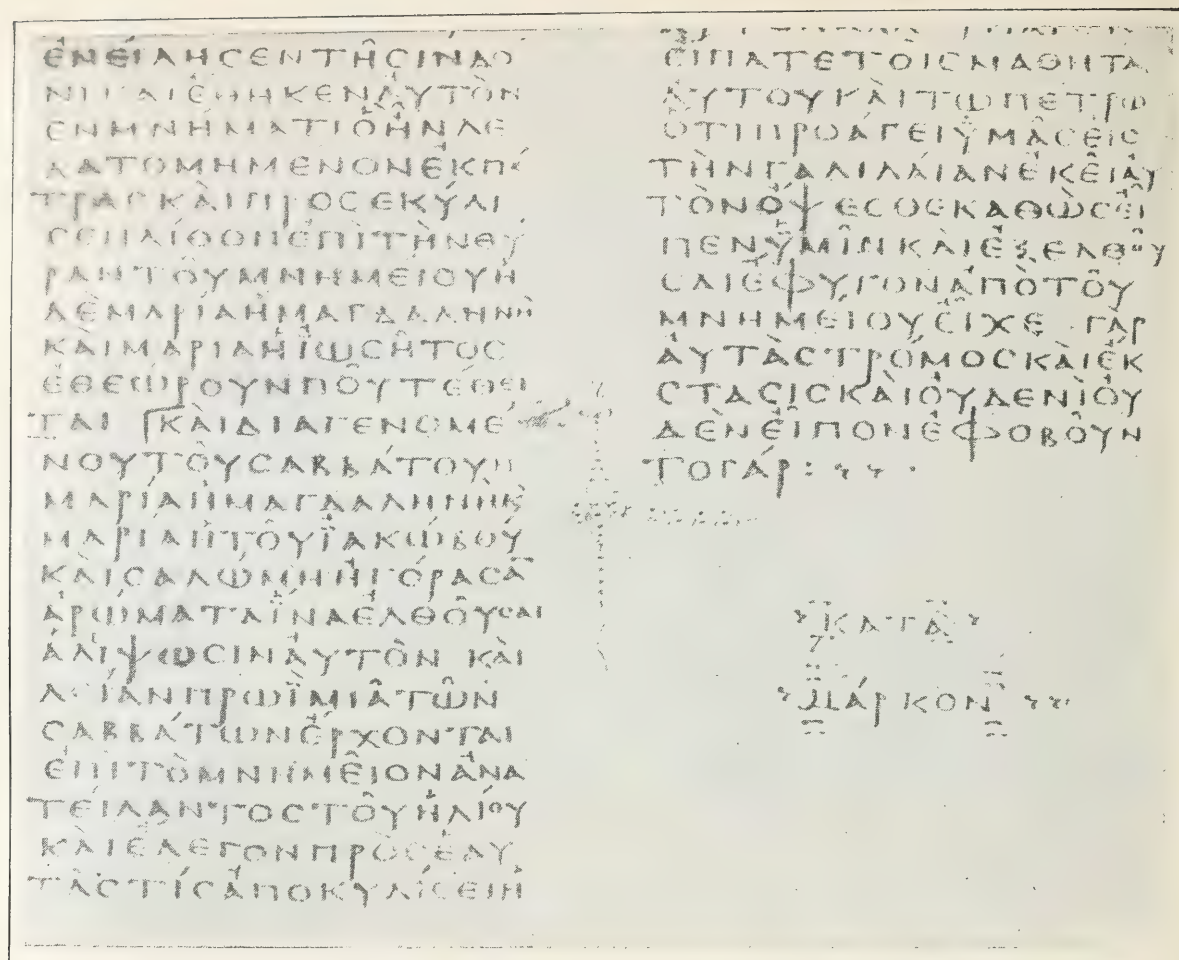


FIG. 3.—Codex Vaticanus, fourth century. The lower part of two columns, unreduced, containing the end of St. Mark, from which the last twelve verses are omitted in this MS., and in several other early authorities. The place of the third column on this page is left blank.

When we come to look at the New Testament we find a very different set of circumstances, leading naturally to very different results. The Jewish Scriptures, from a time to which we cannot reach back, were recognized as sacred books, carefully copied by trained scribes, and never subject to systematic destruction by external enemies. When, however, the early Christian missionaries wrote the books which now form our New Testament, they did not write them as sacred books on the same level as the Pentateuch or the Psalms, nor were they at first so regarded by those to whom they were sent. St. Paul wrote letters to the various communities in which he was interested, just as hundreds of his contemporaries wrote letters to their friends. We have now, thanks to the discoveries made of recent years in Egypt, numbers of such letters, written in the first and subsequent centuries of our era, and written, as his must have been written, on papyrus; so that we know just

how his letters to the Romans or Philip-
pians must have looked. We can even produce parallels to those subscriptions in "large letters" in his own hand, which he mentions at the end of his epistle to the Galatians. These communications would no doubt be read in the congregation to which they were addressed, and copies of them would often be sent to neighboring churches; but it would only be gradually that they came to be looked upon as sacred or inspired literature. Similarly the Gospels and Acts were but memoirs of the Master's life, written down after the lapse of some years, in order to perpetuate the oral narratives of those who had been eye-witnesses and recipients of His teachings. Many such narratives were compiled, as we know from St. Luke, which have now perished, because they never attained the distinction of being recognized as authoritative by the Church at large. Only gradually, in the course of the second century, did the five narra-

tives which now stand at the head of our New Testaments single themselves out and receive recognition as the authentic and inspired records of the life of Christ on earth and for the dissemination of His Gospel throughout the Roman world.

Even so, however, the Christian writings did not acquire the ordinary privileges and safeguards of secular literature. Throughout the second and third centuries, Christianity, though often tolerated by Roman emperors and governors, was never officially recognized, and was always liable to a recurrence of proscription and persecution. At such times the sacred books were special objects of attack. This is no mere matter of conjecture; from the contemporary records of the later persecutions we know that systematic search was made for these books, and that those who were so weak or so faithless as to surrender them to the destroyer were subjected to punishment afterwards by their co-religionists. In this way many copies of the New Testament writings perished; and it is to be observed that the official copies, the property of the various churches, which would presumably be the most correct in point of text, would be the most liable to destruction in this way.

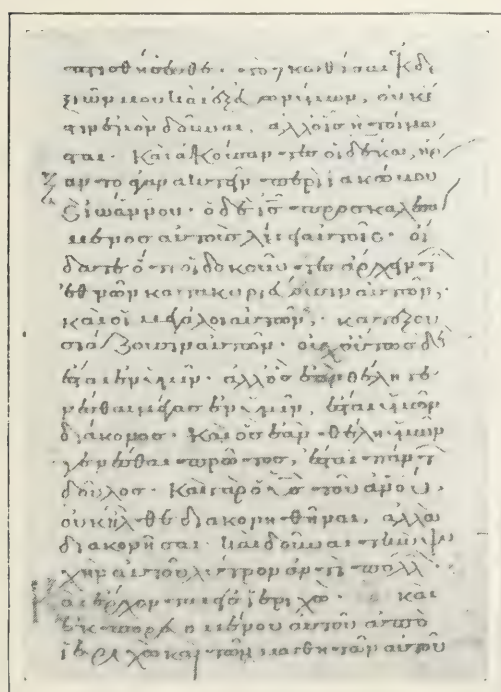


FIG. 4.—Minuscule Greek MS. of the Gospels (Egerton MS. 2783 in the British Museum), written in twelfth century. A complete page, reduced, containing Mark x., 40-46.

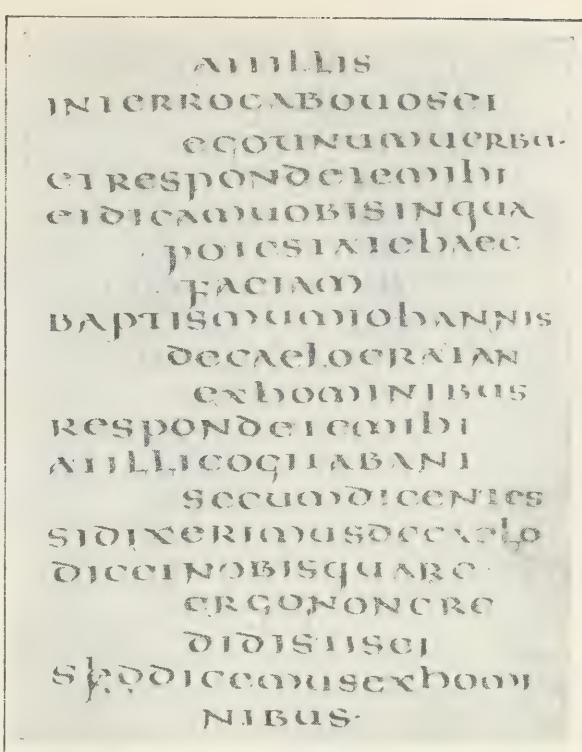


FIG. 5.—The Latin Vulgate version of the Gospels (Hard MS. 1775 in the British Museum), written in uncial characters in the sixth and seventh centuries. One of the earliest extant MSS. of the Vulgate. About three-quarters unreduced

On the other hand, the copies which were in private possession would be less likely to attract attention, and might more easily be concealed. That such private copies existed we cannot doubt. We now possess many copies of works of classical literature, written upon papyrus at this very period, and many of them are obviously rough copies intended for private use, written in irregular, unornamental hands, and often with little care for precise accuracy. In copies such as these we must conceive the Christian Scriptures as circulating from hand to hand, with scanty opportunities for correction by comparison with official copies; and in this way it is easy to see how many of the variations crept in which now puzzle the textual critics.

Until the beginning of the fourth century, then, the circumstances attending the circulation of the New Testament books were very inimical to their continued existence. The material on which they were written, papyrus, is so perishable that it is only in the dry soil and climate of Egypt that it has survived at all. Even in Lower Egypt, where the Greek-speaking population was most nu-

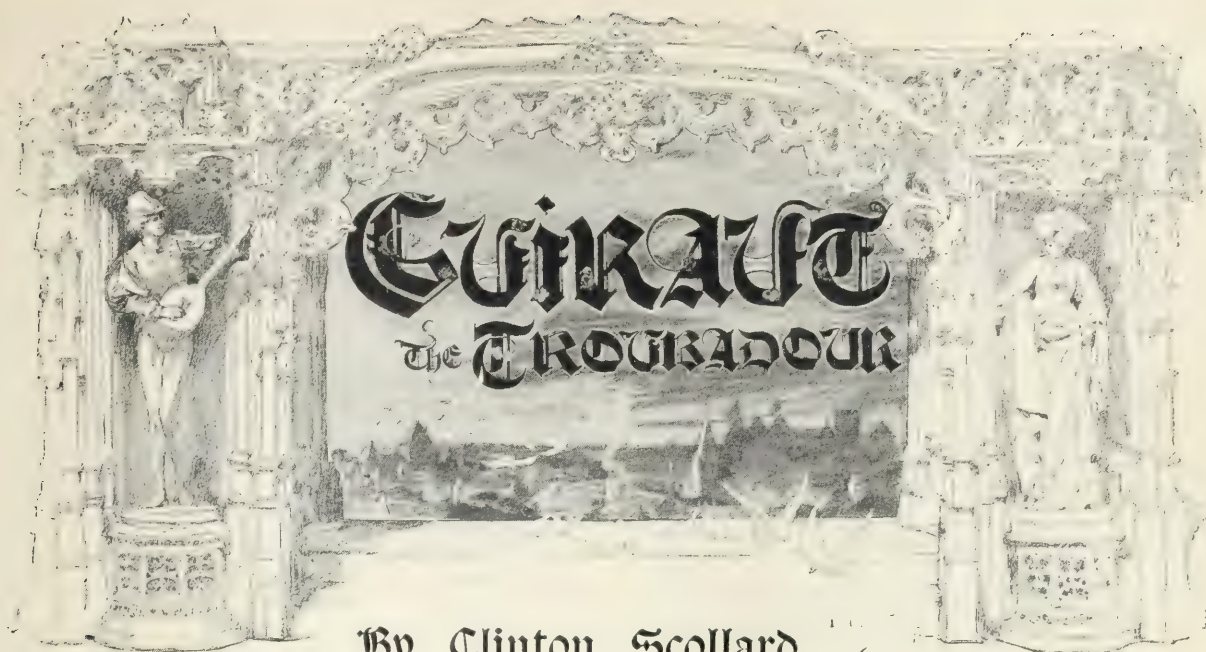
merous, the soil is too damp for its preservation. Our hopes of very early copies are therefore restricted to Central and Upper Egypt; and when we have taken into consideration the dangers of persecution and the existence of a large non-Greek population, we cannot be surprised to find that no considerable MS. of the New Testament has survived from this period. Only a few small fragments remain, and these are not earlier than the third century.

The first quarter of the fourth century, however, brought about a great change. Christianity became the official religion of the empire; and papyrus was superseded by vellum as the material on which the best copies of books were written. The first event secured freedom of circulation for the Scriptures, and placed the best resources of the copyists' art at their disposal. The second provided a material strong enough to resist the ravages of time and decay; while the substitution of the modern book form for the old roll form made it possible to bring together all the Christian Scriptures in a single volume. To this period, or very shortly afterwards, may be assigned the two oldest among the extant MSS. of the Greek Bible—the Codex Vaticanus and the Codex Sinaiticus. The Codex Vaticanus (Fig. 3) is written in a beautiful small hand, with three columns to the page, and has been preserved in the Vatican Library at Rome since the fifteenth century, though it is only within the last thirty years that its contents have been made accessible to scholars. The Codex Sinaiticus, discovered in the monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai by Tischendorf, and now in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, is written in a rather larger hand, with four columns to the page. Both contained, when complete, the whole of both Testaments; and both are written, like all early MSS. on vellum, in *uncial* characters,—that is, in capital letters formed separately. They rank foremost among the witnesses to the text of the New Testament, and their evidence has had great weight with the revisers of the English Bible. Other important uncial MSS. of the Greek Bible are the Codex Alexandrinus, in the British Museum, and the palimpsest

Codex Ephraemi, at Paris, both of the fifth century, and the Codex Bezae, at Cambridge, of the sixth century, the last containing the Gospels and Acts only, with many remarkable variants in the text, and with a Latin version parallel to the Greek.

From the fourth to the ninth century copies of the Bible, as of other literature, continued to be written in uncial characters, which tended continually to become large and heavier. In the ninth century came a reaction, and the current hand of every-day life was modified into a book hand, which, while possessing much more beauty than the later uncials, could be written continuously, and therefore with greater ease and speed (Fig. 4). With this invention of the "minuscule" or "cursive" style the multiplication of copies of the Scriptures proceeded apace, until the discovery of printing in the fifteenth century superseded the use of manuscripts altogether. In spite of the ravages of time, more than three thousand copies of the Greek New Testament, whole or in part, still exist; and to these must be added the copies of the early translations into other languages—Syriac, Coptic, Armenian, Gothic, Latin, etc.—which give invaluable assistance to the scholar in ascertaining the correct text of the Scriptures.

If, then, we compare this state of things with what has previously been written about the manuscripts of the classics, we shall see how immensely superior is the position of the New Testament. We owe our knowledge of most of the great works of Greek and Latin literature—Aeschylus, Sophocles, Thucydides, Horace, Lucretius, Tacitus, and many more—to manuscripts written from 900 to 1500 years after their authors' deaths; while of the New Testament we have two excellent and approximately complete copies at an interval of only 250 years. Again, of the classical writers we have, as a rule, only a few score of copies (often less), of which one or two usually stand out as decisively superior to the rest; but of the New Testament we have more than 3000 copies (besides the very large number of versions), and many of these have distinct and independent value.



By Clinton Scollard

*Unto man, as in pain he plods,
Or, heart-light, hurries along,
The dearest gift of the gods
Is the love of love and song!*

U NTO the walls of Carcassonne
(Ah, how the sun that morning shone
Upon the walls of Carcassonne!)
In russet raimentry he came
Within whose heart love like a flame
Burned ever passionate and pure,
The while he breathed one flower-sweet name,
Guiraut, the gallant troubadour.

Unto the gate of Carcassonne
(Ah, how his blithe lips smiled upon
The warded gate of Carcassonne!)
As light of foot as Love he strode;
The budding flowers along the road
Bloomed sudden, with his song for lure;
And softer the river flowed
Before Guiraut, the troubadour.

Along the streets of Carcassonne
(Ah, what a harmony fell on
The climbing streets of Carcassonne!)
He swiftly took his singing way;
The little children ceased their play;
Woe seemed more easy to endure;
Gay grew the sad, and young the gray,
To hear Guiraut, the troubadour.

Unto a keep in Carcassonne
 (No sweeter voice e'er drifted on
 That frowning keep in Carcassonne!)
 Anon the singer drew anigh,
 Whereout there floated melody,—
 Song that is biting sorrow's cure;—
 Then something godlike lit the eye
 Of brave Guiraut, the troubadour.

Into a hall in Carcassonne
 (Forsooth, hall never brighter shone
 Than that in all of Carcassonne!)
 He made him bold to enter; there
 Were men and maidens debonair,
 And one so peerless and so pure
 She flowered more fair than all the fair
 To glad Guiraut, the troubadour.

Before that maid in Carcassonne
 (Ah, never, never lovelier shone
 A maiden's eyes in Carcassonne!)
 He bared his head, and bowed him low;
 "Lady, the wilding winds that blow
 Brought me this wondrous word for lure,—
 To-day, to-day, they bade me know
 You choose your heart's own troubadour."

Then rose a song in Carcassonne
 (Now rose-flushed and now snowy-wan
 The loveliest cheek in Carcassonne!)
 Most marvellous, most magical;
 It caught her breathless in its thrall;
 And ah, how empty and how poor
 All others seemed,—lord's, prince's, all,—
 Save his, Guiraut, the troubadour!

Two lovers bide in Carcassonne
 (Ah, happy sun, to shine upon
 Such happiness in Carcassonne!),
 And while they dream through life along,
 No woe they know, nor any wrong,
 The maid so peerless and so pure,
 And he who won her love through song,
 Guiraut, the gallant troubadour.

Lady Rose's Daughter

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

PART VII

CHAPTER XIII

THE curiosity concerning Jacob Delafield's ideas and antecedents, which in Julie's mind was a passing and perfunctory emotion, was felt in good earnest by not a few of Delafield's friends. For he was a person rich in friends, reserved as he generally was, and crotchety as most of them thought him. The mixture of self-evident strength and manliness in his physiognomy with something delicate and evasive, some hindering element of reflection or doubt, was repeated in his character. On the one side he was a robust, healthy Etonian, who could ride, shoot, and golf like the rest of his kind, who used the terse, slangy ways of speech of the ordinary Englishman, who loved the land and its creatures, and had a natural hatred for a poacher; and on another he was a man haunted by dreams and spiritual voices, a man for whom, as he paced his tired horse homeward after a day's run, there would rise on the grays and purples of the winter dusk far-shining "cities of God" and visions of a better life for man. He read much poetry; and the New Testament spoke to him imperatively, though in no orthodox or accustomed way. Ruskin, and the earlier work of Tolstoy, then just beginning to take hold of the English mind, had affected his thought and imagination, as the generation before him had been affected by Carlyle, Emerson, and George Sand.

This present phase of his life, however, was the outcome of much that was turbulent and shapeless in his first youth. He seemed to himself to have passed through Oxford under a kind of eclipse. All that he could remember of two-thirds of his time then was an immoderate amount of eating, drinking, and sleeping. A heavy animal existence, disturbed by moments of unhappiness and remorse, or

at best lightened by intervals and gleams of friendship with two or three men who tried to prod him out of his lethargy, and cherished what appeared to himself in particular a strange and unreasonable liking for him:—such, to his own thinking, had been his Oxford life, up to the last year of his residence there.

Then, when he was just making certain of an ignominious failure in the Final Schools, he became more closely acquainted with one of the college tutors, whose influence was to be the spark which should at last fire the clay. This modest, heroic, and learned man was a paralyzed invalid, owing to an accident in the prime of life. He had lost the use of his lower limbs,—“dead from the waist down.” Yet such was the strength of his moral and intellectual life that he had become, since the catastrophe, one of the chief forces of his college. The invalid-chair on which he wheeled himself, recumbent, from room to room, and from which he gave his lectures, was in the eyes of Oxford a symbol not of weakness, but of touching and triumphant victory. He gave himself no airs of resignation or of martyrdom. He simply lived his life—except during those crises of weakness or pain when his friends were shut out—as though it were like any other life, save only for what he made appear an insignificant physical limitation. Scholarship, college business or college sports, politics and literature,—his mind, at least, was happy, strenuous, and at home in them all. To have pitied him would have been a mere impertinence. While in his own heart, which never grieved over himself, there were treasures of compassion for the weak, the tempted, and the unsuccessful, which spent themselves in secret simple ways, unknown to his most intimate friends.

This man's personality it was which, like the branch of healing on bitter wa-

ters, presently started in Jacob Delafield's nature obscure processes of growth and regeneration. The originator of them knew little of what was going on. He was Delafield's tutor for Greats, in the ordinary college routine; Delafield took essays to him, and occasionally lingered to talk. But they never became exactly intimate. A few conversations of "pith and moment"; a warm shake of the hand, and a keen look of pleasure in the blue eyes of the recumbent giant, when after one year of superhuman but belated effort Delafield succeeded in obtaining a second class—a little note of farewell, affectionate and regretful, when Delafield left the University—an occasional message through a common friend,—Delafield had little more than these to look back upon, outside the discussions of historical or philosophical subjects which had entered into their relation as pupil and teacher.

And now the paralyzed tutor was dead, leaving behind him a volume of papers on classical subjects, the reputation of an admirable scholar, and the fragrance of a dear and honored name. His pupils had been many; they counted among the most distinguished of England's youth; and all of them owed him much. Few people thought of Delafield when the list of them was recited; and yet in truth Jacob's debt was greater than any; for he owed this man nothing less than his soul. No doubt the period at Oxford had been rather a period of obscure conflict than of mere idleness and degeneracy as it had seemed to be. But it might easily have ended in physical and moral ruin; and as it was—thanks to Courtenay—Delafield went out to the business of life, a man singularly master of himself, determined to live his own life for his own ends.

In the first place he was conscious, like many other young men of his time, of a strong repulsion towards the complexities and artificialities of modern society. As in the forties, a time of social stir was rising out of a time of stagnation. Social settlements were not yet founded, but the experiments which led to them were beginning. Jacob looked at the life of London, the clubs, and the country-houses, the normal life of his class, and turned from it in aversion. He thought

sometimes of emigrating, in search of a new heaven and a new earth, as men emigrated in the forties.

But his mother and sister were alone in the world, his mother a somewhat helpless being, his sister still very young and unmarried. He could not reconcile it to his conscience to go very far from them.

He tried the Bar, amid an inner revolt that only increased with time. And the Bar implied London, and the dinners and dances of London, which for a man of his family, the probable heir to the lands and moneys of the Chudleighs, were naturally innumerable. He was much courted, in spite,—perhaps because of his oddities; and it was plain to him that with only a small exercise of those will-forces he felt accumulating within him, most of the normal objects of ambition were within his grasp.

The English aristocratic class, as we all know, is no longer exclusive. It mingles freely with the commoner world on apparently equal terms. But all the while its personal and family cohesion is perhaps greater than ever. The power of mere birth, it seemed to Jacob, was hardly less in the England newly possessed of household suffrage than in the England of Charles James Fox's youth; though it worked through other channels. And for the persons in command of this power, a certain *appareil de vie* was necessary, taken for granted. So much income—so many servants—such and such habits: these things imposed themselves. Life became a soft and cushioned business, with an infinity of layers between it and any hard reality—a round pea in a silky pod.

And he meanwhile found himself hungry to throw aside these tamed and trite forms of existence, and to penetrate to the harsh, true, simple things behind. His imagination and his heart turned towards the primitive indispensable labors on which society rests,—the life of the husbandman, the laborer, the smith, the woodman, the builder; he dreamed the old enchanted dream of living with nature; of becoming the brother not of the few, but of the many. He was still reading in chambers, however, when his first cousin, the Duke, a melancholy semi-invalid, a widower, with an only son tuberculous almost from his birth, ar-

rived from abroad. Jacob was brought into new contact with him. The Duke liked him, and offered him the agency of his Essex property. Jacob accepted, partly that he might be quit of the law, partly that he might be in the country and among the poor, partly for reasons or ghosts of reasons, unavowed even to himself. The one terror that haunted his life was the terror of the dukedom. This poor sickly lad, the heir, with whom he soon made warm friends, and the silent, morbid Duke, with the face of Charles V. at St. Just,—he became in a short time profoundly and pitifully attached to them. It pleased him to serve them; above all did it please him to do all he could, and to incite others to do all they could, to keep these two frail persons cheered and alive. His own passionate dread lest he should suddenly find himself in their place gave a particular poignancy to the service he was always ready to render them of his best.

The Duke's confidence in him had increased rapidly. Delafield was now about to take over the charge of another of the Duke's estates, in the Midlands, and much of the business connected with some important London property was also coming into his hands. He had made himself a good man of business, where another's interests were concerned; and his dreams did no harm to the Duke's revenues. He gave, indeed, a liberal direction to the whole policy of the estate; and, as he had said to Julie, the Duke did not forbid experiments.

As to his own money, he gave it away as wisely as he could—which is perhaps not saying very much for the schemes and Quixotisms of a young man of eight-and-twenty. At any rate, he gave it away—to his mother and sister first, then to a variety of persons and causes. Why should he save a penny of it? He had some money of his own, besides his income from the Duke. It was disgusting that he should have so much—and that it should be, apparently, so very easy for him to have indefinitely more if he wanted it.

He lived in a small cottage in the simplest, plainest way compatible with his work, and with the maintenance of two decently furnished rooms for any friend who might chance to visit him.

He read much and thought much. But he was not a man of any commanding speculative or analytic ability. It would have been hard for him to give any very clear or logical account of himself and his deepest beliefs. Nevertheless, with every year that passed, he became a more remarkable *character*,—his will stronger, his heart gentler. In the village where he lived they wondered at him a good deal, and often laughed at him. But if he had left them, certainly the children and the old people would have felt as though the sun had gone out.

In London he showed little or nothing of his peculiar ways and pursuits; was, in fact, as far as anybody knew—outside half a dozen friends—just the ordinary well-disposed young man, engaged in a business that every one understood. With Lady Henry, his relations, apart from his sympathy with Julie Le Breton, had been for some time rather difficult. She made gratitude hard for one of the most grateful of men. When the circumstances of the Hubert Delafields had been much straitened after Lord Hubert's death, Lady Henry had come to their aid, and had in particular spent £1500 on Jacob's school and college education. But there are those who can make a gift burn into the bones of those who receive it. Jacob had now saved nearly the whole sum, and was about to repay her. Meanwhile his obligation, his relationship, and her age made it natural, or rather imperative, that he should be often in her house; but when he was with her the touch of arrogant brutality in her nature, especially towards servants and dependents, roused him almost to fury. She knew it, and would often exercise her rough tongue merely for the pleasure of tormenting him.

No sooner, therefore, had he come to know the fragile, distinguished creature whom Lady Henry had brought back with her one autumn as her companion, than his sympathies were instantly excited, first by the mere fact that she was Lady Henry's dependent, and then by the confidence, as to her sad story and strange position, which she presently reposed in him and his cousin Evelyn. On one or two occasions very early in his acquaintance with her he was a witness of some small tyranny of Lady

Henry's towards her. He saw the shrinking of the proud nature; and the pain thrilled through his own nerves as though the lash had touched himself. Presently it became a joy to him whenever he was in town to conspire with Evelyn Crowborough for her pleasure and relief. It was the first time he had ever conspired, and it gave him sometimes a slight shock to see how readily these two charming women lent themselves on occasion to devices that had the aspect of intrigue, and involved a good deal of what in his own case he would have roundly dubbed lying. And in truth, if he had known, they did not find him a convenient ally, and he was by no means always in their confidence.

Once, about six months after Julie's arrival in Bruton Street, he met her on a spring morning crossing Kensington Gardens with the dogs. She looked startlingly white and ill, and when he spoke to her with eager sympathy, her mouth quivered, and her dark eyes clouded with tears. The sight produced an extraordinary effect on a man large-hearted and simple, for whom women still moved in an atmosphere of romance. His heart leapt within him as she let herself be talked with and comforted. And when her delicate hand rested in his as they said good-by, he was conscious of feelings, wild tumultuous feelings, to which in his walk homewards through the spring glades of the park he gave impetuous course.

Romantic indeed the position was, for romance rests on contrast. Jacob, who knew Julie Le Breton's secret, was thrilled or moved by the contrasts of her existence at every turn. Her success, and her subjection; the place in Lady Henry's circle which Lady Henry had in the first instance herself forced her to take, contrasted with the shifts and evasions, the poor tortuous ways by which, alas! she must often escape Lady Henry's later jealousy; her intellectual strength and her most feminine weaknesses; these things stirred and kept up in Jacob a warm and passionate pity. The more clearly he saw the specks in her glory, the more vividly did she appear to him a princess in distress, bound by physical or moral fetters not of her own making. None of the well-born, well-trained dam-

sels who had been freely thrown across his path had beguiled him in the least. Only this woman of doubtful birth and antecedents, lonely, sad, and enslaved, amid what people called her social triumphs, stole into his heart—beautified by what he chose to consider her misfortunes, and made none the less attractive by the fact that as he pursued, she retreated; as he pressed, she grew cold.

When, indeed, after their friendship had lasted about a year he proposed to her, and she refused him, his passion, instead of cooling, redoubled. It never occurred to him to think that she had done a strange thing from the worldly point of view,—that would have involved an appreciation of himself, as a prize in the marriage market, he would have loathed to make. But he was one of the men for whom resistance enhances the value of what they desire; and secretly he said to himself, "Persevere!" When he was repelled or puzzled by certain aspects of her character, he would say to himself:

"It is because she is alone and miserable. Women are not meant to be alone. What soft, helpless creatures they are!—even when intellectually they fly far ahead of us. If she would but put her hand in mine, I would so serve and worship her, she would have no need for these strange things she does—the doublings and ruses of the persecuted!"

Thus the touches of falsity that repelled Wilfrid Bury were to Delafield's passion merely the stains of rough travel on a fair garment.

But she refused him, and for another year he said no more. Then, as things got worse and worse for her, he spoke again—ambiguously—a word or two—thrown out to sound the waters. Her manner of silencing him on the second occasion was not what it had been before. His suspicions were aroused; and a few days later he divined the Warkworth affair. When Sir Wilfrid Bury spoke to him of the young officer's relations to Mademoiselle Le Breton, Delafield's stiff defence of Julie's prerogatives in the matter masked the fact that he had just gone through a week of suffering, wrestling his heart down in country lanes; a week which had brought him to somewhat curious results. In the first place, as

with Sir Wilfrid, he stood up stoutly for her rights. If she chose to attach herself to this man, whose business was it to interfere? If he was worthy and loved her, Jacob himself would see fair play, would be her friend and supporter.

But the scraps of gossip about Captain Warkworth which the Duchess—who had disliked the man at first sight—gathered from different quarters and confided to Jacob were often disquieting. It was said that at Simla he had entrapped this little heiress, and her obviously foolish and incapable mother, by devices generally held to be discreditable; and it had taken two angry guardians to warn him off. What was the state of the case now, no one exactly knew; though it was shrewdly suspected that the engagement was only dormant. The child was known to have been in love with him; in two years more she would be of age; her fortune was enormous; and Warkworth was a poor and ambitious man.

There was also an ugly tale of a civilian's wife in a hill station, referring to a date some years back; but Delafield did not think it necessary to believe it.

As to his origins—there again Delafield, making cautious inquiries, came across some unfavorable details, confided to him by a man of Warkworth's own regiment. His father had retired from the army immediately after the Mutiny, broken in health, and much straitened in means. Himself belonging to a family of the poorer middle class, he had married late, a good woman not socially his equal, and without fortune. They settled in the Isle of Wight, on his half-pay, and harassed by a good many debts. Their two children, Henry and Isabella, were then growing up, and the parents' hopes were fixed upon their promising and good-looking son. With difficulty they sent him to Charterhouse and a "crammer." The boy coveted a "crack" regiment; by dint of mustering all the money and all the interest they could, they procured him his heart's desire. He got unpardonably into debt; the old peoples' resources were lessening; and ultimately the poor father died, broken down by the terror of bankruptcy for himself, and disgrace for Henry. The mother still survived, in very straitened circumstances.

"His sister," said Delafield's inform-

ant, "married one of the big London tailors, whom she met first on the Ryde pier. I happen to know the facts, for my father and I have been customers of his for years, and one day—hearing that I was in Warkworth's regiment—he told me some stories of his brother-in-law, in a pretty hostile tone. His sister, it appears, has often financed him of late. She must have done! How else could he have got through? Warkworth may be a fine showy fellow when there's fighting about. In private life he's one of the most self-indulgent dogs alive. And yet he's ashamed of the sister and her husband, and turns his back on them whenever he can. Oh, he's not a person of nice feeling, is Warkworth—but mark my words, he'll be one of the most successful men in the army."

There was one side. On the other was to be set the man's brilliant professional record; his fine service in this recent campaign; the bull-dog defence of an isolated fort, which insured the safety of most important communications; contempt of danger, thirst, exposure; the rescue of a wounded comrade from the glacis of the fort, under a murderous fire—facts, all of them, which had fired the public imagination and brought his name to the front. No such acts as these could have been done by any mere self-indulgent pretender.

Delafield reserved his judgment. He set himself to watch. In his inmost heart there was a strange assumption of the right to watch, and, if need be, to act. Julie's instinct had told her truly. Delafield, the individualist, the fanatic for freedom—he also had his instinct of tyranny. She should not destroy herself, the dear, weak, beloved woman! He would prevent it.

Thus, during these hours of transition, Delafield thought much of Julie. Julie, on the other hand, had no sooner said good-night to him after the conversation described in the last chapter than she drove him from her thoughts—one might have said, with vehemence.

The *Times* of the following morning duly contained the announcement of the appointment of Captain Warkworth, D.S.Q., of the Queen's Greys, to the com-

mand of the military mission to Mokembé, recently determined on by her Majesty's government. The mission would proceed to Mokembé as soon as possible, but of two officers who, on the ground of especial knowledge, would form part of it, under Captain Warkworth's command, one was at present in Canada, and another at the Cape. It would therefore hardly be possible for the mission to start from the coast for the interior before the beginning of May. In the same paper certain promotions and distinctions on account of the recent Mahsud campaign were reprinted from the *Gazette*. Captain Henry Warkworth's brevet majority was among them.

The *Times* leader on the announcement pointed out that the mission would be concerned with important frontier questions, still more with the revival of the prestige of England in regions where a supine government had allowed it to wither unaccountably. Other powers had been playing a filching and encroaching game at the expense of the British lion in these parts; and it was more than time that he should open his sleepy eyes upon what was going on. As to the young officer who was to command the mission, the great journal made a few civil though guarded remarks. His record in the recent campaign was, indeed, highly distinguished; still it could hardly be said that, take it as a whole, his history so far gave him a claim to promotion so important as that which he had now obtained. Well, now he had his chance. English soldiers had a way of profiting by such chances. The *Times* courteously gave him the benefit of the doubt, prophesying that he would rise to the occasion, and justify the choice of his superiors.

The Duchess looked over Julie's shoulder as she read.

"Schemer!" she said, as she dropped a kiss on the back of Julie's neck—"I hope you're satisfied! The *Times* doesn't know what to make of it."

Julie put down the paper with a glowing cheek. "They'll soon know," she said, quietly.

"Julie! do you believe in him so much?"

"What does it matter what I think? It is not I who have appointed him."

"Not so sure!" laughed the Duchess. "As if he would have had a chance without you. Whom did he know last November when you took him up?"

Julie moved to and fro, her hands behind her. The tremor on her lip, the light in her eye, showed her sense of triumph.

"What have I done," she said, laughing, "but push a few stones out of the way of merit?"

"Some of them very heavy!" said the Duchess, making a little face. "Need I invite Lady Froswick any more?"

Julie threw her arms about her.

"Evelyn, what a darling you've been! Now I'll never worry you again."

"Oh, for some people I would do ten times as much!" cried the Duchess. "But—Julie, I wish I knew why you think so well of this man. I—I don't always hear very nice things about him."

"I dare say not," said Julie, flushing. "It is easy to hate success."

"No, come!—we're not so mean as that!" cried the Duchess. "I vow that all the heroes I've ever known had a ripping time. Julie!"—she kissed her friend impulsively—"Julie!—Don't like him too much! I don't think he's good enough!"

"Good enough for what?" said Julie's bitter voice. "Make yourself easy about Captain Warkworth, Evelyn; but please understand—*anything* is good enough for me! Don't let your dear head be troubled about my affairs. They are never serious—and nothing counts—except," she added, recklessly—"that I get a little amusement by the way."

"Julie!" cried the Duchess—"as if Jacob—"

Julie frowned, and released herself; then she laughed.

"Nothing that one ever says about ordinary mortals applies to Mr. Delafield. He is of course *hors concours*."

"Julie!"

"It is you, Evelyn, who make me *méchante*. I could be grateful—and excellent friends with that young man—in my own way."

The Duchess sighed, and held her tongue with difficulty.

When the successful hero arrived that night, for dinner, he found a solitary lady in the drawing-room.

Was this, indeed, Julie Le Breton?—this soft, smiling vision in white?

He expected to have found a martyr, pale and wan from the shock of the catastrophe which had befallen her, and even amid the intoxication of his own great day he was not easy as to how she might have taken his behavior on the fatal night. But here was some one, all joy, animation, and indulgence, a glorified Julie who trod on air. Why?—Because good fortune had befallen her friend? His heart smote him. He had never seen her so touching, so charming. Since the incubus of Lady Henry's house and presence had been removed she seemed to have grown years younger. A white muslin dress of her youth, touched here and there by the Duchess's maid, replaced the familiar black satin. When Warkworth first saw her, he paused unconsciously in surprise.

Then he advanced to meet her, broadly smiling, his blue eyes dancing.

"You got my note this morning?"

"Yes," she said, demurely. "You were much too kind, and much—much too absurd! I have done nothing."

"Oh, nothing, of course." Then, after a moment: "Are you going to tie me to that fiction?—or am I to be allowed a little decent sincerity?—You know perfectly well that you have done it all. There! there! give me your hand."

She gave it, shrinking, and he kissed it joyously.

"Isn't it jolly!" he said, with a school-boy's delight, as he released her hand. "I saw Lord M—— this morning" (he named the Prime Minister)—"very civil indeed;—then the Commander-in-Chief, —and Montresor gave me half an hour. It is all right. They are giving me a capital staff. Excellent fellows, all of them. Oh, you'll see I shall pull it through—I shall pull it through. By George, it is a chance!"

And he stood, radiant, rubbing his hands over the blaze.

The Duchess came in, accompanied by an elderly cousin of the Duke's, a white-haired, black-gowned spinster, Miss Emily Lawrence—one of those single women, travelled, cultivated, and good, that England produces in such abundance.

"Well, so you're going," said the Duchess to Warkworth. "And I hear that we ought to think you a lucky man."

"Indeed you ought, and you must!" he said, gayly,—"if only the climate will behave itself. The blackwater fever has a way of killing you in twenty-four hours if it gets hold of you,—but short of that—"

"Oh, you will be quite safe," said the Duchess. "Let me introduce you to Miss Lawrence. Emily, this is Captain Warkworth."

The elderly lady gave a sudden start. Then she quietly put on her spectacles and studied the young soldier with a pair of intelligent gray eyes.

Nothing could have been more agreeable than Warkworth at dinner. Even the Duchess admitted as much. He talked easily but not too much of the task before him; told amusing tales of his sporting experience of years back in the same regions which were now to be the scene of his mission; discussed the preparations he would have to make at Denga, the coast town, before starting on his five weeks' journey to the interior, drew the native porter and the native soldier, not to their advantage, and let fall by the way not a few wise or vivacious remarks as to the races, resources, and future of this illimitable and mysterious Africa—this cavern of the unknown, into which the waves of white invasion, one upon another, were now pressing fast and ceaselessly, towards what goal only the gods knew.

A few other men were dining; amongst them two officers from the staff of the Commander-in-Chief. Warkworth, much their junior, treated them with a skilful deference; but through the talk that prevailed his military competence and prestige appeared plainly enough, even to the women. His good opinion of himself was, indeed, sufficiently evident; but there was no crude vainglory. At any rate, it was a vainglory of youth, ability, and good looks, ratified by these budding honors thus fresh upon him; and no one took it amiss.

As for Julie, the minutes passed in a feverish pleasure,—a pleasure interfused every now and then with pricking pain, pain for the past, pain for the future,

but none the less golden and delightful. But she too exerted herself; and the Duchess almost forgot her fears, relaxed towards Warkworth, and blessed Julie for the gayety of the dinner.

When the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room, Warkworth and Julie once more found themselves together, this time in the Duchess's little sitting-room at the end of the long suite of rooms.

"When do you go?" she asked him, abruptly.

"Not for about a month." He mentioned the causes of delay.

"That will bring you very late—into the worst of the heat?" Her voice had a note of anxiety.

"Oh, we shall all be seasoned men. And after the first few days we shall get into the uplands."

"What do your home people say?" she asked him—rather shyly. She knew, in truth, little about them.

"My mother?—oh, she will be greatly pleased. I go down to the Isle of Wight for a day or two to see her to-morrow. But now, dear lady, that is enough of my wretched self. You—do you stay on here with the Duchess?"

She told him of the house in Heribert Street. He listened with attention.

"Nothing could be better. You will have a most distinguished little setting of your own, and Lady Henry will repent at leisure. You won't be lonely?"

"Oh no!" But her smile was linked with a sigh.

He came nearer to her.

"You should never be lonely if I could help it," he said, in a low voice.

"When people are nameless and kinless," was her passionate reply, in the same undertone as his, "they must be lonely."

He looked at her with eagerness. She lay back in the firelight, her beautiful brows and eyes softly illuminated. He felt within him a sudden snapping of restraints. Why, why refuse what was so clearly within his grasp? Love has many manners, many entrances, and—many exits!

"When will you tell me all that I want to know about you?" he said, bending towards her, with tender insistence. "There is so much I have to ask."

"Oh—some time!" she said, hurried-

ly, her pulses quickening. "Mine is not a story to be told on a great day like this."

He was silent a moment, but his face spoke for him.

"Our friendship has been a beautiful thing, hasn't it?" he said at last, in a voice of emotion. "Look here!"—he thrust his hand into his breast pocket and half withdrew it—"do you see where I carry your letters?"

"You shouldn't,—they are not worthy."

"How charming you are in that dress—in that light! I shall always see you as you are to-night."

A silence. Excitement mounted in their veins. He stooped suddenly, took her hands, and kissed them. They looked into each other's eyes, and the seconds passed like hours.

Suddenly in the nearer drawing-room there was a sound of approaching voices, and they moved apart.

"Julie—Emily Lawrence is going," said the Duchess's voice, pitched in what seemed to Julie a strange and haughty note. "Captain Warkworth, Miss Lawrence thinks that you and she have common friends—Lady Blanche Moffatt and her daughter."

Captain Warkworth murmured some conventionality, and passed into the next drawing-room with Miss Lawrence.

Julie rose to her feet, the color dying out of her face, her passionate eyes on the Duchess, who stood facing her friend, guiltily pale, and ready to cry.

CHAPTER XIV

ON the morning following these events Warkworth went down to the Isle of Wight to see his mother. On the journey he thought much of Julie. They had parted awkwardly the night before. The evening, which had promised so well, had, after all, lacked finish and point. What on earth had that tiresome Miss Lawrence wanted with him? They had talked of Simla and the Moffatts. The conversation had gone in spurts, she looking at him every now and then with eyes that seemed to say more than her words. All that she had actually said was perfectly insignificant and trivial. Yet there was something curious in her manner; and when the time came

for him to take his departure, she had bidden him a frosty little farewell.

She had described herself once or twice as a *great* friend of Lady Blanche Mofatt.—Was it possible—

But if Lady Blanche, whose habits of sentimental indiscretion were ingrained, *had* gossiped to this lady, what then? Why should he be frowned on, by Miss Lawrence or anybody else? That malicious talk at Simla had soon exhausted itself. His present appointment was a triumphant answer to it all. His slanderers—including Aileen's ridiculous guardians—could only look foolish if they pursued the matter any further. What "trap" was there—what *mésalliance*? A successful soldier was good enough for anybody. Look at the first Lord Clyde,—and scores besides.

The Duchess too! Why had she treated him so well at first?—and so cavalierly after dinner? Her manners were really too uncertain!

What was the matter?—and why did she dislike him? He pondered over it a good deal, and with much soreness of spirit. Like many men capable of very selfish or very cruel conduct, he was extremely sensitive, and took keen notice of the fact that a person liked or disliked him.

If the Duchess disliked him, it could not be merely on account of the Simla story—even though the old maid might conceivably have given her a jaundiced account. The Duchess knew nothing of Aileen, and was little influenced, so far as he had observed her, by considerations of abstract justice or propriety, affecting persons whom she had never seen.

No, she was Julie's friend, the little wilful lady, and it was for Julie she had ruffled her feathers, like an angry dove.

So his thoughts had come back to Julie, though, indeed, it seemed to him that they were never far from her. As he looked absently from the train windows on the flying landscape, Julie's image hovered between him and it,—a magic sun, flooding soul and senses with warmth. How unconsciously, how strangely, his feelings had changed towards her! That coolness of temper and nerve he had been able to preserve towards her for so long was indeed breaking down. He recognized the danger, and

wondered where it would lead him. What a fascinating, sympathetic creature!—and, by George, what she had done for him!

Aileen!—Aileen was a little sylph, a pretty child-angel, white-winged and innocent, who lived in a circle of convent thoughts, knowing nothing of the world, and had fallen in love with him as the first man who had ever made love to her. But this intelligent, full-blooded woman, who could understand at a word, or a half-word, who had a knowledge of affairs which many a high-placed man might envy, with whom one never had a dull moment,—this courted, distinguished Julie Le Breton,—his mind swelled with half-guilty pride at the thought that for six months he had absorbed all her energies, that a word from him could make her smile or sigh, that he could force her to look at him, with eyes so melting and so troubled as those with which she had given him her hands,—her slim, beautiful hands,—that night in Grosvenor Square.

How freedom became her! Dependency had dropped from her, like a cast-off cloak, and beside her fresh melancholy charm, the air and graces of a child of fashion and privilege like the little Duchess appeared merely cheap and trivial. Poor Julie! No doubt some social struggle was before her. Lady Henry was strong, after all, in this London world, and the solider and stupider people who get their way in the end were not likely to side with Lady Henry's companion in a quarrel where the facts of the story were unquestionably, at first sight, damaging to Miss Le Breton.

Julie would have her hours of bitterness and humiliation; and she would conquer by boldness, if she conquered at all,—by originality, by determining to live her own life. That would preserve for her the small circle, if it lost her the large world. And the small circle was what she lived for,—what she ought, at any rate, to live for.

It was not likely she would marry. Why should she desire it? From any blundering tragedy a woman of so acute a brain would of course know how to protect herself. But within the limits of her life why should she refuse herself happiness, intimacy, love?

His heart beat fast; his thoughts were in a whirl. But the train was nearing Portsmouth, and with an effort he recalled his mind to the meeting with his mother, which was then close upon him.

He spent nearly a week in the little cottage at Sea View; and Mrs. Warkworth got far more pleasure than usual, poor lady, out of his visit. She was a thin, plain woman, not devoid of either ability or character. But life had gone hardly with her; and since her husband's death what had been reserve had become melancholy. She had always been afraid of her only son, since they had sent him to Charterhouse and he had become so much "finer" than his parents. She knew that he must consider her a very ignorant and narrow-minded person; when he was with her she was humiliated in her own eyes; though as soon as he was gone she resumed what was, in truth, a leading place amongst her own small circle.

She loved him, and was proud of him; yet at the bottom of her heart she had never absolved him from his father's death. But for his extravagance, and the misfortunes he had brought upon them, her old General would be alive still—pottering about in the spring sunshine, spudding the daisies from the turf, or smoking his pipe beneath the thickening trees. Under her melancholy quiet her heart yearned and hungered for the husband of her youth; his son did not replace him.

Still, when he came down to her with this halo of glory upon him, and smoked up and down her small garden through the mild spring days, gossiping to her of all the great things that had befallen him, repeating to her word for word his conversation with the Prime Minister and his interview with the Commander-in-Chief, making her read all the letters of congratulation he had received, her mother's heart thawed within her, as it had not done for long. Her ears told her that he was still vain and a boaster; her memory held the indelible records of his past selfishness; but as he walked beside her, his fair hair blown back from his handsome brow and eyes that were so much younger than the rest of the face, his figure as spare and boyish now as when he had worn the colors of the Char-

terhouse eleven, she said to herself, in the inward and unsuspected colloquy she was always holding with her own heart about him, that if his father could have seen him now, he would have forgiven him everything. According to her secret evangelical faith, God "deals" with every soul He has created,—through joy or sorrow, through good or evil fortune. He had dealt with herself through anguish and loss; Henry, it seemed, was to be moulded through prosperity. His good fortune was already making a better man of him.

Certainly he was more affectionate and thoughtful than before. He would have liked to give her money, of which he seemed to have an unusual store. But she bade him keep what he had for his own needs. Her own little bit of money saved from the wreck of their fortunes was enough for her. Then he went into Ryde and brought her a Shetland shawl, and a new table-cloth for her little sitting-room, which she accepted with a warmer kiss than she had given him for years.

He left her on a bright, windy morning which flecked the blue Solent with foam and sent the clouds racing to westward. She walked back along the sands, thinking anxiously of the African climate and the desert hardships he was going to face. And she wondered what significance there might be in the fact that he had written twice during his stay with her to Miss Le Breton, whose name, nevertheless, he had not mentioned in their conversations. Well, he would marry soon, she supposed, and marry well, in circles out of her ken. With the common prejudice of the English middle class, she hoped that if this Miss Le Breton were his choice, she might be only French in name and not in blood.

Meanwhile Warkworth sped up to London in high spirits, enjoying the comforts of a good conscience.

He drove first to his club, where a pile of letters awaited him,—some, letters of congratulation; others concerned with the business of his mission. He enjoyed the first, noticing jealously who had and who had not written to him; then he applied himself to the second. His mind worked vigorously and well; he wrote his replies in a manner that satisfied him. Then throwing himself into a chair with a

cigar, he gave himself up to the close and shrewd planning of the preparations necessary for his five weeks' march; or to the consideration of two or three alternative lines of action which would open before him as soon as he should find himself within the boundaries of Mokembé. Some five years before, the government of the day had sent a small expedition to this Debatable Land, which had failed disastrously, from both the diplomatic and the military points of view. He went backwards and forwards to the shelves of the fine "Service" library which surrounded him, taking down the books and reports which concerned this expedition. He buried himself in them for an hour, then threw them aside with contempt. What blunders and short-sight everywhere! The general public might well talk of the stupidity of English officers. And blunders so easily avoided, too! It was sickening. He felt within himself a fulness of energy and intelligence, a perspicacity of brain which judged mistakes of this kind unpardonable.

As he was replacing some of the books he had been using on the shelves, the club began to fill up with men coming in to lunch. A great many congratulated him; and a certain number who of old had hardly professed to know him greeted him with cordiality. He found himself caught in a series of short but flattering conversations, in which he bore himself well,—neither over-discreet nor too elate. "I declare that fellow's improved," said one man who might certainly have counted as Warkworth's enemy the week before, to his companion at table. "The government's been beastly remiss so far. Hope he'll pull it off. Ripping chance, anyway. Though what they gave it to him for, goodness knows. There were a dozen fellows at least did as well as he in the Mahsud business. And the Staff College man had a thousand times more claim."

Nevertheless, Warkworth felt the general opinion friendly,—a little surprised, no doubt, but showing that readiness to believe in the man coming to the front which belongs much more to the generous than to the calculating side of the English character. Insensibly his mental and moral stature rose. He exchanged a few words on his way out with one of

the most distinguished members of the club, a man of European reputation, whom he had seen the week before in the Commander-in-Chief's room at the War Office. The great man spoke to him with marked friendliness, and Warkworth walked on air as he went his way. Potentially he felt himself the great man's equal; the gates of life seemed to be opening before him.

And with the rise of fortune came a rush of magnanimous resolution. No more shady episodes; no more mean devices; no more gambling; and no more debt. *Major* Warkworth's sheet was clean, and it should remain so. A man of his prospects must run straight.

He felt himself at peace with all the world. By-the-way, just time to jump into a cab and get to Park Crescent in time for his sister's luncheon. His last interview with his brother-in-law had not been agreeable. But now—he felt for the check-book in his pocket—he was in a position to repay at least half the last sum of money which Bella had lent him. He would go and give it her now, and report news of the mother. And if the two chicks were there, why, he had a free hour, and he would take them to the Zoo—he vowed he would!—give them something pleasant to remember their uncle by.

And a couple of hours later, a handsome soldierly man might have been seen in the lion-house at the Zoo, leading a plump little girl by either hand. Rose and Katie Mullins enjoyed a golden time, and started a wholly new adoration for the uncle who had so far taken small notice of them, and was associated in their shrewd childish minds rather with tempests at home than bunnies abroad. But this time, bunnies, biscuits, hansom-drives and elephant-rides, were showered upon them by an uncle who seemed to make no account of money, while his gracious and captivating airs set their little hearts beating in a common devotion.

"Now go home!—go home! little beggars," said that golden gentleman as he packed them into a hansom, and stood on the step to accept a wet kiss on his mustache from each pink mouth. "Tell your mother all about it, and don't forget your uncle Harry. There's a shilling for each of you. Don't you spend it

on sweets. You're quite fat enough already. Good-by!

"That's the hardest work I've done for many a long day," he said to himself with a sigh of relief, as the hansom drove away. "I sha'n't turn nurse-maid when other trades fail. But they're nice little kids all the same.

"Now then, Cox's—and the City"—he ran over the list of his engagements for the afternoon,—“and by five o'clock, shall I find my fair lady—at home—and established? Where on earth is Heribert Street?"

He solved the question; for a few minutes after five he was on Miss Le Breton's door-step. A quaint little house,—and a strange parlor-maid! For the door was opened to him by a large-eyed sickly child, who looked at him with the bewilderment of one trying to follow out instructions still strange to her.

"Yes, sir, Miss Le Breton is in the drawing-room," she said in a sweet, deliberate voice with a foreign accent, and she led the way through the hall.

Poor little soul—what a twisted back, and what a limp! She looked about fourteen, but was probably older. Where had Julie discovered her?

Warkworth looked round him at the little hall with its relics of country-house sports and amusements; his eye travelled through an open door to the little dining-room, and the Russell pastels of Lady Mary's parents as children, hanging on the wall. The *character* of the little dwelling impressed itself at once. Smiling, he acknowledged its congruity with Julie. Here was a lady who fell on her feet!

The child leading him opened the door to the left.

"Please walk in, sir," she said, shyly, and stood aside.

As the door opened, Warkworth was conscious of a noise of tongues.

So Julie was not alone? He prepared his manner accordingly.

He entered upon a merry scene. Jacob Delafield was standing on a chair, hanging a picture, while Dr. Meredith and Julie on either side directed or criticised the operation. Meredith carried picture-cord and scissors; Julie, the hammer and nails. Meredith was expressing the pro-

foundest disbelief in Jacob's practical capacities; Jacob was defending himself hotly; and Julie laughed at both.

Towards the other end of the room stood the tea table between the fire and an open window. Lord Lackington sat beside it, smiling to himself, and stroking a Persian kitten. Through the open window the twinkling buds on the lilacs in the Cureton House garden shone in the still lingering sun. A recent shower had left behind it odors of earth and grass. Even in this London air they spoke of the spring,—the spring which already in happier lands was drawing veils of peach and cherry blossom over the red Siennese earth, or the green terraces of Como. The fire crackled in the grate. The pretty old-fashioned room was fragrant with hyacinth and narcissus; Julie's books lay on the tables; Julie's hand and taste were already to be felt everywhere. And Lord Lackington with the kitten, beside the fire, gave the last touch of home and domesticity.

"So I find you established?" said Warkworth, smiling, to the lady with the nails; while Delafield threw him a nod from the top of the steps, and Meredith ceased to chatter.

"I haven't a hand, I fear," said Julie. "Will you have some tea? Ah! Léonie! tu vas en faire de nouveau, n'est-ce pas, pour ce Monsieur?"

A little woman in black, with a shawl over her shoulders, had just glided into the room. She had a small wrinkled face, and a much-flattened nose.

"Tout de suite, Monsieur," she said, quickly, and disappeared with the teapot. Warkworth guessed, of course, that she was Madame Bornier, the foster-sister—the "Propriety" of this *ménage*.

"Can't I help?" he said to Julie, with a look at Delafield.

"It's just done," she said, coldly, hanging a nail to Delafield. "*Just* a trifle more to the right. Ecco! Perfection!"

"Oh, you spoil him," said Meredith. "And not one word of praise for me!"

"What have you done?" she said, laughing. "Tangled the cord—that's all!"

Warkworth turned away. His face, so radiant as he entered, had settled into sharp sudden lines. What was the meaning of this voice, this manner? He re-



Howard Chandler Christy, 1892.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HE ENTERED UPON A MERRY SCENE

remembered that to his three letters he had received no word of reply. But he had interpreted that to mean that she was in the throes of moving and could find no time to write.

As he neared the tea table, Lord Lackington looked up. He greeted the newcomer with the absent stateliness he generally put on when his mind was in a state of confusion as to a person's identity.

"Well—so they're sending you to D—. There'll be a row there before long. Wish you joy of the missionaries!"

"No—not D—," said Warkworth, smiling. "Nothing so amusing. Mokembé's my destination."

"Oh! Mokembé," said Lord Lackington, a little abashed. "That's where Cecil Ray, Lord R.'s second son, was killed last year; lion-hunting? No!—it was of fever that he died. By-the-way—a vile climate!"

"In the plains, yes," said Warkworth, seating himself. "As to the uplands, I understand they are to be the Switzerland of Africa."

Lord Lackington did not appear to listen.

"Are you a homœopath?" he said, suddenly, rising to his full and immense stature and looking down with eagerness on Warkworth.

"No! Why?"

"Because it's your only chance, for those parts. If Cecil Ray had had their medicines with him he'd be alive now. Look here—when do you start?" The speaker took out his note-book.

"In rather less than a month I start for Denga."

"All right. I'll send you a medicine-case—from Epps. If you're ill—take 'em."

"You're very good!"

"Not at all. It's my hobby, one of the last"—a broad boyish smile flashed over the handsome old face. "Look at me; I'm seventy-five, and I can tire out my own grandsons at riding and shooting. That comes of avoiding all allopathic messes like the devil. But the allopaths are such mean fellows; they filch all our ideas—"

The old man was off. Warkworth submitted to five minutes' tirade; stealing a glance sometimes at the group of Julie,

Meredith, and Delafield in the further window, at the happy ease and fun that seemed to prevail in it. He fiercely felt himself shut out and trampled on.

Suddenly Lord Lackington pulled up, his instinct for declamation qualified by an equally instinctive dread of boring or being bored. "What did you think of Montresor's statement?" he said, abruptly, referring to a batch of army reforms that Montresor the week before had endeavored to recommend to a sceptical House of Commons.

"All very well, as far as it goes," said Warkworth, with a shrug.

"Precisely! We English want an army and a navy,—we don't like it when those fellows on the Continent swagger in our faces,—and yet we won't pay either for the ships or the men. However, now that they've done away with purchase,—Gad! I could fight them in the streets for the way in which they've done it!—now that they've turned the army into an examination-shop, tempered with jobbery,—whatever we do, we shall go to the deuce! So it don't matter."

"You were against the abolition?"

"I was, sir!—with Wellington, and Raglan, and everybody else of any account. And as for the disgraceful violence with which it was carried—"

"Oh no! no!" said Warkworth, laughing. "It was the Lords who behaved abominably,—and it'll do a deal of good."

Lord Lackington's eyes flashed.

"I've had a long life," he said, pug-naciously,—“I began as a middy in the American war of 1814, that nobody remembers now. Then I left the sea for the army—I knocked about the world—I commanded a brigade in the Crimea—"

"Who doesn't remember that?" said Warkworth, smiling.

The old man acknowledged the homage by a slight inclination of his handsome head.

"And you may take my word for it that this new system will not give you men worth a *tenth part* of those fellows who bought and bribed their way in under the old! The philosophers may like it, or lump it; but so it is!"

Warkworth dissented strongly. He was a good deal of a politician, himself a "new man," and on the side of "new men." Lord Lackington warmed to the

fight, and Warkworth with bitterness in his heart—because of that group opposite—was nothing loath to meet him. But presently he found the talk taking a turn that astonished him. He had entered upon a drawing-room discussion of a subject which had, after all, been settled, if only by what the Tories were pleased to call the *coup d'état* of the Royal Warrant—and no longer excited the passions of a few years back. What he had really drawn upon himself was a hand-to-hand wrestle with a man who had no sooner provoked contradiction than he resented it with all his force, and with a determination to crush the contradictor.

Warkworth fought well, but with a growing amazement at the tone and manner of his opponent. The old man's eyes darted war-flames under his finely arched brows; he regarded the younger with a more and more hostile, even malicious air; his arguments grew personal, offensive; his shafts were many and barbed; till at last Warkworth felt his face burning and his temper giving way.

"What *are* you talking about?" said Julie Le Breton at last, rising and coming towards them.

Lord Lackington broke off suddenly and threw himself into his chair.

Warkworth rose from his.

"We had better have been handing nails," he said, "but you wouldn't give us any work." Then as Meredith and Delafield approached, he seized the opportunity of saying in a low voice,

"Am I not to have a word?"

She turned with composure, though it seemed to him she was very pale.

"Have you just come back from the Isle of Wight?"

"This morning." He looked her in the eyes. "You got my letters?"

"Yes; but I have had no time for writing. I hope you found your mother well."

"Very well, thank you. You have been hard at work?"

"Yes; but the Duchess and Mr. Delafield have made it all easy."

And so on,—a few more insignificant questions and answers.

"I must go," said Delafield, coming up to them, "unless there is any more work for me to do. Good-by, Major—I congratulate you. They have given you a fine piece of work."

Warkworth made a little bow,—half ironical. Confound the fellow's grave and lordly ways. He did not want his congratulations.

He lingered a little—sorely—full of rage, yet not knowing how to go.

Lord Lackington's eyes ceased to blaze; and the kitten ventured once more to climb upon his knee. Meredith, too, found a comfortable arm-chair, and presently tried to beguile the kitten from his neighbor. Julie sat erect between them, very silent, her thin white hands on her lap, her head drooped a little, her eyes carefully restrained from meeting Warkworth's. He meanwhile leaned against the mantel-piece irresolute.

Meredith, it was clear, made himself quite happy and at home in the little drawing-room. The lame child came in and took a stool beside him. He stroked her head and talked nonsense to her, in the intervals of holding forth to Julie, on the changes necessary in some proofs of his which he had brought back. Lord Lackington, now quite himself again, went back to dreams, smiling over them, and quite unaware that the kitten had been slyly ravished from him. The little woman in black sat knitting in the background. It was all curiously intimate and domestic—only Warkworth had no part in it.

"Good-by, Miss Le Breton," he said at last, hardly knowing his own voice. "I am dining out."

She rose and gave him her hand. But it dropped from his like a thing dead and cold. He went out in a sudden suffocation of rage and pain—and as he walked in a blind haste to Cureton Street, he still saw her standing in the old-fashioned scented room,—so coldly graceful, with those proud deep eyes.

When he had gone, Julie moved to the window, and looked out into the gathering dusk. It seemed to her as if those in the room must hear the beating of her miserable heart.

When she rejoined her companions Dr. Meredith had already risen and was stuffing various letters and papers into his pockets with a view to departure.

"Going?" said Lord Lackington. "You shall see the last of me too, Mademoiselle Julie."

And he stood up. But she, flushing, looked at him with a wistful smile.

"Won't you stay a few minutes? You promised to advise me about Thérèse's drawings."

"By all means."

Lord Lackington sat down again. The lame child, it appeared, had some artistic talent which Miss Le Breton wished to cultivate. Meredith suddenly found his coat and hat, and with a queer look at Julie, departed in a hurry.

"Thérèse darling," said Julie, "will you go up stairs, please, and fetch me that book from my room that has your little drawings inside it?"

The child limped away on her errand. In spite of her lameness she moved with wonderful lightness and swiftness; and she was back again quickly with a calf-bound book in her hand.

"Léonie!" said Julie in a low voice to Madame Bornier.

The little woman looked up startled, nodded, rolled up her knitting in a moment, and was gone.

"Take the book to his Lordship, Thérèse," she said, and then instead of moving with the child, she again walked to the window, and leaning her head against it, looked out. The hand hanging against her dress trembled violently.

"What did you want me to look at, my dear?" said Lord Lackington, taking the book in his hand and putting on his glasses.

But the child was puzzled, and did not know. She gazed at him silently with her sweet docile look.

"Run away, Thérèse, and find mother," said Julie, from the window.

The child sped away and closed the door behind her.

Lord Lackington adjusted his glasses and opened the book. Two or three slips of paper with drawings upon them fluttered out and fell on the table beneath. Suddenly there was a cry. Julie turned round, her lips parted.

Lord Lackington walked up to her.

"Tell me what this means," he said, peremptorily. "How did you come by it?"

It was a volume of George Sand. He pointed, trembling, to the name and date on the fly-leaf—"Rose Delaney, 1842."

"It is mine," she said, softly, dropping her eyes.

"But how—how, in God's name!—did you come by it?"

"My mother left it to me, with all her other few books and possessions."

There was a pause. Lord Lackington came closer.

"Who was your mother?" he said, huskily.

The words in answer were hardly audible. Julie stood before him like a culprit, her beautiful head humbly bowed.

Lord Lackington dropped the book and stood bewildered.

"Rose's child?" he said—"Rose's child?"

Then, approaching her, he placed his hand on her arm.

"Let me look at you," he commanded.

Julie raised her eyes to him, and at the same time dumbly held out to him a miniature she had been keeping hidden in her hand. It was one of the miniatures from the locked triptych.

He took it, looked from the pictured to the living face. Then turning away with a groan, he covered his face with his hands, and fell again into the chair from which he had risen.

Julie hurried to him. Her own eyes were wet with tears. After a moment's hesitation, she knelt down beside him.

"I ought to ask your pardon for not having told you before," she murmured.

It was some time before Lord Lackington looked up. When at last his hands dropped, the face they uncovered was very white and old.

"So you," he said, almost in a whisper, "are the child she wrote to me about—before she died?"

Julie made a sign of assent.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine."

"She was thirty-two when I saw her last." There was a silence. Julie lifted one of his hands and kissed it. But he took no notice.

"You know—that I was going to her—that I should have reached her in time?"—the words seemed wrung from him—"but that I was myself dangerously ill?"

"I know. I remember it all."

"Did she speak of me?"

"Not often. She was very reserved, you remember. But not long before she died—she seemed half asleep—I heard

her say 'Papa!—Blanche!' and she smiled."

Lord Lackington's face contracted, and the slow tears of old age stood in his eyes.

"You are like her in some ways," he said, brusquely, as though to cover his emotion, "but not very like her."

"She always thought—I was like you."

A cloud came over Lord Lackington's face. Julie rose from her knees, and sat beside him. He lost himself a few moments amid the painful ghosts of memory; then turning to her abruptly he said,

"You have wondered, I dare say, why I was so hard—why for seventeen years I cast her off?"

"Yes—often. You could have come to see us without anybody knowing. Mother loved you very much."

Her voice was low and sad. Lord Lackington rose, fidgeted restlessly with some of the small ornaments on the mantel-piece, and at last turned to her.

"She brought dishonor," he said, in the same stifled voice, "and the women of our family have always been stainless. But that I could have forgiven. After a time, I should have resumed relations—private relations with her. But—it was—your father who stood in the way. I was then—I am now—you saw me with that young fellow just now—quarrelsome and hot-tempered. It is my nature"—he drew himself up obstinately—"I can't help it. I take great pains to inform myself—then I cling to my opinions tenaciously—and in argument my temper gets the better of me. Your father, too, was hot-tempered. He came, with my consent, once to see me—after your mother had left her husband—to try and bring about some arrangement between us. It was the Chartist time. He was a Radical, a Socialist of the most extreme views. In the course of our conversation something was said that excited him. He went off at score. I became enraged, and met him with equal violence. We had a furious argument, which ended in each insulting the other past forgiveness. We parted enemies for life. I never could bring myself to see him afterwards, nor to run the risk of seeing him. Your mother took his side and espoused his opinions, while he lived. After his death

—I suppose—she was too proud and sore to write to me. I wrote to her once—it was not the letter it might have been. She did not reply—till she felt herself dying. That is the explanation—of what—no doubt—must seem strange to you." He turned to her almost pleadingly. A deep flush had replaced the pallor of his first emotion, as though in the presence of these primal realities of love, death, and sorrow, which she had recalled to him, his old quarrel, on a political difference, cut but a miserable figure.

"No," she said, sadly, "not very strange. I understood my father—my dear father," she added, with soft, deliberate tenderness.

Lord Lackington was silent a little. Then he threw her a sudden penetrating look.

"You have been in London three years. You ought to have told me before."

It was Julie's turn to color.

"Lady Henry bound me to secrecy."

"Lady Henry did wrong," he said, with emphasis; then he asked, jealously, with a touch of his natural irascibility, "Who else has been in the secret?"

"Four people at most—the Duchess first of all. I couldn't help it," she pleaded; "I was so unhappy with Lady Henry."

"You should have come to me. It was my right."

"But"—she dropped her head—"you had made it a condition that I should not trouble you."

He was silenced. And once more he leaned against the mantel-piece and hid his face from her. Till, by a secret impulse, both moved: she rose and approached him; he laid his hands on her arms. With his persistent instinct for the lovely or romantic he perceived with sudden pleasure the grave poetic beauty of her face and delicate form. Emotion had softened away all that was harsh; a quivering charm hovered over the features. With a strange pride, and a sense of mystery, he recognized his daughter and his race.

"For my Rose's child!" he said, gently, and stooping, he kissed her on the brow. She broke out into weeping, leaning against his shoulder, while the old man comforted and soothed her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Half-tone plate engraved by S. P. Smith

"FOR MY ROSE'S CHILD!" HE SAID, GENTLY

The Reconciliation

BY ANNE O'HAGAN

THE Westchester hills had been mellow and tender with the light of a late October afternoon when they had laid Joan Fletcher to rest among her ancestors. Wet-eyed women had whispered to one another that the warm, brooding radiance upon the bright leaves and the weathered stones of the churchyard had been in a sense like a last message from her. And men had bared their foreheads to the blue sky as though they too had felt the likeness between the beneficent seeming of a world whose heart was already chilled to death and the state-ly kindness of the woman they had come to honor.

Nearest the grave, and opposite the white-surpliced clergyman and the row of choristers who had followed from the ancient church she had loved, her husband and her son, Richard and De Courcy, had stood. The man had been decorously controlled, impassive for all his drawn look of pain. The slender boy had quivered through his sensitive frame when the first reverberation had followed the first clod, but the stoic pride of race which she had taught him and the uplifting hope of her religion had stilled his young anguish.

Now they were at home in the old manor-house, changed by swift necromancy from the drugged abode of illness and death to an airy dwelling, swept and garnished and full of emptiness. Richard Fletcher sat in his study, a little room off his bed-chamber. Through the window he looked across the country to the Sound, a blue jewel beyond the russet gold and the trailing ruby of the land. The drive cut semicircularly the green sweep of the lawns. The hothouses shone like frosty panes on a winter morning. These and the orchard aisles and the tangled fields stretching clear to the watery boundary in the east were hers—all her well-ordered inheritance, come down to her with fluted silver and cabinets of

Sèvres, with portraits of dames in farthingales, and of men in dim scarlet coats and in tawny coats of buff, in legal wigs and in surplices; come down to her with traditions of loyalty to a king, of service to a country, of devotion to a cause—all the memories converging in her, the slender woman, the last of a great name.

"Or at any rate of a highly and continuously successful name," said Richard Fletcher, in a sudden rush of bitterness.

He turned from the window and made his way to the table. He picked up the papers—they had accumulated during the past two or three days. Still with the slight sneer on his face, he opened them to the accounts of his wife's death.

They were all the same. Mrs. Richard Fletcher, the daughter of the late Judge De Courcy of the Supreme Court, the granddaughter of the late Senator De Courcy, at one time the American representative at the Court of St. James, had died at three o'clock on Monday morning at the old De Courcy place in Westchester. Mrs. Fletcher had been thrown from her carriage when returning from the Westchester horse show a month before, her horse taking fright at a passing locomotive. From the first there had been no hope, but Mrs. Fletcher, though conscious of her condition, had borne the ordeal unflinchingly. The end had come suddenly. She had been a belle in her youth, a social leader for some years after her marriage. Lately she had spent most of her time at De Courcy Manor, the beautiful old place on the Sound granted to her ancestor Reginald De Courcy, by James the Second, when to him as Duke of York the Dutch settlement had been assigned in a burst of easy generosity by his brother, Charles the Second. Mrs. Fletcher had been indefatigable in her charities and an ardent churchwoman. She was peculiarly devoted to her son, De Courcy,

who had just entered Phillips Exeter Academy, where his ancestors had all prepared for Harvard. This son and her husband survived her.

Richard Fletcher flushed darkly as he read. He was able to smile a little grimly over the listing of his wife's properties, the guesses as to her benefactions, and the inventory of the heirlooms in the manor-house. But the unanimity with which all unnecessary mention of him was avoided did not stir him to even ironic mirth.

Caroline Towers, his wife's cousin, who had pervaded the place in her capable way for the past month, knocked at the door, and, in response to his call, entered. She was a portly woman, vigorous even in grief. She belonged to that type of the aristocracy which suggests the wholesome huckster woman. She was not a De Courcy, being Joan's cousin on the maternal side, but she held her own family, the Daltons, so magnificent that it never occurred to her to question the perfection of her own taste.

"Richard," she said, "I have ordered the flowers sent to the hospital. She would have wanted that, would she not?"

"I dare say," he replied. "You knew her desires better than I."

Caroline plumped into a chair and wiped her eyes. "Henry Smollett came home with us. She liked him."

Richard made no answer. He seemed sunk in thought.

"About Corse," began Caroline again. "I want to take him home with me for a few days."

"Very well. It is very good of you, Caroline."

"Poor boy! He breaks my heart. He was so uncommonly devoted to Joan. Now if I should die, of course Bob and Dalton would be in a sad state of blubbering grief, dear fellows! But nothing like Corse. They were almost mystically attached, Joan and Corse."

"Yes," assented Richard, listlessly. "Corse is altogether his mother's son."

Caroline's damp eyes looked out shrewdly below her crooked eyebrows. "Tell me, Richard," she said, impulsively,—"it isn't impertinence; I've always thought we all treated you badly. But didn't you and she—fix it at all that night she sent for you?"

Richard's lips blanched a little beneath his close-cut, iron-gray mustache. "Joan sent for me," he said, quietly, "to exact a promise that I should not interfere with De Courcy's up-bringing as she had outlined it. That was all."

Caroline leaned back and drew a sharp breath. "I did not mean to be inquisitive," she said.

"Don't apologize. There is no reason why you should not know. I think Joan confided in you and relied upon you more than any one else."

Caroline nodded absently. "But she confided in no one, and relied only upon herself,—and her religion." Mrs. Towers added that as an after-thought. Then she rose. "I must go and get Corse out of Joan's room," she said. "I'll stay until Friday. And then—won't you come home with me too, for a few days?"

Richard smiled as he rose and looked down upon her, shaking his head. "Not just yet, Caroline, though you are very good."

The door shut upon her ungraceful figure, and he was alone again with his memories and such grief as these might arouse in him.

He was forty-eight years old, a man of no occupation. Idleness had set its listless look upon him, but had not obliterated a certain charm his face had. His brown eyes still held the warmth of some dark cordial, his smile the sorcery of easy friendliness. He held his tall figure gracefully without the swagger of consciously good carriage.

Twenty years before there had been added to the light friendliness of his attitude an ardor and a buoyancy that had made him irresistible to Joan De Courcy. She, a girl of twenty-two, the intense and ecstatic product of a spinster aunt's training, had endowed him with gifts he would not have needed to hold her love had that been less of the imagination.

Her cousin Tom Dalton, sojourning in the West for the temporary peace of mind of his family in the East, had run upon him when he had, to his own way of thinking, just made his fortune. Tom, released from exile at that opportune moment, had borne him back to New York to spend a holiday, which Richard privately intended to make a long one.

Joan had listened to his story. He had



JOAN HAD LISTENED TO HIS STORY

made no pretences of birth. His father and mother were hard-working people on an Ohio farm, who had sent him to a Western school of mines only by self-sacrifices. He had hated work, he laughingly admitted, but seeing in present industry his only avenue of escape from a life of toil, he had worked hard, had done well, and had finally gone into the mountains as a mining engineer. He pictured the life in the camp lightly enough, but Joan listened with inward shudders. He had done a little prospecting on his own account, had had luck,—and here he was, with a fortune made, done with labor, prepared forever to enjoy life. He had sold his share of the mine to the company which was working it for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That was his great fortune. Joan smiled adoringly at his untaught standards.

"It doesn't seem much to you, does it?" he had said. "But it's all I want. It means a comfortable living and a little jogging around the world, and the old people not worried. I don't happen to want a yacht or a racing stable."

Joan had sat still, held in a white heat and breathlessness. She had known already what she yearned to have him want. She hid her eyes beneath her lids that he might read nothing in them. But he glanced at her, and in a moment the glow and the trembling had passed from her to him. That which had never even lightly brushed his imagination had come to pass. He was in love with this white girl whom he had not even thought beautiful.

He did not tell her so then. He went out, silent and afraid. He did not wish to propose to her. He did not wish to marry a great heiress even if he could. Subconsciously he felt the clash of their different trainings. He would keep away from her. At best he was hardly free; when he had taken Grace Maguire's warm kisses he had meant perhaps nothing serious, but certainly nothing false, and in a flash the thought of a kiss had become to him a serious thing, not to be forgotten without falsity. He recalled her—plump, red, and brown, the daughter of the woman who had run the company boarding-house in Cascade. The recollection was suddenly revolting.

He pictured Joan's face could she know that he had once found satisfaction in the look and the voice of a Grace Maguire—Joan, white orchid flushing now to ethereal pink, and Grace, a struggling yellow dahlia in a cabin garden. The contrast drove him back to the great house on the square with a feigned message from Tom. He must look at her again, must feel again the daring joy with which her presence filled him. The sight of her must drive out the remembered vision, the bliss that pulsed in the air blessed by her breathing obliterate the memory of that lightly taken, lightly given, idle pleasure of the past.

The inevitable happened. In two weeks they were engaged, and Joan's relatives were indulging in wearying and futile rages. Six months later Caroline Towers, sighing an ominous resignation, gave her a wedding, and the lovers were off to Europe, to allow the family wrath time to simmer down.

Richard had shown a lamentable fondness for drifting about the Continent. To Joan conventional travel was an old story, and unconventional travel had no charms for her. She fidgeted through jaunts that delighted her husband. She was impatient to be home again, that he might take his right place and show her scoffing friends what a magnificent marriage she had made. They had quarrelled over leaving Europe, and Joan found herself wondering for a second if she had married to be thwarted.

Once they were at home again, Richard had taken her to visit his parents. To the end of her life that two weeks' sojourn on the Lake Erie farm had stood to her as the measure of dreary misery. His father, a gnarled laborer, his mother, homely, hard-working, ungrammatical; the house stuffy in its "best" rooms, smoky in its living parts; the food, meant to nourish the muscles, not to tickle the palate; the talk of crops and weathers, and of the additions to the place which the enlarged income had made possible—these things were unbearable to her.

"Poor old lady!" Richard said, tipping up her chin one day as she sat dolefully by the mosquito-barred window of their bed-room; "you're not very adaptable, are you?"

Adaptability, vice of the weak, neces-

sity of the inferior,—was that to be made a virtue in her hearing?

"Thank Heaven, no!" she cried, with vigor. But when he had withdrawn his hand she caught at it and wept repentant tears upon his sleeve. He had never asked her to visit his people again, and she had contented herself with an intercourse consisting on her part of elaborately thought-out gifts and messages, and on theirs of awkward, stilted thanks.

Back in New York, after the disastrous Ohio experience, she had tried to hurry Richard into public life. He was, in due time, grotesquely defeated in a race for Congress. Hot with the mortification of failure, irritated with her as the cause of a position wounding to his self-love, he had announced that he was done with politics. Not even the reform movements, passionately and ignorantly beloved by her, could ever tempt him to public utterance again.

She knew no greatness save in statesmanship and finance. Richard's well-meant efforts to please her in the latter department of industry resulted in the loss of one-third of his fortune, and a splendid outburst of ethics from her on criminal speculation. But his half-hearted suggestion that he should return to the practice of his own profession, with its absences, its deprivations, and its unspectacular rewards, had caused her great unhappiness. And, to tell the truth, his acquaintance with luxury had made distasteful to him the thought of the rigors of his old career. Face to face with it again, he would doubtless have accepted them with the adaptability which was proving his undoing. But she held his promise before him with fanatic persistency.

She was growing embittered. She had brought to the study of her forebears an ardent, feminine imagination that had endowed them with superhuman energies and aims. The less her husband accomplished worthy of his distinguished ancestry-in-law, the more burning became her belief in that ancestry, her pride in it, her determination in some way to glorify it. When, after five childless, apprehensive years in which she had grown to fear that she would not even continue the race, they laid a little son upon her arm, the zealous tears that fell

upon his head were the chrism with which she dedicated him to the traditions of her house. He was Richard's son only as an after-thought; he was the descendant of the De Courcys before all.

Richard, fallen into the easy-going ways of the comfortably placed idle man, was inclined to play the adoring young father for a while. Joan greeted his attempts rather forbiddingly. She had an unformed fear of this man's influence upon the son of her race.

One afternoon, when the boy was about six months old, his father tiptoed into the nursery of their town house. Joan, who was in the room, turned the young De Courcy over to the nurse, and with an impassioned quiet met her husband at the door.

"Will you come into my room?" she said.

He followed her wonderingly into the half ascetic, half fine-lady apartment which she occupied. Her eyes betokened a crisis, but for the life of him he could think of no act of his to warrant one. He braced himself, however, for a scene. He had been riding, and as he sank upon the lounge at the foot of her bed he still held his crop in his hand. The nervous flicking of his boot-top with that was the only sign he gave of the surprise and annoyance her manner aroused in him.

"Were you ever engaged to a woman named Grace Maguire?" was the question shot at him out of his past. He started, recovered himself, and laughed.

"Don't be melodramatic, Joan. Yes. I dare say she would call it that. 'Paying attention,' or 'going with,' was the term in Cascade for our relations."

"She has been here to-day."

Richard looked at his wife in stupefaction. "What did she want?"

"To call on your wife, apparently. Oh, don't be alarmed. She made no claims and she made no scene. She was very cheerful. She seemed to think that a strict regard for the proprieties demanded a visit from her to me, since she happened to be in the East. She said that you 'were livin' fine,' and she considered it a bond of sistership between us that 'she had come mighty near bein' Mrs. Fletcher herself.' She— You were engaged to her when you asked me to marry you?"

"If you call—if she called—our flirtation an engagement, yes."

"And if I had refused you?"

"I dare say I should have gone back to Cascade and married her."

They looked at each other steadily. Richard's crop played between his fingers, but there was no other motion in the room, not even a wavering of their angry eyes. Joan's heroics always raised a devil of obstinate commonplace in his easy-going soul. And this was too absurd a calling to account. Then he saw her face whiten, and a wave of remorse passed over him. He half rose to draw near her, to tell her that he had lied, and that if she had refused to marry

him he must have gone wretched all his days. But before he could speak she did.

"And to think," she said, slowly, "that I—I—married you when that woman would have done as well. The waste, the waste upon you! I have given my son a liar for a father—"

"Come, come, Joan, draw it mild."

"A liar, I say, for a father! What a fool, what a fool I have been!"

For a minute she bowed her head upon her hands clasped upon her writing-table. Then she looked up.

"The women of my family," she began, "do not divorce their husbands."

"They have shown great forbearance, if rumor speaks the truth," commented



FOR A MINUTE SHE BOWED HER HEAD UPON HER HANDS

Richard. Joan flashed rage upon him, but went on:

"I shall not disgrace them by divorcing you."

"My dear child, don't talk like the fool you have lately named yourself. You have no cause for divorcing me."

"But our married life is over. You may do what you please. I condone all your offences beforehand."

"Joan, don't talk like a silly novel. I shall not force my society upon you. If you desire a separation from me"—she raised a hand in mute repudiation of the suggestion—"very well. At any rate, I shall not annoy you. I am sure I don't know what the traditions of my house are on the subject, but I have an individual objection to making myself a nuisance to any one, even my wife. I dare say you're quite right. We weren't mated exactly. Your pride strikes me as damned nonsense, and your exalted views—the views of the ignorant woman who brought you up—as balderdash."

"You might leave her out of the discussion."

"You are a sad example," he went on, ruthlessly, "of the effect of purely feminine training. I know you're disappointed in me, Joan. I know I didn't turn out a successful politician like your relatives— Oh, well, then, call them statesmen if you wish. You see, you didn't love me. You needed a peg to hang the garments of your ancestors upon, and you thought my figure would suit. You had the easily exhausted emotion of an untouched, imaginative, unpassionate girl. Never mind," for Joan, aflame, had lifted her head to stop the dissection. "I sha'n't go on. Let us have done with all heroics. I'll admit that since you regarded our marriage as a barter in which my part was to dower you with fresh cause of pride, you are cheated. I am sorry for you. If letting you go on your own way with your charities and your dinners and your church will afford you any compensation—go ahead. I'll keep out of your way. And if you should ever want me more distinctly out of the way— Very well, I won't say it, since it hurts you. Don't make a Miss Nancy of the boy, though."

He had left her alone with that, and out of this culmination of her thwarted

ambitions and her wounded personal vanity there had grown up a wall between them. From that day until the night in Westchester after her accident he had never crossed the threshold of her room. At first a sort of virginal pride combined with her resentment to prevent a reconciliation. As time passed, the desire for one ceased. She hardened into a sense of deep, personal injury. Her husband put no more public disgrace upon her than was included in an easy passivity and an absence of all ambition, but to her exalted notion that was disgrace enough.

His own life had been simple enough. He had travelled when he liked and whither, but always modestly and well within the possibilities of his own income. He had cultivated a few small fads, none of them expensive, in the matter of collections. At home he had been as a guest in his wife's houses, save that she used his name, and her invitations read from them jointly. She advertised her disappointment only by the strength of her abandonment to her charitable and churchly activities, and by the ardor of her devotion to her boy. And the world knew that the Fletchers were irreconcilably estranged. No one knew why, and most of the world, incapable of understanding Joan's high demands, cheerfully concluded that her husband's offences against her had been of the vulgarly serious class. Her silence had thus become a badge of saintliness, and no one had failed to comment on the "beautiful way in which she bore it."

To-night before the fire he reviewed it all, with more of pity for her starved ambitions than of grief for what he himself had missed. He knew the terms of her will: she had civilly consulted him about it years before. He knew her bequests to her relatives, her friends, her servants, her charities. He knew that the fortune practically descended to her son, and that her cousin and her lawyer, Henry Smollett, were the executors. Richard himself had refused all participation in her affairs, and he recalled with a moment's bitterness how she had seemed relieved when he had made known his mind on that subject.

Still there was no longer any anger in him against her. She had been dis-

appointed. Well, he had been disappointing,—an aimless drifting creature without even the dignity of great vices. He wished now that he had told her so that night at her bedside, had told her what it would have meant to him to begin life again with her—a man, claiming a man's part to form the years ahead of them, exacting love and obedience not by his will but by his nature. But she had been cold and forbidding to the very end.

As for De Courcy, he had promised non-interference too easily. After all, he had no right to save his pride at the expense of his duty. The boy must not grow up the slave of shadowy traditions. One generous stream of common humanity in Joan would have served them both so much better than all those fantastic loyalties of hers.

Caroline Towers entered the room again, the rustle of her gown sounding simultaneously with her knock. Richard frowned before his backward-wandering mind had grasped the nature of the interruption.

"Henry Smollett is going in on the next train, Richard," she said. "He wants to see you before he goes—something about probating the will. He would not bother you now, but he's going to start for San Francisco to-morrow, and he wants it settled before he leaves. And then of course he knows—"

Caroline paused. She had been on the brink of a very tactless observation. Richard rang.

"Ask Mr. Smollett if he will be good enough to come in here," he said to the man, and in a few moments the lawyer entered. The greetings between the two men were brief and formal.

"You will want the will probated as soon as possible, Mr. Fletcher?" Henry Smollett had been Joan's friend, and he eyed Richard with a dislike very slightly veiled.

"Whatever is customary," said Richard.

"You—you know nothing of the terms?"

"On the contrary, I know them very well. Mrs. Fletcher and I discussed them at the time she changed it."

"Indeed!" said the lawyer, suavely, yet with a curious undertone. "I was not aware of that."

Richard stared at him. "Yes," he said;

"it was, I believe, some legacy from her uncle which necessitated the change."

"But that was four years ago."

"I know nothing of a later one."

"There is one, made since Mrs. Fletcher's illness," said the lawyer, coldly. Then, at Richard's look of surprise, he unbent a little. He had always held the popular estimate of the man as the unworthy husband of a De Courcy and a saint, but there was something in his attitude now which commanded his respect.

"Here is a copy of it," he said. "The original I have in the office."

Richard took the document. It was Joan's last rebuke to him, her last bitter reproach, last public confession of folly in that she had married him.

"I, Joan Fletcher, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby make my last will and testament, revoking all former wills and codicils thereto. To my dearly beloved husband, Richard Fletcher, I leave all my property, real and personal."

Richard looked up, an angry color on his forehead. "What's this?" he demanded, savagely.

"Read on, read on, Mr. Fletcher," said the lawyer.

"This bequest I make him as the public reparation due him for years of estrangement caused by me, yet not as a penance, but as my last wifely service. The indifference which I have showed him, the reproach with which I have allowed him to be visited, have been public. Therefore my scant reparation is also public. The unchristian and unwifely attitude has persisted toward him through many years, and I accept as punishment the continuance of his silence to the grave. Knowledge of my sin has been vouchsafed me in the clarifying hours before certain death. He will object to the ruthless publicity of this, my testimony of love. But the testimony of my scorn has been ruthless, long-continued, and public, and this must be as it is. It is my duty to the race that my unwomanliness has disgraced, as well as to him, to make this confession as public as may be."

The sheet fluttered from Richard's hand. He scarcely noted how even at the end Joan was all De Courcy, how then as always the craving for high mar-



"WHAT'S THIS?" HE DEMANDED, SAVAGELY

tyrdom was dominant in her. For him the air grew suddenly tense and tremulous, as on the day when it had first vibrated with a message from her heart to his.

Then he looked up and saw the others. He was not the young husband, longing to be tender, and no young wife waited his broken words of sorrow and adoration.

"Thank you, Mr. Smollett," he said, handing the paper to Caroline. "If you can delay the probation of this will until any general curiosity about its provisions has died down, it had better be done. We will carry out exactly the provisions of my wife's earlier will. Meantime this—"

He stopped. His breath came heavily, and he tapped the table with a knife to break the silence. Then he spoke again.

"Caroline," he said, "I am going to

take Corse off with me to-morrow, after all. We will go to see his grandparents."

"His grandparents?"

"Yes." Richard smiled a little at her look of amazement. "My father and mother, you know, in Ohio. They have not seen him in so many years they will have forgotten him. And Joan—I think Joan would have wished it."

Caroline went up to him in sudden cousinliness. Her eyes were red with tears, but her shaking lips were curved in a smile of tenderness that gave her plain face much beauty. "Very well, dear," she said. Then she kissed him as she had done on his wedding-day, and her words were the same that she had uttered then. "I am so glad," she said.

Back across the vista of the years he saw again the white, ecstatic face of Joan turned toward him. And again her eyes were glorious with love.



PUVIS DE CHAVANNES IN HIS STUDIO

Puvis de Chavannes, Caricaturist

BY L. ROGER-MILES

THE sale of the library of the late Philippe Gille, Member of the French Institute, has brought to public notice the fact that Puvis de Chavannes was not only a master genius in the history of French painting, but that he was at the same time a caricaturist of unusual ability. His caricatures—"fariboles," as he called them—will not add to his glory; but perhaps they will help to a better understanding of the character of the man, who in his moments of leisure took pleasure in watching the by-play of a little, insignificant, hypocritical humanity, ingenuous in its folly, and unconscious of the ridiculous spectacle it furnished. One must not imagine, then, that with Puvis de Chavannes the caricaturist equals the

æsthete or the painter, any more than Leonardo da Vinci is only a satirist because by chance among his sketches he has left here and there a grotesque face, or a rebus expressed in terms of irresistible drollery.

Puvis de Chavannes the caricaturist is Puvis de Chavannes in "robe de chambre"—as he was among his friends. One of them, M. Gustave Larroumet, the eminent perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Beaux-Arts, has written as follows of this phase of his character:

"The great idealist in Puvis de Chavannes," he says, "was matched by a humorist full of fantasy. When he descended from his Olympus he liked to take his pleasure in the freedom of familiar conversation. He had a most acute



PUVIS DE CHAVANNES'S PAINTING, "LUDUS PRO PATRIA"

sense of the ridiculous. Adorer of beauty, he was even by that fact alone more than usually sensitive to its opposite. A man of high ideals, he detested folly. A Burgundian—for though born at Lyons, his family came from Beaune,—he had something of that copious wit which distinguishes his compatriots, and which gives so much freshness and piquancy to

their writings. He ridiculed the ridiculous and the pretentious. Without bitterness, but with the justice of a fine intellect and the acuteness of a keen critic, he laughingly painted what he despised or detested."

Before going further in the study of these "fariboles," I should like to define rapidly the genius of Puvis de Chavannes



A TRAGIC IDYL IN THE AGE OF ROMANCE



A FAMILY REHEARSAL

and the moral bearing of his work in painting. Some time ago a certain society proposed to inspire in the people the cult of the beautiful by putting before them in the streets works of art. They made a poster, a reproduction of "Sainte-Geneviève enfant," which is the glory of the Pantheon of Paris. The effect was not what had been expected. The passers-by stopped, but understood nothing of the admirable qualities of the figures whose serenity offered such a striking contrast to the clamor and gymnastics of the commercial posters. The success of the poster was marked especially among collectors; but this was not what the society had hoped for. To their efforts in putting the beautiful before the people, the people responded that it was their privilege to seek the beautiful themselves, not in the streets, but in the silence and quiet of the museum or of the temple.

No master more than Puvis de Chavannes has striven to give to his paintings these elements of beauty and splendor. He will remain, in my opinion, the master of French decorative painting of the nineteenth century. He has in his work the two forces that constitute this difficult art among all arts of drawing: the

force of artistic vision and the force of thought. There is, indeed, much in the work of Puvis de Chavannes to remind one of the productions of the Old Masters. One can easily imagine the painter of the "Ludus pro Patria" and of "L'Été" as one of the artists of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, who sought the perfect expression of their thought, and who before giving it the precision of line or of color had sounded the depth of it, analyzed all its elements, weighed all its bearing. In every century there have been painters of mythological subjects; but can one say that they have been thought out, these interpretations that etiquette agrees to understand, and of which an error in etiquette could not change the value? In our annual expositions we still see some of these "double infamies of horror," as Père Corot used to say. But there, even though it may be "art," there is a total absence of idea. The Michael Angelos, the Raphaels, the Botticellis, the Corregios, the Titians, and many others, had the ability to create when they produced a painting. The "Conception" bears witness to the greatest thought and effort. The minds of the painters of the early times became tired with long vigils;

and in their fruitful labor the soul that had dreamed had far more merit than the brush that had obeyed.

Puvis de Chavannes is one of the masters who have seen in nature a religion and in art a High-Priest, and one may affirm that never for any religion has there been written a more beautiful, a more eloquent prayer.

I come now to his "fariboles." In a letter he addressed to Philippe Gille at the time he sent him his sketches, Puvis de Chavannes said:

January 2, 1888.

MY DEAR GILLE,—Here are the "fariboles" of which I spoke. They represent scenes among comrades who to-day, almost all, have passed away.

It is my way of amusing myself. Cut them, deface them, tear them up, burn them, they are yours.

Always yours,
P. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

Philippe Gille took good care not to tear them up nor destroy them, and it is thanks to him that the sketches have been preserved.

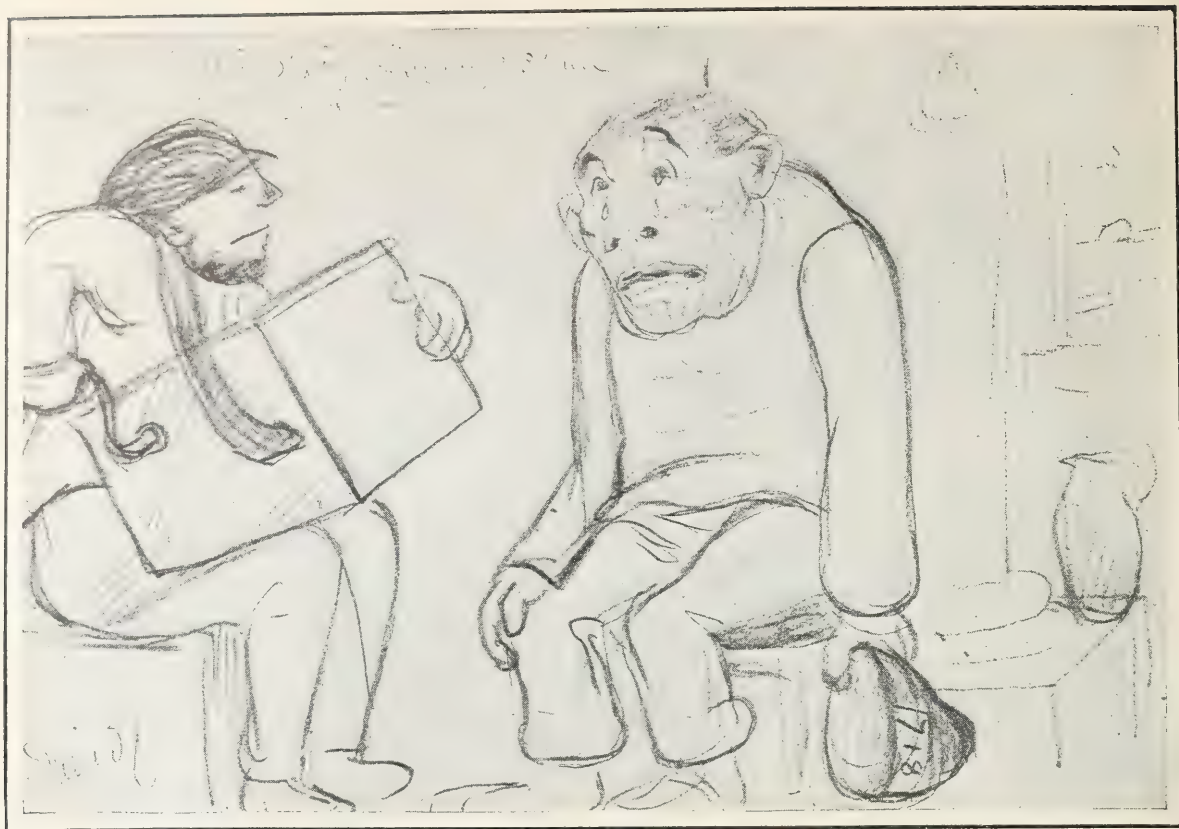
Into these sketches Puvis de Chavannes, brought up at Lyons, has put the spirit of the Lyonnais "Punch and

Judy." He avoids individualities, or at least shows them as general types which he expresses simply and directly. Here it is the drunken bourgeois to whom, in the sketch, excess of drink brings gayety, while to the child sickness—a situation that leads to a violent altercation between husband and wife; there it is the interior of a fair where the acrobats, in undress rehearsal, are practising "en famille," a sketch in which the grotesque reality is almost pitiful. Elsewhere there are types of "bonshommes," whose airs of conviction force a laugh; important people whose very importance, as the artist sketches it, is irresistible; a guitar-player whose song is perhaps tuned to spring and love, but whose features go far to prove the Darwinian theory of the origin of man.

I have said that Puvis de Chavannes generalized in his caricatures. I know, however, of two incidents where he entered the domain of personality. The first was in 1873, at one of the meetings of the Meissonier Committee which was held in one of the salons of Georges Petit. There around a table were Gérôme; Français; Puvis; Chenavard; Henri Béraudi, the celebrated bibliophile; Edouard Détaillé, the favorite pupil of



TYPES



MUSIC HATH CHARMS

Meissonier; Alexandre Dumas; Garnier, the architect of the Opéra; Knoedler, the art expert of New York; Magnard of the *Figaro*; Arthur Meyer of the *Gaulois*; Alfred Stevens; and many others.

Chenavard the artist was an interesting speaker. He was a well-informed dialectician, but he had the misfortune to know it, and no one took more pleasure than he in hearing himself talk. For himself he had an unqualified admiration. That day he even exaggerated his signs of coquetry. His gestures were made with nice calculation; the movements of his fingers were studied; even putting his hand on the table was done with extraordinary care and precaution. We had all remarked the pose, and Puvis was laughing at him aside. At the same time he made a sketch showing Chenavard greatly moved, with streaming eyes, regarding admiringly his enormous hand softly lying on a convenient cushion. The cushion and the hand were protected by a globe, and under the sketch Puvis had written, in his fine firm handwriting, "Look, but touch not." Each of us, I must confess, wanted the sketch. Unfortunately it was destroyed.

The other incident occurred in Octo-

ber, 1891. It was the very day when, at my request, the painter Albert Lambert made the excellent portrait here reproduced of the master in his studio. Puvis had at that time in the Academy of Beaux-Arts, of which, to its disgrace, he never became a member, an enemy in the person of Comte H. de Laborde, then perpetual Secretary. The Comte de Laborde was jealous of Puvis for having genius. As far back as 1869, in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, he had pronounced upon Puvis de Chavannes a judgment which I should hesitate to credit had I not read it myself: "I will only speak as a memory of the paintings of Puvis de Chavannes, for this talent, full of promise in its beginning, for some years has represented only the systematic negation of all the qualities essential to art." Puvis would perhaps have forgotten this ridiculous judgment of the academician if the latter from time to time had not revived it, always with disobliging and grotesque hostility. Then about 1891 some friends took it upon themselves to find out why the Academy of Beaux-Arts had not invited the painter to become a member. One of them, addressing himself to M. de Laborde himself, pronounced, in speak-

ing of the painting of Puvis, the word "chef-d'œuvre." Laborde would hear no further, but said, "I know only one chef-d'œuvre—the Parthenon."

The response was so ridiculous in its pretension that the friend did not feel obliged to conceal it from Puvis de Chavannes, who replied by a most amusing sketch which he called "The ruins of M. de Laborde, a sketch from nature by M. Parthenon." The design represented the Place de l'Institut de France in ruins; no more Pont des Arts, no more statue of the Republic—nothing standing intact but a lion upon its pedestal, and as a pendant of the pedestal a sculptured image of the old academician, one

arm and one leg missing, carried away by the wear of centuries. Underneath there ran this legend: "*M. Parthenon* (sadly): 'It was just what he deserved.'" This sketch, too, has unfortunately disappeared.

From these caricatures, the intimate personal work of the artist, one may judge something of the characteristics of the man. From the point of view of a purely human document one must thank Puvis de Chavannes for not having forgotten in his caricatures to look beyond the heights of inspiration and of dreams, and not for refusing to add one little leaf, a leaf, essentially original, to the album of human gayety.

Enshrine thy Youth

BY THE HON. ELEANOR NORTON

ENSHRINE within thy soul thy lovely youth,
 Thy youth as cold as lilies and as sweet.
 Oh, guard it, for its wonder will not last,
 And it will die as swift as childhood dies,
 That haunting vision, blurred and beautiful!
 What mother hath not felt it bitter-sweet
 To hear the babble moulded into speech,
 To see within the eyes that strange faith fade,
 And on the rounded cheeks that perfect bloom!
 Oh, when a child is drawn towards the leaves,
 Or holds out little hands to lure the sun,
 Then the first mystery of childhood fades,
 And in the soul that last dim dream of heaven!
 Even as swift will fade thy yearning youth,
 New woe, fresh wisdom lay their gradual stamp
 On all the fragile ivory of thy brow.
 The summer of thy life slip into dusk;
 And thou shalt feel some day the autumn stir
 Within thy soul, its unaccomplished dreams
 Like leaves press heavily; and thou shalt hear
 Music with inward hurt; for thee the waves
 Will be bereft of former ecstasy,
 And in their laughter will conceal a dirge.
 Oh, then within thy soul enshrine thy youth
 And guard it, for its wonder will not last.
 The whiteness of the lily dies with spring;
 And summer slays the freshness of the winds;
 And autumn stills the laughter of the woods.

Circumstance

BY S. E. KISER

"WHAT is the use of repining?"
I heard the optimist say;
"Though the sun is but feebly shining,
To-morrow is on the way."
His head was bowed on the morrow,
All silent his loved one lay:
He sobbed alone in his sorrow,
Nor thought of a fairer day.

"Why do the fools go singing?"
I heard the pessimist say:
"The hours that pass are bringing
More sorrows along the way."
He shouted within an hour
With a voice that was glad and gay;
Fortune was his and power,
And he laughed as the careless may.

Scrap's Crusade

BY ESTHER B. TIFFANY

SCRAP, the rogue, brought it all about, but he being at the time a mere puppy, and a particularly irresponsible one at that, it seems invincible to introduce him first and leave the more sober and dignified personages of the story neglected on the door-mat. So, till your betters have crossed the threshold, to your basket, Master Scrap!

When, after ten tumultuous years in the far West, Eben Hammond turned his face towards the elms and square white homesteads of the old New England seaport, it was with the express purpose of asking Charity to marry him.

The April day on which he had left Grasshaven had made Charity five-and-twenty, yet, with the perverse imagination of man, Hammond's fancy kept subtracting, not adding, the ten years that had since rolled by. Charity at fifteen: Charity running in from the haymow with an apronful of new-laid eggs; Charity with brown, laughing eyes, and scarlet cherries for ear-rings. He himself had slipped the forked stems over her delicate ears, telling her patronizingly

that cherry-drops were well enough for a girl in her teens, but let her wait till he had made his fortune.

The substantial house behind the syringas looked familiar as of old; as of old, too, the blinds were drawn.

"Martha and Elizabeth," murmured Hammond to himself, and visions of the two staid elder sisters, with their horror of a chance inquisitive eye, rose before him. Involuntarily he straightened his cravat and flicked some reprehensible cigar ashes from his coat sleeve. Then, before venturing to lift his hand to the shining knocker, he glanced anxiously at his dusty boots, and rubbed the soles vigorously on the well-shaken door-mat.

"Charity won't care," he reflected, "but it's well to make a good impression on Martha and Elizabeth."

He clanged the knocker, and waited. How still it was! He had forgotten that anything could be so still. All the length of the broad green street not a figure astir. The echo of his vigorous knock still seemed to leave the aspen by the gate ashiver. He should not have knocked so



A SCRAP OF A DOG

loud. It had been an unwarrantable intrusion into the wonted hush; the voice of the blatant West, shrilling out "Wake!" to this drowsy, forgotten corner of the older world. Stifling sweet, in the warm air, hung the scent of the syringas. How it took him back into the past, and how long ago that past seemed! What would Charity think of him? He heard no steps, but as he mused the door swung gently and cautiously open before him. Some one stood in the cool shadow.

"Martha!" exclaimed Hammond, thrusting out a warm, impulsive hand.

"No; Charity," came the answer, and he paused, staring blankly at the straight-gowned, sedate figure before him.

"You—you are quite sure?" he gasped. Then, coming to himself, "Do you know who I am?"

"Of course, Eben," came the quiet rejoinder. "Come in. I will tell Martha and Elizabeth."

After they were all seated in the large,

dim parlor, Hammond kept his eyes rigorously fastened on the impassive countenances of the two elder sisters. To glance at Charity seemed an impiety. This silent woman, with the sweet dull eyes and the smooth hair drawn back from the colorless face, was never Charity! Charity, glancing cherries about in her ears, was romping in the orchard. Was not that her laugh echoing through the open window? Involuntarily he turned to look.

The measured tick-tack of the tall clock in the passage accentuated the frequent silences. How inevitably stroke followed stroke; inexorable, thought Hammond, falling back on a well-worn simile, as the voice of Fate. But Fate, that much-maligned goddess, has other and more piquant modes of making her presence known than by the monotonous tongue of an eight-day clock.

Suddenly, from some remote corner of the house, there shrilled a wail so pier-

cing, so heart-rending, that the ranchman fairly jumped in his seat. Amazement, disgust, indignation, reproach, pathos, despair! It was the voice of Scrap plaintively demanding from the back kitchen why he was left so long alone to the company of his own thoughts. The voice of Scrap, but also, if they had but known it, the voice of Fate.

It seemed to Hammond that, for a moment, the eyes of Martha and Elizabeth included himself and Charity in a swift, rebuking glance. It was as if in some way they two were to blame for this unseemly disturbance. Not, however, having owned a dog for the last ten years, Hammond, at least, felt his conscience clear; but Charity rose guiltily and left the room. The wail subsided. Had the voice of Fate been, for the nonce, quenched in a saucer of warm milk? Howbeit, Charity returned and sat silently down, and still the eight-day clock bore the brunt of the conversation.

With a despairing effort Hammond plunged into stories of his Western life.

He told of his year on the sheep-ranch; of "Texan Charlie," with whom he bunked, and who, for the first few hours after the arrival of the Eastern "tenderfoot," had thoughtfully weeded from his speech the picturesque oaths which Hammond subsequently found to compose nine-tenths of his vocabulary; he narrated his experience at a mining camp; touched on the eager, tingling life of an Aladdin city, grown to reality in a night. It was as if he were talking to a blank wall.

In one of the pauses Elizabeth spoke. She had done her part. She had listened patiently, though with a strong conviction that Charity should have been sent out of the room, to tales of conditions more than questionable. Now, with a comprehensive wave of the hand, she dismissed the whole impossible West.

"I think it high time you returned," she said.

"Yes," added Martha, palpably relieved to find familiar ground once more under her feet. "Your old place is in a bad way.



THE FIRST LIE IN ALL HER WHITE LIFE WAS ABOUT SCRAP



SOMETHING ELSE LITHE AND WHITE WAS RUNNING DOWN THE LANE

Derricks, who had charge, has—has died suddenly.” She glanced cautiously toward Charity. “Drink!” she added, in a shocked undertone. “Last night Charity went over there.”

For an instant Hammond let his eyes wander towards Charity. Her clear profile stood out cold and cameolike, against a shadowy corner.

“The man lay dead on the kitchen floor,” continued Martha, a touch of severity in her voice, as if in some way Hammond were accountable, “and a miserable little puppy was licking his face and whining. Charity, for some unknown reason, brought the puppy home.”

“It was one of Nellie’s puppies,” said Charity. Her voice was as impassive as ever. She had lowered her lids, and sat looking down at her clasped hands. Nellie was a little fox-terrier, who had howled herself hoarse that day, ten years ago, when Hammond went West.

“What do you wish done with the dog?” asked Elizabeth.

“Is he like Nellie?” asked Hammond.

“I will bring him in,” said Charity.

She came back carrying in her arms a wriggling little bunch of clumsy paws, silken ears, lolling tongue, and bright eyes. Hammond stroked the small, sleek head. His advances were received with evident enthusiasm.

“What a scrap of a dog! Yes, I shall have to take him West with me for the sake of ‘auld lang syne.’” Then he added, “I must be three months in New York on business. Will you keep him for me till then, Charity?”

“Keep that puppy?” exclaimed Martha and Elizabeth in a protesting chorus; but Charity lifted her head, and a faint rose showed itself in her cheek.

“Yes, Eben, I will keep him for you.”

Thus it was that Scrap obtained a footing in the orderly precincts of the old white house.

Elaine in her tower, guarding the sacred shield of Lancelot, had, after all,

but a light labor of love. To broider a case of silk with bud and flower,

And yellow-throated nestling in the nest;

to polish the scarred mirror of the steel,—this, in comparison with what Charity had undertaken, was an easy devotion. The shield, when Elaine had wrought her fill, could be reverently laid aside, but not so this quivering, yelping, insistent little charge. Scrap must be fed, washed, taken to walk, and petted; above all, petted. He must be taught to mind; to know what rooms were sacred; to abstain from gnawing the spools in the work-baskets of Martha and Elizabeth (Charity soon gave him free range of hers); from carrying off slippers and hiding them in the coal-hod; from denuding dresses of their buttons; from depositing his favorite bone in the middle of the snow-white bed in the guest-chamber.

His sins, too, must be vicariously borne. To live with him and love him and try to shield him was to undermine one's moral nature. To deliver him up remorselessly to the justice of Elizabeth's apple switch, when a slight prevarication would save him—what daughter of the Puritans, even, could do that? Certainly not Charity.

The first lie in all her white life was about Scrap; for when Elizabeth demanded, in displeased surprise, "Why do you wear your best gloves every day, Charity?" and Charity had answered, "My others are lost," only Scrap knew that the missing articles, all but the buttons, which he had found unpalatable, had with much gusto been devoured by himself. Charity had picked up the telltale buttons and held her peace.

The three months of Hammond's stay in New York had lengthened to five. It was in the mellow splendor of an October morning that he again turned his face towards Grasshaven. But this time it was not to ask Charity to marry him. He would see her once more, touch her unresponsive hand, and then, "Good-by, Charity," "Good-by, Eben," for this side the grave.

The railroad gave Grasshaven a wide berth, and it was a good two miles from the nearest station to the heart of the town. A dilapidated carryall stood in readiness to transport the few travellers

who went to and fro. Hammond was the only passenger.

His affairs in New York had prospered. From a business point of view the trip East had been a success; but a heavy dulness had settled on him. Was it the effect of the air? He sat silent on the back seat of the carryall, dropping an occasional monosyllable in response to the loquacity of the driver, a schoolmate in the old barefoot days.

"Seen the Squire's girls?"

"Yes."

"Charity, she was beginnin', a spell back, to favor 'Lizbeth, but I dun'no', lately she's kinder perked up, so if she was younger I'd kinder guess she had a beau somewheres. Heard of any beau?"

"No."

"All three of 'em sorter thawed out lately, an' the store they set by that puppy! You know the Squire always held his head a mite high."

"Yes."

"And 'twa'n't never their way when they was tradin' to talk much with folks; but now, I declare they don't none of 'em go to the store or the post-office but you hear 'em visitin' over the counter, and it's all on account of that mischeevous pup."

"Ah!"

"You see, there ain't a soul in the village that don't know Scrap. He's hand in glove with 'em all, from the minister to crazy Tom to the workhouse. And when he gits lost or sick, or chases Aunt Jerushy's pussy into fits, or falls into the dye-pot, every one up and asks Charity, or even Marthy and 'Lizbeth about it, and before they know it they're answerin' back as sociable as you please. And 'Lizbeth, you know what a hand she always was, even before the Squire died, for keepin' the parlor blinds down?"

"Yes."

"Well, I swan if they ain't always sky-high now; and I says to her one day, 'Ain't you scary your carpet 'll git faded?' 'Oh,' says she, 'Scrap likes to look out of winder.' But the best joke of all— You ain't much of a talker—"

"No."

"Well, one day it was rainin' guns, and I had occasion to go to the house, and I knocked and knocked and no one come, and the blinds, for a wonder, was



WITH A JOYOUS BARK SCRAP WAS AFTER IT

down, and I stooped and peeked, and what do you think I see?"

Hammond's face showed no responsive curiosity, but the narrator was not to be balked of his story:

"If there wa'n't 'Lizbeth down on the floor, throwin' a ball for that pup, and he a-caperin' and barkin' and flouncin' all over her. But all of a suddin she caught my eye, and was up on her feet and to the door. 'Scrap needed exercise,' says she, as grand as you please, 'and the day's too bad for him to go out. He has a cold,' says she. And, to be sure, there he was with a strip of red flannel round his neck, and a-pawin' and worryin' to git it off. Then says she, kinder severe, as if she suspicioned I might be laughin' in-

side, 'Do you take the *Christian at Home*?' 'No,' says I. 'Well,' says she, sorter triumphant, 'I was readin' in it just the other day the responsibility of man towards the brute creation, and how wicked it was to keep animals as household pets without you looked out for their health and amusement.' And would you believe it, they scrub up bones with sapolio, and let him chaw 'em on the best parlor rug; and as for Charity—"

Hammond laid a detaining hand on the speaker's arm. "I am going to cut across lots," he said. "Leave my bag at my house, will you?"

The crisp grass was pleasant under foot. First came an open field dotted with savins; then a narrow lane. How well

he remembered every knoll, every swell and dimple, every gray boulder! It was in this lane the early hepaticas, brave in their furs, pushed through the moist April snows. That orchard bore Baldwins and Astrakhans. He had caught hornpout in yonder brook. And all about were the nestling farms with their elms and wide-doored barns. After all, this gone-to-sleep New England had a rural charm of its own, a nameless poetry and romance, that clung close to the heart.

A sharp little bark roused Hammond out of his reverie. Something lithe and white and springing shot past him and circled around the level field he was about to cross. Now, for pure joyousness, it stopped an instant to tear up a tuft of grass and toss it into the air; now, tail aquiver, it burrowed frantically in the soft earth by the brook-side; now it bounded, now rolled; now, every muscle tense, set off as if on a mad race with some imaginary rival.

A sweet, clear whistle made Hammond turn from the dog. Something else lithe and white and springing was running down the lane. Its hat was off, its hair flying. In one hand it held a branch of scarlet leaves. Its cheeks, too, were scarlet, its eyes brown and bright. What, Charity?

Hammond leaped the stone wall; the flying figure swerved aside and paused, alarmed. He seized her hand. It throbbed with warm, responsive life, but she drew it away, apologetic, bewildered.

"I thought there was no one to see," she stammered, "and it is so necessary for Scrap to have exercise."

"Let's finish it down to the end of the lane," said Hammond, and they did.

Under the snow-apple tree Scrap joined them. Charity caught him up ecstatically. "It's all Scrap's fault," she cried. "He's young. There hadn't been a young thing in Grasshaven since I went to school. We were all asleep. I had forgotten how to talk; I had forgotten how to laugh."

"And had forgotten how to remember old friends," said Hammond.

Charity was holding him, Scrap decided, very loosely and uncomfortably. She seemed to be giving her entire attention to the strange man. That was not to be borne, and Scrap hastily descended.

"No," Charity was saying, with a far-away look in her eyes, "I did remember you in a dim, vague way, that day you came to the house, all full of your Western life, and tried to make us talk; but I seemed to be some drowned thing, down among the sea-weeds, and you were alive, up in the air and light, and I didn't know how to get to you."

"Have you been drowned all these years, Charity?"

"Deeper and deeper each year. At first I used to struggle. I didn't want to grow like Elizabeth and Aunt Harriet and the three Miss Peckams and all the rest. I didn't want to settle down into the narrow, gossiping life, never a real idea, a real experience, but, for the last year or two, I haven't cared. Then I realized I was drowned indeed."

Here Scrap, who never long nourished a grudge, trotted up with an apple and laid it suggestively at Charity's feet. Then he stood expectant, his head cocked, and the ear which the last encounter with Aunt Jerusha's cat had left a trifle frayed excitedly raised.

"That means," said Charity, "that I am to throw it for him to run after. I am nothing but another puppy to him."

"I am afraid you will miss Scrap when I take him West," remarked Hammond.

Charity let the apple fall from her hand. Scrap sniffed at it scornfully. Then he picked it up and brought it to Hammond. "Come," his attitude plainly said. "You are a man. You can throw. The limitations of petticoats are beyond belief."

Hammond sent the apple spinning to the middle of the field. With a joyous bark, Scrap was after it.

"You knew I meant to take Scrap back with me," continued Hammond, with a curious earnestness in his voice.

"Oh, of course!" faltered Charity. Her bright color was paling.

"You see, it is lonely. I am so lonely out there. Charity, I came East for you. Will you go back with me?"

When Scrap bounded up with the apple and tried to thrust it into Charity's hands, he could not find them. They were lost in Eben's, but she smiled at him as she never had before.

"Scrap, you darling," she said, "it was all you!"

Sunt Lacrimæ Rerum

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

YES, there are tears in things: the blind eyes
Of the most ancient hills weep their decay;
The trees their beauty, that it does not stay;
The clouds because their empire of the skies
Is for a little while, then lost; the dew that lies
All night expectant, that it must away
'Fore the bright face of the long-wished-for day;
The lonely stars, their banished mysteries.

But there is also laughter: after days
Of cheerless rain when the sun shines once more;
When spring returns, to birds their mating-time;
When roses lean together, and the sprays
Of the tall meadow-rue; most, when the shore
Hears with pure joy that immemorial chime.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE new life of George Eliot by Leslie Stephen, in the English Men of Letters Series, is a book more suggestive, for disagreement as well as agreement, than any we have lately read. It is a book which on the whole affects one as rather hard upon the subject of it; it is not unjust, but too severely just. We have been, as it were, at her trial before a judge who had a finer and kinder sense of her than he has quite expressed, and who charged the jury rather unfavorably than favorably, though, again, not unfairly; who apparently had the limitations of juries in mind, and could not trust the jury before him with all the subtle considerations tacitly qualifying his conclusions. As a critic he seems finer than his criticism. He does not say anything he does not think, but often his thinking is in the line of the least resistance rather than in the difficult paths that arrive at the farthest truth. He will serve himself of a general acceptance, of a convention,

and he is not above meeting a prejudice half-way, and making friends with it for his occasion. For instance, he constantly exacts, of the author studied, reality, more and more of it; yet he always speaks of "realism" and the "realists" as if by those marks he would fence himself from any share in the guilt and ignominy of their devotion to reality. For instance, also, George Eliot being a woman, it is easy and obvious to infer that her drawing of men must be and is defective, and he is too ready to infer this.

I

The human family, however regrettable for the purposes of art, seems to be necessarily divided into two sexes, and these two sexes cannot as perfectly imagine each other as they can each imagine itself. Yet the human family is not composed entirely of husbands and wives; there are brothers and sisters in it, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, who partake of a common tradition, and

whom the family brings together all their lives on terms of such intimate association that they learn fairly well to understand each other's idiosyncrasies. Though they are men and women, they are not separated and contrasted by the passion which makes one sex a mystery to the other, and is supposed to perpetuate the conundrum in marriage. That mystery is, in fact, largely an hypothesis. Even husbands and wives understand one another fairly well, and their unlikeness is no barrier to the understanding. Perhaps it promotes it by keeping alive the curiosity which men do not always feel about men, or women about women, and perhaps it is this unlikeness which moves the one sex forever to attempt the portrayal of the other. At any rate, it seems as if there must always be women artists as well as men artists, and that in the art of fiction the women artists should be obliged, if not tempted, to realize their acquaintance with men to the perception of their readers. No story can get on, or get far on, with women alone in it; there must be men to keep it going, and if it is a woman who writes the story, it must be a woman who paints the men's characters.

Of course she has to do the best she can under the conditions. She cannot know men so thoroughly as a man can know women. There is a whole world, a dreadful world, which a passably good man may at least know about, but which can be known only to the worst of women. Still, that is a world well lost to knowledge for most practical purposes, and if the woman who is writing a story will take her men in the ordinary circumstances of life, or as they are usually known to the human family, and not in their uttermost moral squalor, there is nothing in her being a woman that shall prevent her representing them accurately, vividly, truthfully. She must look into her heart and write, as a man must; but in the heart of every human being there is the potentiality of every woman and every man, irrespective of the being's sex, and so long as a woman honestly reports what she sees in her heart she will make a successful appeal to the recognition of her readers with the figure to which she attributes the nature of a man.

We talk of Shakspeare's women, Tourguénief's women, Tolstoy's women, as if women had never done any men worthy to be likened to them. But a very pretty fight could be made for the thesis that the men of Jane Austen, for example, were as very men as those others were very women. Henry Tilney, John Thorpe, John Dashwood, Sir Walter Elliott, Mr. Woodhouse, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Collins, are as variously and invariably men as the women of the great masters named are variously and invariably women. There is no miracle in the matter; it is scarcely even strange. It is not a question of the artist being a man or woman, but of his or her taking his art seriously and unself-consciously. There can be no doubt as to the seriousness of George Eliot concerning her art; as to the unself-consciousness, it was probably no less than that of other authors, and it was not so little as to disable her for the portrayal of men's characters. She was probably never painting a man from a woman model, but in that deep recess of the mind where the impressions of experience and observations are stored, she was always looking at a man-original, and reproducing it in her fiction. Tom Tulliver, Bulstrode, Arthur Donnithorne, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Casaubon, Lydgate, Dempster, the brutal husband of Janet Dempster, even Ladislav, are as truly men as the women of Shakspeare and Tourguénief and Tolstoy are truly women, or as the men of Jane Austen are truly men.

II

This is of course largely matter of opinion, but we think it is also matter of proof, such as we have not here space or time for. Mr. Stephen is apparently of another opinion, and he has a right to his opinion, though he cannot do more than ask the reader to accept it, and must content himself with the reader's decision. Where we think he himself invalidates it is in his instance of Tito Malema as being a woman in his qualities and only a man in his clothes. Here it seems to us Mr. Stephen makes a distinct break, for he implies that Tito Malema because he is effeminate is not a man. But an effeminate man is as far from being a woman as any other

kind of man. He is simply an effeminate man, governed unmistakably by the passions, ambitions, and propensities of his sex; and certainly Tito had these in full measure. The defects of his qualities were not necessarily the defects of women's qualities. There have been, and we must suppose that there still are, women luxurious, selfish, treacherous through their love of ease and pleasure, and their reluctance from disagreeable things; but unhappily these traits are not confined to the sex of men's mothers, sisters, daughters, and wives. They are quite often found in men themselves. Perhaps in the census which is lacking these detestable traits might be found as often in men as in women. Certainly the shrinking from disagreeable things, which was the main characteristic of Tito, is no proof that the subtle and beautiful Greek was not a man. It is not women who instinctively most dislike a scene, and a scene on the large scale, which women so often find pleasure in making, was what Tito Malema disliked to the bottom of his soul.

We may be insisting the more strenuously upon the reality of Tito's manhood because we feel it the chief if not the only reality in that great defeat of George Eliot's, which she vainly and pathetically imagined making a great triumph. There can hardly be two minds now about "Romola," which, with all its powerful and affecting incidents, is upon the whole a failure. Yet it is a generous failure, nobly imagined, heroically attempted, with moments of signal and splendid success. We should not agree with Mr. Stephen that Tito was any part of its defeat, but with Mr. W. C. Brownell, who regards Tito as the embodiment of its victories. Mr. Brownell calls that character a "masterpiece of evolution," in its incarnation of "the idea that shrinking from the unpleasant is subtly and tragically demoralizing." It does not occur to him, apparently, that Tito is a woman, but we are bound to say also that it does not seem to occur to him that Romola is not an Italian woman of the fifteenth century, but an English woman of the nineteenth century, with the cultivated scruples and sensibilities of the nascent agnosticism of the earlier eighteen-sixties. If this is our own view

of her we must own that we are offering it with as little extrinsic evidence as Mr. Stephen brings to the support of his notion that Tito's adoptive father, Baldasare, is unreal and improbable.

III

Upon the whole, we believe that we agree rather with Mr. Brownell than with Mr. Stephen about George Eliot, though it is not easy to be more of one side than another, because the two authorities are not mainly at variance in their estimate of her. They are quite of the same mind in thinking her one of the masters of English fiction, and they both believe her destined to survive, Mr. Stephen because in comparison with other novelists she had "power of mind and a richness of emotional nature rarely equalled," and Mr. Brownell because, with "a limited imaginative faculty, a defective sense of art, and an inordinate aggrandizement of the purely intellectual element in human character . . . no other novelist gives one such a poignant, sometimes such an insupportable, sense that life is immensely serious." If we were obliged to say upon our peril why we liked Mr. Brownell's criticism better, we should perhaps say because it seemed kinder, imbued with a tenderer intelligence, and freed to a fuller expression of its kindness regarding a woman whom Americans can judge more clearly and more justly through their like social and religious tradition than Englishmen. It is not always for nothing, or worse, that we are essentially "middle class" and essentially "dissenters," and this is one of the occasions when our quality compensates us for much imaginable shortcoming through our defect.

In fact, we should like to have Mr. Brownell write a life of George Eliot, for the reason that we have intimated, and for the reason that we believe we should enjoy a critical mind like his applying itself to the analysis of the history as well as the work of such a woman as George Eliot. We will own to another motive and confess that in reading the paper on her which is one of the best and finest of his essays in the "Victorian Prose Masters" we found ourselves undergoing a change of mind in respect to Mr. Stephen's criticism, or

the mode of it. We had been wishing that it had been more assembled and compacted, presented in one body instead of being dispersed throughout the biography upon the occasion of her several works. But the intense concentration of Mr. Brownell's essay gave us pause, and now we find ourselves wishing that his criticism might have been distributed over the various literary events, in their relation to the incidents of her life, and the traits of her character. One might say something like this of the other essays, on Thackeray, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, George Meredith, which form, with the criticism of George Eliot, a book of admirable excellence. But none of these authors seems quite so trammelled in his work, or to require the handling of such a careful sympathy. George Eliot was so entirely and helplessly woman, and so pathetically woman in being so much a man in intellect, that one feels her need of being understood in her work through the different facts of her life. There was a certain awkwardness, almost clumsiness, in her nature, which, with all her robust courage, demands the most delicate recognition, together with the most generous palliation, and this it hardly gets even in her own story of herself as it is told in her diaries and letters under the self-denying and affectionately reverent handling of the material by her surviving husband in her autobiographical biography. Few figures in literary history have, rightly seen, the moving appeal of hers, for the sense of something grotesque in the spectacle of one of the greatest moralists who ever lived living in defiance of the conventional morality of her civilization, is something that, while it tempts to laughter, is almost too deep for tears.

IV

One cannot help thinking how interesting George Eliot would have made such a situation in fiction, and how poignantly she would have marked all its implications. The indignation and the despair of a woman who supremely respects the ideal of marriage, and feels in every fibre of her heart its sacredness, and yet lives with a man to whom in the regard of the community about her she

is not married, are emotions which she would have portrayed with "*parole e sangue*." The questions of her justification before a higher tribunal than the society from which she was virtually an outcast, and her ultimate responsibility for the offence she might have caused in weaker brethren and sisters, are such as her essentially puritanic spirit would have dealt with in unrelenting rigor. She would have spared nothing to herself, nothing to her reader. Yet life, which is so much briefer than art, is so much wiser, so much finer, that the result in its hands was æsthetically much more perfect than the art of George Eliot could have accomplished. The situation continued with greater happiness than could probably have come to her from any other, and if the wife who was conventionally not a wife had ever a bad conscience there was nothing to intimate it, unless it were the over-strenuousness of her insistence on the existence of a tie which public opinion denied. The alleviations and extenuations which her art would have refused in the study of the situation were supplied by life in a measure which rendered it not only tolerable but constantly eligible. In that subtler casuistry of life the problem involved was left for solution to the Searcher of hearts, whose judgment, whatever it was, seems not to have forbidden peace to the soul before Him.

Here the casuistry of life does not appear to be irreligious. In fact, it is religion as distinguished from morality, and it suggests the inquiry whether what we call the problem novel, or the problem play, is so profitable as it has sometimes seemed. It is observable that the authors who deal most profoundly with problems mostly leave them unsolved, as, for instance, Ibsen does, and it is doubtful whether art can ever do more than life in handling them, or can be more definite with advantage to the witness. Nearly every problem of life is remanded to another life for solution, and the effect, though it sometimes "confounds the human conscience," as Victor Hugo says, seems to be the only one that art can successfully study. The greatest achievement of fiction, its highest use, is to present a picture of life; and the deeper the sense of something desultory,

unfinished, imperfect, it can give, even in the region of conduct, the more admirable it seems. It is in imparting this sense that Russian literary art surpasses all other literary art; precision, definition, *roundedness* is the defect of faltering art, the throe of weakness, not the issue of strength.

Of course the picture of life which art gives is always a miniature, no matter how large the canvas may be; but fortunately truth is not necessarily expressed in dimensions. More of it can be got into large than little space, but truth is also that essence of fact which can be distilled into a few drops of wisdom from seas of experience, and with this for the miraculous vehicle, the illusion will be that of the original vastness. The novelist who fails to grasp the difference between wrong and evil fails of the means of rendering life truly. He does not see that though people continually do wrong, and do the same wrong over and over again, and though each wrong is necessarily irreparable, and no breach of the law may be mended, yet without the ill-will, without malignant intent, without hate, there is no reason for the despair to which he leaves his reader. In the moral world as in the material world, Nature takes care of the wrong done; she softly covers it up, transmutes it, turns it even to use and beauty, not for the doer indeed, and usually not for the victim, but for the race. It would not be flattering to our spiritual pride to inquire how much of what we suppose the sum of human good is the far result of human error. But it may be conducive to our spiritual humility to conjecture that a large portion of that dark immensity of evil which opposes the immense good forever is the result of consciences quickened to acts of unsparing duty. Neither the right nor the wrong takes account of the suffering involved; that goes on and on; but, if anything, wrong seems a little more hopeful that pain may be spared or avoided, than the right which in its self-sacrifice does not consider quite enough the sacrifice of others.

Perhaps, to the æsthetic sense, evil presents itself mainly as something ugly; and it is not less ugly when it is the re-

sult of duty than when it is the result of wrong. It has been the defect of most moralists who have dealt with it in fiction that in their zeal for conduct they have failed to recognize the limitations of error, to offer a vision of the final reconciliation of the wrong done with the good loved even by the wrong-doer. This has also been sometimes the defect of casuists in the field of politics and economics, and on all sides we have had the impression of human nature getting progressively worse and worse, when perhaps it was involuntarily submitting itself to processes of change and unconsciously adjusting itself to new conditions.

But the politicians and economists are merely temporal teachers, treating primarily of our advantages and disadvantages here below, and not of the important things that edify or delapidate the soul. For the novelists, especially such as feel the immense seriousness of life, it is not enough to trace the result of that mischoice in conduct which constitutes moral wrong, and to show how it causes suffering and misery, not only to those immediately concerned, but also to those remotely concerned, or not concerned at all. Somewhere the wrong ceases to act, and seems really to be transmuted into the means of good, if not into good itself, and the reader who has followed its course, and been made to suffer, through his consciousness of potential sinfulness, the pains and the shames of the wrong-doer, has some right to a vision of its darkling limitations. Hawthorne indicates these in "The Scarlet Letter," where the final adjuration "Be true, be true, be true," is a way of saying that sin owned is sin put away. In "Crime and Punishment" Dostoyevsky has the courage to show the beginning of the rehabilitation of a moral nature. Tolstoy preaches a kind of ultimate hope in "Resurrection," but the minor moralists leave you to despair as the ultimate condition of wrong. Whether tested by this measure George Eliot was a major or a minor moralist, we prefer to leave each to say from his own remembrance of her work, and content ourselves with saying no more than that she gives us the sense of being sometimes the one and sometimes the other.

Editor's Study.

I

IN connection with the present Dickens revival it is interesting to recall the fact that fifty years ago the novelist was also an editor, and that he read the contributions offered to his periodical, *Household Words*. Wills, his assistant, usually attended to the bulk of manuscripts, submitting only the most important to Mr. Dickens. But sometimes it happened that Wills was ill or absent, and the entire burden fell upon his chief. At such a time as this it was that Mrs. Gaskell forwarded to him some manuscripts written by a woman of her acquaintance. Dickens's response is characteristic, and is especially interesting since he takes this opportunity of expressing his opinion of the great mass of material thus offered for his consideration. After saying that the manuscripts sent by Mrs. Gaskell "possess no kind of characteristic to render them available," and that "they are of that intensely dreary and commonplace description to which not even the experience of this place reconciles my wondering mind," he adds: "Everybody could write such things, I imagine; but how anybody can contentedly sit down to do it is inscrutable. . . . People don't plunge into churches and play the organ without knowing the notes or having the ghost of an ear. Yet fifty people to-day will rush into manuscript, for these leaves only, who have no earthly qualification but the actual physical art of writing. . . . I am at this moment sitting (up to the neck) in a quagmire of these productions."

The character of the casual contributions offered to periodicals has not materially changed in fifty years. Curiously the number of manuscripts daily submitted to *Household Words* (if Dickens meant to be accurate in his statement) is about that of those offered to this Magazine; and the estimate of the value of the contributions in the one case, as expressed by the distinguished editor, would be equally appropriate in the other. As to four out of every five, a reader with any degree of critical judgment would wonder, not merely why they are

offered, but how anybody could contentedly have taken the trouble to write them. The ability to write at all, with due respect of grammatical rules, is in these cases mistaken for the ability to produce literature. These same writers are intelligent enough to discard any periodical made up of the kind of things they offer. They suffer themselves to write what, written by anybody else, they would not have the patience to read.

Later, some of these writers, grown wiser by experience, will hesitate before offering incomparably better things, which they could not have written perhaps save for the many failures of more confident ventures. This early confidence does not necessarily imply any conceit as to the value of the offering; it may be only the sense of an awakening power which prematurely seeks the arena. The effort is confessedly a trial.

It is not often, however, that the inept beginner becomes an adept. We have observed that in nearly every case the writer who is to win in the strenuous competition shows the promise of such victory in his earliest offerings, disclosing to the eager and hopeful editor an individual charm that arrests his attention and awakens delight in his soul. We cannot recall a single exception. Sometimes it happens—once a year perhaps—that the very first offering of a writer is accepted. This writer has schooled himself (to say herself would be generally more fitting), and it is likely that just as good things as the one accepted have previously been modestly withheld from the editor's inspection.

There are instances of promise without fulfilment—temptations to many a will-o'-the-wisp pursuit by the editor. Where this bright light flickers, how many manuscripts are read through by the editor in the vain hope of satisfaction! Of course, all manuscripts offered are not read through—that would take not the editor's evening only, but all the twenty-four hours of every day. If it were necessary to read every word of every manuscript, it would be done, if the work demanded ten or more readers,

but it is not. The editor has only one question to answer—Is the thing offered desirable? Obviously, in the case of many manuscripts, the full reading is not necessary to decide this question; but always the writer is given the benefit of the doubt. How futile therefore all those little tricks resorted to by the writer to detect the editor's neglect of him! Is it to be supposed that the editor would willingly let a good thing escape him? Always in the case of an unfavorable verdict other magazines are open to the writer, and it is likely that in some one of them the features objectionable to the others will have no weight against the contribution. A writer does not always know how near his contribution comes to acceptance. In any case, if he has faith in his work, he should try elsewhere.

The editorial habit is never primarily that of the critic. Sensibility is in the foreground, the critical judgment in abeyance. We speak of a contribution as submitted, but in reading it the attitude of submission is taken by the editor, who for the time being gives himself up wholly to the author—that is, for so long a time as the author can hold him. There is no feud between the two—no resistance on the reader's part to the charm of the writer. This is true reading, whether it is the editor who reads, with reference to acceptance, or the reader of the Magazine who peruses the printed copy. Criticism, except it enter by compulsion, is an after-thought, and in any case an unwelcome accompaniment.

We often in considering this subject try to put ourselves in the contributor's place—not a difficult thing to do to some extent, since we were not always a mere editor, but once experienced the hopes and fears attending the adventures of a contributor. But happily we know only in part. Our own contributors are, with very few exceptions, hidden from us by an impenetrable veil, through which shines only the light of their literary lamps or torch-lights. It is well that we do not know what in their personal lives acceptance or rejection may mean. Such knowledge might sometimes, in the case of acceptance, bring us pleasure, but more often it would probably add to the unpleasantness of rejection a bitter pain. Perhaps it is due to a kind

consideration for the editor's feelings, as well as to the writer's proper pride, that so seldom is a plea for favor urged because of extreme poverty or any other untoward circumstance. Many suppose that good fortune—the writer's social distinction, his fame in other fields, or his having a friend at court, if not himself a friend—is more apt to win favor. This is not true; and as for the editor's personal friends, it is well for them if they have equal advantage with the stranger.

II

Many fallacies are entertained concerning publishers, editors, and those who are employed as readers. So many books and so many periodicals are published which have no relation to anything which may properly be called literature that it is too generally assumed that all publishing enterprises have that detachment, and are of a wholly commercial character. If this were true, it would cast a grave reflection upon the great body of intelligent readers in this country, showing on their part a monstrous depravity. The real situation is far different from that supposed. There is a large and steadily increasing number of cultivated and appreciative American readers whose taste has not been vitiated, and who insist upon the highest standards and the best ideals. How large this audience is may be inferred from the fact that a novel, of supreme distinction as literature, and with no factitious claim to popularity, may have a sale of from fifty to one hundred thousand copies—larger than it could have had a generation ago. It is an audience demanding something better than it gets, but not something better than we trust it will get. We have no such constellation of great novel-writers as forty years ago brightened the English literary heavens. The interval has been made radiant by solitary stars, now and then of great magnitude. We may not soon see such another group as thronged the field, dazzling the view of the last generation; but the skies are nebulously rich for fresh nucleations to satisfy the eagerly expectant eyes of the English-speaking people. The demand will surely be met. We are not confessing to the inferiority of our own present literature as compared with the past (excluding from the

retrospect a single period, as brief as it was brilliant). On the contrary, in America, literary taste and literary activity are far advanced since the days of Irving and Cooper. The quality of our literature is better than in those days; appreciation is quicker and more abundant, judicious criticism more exacting.

American publishers of the best class, like the select yet now very large and ever-increasing audience of thoughtful readers, want better books than are written, and, where they are proprietors of periodicals, better poems and stories and essays than are offered.

We have seen how comparatively unimportant in the actual constitution of a magazine are the casual offerings of contributors; no respectable number of the periodical could be made up by selection from them. No more can the publisher depend upon the voluntary offerings of book manuscripts. His dealings with authors must in the main be direct and of his own motion, and it is here that his ruling policy and his individual judgment are shown. It requires good business ability simply to make money by the publication of books and magazines, setting aside all literary standards; but it requires a higher order of ability and a finer determination to build up a great publishing-house, whose every issue will bear the mark of good literary judgment. How many books that would command large sales must be excluded from consideration! How many bringing a small immediate profit will be accepted and even solicited because the publisher has a prophetic sense of their permanent value! Such a publishing-house will employ readers, enough of them and sufficiently intelligent to let no promising new author escape notice or lack encouragement. These readers are eyes to the publisher, and the more clearly their opinions disclose what he would see if he could read the manuscripts himself, the better their service.

Another fallacy—especially as to magazine conduct—is that which assumes the domination of publisher and editor by great names that stand simply for success and not for literary worth. To the disgrace of our literature, it is true that many writers aim at this kind of success, and some of them attain it. Nine out

of ten of the best-selling books (so remote from any appeal to cultivated minds that few of them are known even by their titles to the readers of this Magazine) have no claim to literary distinction, and could not secure the imprint of any first-class publishing-house. The mere fact of success, however, does not condemn an author who has reached the minds and hearts of intelligent readers, and it is natural that he should be sought by publishers and editors. Still, a really better thing by a wholly unknown writer would have the preference.

III

But what is the "better thing"? It is for that thoughtful readers as well as publishers and editors are waiting. The want is indeed for better things than any of our writers are offering or producing. We cannot reasonably complain of a lack of literary taste or of literary activity; but with so great a demand for the best and such readiness for its appreciation, we do wonder that the actual production is not better than it is. The appreciation, too, is catholic, tolerant of every variety of good literature—the story, the sketch, the social or philosophical essay, the poem—and intolerant only of indifferent and inferior work. There is no dearth of good literature, no inferiority of it as compared with that of the past, yet the best that is forth-coming is not up to the level of the demand. It is not true of this waiting audience—whatever may be said of the reading public at large—that it has been vitiated or demoralized. It wants only the best, and out of its very impatience, it may be, will spring the new writers who will satisfy its ideals. This is our only hope, and may the period of transition from the only partially satisfactory work to such as shall seem adequate be brief! It is the writers who are at fault. Many of them yield to glittering hopes that divert them from the proper goal; far too many of them indulge the fallacies we have sought to expose, and lack confidence in the literary taste of cultivated readers and in the desire of publishers to meet its highest requirements. They have too much in view the favor of a recently developed audience, whose appetite has grown by feeding upon unwholesome stuff.

IV

Several months ago in the Study we called attention to the fact that few short stories reach a very high point of excellence—high enough to give them a permanent place in literature. We, on this account, made a special plea for the use in the Magazine of such serial novels as have this supreme excellence. Is the short story so often deficient because it is short? This cannot be, for short stories have been written that will be read as long as our literature endures. The canvas may be small, yet admit a picture of enduring value.

Far better sketches, and better tales distinguished by native wit and humor, are written than short love-stories. Yet it is just these stories of romantic love that are most in demand. It would seem as if on this planet the most interesting objects possible were a man and a woman in this romantic relation. In the simplest idyllic form of the love-story, as in Goethe's "*Hermann and Dorothea*," we are satisfied with but the youth and the maid, so they love, and the prompting of spring-time be not in vain. In Goethe's poem we have the perfect artistic form, as simple as the elements it embraces, and thus an immortal classic. The simple lines of Goethe's poem and of a few other equally brief and equally typical love-tales cannot be endlessly repeated by later writers. Thus the more dramatic tale of passion takes the place of the idyl. But passion lacks significance unless there be character, and thus other interests must be interwoven, and the fabric grows more complex. The very brief love-story, if it is not to be too obvious in its unfolding—if it is to have the charm of surprise—is exceedingly difficult. Only the novel allows space for full and adequate dramatic development. For this reason, probably, the writer of a short love-story prefers to take those already married as the actors in his little drama, in some situation where much may be taken for granted without his telling it, and the movement may have a quick turn without seeming too abrupt. Partly this is done because the emotions of characters already developed more strongly tempt the writer, and in many respects are more interesting, intellectually, to the reader. The

spontaneous blossoming of boy and girl love is perennially interesting, as youth itself is, but because it affords to the writer so little opportunity for novelty or for any appeal to the reader's mental interest, it seems necessary to introduce other dramatic elements, if only obstacles and delays, to give point to the final triumph, as in the real story of Victor Hugo and Adèle Foucher. But this makes a long story. The mature man, bachelor or widower, and the woman who is either a widow or has remained unmarried until she has passed through the crude period of girlhood, are more tempting to the writer of the short love-story because of the greater opportunity to give intellectual satisfaction, with perhaps a spice of humor, in a brief episode.

But making all allowances for the lions in the way, the short love-story of the purely romantic character, and dealing with the emotions of youth, is still not only possible, but when achieved with distinction is one of the greatest triumphs of literary art. Maurice Hewlett—to present a single example—is a master in this field. The note of *Aucassin and Nicolette* still tempts both writers and readers.

There are other passions, not romantic. The affection between members of a family often rises to the height of passionate devotion, and for the purposes of a short story may prove one of the strongest of *motifs*. No feeling is of commanding interest save as it has the vibrancy of a passion, and then the whole world answers to the note. It was this that made *Silas Marner* interesting for all time, though its theme was the passion of a miser. There must, of course, be something beyond and above the merely material element, something of human interest, such as the introduction of the little child brings into the novel just mentioned. Deep and right feeling, with true art, will always make a good story.

V

Several years ago, in one of his lectures, Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, made the following statement: "The reversibility of every motion in pure dynamics has no place in the world of life. Even to think of it (and on the merely dynamical hypothesis of life we can think of it as understandingly as of

the origination of life and evolution of living beings without creative power) we must imagine men, with conscious knowledge of the future but with no memory of the past, growing backward and becoming again unborn; and plants growing downwards into the seeds from which they sprang."—*Popular Lectures and Addresses*, vol. ii., p. 465.

Mr. Carl Snyder, in an article entitled "The Newest Conceptions of Life," in this number of the Magazine, cites an instance of just such reversibility in the case of a living plant, and he suggests that "perhaps *all* the processes of life are reversible—growth even; that under given conditions the oak might become an acorn, the grown man a child, the adult organism led back through the successive stages of its development to the primitive germ from which it sprang."

It almost seems that our author in this hypothetical assertion of the reversibility of vital processes had in mind the very phraseology in which Sir William Thomson denied it, since he uses so nearly the same terms. Finding a well-authenticated instance of such reversibility, he is tempted to present as possible what Sir William admitted to be the necessary sequel of even the thought of such a case—a sequel involving our acceptance of the dynamical hypothesis of life. Mr. Snyder's extreme only matches Sir William's. Perhaps neither writer should be taken too seriously as to the imagined consequences of admitting or denying the fact of the reversibility of natural processes in the world of life.

Probably the future investigator will find a point in structural development where this reversibility is practically impossible; this point may be far above the *campanularia* and yet far below man or even the oak. In unicellular development life is in its wonder-working period; indeed, the lowest forms of life generally admit of wondrous transformations. Even the worm, if it loses its head, will make a new one. The more advanced and complex structure, gaining in stability, surrenders, or seems to surrender, the miraculous potentialities of more plastic life. A new wonder, however, is lodged in the more elaborate and stable structure, and while there do not appear to be any given conditions under which the

oak may turn back into the acorn, yet every year under its normal conditions it becomes the acorn, and under like normal conditions man becomes the child, not by retroversion, but in a progressive series, generation after generation.

But, however limited chemical processes may be for such marvellous transformations as are suggested in Mr. Snyder's article, the disclosure there made of the relation of chemistry to life—as the result of recent investigations—is hardly less wonderful. The reversibility of processes is so far possible, under applicable conditions, as to suggest the renewal of the physiological structure and the prolongation of human life beyond its present attainable term.

In that world with which inorganic chemistry deals, under a given set of conditions, oxygen and hydrogen unite to form water; under other conditions this alliance is broken. We speak of this as the inorganic world; but the distinction between the organic and the inorganic is found to be apparent rather than real. In the realm of physiology, we say that we are in the living world, and we think of vitality as a new principle which has entered into and constituted this world by a kind of supervision over and beyond the chemical synthesis. But science is now dismissing this idea of supervision, and will in time disclose a living universe. As Mr. John Fiske points out in his essay on evolution in this number, the synthesis which is going on now is the same that, under constantly changing aspects, has been going on from the beginning. No new principle has entered, whatever diverse names we may give to processes, calling some physical, some chemical, and some vital. The inorganic does not produce the organic, nor the unliving the living. There is one life from the beginning—the creative life; and it has no present attribute that essentially and by implication did not belong to it from the beginning.

We need not be alarmed, therefore, by any new disclosures that exalt chemical operation. If life is simply fermentation, then is that leaven a very wonderful thing, to the contemplation of which we are invited by the Master, who found in it a likeness to the kingdom of heaven, essentially a creative kingdom.

My Swedish Romance

BY WILLIAM CHESTER ESTABROOK

"CHRISTINE," said I, "you pound the steak *before* broiling. not after." I spoke as a man goaded beyond endurance.

Christine eyed me dully. Lacking the medium of a common language, I gave her, as I had so often done before, ocular demonstration of my words.

"First, pound," I cried, assuming a threatening attitude over the already exhausted steak; "next, broil," and I suspended another steak,—an imaginary one,—above the range.

Christine dodged my first illustration, and looked askance at the second. I repeated the performance. There came to Christine's eyes that canine look which betokens a joyous friendliness toward all concerned, rather than appreciation of the nice points in the case; and had she possessed a caudal appendage, I doubt not that she would have wagged it industriously.

"Christine, do you understand?" I demanded.

She nodded vaguely. "Ay tank ay—" she began, with maddening deliberation.

"No, no, Christine, don't say that! Don't imply that you ever think," I interrupted, sarcastically.

I myself carried the steak to the dining-room, and placed it before my children with a roughness of manner which startled them.

"What's the matter, papa?" asked Dorothy.

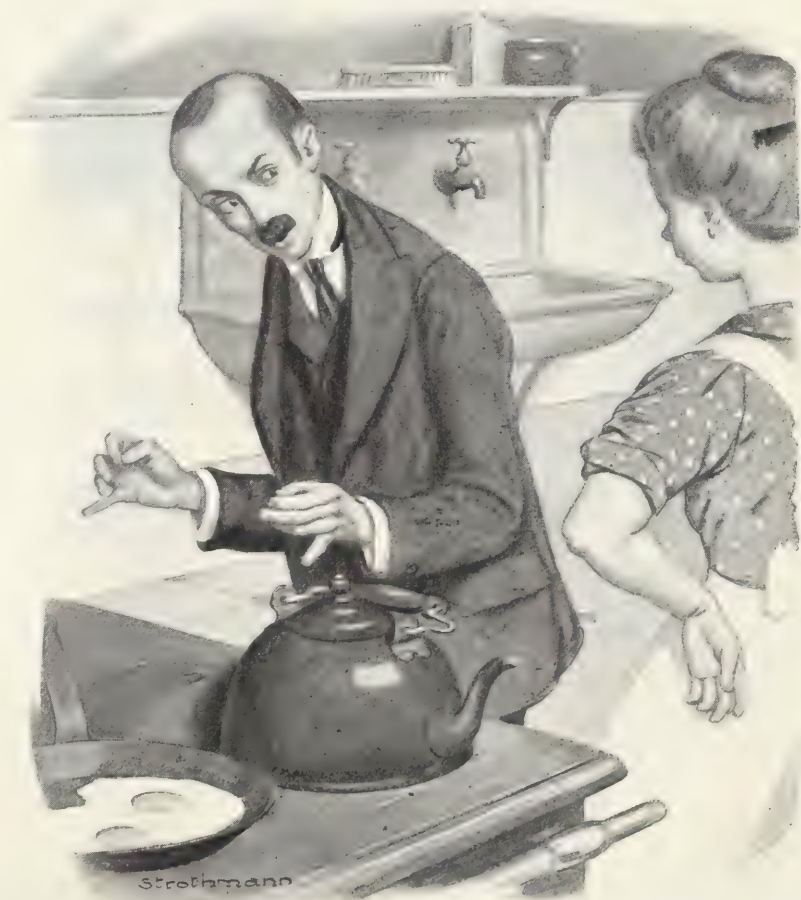
"Perhaps it's Christine," said Theodore, with a covert wink that did not escape me.

In spite of the insinuation, I triumphed over self, and we began our meagre breakfast in silence. Christine's presence was the outcome of a suggestion and a fact. The suggestion came from

my wife upon her departure for the country. "If Nora should insist upon leaving," she had cautioned, "get a Swede. They are slow to learn, but slow to anger, too. They are tamer than the Irish, and they are very clean; and you never have to teach them the same thing twice."

Nora had insisted upon leaving, in spite of a tongue which had made for me a comfortable place in our little legal world. The last part of my wife's admonition came back to me like a mockery. In three weeks I had not succeeded in teaching Christine anything—even once.

The fact which conspired with my wife's suggestion was that for six months I had revelled in the presidency of the Woodruff Social Science Club. A great question agi-



CHRISTINE EYED ME DULLY

tated our ranks. No sooner had we made Woodruff the city's most beautiful suburb than the beet-sugar industry flaunted its commercial banners under our very noses. The plant, with its noisome surroundings, was within a scant half-mile of our homes. The Swedish and Russian workers overran our exclusive streets in disgraceful promiscuity.

For months our club had discussed plans for their disposal. Legally equipped as I was, I promptly cut short, as futile, all argument for the forcible disposition of our unwelcome neighbors. The plan which I proposed, and which finally prevailed, was one of assimilation.

"It is a slow process, but the inevitable one," I argued, "and our whole country is proof enough of its efficacy. We are surrounded by undesirable people; legally, they have as much right here as we have. We must face the conditions, and make these people more desirable."

Romberry, the brewer, who had lacked but one vote of being kept out of our ranks, derided the idea. The femininity sided with me, however, and I had my way. We soon found among our members twenty places for as many domestics. Those members promised to train the girls entrusted to their care in the most efficient methods of doing house-work. The girls were to be encouraged in making frequent visits to their humble homes, and in this way made to see the difference between our manner of living and doing and their own. With them we expected to start the reformation.

The factory was idle at the time of year we began our experiment, and the foreman was only too glad to assist us with his knowledge of the most deserving ones, in whose welfare we were so much interested. We called at the factory office, and selected a girl from the applicants assembled there. With a proper feeling of delicacy in the matter, I waited until the last. I then chose Christine—because she was the only one left.

For three weeks I had struggled bravely with her. The case was becoming desperate. Upon reaching my office that morning I phoned the members who had taken the other girls. Without exception they reported

themselves as well pleased. In reply to their return query I was at first non-committal, but at the cumulative satisfaction of my fellow-laborers I joined the procession, and lied vociferously that "she was everything to be desired."

That ended all hope of discharging Christine. I might sit in silence and see the gradual fading away of my beloved family, but Christine must stay. She was part of the plan. I had prescribed my own martyrdom.

One evening I found Christine engaged in a back-door conversation with a sturdy young man. His hair was as fair and his eyes were as blue as her own.

"It's the Swede that drives the milk-wagon," said Theodore, "and he's been coming here a-plenty."

An inspiration flashed upon me. If Christine could not be discharged, she could be married.

Like most lawyers, I am not much given to sentimentality, and under ordinary circumstances a kitchen courtship would have excited in me no more than a passing humor. But these were not ordinary circumstances. Here was a young woman, incapable of speaking more than a dozen words of English, whom I, from purely philanthropic motives, had taken into my home; she had been treated with uniform kind-

ness, in spite of the fact that she threatened our gastric ruin. Her discharge was not to be thought of, and yet I could not well afford the luxury of two cooks.

Plainly, I owed it to my family to see that Christine was married. Nor was I prompted by selfishness, altogether, in this view. If I should give the girl a home and a husband of her own, I should be infinitely more than a philanthropist. This last phase of the question grew upon me. I became conscious of a pleasure to which the mere philanthropist is a stranger. And with this feeling came a desire to hasten the case. I wondered if the young man was showing commendable push. I began to recall the various wiles with which I had entrapped my own dear mate. In case the Swede favored me with a more intimate acquaintance I might suggest to him that—I was brought up by the very ridiculousness of the idea.

I realized that for years I had studied



I HAD NOT SUCCEEDED IN TEACHING HER
ANYTHING—EVEN ONCE

the law of divorce more than the law of attraction: and that while the love-call of the species might be but the expression of the same fundamental emotion, it was sounded in divers ways. I smiled at the probable attitude of Christine toward a volume of Chaucer bound in vellum—a gift which was instrumental in bringing my intellectual spouse to terms.

Encouragement, in this case, must be made in material, tangible ways. I began by suggesting that Christine should bring her bashful swain from the porch to the kitchen, as the nights were getting cold. And at another time, after making a warning fuss at the door, I handed in a large sack of candy, that I signalled was to be divided between them.

But my fair-haired Romeo seemed to be making slow headway. His calls were not more frequent, nor longer; he came with regularity most damnable. The contrast between his cold-blooded apathy and my old-time love-making impetuosity was too great to be accounted for by a difference in temperament or intellect. I had had a rival, however, much handsomer and more entertaining than myself. Perhaps I could interest another Swede in Christine.

One evening, after a dinner that drove us to the poor solace of a downtown restaurant, I went back to find Christine and her lover on the rear stoop. Knowing that necessity has mothered as many declarations of love as inventions, I pushed the kitchen chairs, except one, into the pantry, and locked the door. My pride suffered in stooping to such a bucolic hint, but I was desperate.

An hour after, I made a pretence of getting something from the kitchen. I opened the door quickly. Christine was in the chair—and the man sat placidly on the coal-box. I was ready to order the dunce from the house, when he astonished me by saying,

"Ay tank ay get married."

"Bravo!" I cried, in unreserved joy, extending a hand to my deliverer.

"Naxt Doorsday," he said, stolidly.

"The sooner the better." My delight was tremendous.

"Christine want get off," he continued.

"Who wouldn't?" I replied, nodding affirmatively.

I waited for her to express some emotion, but she didn't. Finally I extended my hands in a sort of blessing, and fled.



I PUSHED THE KITCHEN CHAIRS—EXCEPT ONE—INTO THE PANTRY

Wednesday night I addressed the club. I made an appeal for the marriage of young working-girls to sober, industrious men. They only needed, I urged, to be brought together amid pleasant, encouraging surroundings. I spoke of my own efforts in that direction, and the very gratifying result.

As I expected, some laughed at me. Romberry made himself particularly offensive by flapping his elbows and crying, "Cupid! Cupid!" I closed with the assertion that no sweeter recompense had ever come to me than the happiness of the young couple who would, on the morrow, leave my home.

The next night I was late in getting in. There was a great chatter in the kitchen, and I distinguished Christine's voice among the others. Was it possible that her marriage had meant but a contribution toward the support of a worthless husband? What a fool I had been not to have ascertained whether he was capable of supporting a wife!

The marriage was, evidently, but an incident in the day's work. She had returned. My stomach weakened. I opened the kitchen door. Christine sat facing me, with a piece of wedding-cake, the greater part of which was in her mouth.

Behind her stood the young man, with

Ballade of Summer Girls



FLAPPING HIS ELBOWS AND CRYING, "CUPID"

his arm about another girl. He withdrew it hastily as I entered. And Christine seemed all unconscious of the cruel conduct of her bridegroom. My heart went out to her.

"You villain!" I roared, shaking my fist at him; "is this the way you treat an innocent bride?"

He stood trembling with terror, while his shameless partner reddened quite perceptibly.

"I shall thrash you!" I cried, now thoroughly enraged.

But Christine caught my arm. Her mastication had ceased and her lower face seemed strangely distorted. A peculiar light came to her eyes. I afterward knew that at last she had experienced the mental phenomenon known as thought. She gulped curiously, and her face relaxed into a smile. The smile broadened, and Christine laughed. I had never heard her laugh before—perhaps that accounted for its uncanny sound—the laugh of the demented. First it came in cunningly repressed chuckles, then it grew till hysteric shrieks filled my kitchen.

The Swede placed his arm reassuringly about the other girl, and at the sight Christine increased her shrieks. They smote my heart with an awful truth—Christine was mad.

"Do you see your work?" I cried, and I started for the man.

Christine again interposed. Words came—not in a torrent, of course, but slowly, brokenly.

"He no mae hoosban," she said; "he yust mae brudder."

Christine is still with us. She has improved. My wife really likes her. The factory is open now, and many of the girls are there.

Romberry is president of the Woodruff Social Science Club, and, for that reason, I rarely attend.

LITTLE soft glove that a girl once wore,
Whose were the dimples that mark you yet?

Which of my flames did I treasure you for?

I must confess it—I quite forget!

Vivian, Margaret, Blanche, Babette,
Gertrude, or Adela—ah! who knows?

Might have been any dear girl in the set—
Who can remember each flower of the rose?

Where did I capture you? At Appledore?

Or was it Newport, the season I met

Ida—no, pardon me! it was Aurore—

She was a thoroughbred small coquette!

Something about you suggests Annette—

Something, sweet Dorothy; thus it goes—

Blue eyes and hazel eyes, blonde, brunette—
Who can remember each flower of the rose?

Maybe I squeezed you, and kissed her, and swore

She was the loveliest girl I had met;

Then—having both of us tried it before—

Laughing at Cupid, we dodged his net.

What is there in it to waken regret?

Honey is honey, wherever it grows;

Sip from each blossom while dew is wet—

But who can remember each flower of the rose?

ENVOI

Lady forgotten, I pray do not fret—

Can you recall every one of your beaux?

Take to your solace this gay chansonnette:—

Who can remember each flower of the rose?

CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

Juvenile Diplomacy

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Ralph was recently called upon to entertain his two-year-old cousin Justine. While drawing pictures for her delectation, surprised at his own as yet undiscovered talent, he became more interested in his astonishing (to him) ability to portray natural objects than in the amusement of his little guest. So when she made it impossible for him to do justice to his subject by plucking at his sleeve, fearing lest he hurt her feelings,—as persuasively as possible he earnestly said to her: "Justine, don't you fink it would be nice to play that I'm a hop-toad and that every time you touch me you get warts?"

H. R. R.

Proof

"DEN dey shall separate de goats from de sheep," said the colored preacher, "an' of co'se we's de sheep—'ain't we got de wool?"

M. R.

Translated

THE "Old Lindley House" was in its day a fine structure, but it has fallen from its high estate, and the ground-floor has been given over to little stores, lo, these many years. One of these was kept by a droll fellow named Jo Belton. As time went on and brought prosperity to him, he moved into a larger store in the same street, farther uptown. Passing his former place of business a day or two after his removal, I saw in the window this legend: "Gone to a better place above."
E. R. S.

Her Preference

A LITTLE girl about four years old, on going to church for the first time, seemed greatly interested in the singing and the organ music, and listened most attentively. When the clergyman arose to preach the sermon the little tot looked at him steadily for a few minutes, jumped up on the cushioned seat, and, before her mother could stop her, shook her little right fist at the clergyman, and called out, "Man, you stop," and, waving her left hand toward the organ, said, "Band, you play."
R. CRAWFORD.

Hopeless

A GOOD planter's wife, "befo' de wah," was teaching a jet-black house-girl, just fourteen and fresh from the plantation, the alphabet. Betsy had learned the first two letters, but always forgot the useless letter "C."

"Don't you see with your eyes, Betsy?"

"Can't you remember the word see," said the mistress.

"Yassum," answered Betsy, but she couldn't. Five minutes later Betsy began again bravely, "A — B —" and there she stopped.

"What do you do with your eyes, Betsy?"

"I sleeps wid 'em, mistiss." And this ended for that day the effort to "educate" Betsy.
B.

Answered

IS I happy, honey? Sho
I's too busy, chile, ter know.
Got ter git dis washin' out
While de sun am lurkin' 'bout;

Cook de dinner, hoe de co'n,
An' ez sho ez you's done bo'n
Den I'll hab ter stop agen
Ter whip dat pickaninny Ben;

Git de goat an' chillun fed,
Count 'em ez dey goes ter bed,
Teachin' manners while I sews
Patches on de ole man's clo'es.

Sakes alive! I's hustlin' so,
'Clar' ter goodness ef I know
Ef I's happy or I ain't;
Got no time ter make complaint.

When I's nothin' else ter do
I'll set down an' think it thro',
But de day ter think an' set—
Lor'! dat day 'ain't got hyah yet.
DIXIE WOLCOTT.



A MATTER OF CHOICE

LITTLE CLARA (in audible whisper). "Oh, nurse, I wish I had been born a widow instead of an orphan!"



A PROBLEM

"Say, Percy, who'd save the life-saver if he fell overboard with all his medals on?"

Hamlet Under Difficulties

A SHORT time ago, at a theatre in a small country town, I witnessed a performance of the play of *Hamlet*. My attention was entirely absorbed by two men who came in and took seats directly in front of me. They were father and son, I think, and as the old gentleman was almost totally deaf, he relied entirely upon his son, who bawled into his ear the story and dialogue of the play.

The first scene was allowed to pass without further comment than the son's remark that "that 'ere tall gawk in white was a ghost," and his father's reply that he didn't believe it.

But when the second scene was disclosed, and the King, Queen, Hamlet, and all the courtiers entered, the old man's curiosity was keenly excited. As near as I can remember, the following conversation ensued:

"That 'ere is pretty—that is pretty. Say" (nudging his son), "who is that 'ere dark-complected young man there on the off side?"

"That? Why, that's Hamlet."

"Oh, so that's Hamlet, is it? Looks a little bilious, don't he?" (Pause.) "Say, who is that 'ere woman a-talkin' to him?"

"That's his mother—that's the Queen."

"Oh, that's the Queen, is it? Well—well, what's she a-sayin' to him?"

"She's tellin' him not to look so put out, and to take them black clothes off his off."

"Take 'em off? For mercy's sake, he ain't a-goin' to do it, is he?"

"No, not here."

"That's a kind of a curious-lookin' critter, that feller settin' up on that high-backed sofa—a kind of squire, I guess, ain't he?"

"That's the King—that's Hamlet's uncle, Claudius."

"Oh, that's Uncle Claudius, is it? Looks somethin' like the jack of diamonds, don't he?"

"Yes, somethin'. That bald-headed man there, his name is Polonius; he's the Lord High Chamberlain—"

"Oh, he is, is he?—but—seems to me he looks like a man?"

"Why, 'tis a man!"

"Well, then, what do they call him the chambermaid for?"

"The *chamberlain*—the Lord High Chamberlain. (How deaf you be. I wish you'd stayed home.)"

"Hi, hi! That's a mighty pretty girl, and likely-lookin' young feller a-talkin' to her—one of the neighbors' boys, I suppose, just dropped in. A—a—what's their names?"

"His name is Laertes. He's a-talkin' to his sister; her name's Ophelia."

"They've got funny names, 'ain't they? Well—well—what's Lackrottes sayin' to Euphena?"

"He's tellin' her to kind of keep her eye skinned, for he believes Hamlet's a little crazy."

"Crazy, eh? I thought he was a little shaller as quick as I see him."

"Now they are out on the platform again."

"Well, don't you suppose I see they are up there on the platform? They 'ain't got off of it, to my knowledge."

"No, they call that the *stage*. I mean the scene is changed."

"Oh yes, yes. I see they are out in the doorway again — and, by crickey! here comes old Grimes agin."

"His name ain't *Grimes*; that's the Ghost!"

"Git out. He ain't no more a ghost than I be. Not a bit. Well, Hamlet ain't afeared of him; he's a-talkin' right back to him. A — what's he a-sayin' to him?"

"The Ghost is a-tellin' him that he's been murdered, that Claudius, the King, has murdered him."

"Murdered him! Uncle Claudius has murdered him! I—I— Say, now look - a - here, my boy, I've been watchin' this 'ere thing right straight along, and Uncle Claudius 'ain't cut up no such caper, or — or — you've been a-lyin' to me."

And here the curtain descended amid a general roar of laughter.

ERASTUS OSGOOD.

A Dream

A SMALL boy, who had a Presbyterian grandmother, was constantly reminded that he was a naughty boy, and the old devil would get him and throw him into that lake of brimstone. She told him this almost every day.

One morning the little fellow came down to breakfast looking rather pale and serious. His mother inquired if he felt ill. He answered, "I had a bad dream, and I thought I went to that place that grandma tells me every day I am surely going to."

"When I reached there, the old devil was throwing the children in the fire, just as grandma told me he would do, and there were rows and rows of chairs, and people all sitting on them, taking their turns. I spied a big one on the back row, and I got down on my knees, and began to crawl under the other chairs to reach this seat in the last row, when the old devil saw me, and said, 'Come back here; that chair is for your grandmother.'"

R. C.



IMMORTALS OF A YEAR

"Do you think Grubington's novels will entitle him to a place among the immortals?"

"Yes, surely; but one never knows, these days, how long immortality will last."

I Walked with Her a Little Way

I WALKED with her a little way,
And sidewise saw the rise and fall
Of lace upon her parasol,
And that was all I saw that day.

I could not speak, and what she said
Was only music; not a word
Meant anything to me. I heard
In ecstasy without a head.

And in a moment she was gone!
The music ceased, and then I dreamed
Her hand in mine — and straight she
seemed
A vision floating on the lawn.

Sometimes, when summer comes, a day
Seems different from the rest, and I
Remember to forget to sigh,
And walk with her a little way. D.

A Parthian Shot

MR. BEASLEY J. ROBERTSON was for long editor of the *Battleaxe*. He always strove for accuracy, and when he did make a misstatement he was not above acknowledging it, as witness the following, which he one week printed:

"We deem a word of explanation due our readers with regard to an item which appeared in the last *Battleaxe*, in which we stated that Henry R. Brown, of Long Prairie Township, had been brought before Justice of the Peace James Hargrave, and bound over for stealing chickens and resisting an officer. It appears that Hargrave was the man guilty of the crimes, and Mr. Brown the official before whom he was arraigned. We cheerfully make the correction. Mr. Brown has not stolen any chickens yet."

Cause and Effect

THE little boy and the little girl had been coming to Sunday-school for two months. Their pretty young teacher was prettier than ever in a new spring hat.

"She's got a bran'-new hat," the little girl whispered; "and it's going to be the prettiest one in church," she added, proudly.

The little boy was less enthusiastic. "It ought to be pretty," he said, twisting his lesson card; "we've been giving her our pennies every Sunday for her to buy it with."

Mr. Ponderton's Late Caller

SOME time in the night Mr. Ponderton was wrenched from delicious slumber by the ringing of the electric bell of the front door. It was the fag end of the ring which Mr. Ponderton heard as he struggled into consciousness, but it was enough. He arose with hazy visions of a telegram, put his head out the front window and demanded to know what was wanted. There was no response. He looked down for a half-minute through the pale moonlight at the veranda roof which sheltered the door, and then in a louder voice said,

"What do you want?" Still there was no reply.

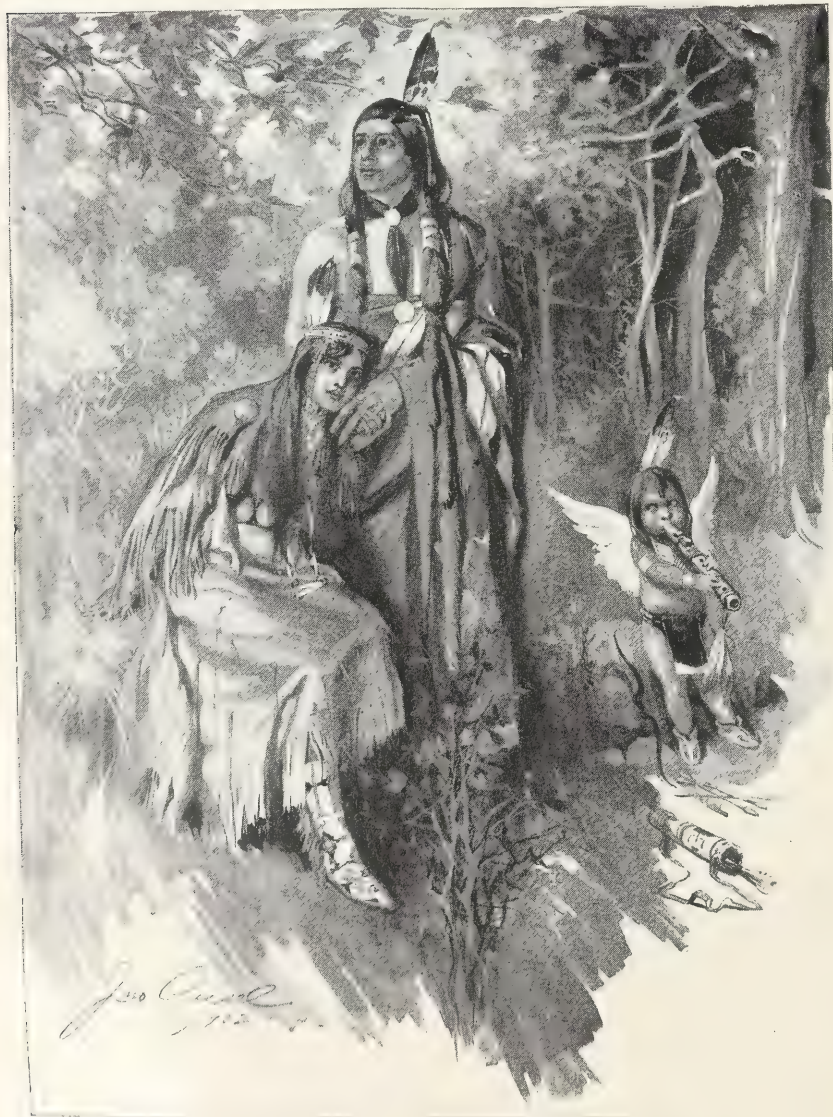
"What are you ringing that bell for?" called Mr. Ponderton, with some asperity. Still there was silence—nothing more.

"Say, whoever you are, come out from under that roof and explain what's the matter!" The same deep silence was his only reward.

"I say, you dastardly scoundrel, if you don't come out where I can see you I'll come down there and make it hot for you!" Only the echo of his own voice came back from the brooding silence of the night. Mr. Ponderton had reached the exploding-point.

"Stay right where you are," he shouted. "Don't you dare to move. I'm coming down there, and I'll bet the next door-bell you ring will be at the hospital!" He drew his head back into the room and faced Mrs. Ponderton, examining the nickel clock on the dressing-case by the light of a match.

"Amos," she said, "you know you were going to take the four-o'clock train, and you set the alarm for three. It's five minutes past. Don't you think you would better dress?"



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BREAST"



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